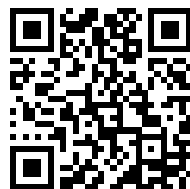


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# ONCE A WEEK

*NEW SERIES*

VOLUME IV.

AUGUST<sup>1</sup> 1869 TO JANUARY<sup>21</sup> 1870

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ORANGES AND LEMONS:  
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "ONCE A WEEK."  
*A List of Contents is prefixed.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 84.

August 7, 1869.

Price 2d.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MANOR OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

**F**AIRLAWN GRANGE was an historical house. It had belonged to some very loyal subject in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and she had taken care to make the estate worthy of one of her friends. From generation to generation the house and the land had gone down from father to son without interruption. No one member of this very respectable family had ever been drawn and quartered—there was not even a rebel to show in the pedigree. The magnificent show of acres, of meadows, farms, plantations, and park land, had therefore gone on increasing from year to year, until in the person of Milner Seabright it had become an estate worthy of a nobleman. But Milner Seabright, though rich, without care, and possessed of every worldly advantage that could accrue to a man, was something of a sybarite, so when he married, he went abroad, and Fairlawn Grange saw him no more. A number of servants, just enough to keep the house and private gardens, were left behind, and every other acre let.

Thus it came about that the splendid Elizabethan mansion was shut up for twenty odd years, only a very small portion being inhabited by a housekeeper and a few other attendants necessary to keep the house in order.

Then came the news that Milner Seabright, after wandering about the world for many years, more like a prince than an English private gentleman, had died in India. The most positive proof of his decease having been forwarded to the family solicitors, they at once communicated with the heir-at-law, a very obscure country curate, with three

daughters, who, since their birth, had been vegetating in a small village under the guidance of a maiden aunt.

The Rev. Selwyn Seabright was a very distant relation of the dead man, and was so far from expecting such an extraordinary change in his prospects, that he knew not, until the lawyers told him, that his twenty times removed cousin had not a large family of children—at all events, a son to inherit his magnificent property.

He was essentially a good man, but far more fitted to that humble situation in which he was educated than for that which fortune threw in his way. Still, for his own sake, and that of his children, he accepted it with heartfelt thanks, and about eight months before the commencement of our narrative, was installed master of Fairlawn Grange.

His daughters, of whom we shall speak more fully presently, were far more elated than their father. They had endured poverty, they had known what it was to be pitied; had been looked down upon by persons far inferior in family and education to themselves, and now they were the undisputed masters of a splendid property. Their father had never thwarted them in the ivy-clad cottage—had, indeed, given way to all their caprices and wishes, and now that they were rich, was not very likely to stand in their way.

They were three in number. The eldest, Jane—the curate liked simple names—was tall and possessed of rare beauty of form, though her features were a little more masculine than is generally considered compatible with beauty. She had a habit of frowning, too, when any one stood in her way—of speaking with ironical humility—in fact, of sneering—which considerably marred the easy elegance of her appearance. The second, Emily, was a rather insipid blonde, short, good-tempered, and pretty, with that uncertainty of prettiness which is only youth, and which, though it may fade, is never wholly lost because of innate simplicity and goodness of heart.

If the Reverend Selwyn Seabright had been

allowed to do so, he would have called his third child Benjamin, though she was a girl. She cost him his wife's life, and so he named her after her mother—Alice.

She was not much like the others in character or appearance. She was neither so tall as Jane, nor so stout as Emily, but all who knew her declared her to be perfection. It was not her mere physical beauty, neither the soft glance of her blue grey eyes, nor the light that shone in them, nor the exquisitely formed chin, nor any detail of forehead, cheek, or other feature, but the soul that breathed in her whole created being.

The curate was a man of thought and reflection, and though, perhaps, not the wisest man in the world, was well aware how the idle mind vegetates, and how, as we know, if not laid out and cultivated, it will throw out weeds, which, at a later period, are very difficult to uproot.

Alice had read much for her age, and thought as well, but the death of her mother had left her too much to the guidance of a man, and hence some of her studies had not been so selectly chosen as might otherwise have been the case. Alice was a little disputatious, and to some extent inclined to scepticism.

Her love for her father was the one unflinching mainspring of all her actions, and was as blind as it was beautiful.

When therefore he was promoted from the position of an ill-paid and hard-worked curate to that of a man of large fortune and territorial estates, she rejoiced not for herself but for him.

As the late owner had been dead sometime before they were installed at Fairlawn Grange, the family while going into mourning made no great show of sorrow or regret. It would have been almost hypocrisy—that religion of the sordid and the selfish—to profess regret for a man whom not only they had never seen, but who had raised them from almost abject poverty to affluence.

Alice would have liked more quiet, but Jane was necessarily the head of the family. Mr. Seabright had enough to do with the steward, the lawyers, and others, settling up the affairs of twenty years, to take much part in mere household arrangements. To say the truth, these consultations in the library, these interviews by appointment, these succulent lunches, gave him a sense of his own importance he had never felt before. He, who for two-and-twenty years had worked for an absentee rector, and found little but sorrow and suffering

out of his little study, was now elevated into a magnate.

He did not care much for balls and parties and formal dinners, such as Jane in her imperious way planned and carried out, but he did care a good deal for consideration, pompous conversation, whist, and old port. He was not perhaps so good a man as before, but at all events he believed himself happier.

Anything to please his daughters. Alice was to all intents and purposes his favourite, but as she never stood in the way of her sisters, the round of gaiety went on, and before eight months Jane and Emily were engaged to be married, and the wedding-day fixed.

Mr. Selwyn Seabright found, despite the princely extravagance of Milner, a very large accumulation of ready money.

As there was no male heir, the entail ceased, and the girls became co-heiresses. The father, however, would give up nothing during his life, except ready money, but he at once intimated his intention of dividing the estates equally between his children.

This was sufficient; and the young baronet who selected Jane, and the banker who chose Emily, were perfectly satisfied.

They were both men of position and influence—one, by name Sir Charles Fleming, the other, simple Mr. Henry Harcourt. With a man of Selwyn Seabright's easy character, they easily obtained all they wished, and the engagement was no sooner formally ratified, than the date of marriage was fixed.

But ten days were to elapse before the wedding, when the three girls were left alone. The father had gone up to town on business, and their maiden aunt had not arrived. The sisters were now inseparable. Until the eventful hour which was to give Jane and Emily to the men of their choice, all gaieties and festivities were to cease.

Alice was delighted. Though they had always treated her more as a child than anything else, they were ever kind, and she loved them much. It grieved her sceptical little heart, however, to be forced not quite to like the future husbands. They were, to all appearance, excellent young men, but to her observant mind, rather commonplace and frivolous,—especially the baronet.

She had not, however, communicated her opinions to the two happy girls, and was, therefore, compelled to listen to their golden dreams of the future, without making any remarks. At last Jane noticed her reticence.

"Well, Miss Alice," she said, "you do not

seem very enthusiastic about our good fortune."

Emily, who was much slower to remark anything, looked surprised.

"My dear sister," replied Alice, gently, "I am very sorry to lose you; I am not old enough perhaps to give an opinion, but I think marriage a very hazardous and serious thing—a thing to be pondered deeply. I would rather remain single all my life, than enter into the 'holy state,' as pa' calls it, without long and grave reflection."

Jane gave a merry light-hearted laugh.

"For my own part," she said, "if I have a nice house in town, carriages, diamonds, and a box at the opera, I shall consider myself supremely happy."

"And I look forward to the cares of my home and family, to the superintendence of my husband's house," observed matter-of-fact Emily. "I am half tired of balls, of dances, of set dinners already. Not that they are not pleasant in their way—still, they do not constitute my life."

"Of mine, they are only episodes," answered Alice, gravely. "I must see a man tried in the furnace of affliction and sorrow; I must be convinced that he is a hero,—one whom I can look up to—before he wins my affections."

"Pray," said Jane, a little maliciously, "do you allude to Mr. Vernon?"

Alice coloured deeply. Mr. Vernon was a young barrister who had come down with the solicitors to transact some business with her father, and who had paid her marked attention.

"I do not allude to Mr. Vernon," she replied, calmly. "In fact, except in connection with your marriages, I have never given the subject a thought at all. My affections have never gone beyond my family—you, my dear sisters, and my beloved father."

## CHAPTER II.

### THE DOUBLE WEDDING.

THE double wedding was fixed for March. May had been the original month selected, but the young banker happening to have some business in Vienna in the former month, had pleaded hard that his wife might accompany him. The father yielded on condition that the eldest sister was married on the same day. Neither the baronet nor the young lady objected, and so it came about that an early day in March was appointed.

The eve of the eventful epoch was dry and

cold, so that the whole party were collected in the drawing-room with a large fire burning in the grate. The young men had dined in the afternoon with their future father-in-law, and now the settlements were to be drawn up.

They were very liberal on both sides. The young ladies had fifty thousand pounds settled on them, with a third of the landed estate at Mr. Seabright's death. The money was in the funds, and was settled on the children of the several marriages.

Mr. Arthur Vernon was present, more out of compliment than anything else, as the solicitors were quite competent to carry out their task. He merely looked over the important documents as a matter of form, and pronounced them fully binding on the owner of the property.

"The husbands will have little control over the money," said Alice to the young lawyer when the deed was read.

"Nominally," he answered with a smile; "but really the husband has a life interest in the property."

"I think marriage should not need these securities and guarantees. I should be sorry to wed a man against whom I had to be protected," observed Alice, gravely.

"My dear young lady, your views are romantic and belonging to your age; it is far better that the mutual pledges of a man and woman should be placed under the safeguard of society—that is of the law. Besides, these precautions are for the benefit of all parties. The man may lose his estate, may gamble, dissipate his fortune, but he cannot ruin his wife."

"Well, in argument you may have the best of me," replied Alice. "If I cannot debate the question, I can feel—and feeling tells me that between husband and wife there should be perfect community of heart, and understanding, and property."

"Your view is poetical and generous," he answered, "and as I should be sorry to harden your heart, suppose we join the lovers!"

They were about to sign, and Jane, who was radiant with gratified ambition, or with happiness—it was hard to say which—took the pen with a slightly shaking hand. Sir Charles looked at her with profound admiration. Though a man of no great refinement or depth of feeling, he loved his beautiful bride in his way. Not that he would have married her as the poor curate's eldest daughter—but now she was an heiress, her father could make settlements—all was proper you know—and therefore he liked her very much.



Emily was herself inclined to be nervous for a moment, when it came to her turn, but the young banker looked at her kindly and encouragingly, and with a happy confiding smile she put her name on the paper for the last time as Emily Seabright.

"There," said a rather sharp voice, "now you're slaves for life!"

All turned and beheld a little woman in plain black silk, stout rather than otherwise, with keen grey eyes, a good-humoured countenance, not pretty, though at her age she must have been very like Emily, who looked at them with a sarcastic smile, which only made the young ladies laugh.

"Oh, auntie, how could you!" said Jane, who had good reason to know the real kindness of heart of the speaker, "and why are you so late?"

"There was a heavy fall of snow at R—; we were quite blocked up. I think we are going back to the dead of winter. But that I wanted to see the foolish ceremony of to-morrow, I should have remained at the hotel."

Alice smilingly drew Miss Morton on one side, and induced her to leave the lovers alone, by offering her dinner, and when she declined, tea, in her own snug room, where they could talk like mother and daughter, as they were for all essential purposes.

"And so, my birdie will not leave the golden cage quite so quickly," said the maiden aunt, half jocosely, half sadly.

"I am in no hurry. Papa will be very lonely even with one. Besides, aunt, I have never yet seen the man I could love."

"And this Arthur Vernon your sisters sometimes speak of?"

"Is nothing but a pleasant friend. He is a young lawyer seeking to make his way in the world, and has something else to think of besides a silly girl. Let us speak of Jane and Emmy."

The good-natured old maid laughed, and the conversation changed. Her previsions were realised in the morning; the wind blew in fitful blasts, that swept mournfully over the park, while, like a shroud, the deep unspotted snow covered hill and dale and moorland. Alice, who was early astir, looked out amazed at the wonderful change, and as she shrank shivering from the window, the wind wailed over wood and house like a dirge.

She was, however, too strong-minded to suffer such impressions to last, and dressing herself hastily, went forth to prepare for the eventful occasion. From that hour she was the mistress of that large rambling mansion—

she who hitherto had only half ruled over a cottage.

The weather naturally kept the greater part of the invited guests away, but those in the house made up a tolerable party, which, on the church being reached, was largely increased. When they alighted in the porch the brides, all silk and lace, and orange flowers, looked very lovely—Jane was pronounced beautiful. Strangely enough she was more agitated than Emily, and was almost as white as her dress. But then Emily was her own happy, charming self, giving herself freely to the man she loved—while Jane, when kneeling and listening to the words of the beautiful marriage service, felt a strange pang at her heart.

She was marrying a man she did not love. The salve to her conscience, however was, that she liked him very well, and certainly did not love anybody else. Alice was deeply affected by the solemnity of the occasion, as was her father. He looked proud and happy, it is true, but there was uppermost a thought of his own humble wedding—of the struggles which succeeded it—then a brief space of joy, and she, that made his home bright and happy, was gone. A very small share of the wealth which he now commanded might have prolonged her existence for years. Then came the signatures, the congratulations, the return to the Grange, and—though last not least—the breakfast, which, despite the weather, was very joyous. The usual toasts were given, the usual speeches made—very sincere but very inane—except that of Arthur Vernon, which was short, pithy, and to the purpose.

Then followed the leave-taking. Sir Charles and Lady Fleming—how strangely it sounded—were going to the family seat in Hopshire, while Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harcourt would pass through London on their way to the continent, previous to taking up their residence in Grosvenor Square. It was particularly noticed afterwards that while Emily was all smiles and tears—laughing and crying alternately—Jane was very pale, and almost stern.

Indeed her pallor was so great that people made remarks on the subject.

At last they were gone, and all was over. By degrees the other guests retired, and Mr. Seabright, his sister-in-law, Miss Morton, and Alice were left alone. Leaving the servants to clear away the remains of the sumptuous repast, the three retired to a cosy parlour to begin the life of rational enjoyment which father and daughter both looked forward to.

While determined to do his duty as a country gentleman, to be his own overlooker over his

numerous estates and dependents, Selwyn Seabright could not wholly shake off the habits of years. His study for nearly a quarter of a century had been his world. Alice too, though her flower garden, her conferences with the housekeeper, her visits to the rectory, to the cottages of the poor, must necessarily take up much time always, had the library in the foreground.

If like old Montaigne she thought no entertainment so cheap as reading, she also knew that no pleasure was so lasting.

Miss Morton liked a book, but she liked activity better. Since she had given up mending and making, turning and altering—since she had in fact retired from the post of unpaid *attaché* to three great girls, whose united means would not have dressed one, she had been quite lost. Playing the fine lady was with her impossible—she preferred the actual work of the kitchen, which with scant assistance she had carried on at Laurel Cottage.

Since she had been elevated to the post of chaperone to three young ladies—nobody called them great girls now—she had been very uncomfortable. To make life endurable she contrived to knock up an alliance both with cook and housekeeper, so that she could occasionally relieve herself of her pent-up feelings by a visit to one of these potentates.

And such was the influence of a kindly nature, a good heart—half concealed by a quick temper—that her visits were always regarded in the light of an honour.

"Poor girls," said the father, taking a cup of tea from the hands of Alice, "I hope they will be happy. Your mother would have been proud to have witnessed this. Well—well my child, I won't speak of the subject."

"Emily will certainly be happy," replied the old maid; "she was made for domestic joys, and will neither expect too much nor too little from her husband. Jane is more ambitious. I am afraid she has set her heart too much on that which is bright and rosy without, and ashes within."

"How mean you, auntie?" asked the excruciate, playfully.

"The joys of society. Jane is burning to shine at court; to be the belle of the season; to dance away life, in fact."

"She is very gay and lively. Her mother was none the worse wife for being fond of pleasure," said Selwyn Seabright, gently.

What a beam of pleasure there shone in Alice's eye as she looked at her father, and thought that he truly was one of those old men of whom it has been said and sung that no more

beautiful sight can be seen—one who, having gone with honour through the storms and trials of the world, retain still the freshness of feeling which adorned their youth.

"My sister was light-hearted and merry," replied Miss Morton, gently; "but once married, her thoughts were all for home."

"And now," cried Alice, "let us change the subject. Will you read to us while we do some old familiar work, or shall we play chess?"

"Both, my darling," replied her father, who took up a book—a volume of poetry—and while the two women did some embroidery, read in his very best style.

Then, finding himself slightly fatigued, he resigned the book, and father and daughter began the mimic contest.

By Alice, that evening was never forgotten.

In after years, the position of every article of furniture, the colour of the paper on the walls, the peculiar fall of the curtains which shut out the sight of the snow-storm, but not the dying cadence of the falling wind, nor the chirpings of the feathered foresters of nature, the flicker of the sea-coal fire; even the moves on the board could be recollected.

Above all, the calm, serene happiness of her beloved father.

After a busy life of hard and ill-paid work, he had reached a green old age, and was likely to be happy at last—in port, as it were—the stormy ocean of existence being traversed.

His looks, his slightest gestures, his words, were ever remembered, and treasured up and hoarded in her memory like jewels too precious to be parted with.

At eleven the three separated, each going to their own rooms, somewhat fatigued by the excitement of the eventful occasion.

Alice, however, felt no inclination to sleep. To her the fourteen hours or so of that day had been inexpressibly trying. Differing in character so much from them, she yet loved her sisters with devoted affection. Her heart was truly of the affectionate order. She missed even the pleasant half-hour's chat in Jane's bed-room before going to rest. It was often the happiest, because the most unrestrained half-hour of the day.

What should she do? Read she could not, for her thoughts were far away. Look out of window and listen to the music ever to be found in all created things! But she could see nothing but snow, and hear nothing but the moaning sweep of the chill north-east wind.

Go to her aunt's room? The good lady had appeared very tired, and once or twice had perceptibly yawned during the time they were

going through the ceremony of a glass of wine and a biscuit.

Suddenly a bright thought struck her. She would visit her sisters' deserted and empty rooms, and strive there to bring back the memory of many a happy, if idle, hour. She would even perhaps decide on plans for making them suitable to receive them when they returned to visit their home as married women.

The moment this idea entered her head Alice threw a warm cloak over her shoulders, put her tiny feet into thick slippers, and taking a candle went out into the passage. The three rooms were all on a floor, while that of the father was at one end of the passage, that of the aunt at the other.

The first room entered was that of Emily. With a smile Alice noticed that it was left as neat and tidy as if it had not been inhabited for a week. Emily was the very soul of method, and before her departure had doubtless seen to its being left in that order which she so much admired. Not a thing was out of its place, not a drawer open, not one sign of womanly haste and carelessness.

Alice looked around and sighed. When and under what circumstances should she see the dear girl in that room again—when exchange confidences and pleasant chat once more?

She turned away quite sadly. A sense of real loneliness came over her, and almost made her decide on hurrying to bed.

But to visit the empty shrine of one lost love and not the other appeared sacrilege, and with even slower steps than before she entered Jane's room. The sight she beheld was almost pleasant in her then morbid mood of mind. The apartment was in a purely picturesque state of untidiness. Everything was in wild disorder. It was quite clear that after dressing for church Jane had forgotten all else save the business of the day, while her newly-found lady's-maid—a pert French *soubrette*—was quite above being useful. The other servants were naturally too tired.

Here was occupation both for body and mind, and determined that such a marked difference between the two sisters should not be noticed in the morning, she began the work of re-establishing order.

It was no light task, but such work comes naturally to a woman, and ere half an hour had elapsed the labour was nearly concluded.

Her candle was on a chair, and by its light she stooped to pick up a crumpled piece of paper, which—still in the spirit of order and tidiness—she proceeded to open out, pre-

paratory to folding it up and putting it away.

She had no notion that Jane could have any secrets from her, but still it was probably a letter the other might not wish to be seen. Suddenly she caught her father's name. It was a telegraphic despatch, directed to Selwyn Seabright, Esq., Fairlawn Grange, D—shire. The girl sat on the floor, the pale moon falling upon fair hair that fell unconfined upon her shoulders, and upon her white and mazed face, which was expressive of varied emotions. When could a telegraphic despatch have come to her father, and how was it lying about open in her eldest sister's room? Then came the thought—was it a secret she ought not to pry into. Well, if her sister knew it, surely she might.

She opened out the paper—she looked at the date. It had come from London that very morning.

Alice closed her eyes for a moment, shivering with cold. Perhaps it was only some trifling business. At all events she would read it. And she did.

The first words made her shake as with the ague—the second and third sentences turned her pale as death, while she cast down the paper with a wail of anguish, such as one could fancy came from a wholly broken heart.

"Jane—Jane!" she cried, "how could you! Pa'—poor pa'," she added, and fell back insensible in the cold moonlight.

## CHAPTER III.

### INFELIX PUER.

THE boulevards, by which name a long series of streets in Paris are generally known, were as usual well lit up, it being evening. They were, however, almost deserted. Rain had been pouring down with steady perseverance for some hours, and your true Parisian has a perfectly catfish dislike of water. The theatres, the ball-rooms, as well as the refreshment places, derived the full benefit of the storm. They were full.

No one except those whose business compelled them to be out could be seen, and this attenuated human stream moved along at a rapid rate, neither looking to the right nor to the left.

There was, however, one exception. Opposite one of the most celebrated restaurants of the boulevards, though not one of the most expensive, stood a young man with a slouched

hat drawn over his eyes, and the collar of his paletot turned up to his ears.

His costume would have induced a superficial observer to take him for a French student, it being of that shabby-genteel yet loud character which is so characteristic of the future statesmen, lawyers, and scientific men of France ; to say nothing of their artists.

But a keen examination of his ruddy, almost golden hair, his fair complexion and brown eyes, would soon have set his nationality at rest. His eyes, however, were just now unnaturally large, his cheeks hollow, and his whole face attenuated, while his hands were fiercely clenched in his coat pockets, his lips compressed under the influence of some bitter emotion, while his eye brows were drawn up in a dark and gloomy frown.

Lionel Seabright was a student, and had become so under peculiar circumstances. About eleven years before he had the misfortune to lose his mother who died in Paris, and was buried in the cemetery of Père La Chaise. His father was utterly broken-hearted at his wife's sudden and most unexpected death, and, immediately after the funeral, placed his son at one of the best schools he could find in the great capital, and thus having done his duty as a father, to his own fancy, sought oblivion in travel and constant motion.

For all practical purposes Lionel was an orphan, and brought up without a parent's example before his eyes—the most essential part of education. At school he learned languages, accomplishments—all, in fact, that fitted him for the world's battle, except the domestic virtues which are acquired only beside the sacred hearth of home.

At eighteen, according to the injunctions of his father, Lionel selected a profession. It was that of an artist. Having the handsome allowance for a youth of two hundred a-year, he entered as a pupil one of the most celebrated studios, and at once launched upon the sea of student life. As we are telling an English story we will not loiter over the singular mode of existence led by youthful aspirants for artistic fame in Paris.

Lionel was no better and no worse than many others, and favoured by circumstances might have become a great artist. It is true he kept late hours, was oftener seen at the *Closerie des Lilas* than in the *atelier* ; that he spent his money freely when he had it, and half-starved himself when his quarter's allowance had vanished ; still he studied earnestly at times and was fond of his profession.

During the last three months he had been

unusually wasteful of his money. Lionel was neither of an age nor a character to remember that, however small a man's income may be, there is one way of increasing it—frugality.

Lionel, however, for a whole month had been wholly without—not a Napoleon, but without a sou. And this was his quarter day. As was his wont he called at the banking-house for his money early in unusually high spirits.

He walked into the counting-house of the well-known and civil bankers, who by this time knew him well, to be met by the bitter disheartening reply,—“No remittance—no instructions.”

Stunned by the suddenness of the blow he rushed out into the open air.

Many Englishmen have known what it is to be without money in a strange town like Paris, but no one who has not gone through the ordeal can tell the suffering, the humiliation, the shame of such a position.

Lionel Seabright was the soul of honour. He might be careless about money, he might spend it idly, but he made it a rule to keep his pecuniary engagements. He had promised both his lodging and his pension, and now he must fail.

Lionel went along the asphalté looking down at the small pools of water, where the rain had collected, his head bowed in bitter shame. Once or twice he stopped, and as if thinking that these tiny, shining and skimmering pieces of water were open wells, they threw up a hideous suggestion to his soul. A man with plenty of gold, and no home, has been likened to the devil. A man with no money, and yet a home, must under his circumstances feel like a fallen angel afraid to attempt the entrance to Paradise.

He found himself walking on in the direction of the Seine.

Accustomed to the enjoyment of a reasonable sum of money, and to the credit and consideration which the possession of gold always commands, the young man dared not face the people to whom he had made promises. He felt that a meal at his boarding-house, after his failure to pay, would choke him.

Something must be done. The grim idea of suicide, which, in an involuntary kind of way, enters upon the minds of far more people than is imagined, had as yet only faint and temporary sway. Strangely enough, another sensation imperiously warded it off. He was hungry, and the penniless Bohemian had not even a few coppers to buy tobacco.

Avoiding the more public streets where he



might have met acquaintances, if not friends, he at once rejected the idea of crossing the bridge to the south side of the Seine, where the students congregate. And still by narrow lanes and byways, he made for the river with a vague idea of going somewhere far into the country and there hiding from all men. But some magnetic influence continually brought him back towards the centre of the great city.

All day he wandered about until, when dusk had set in, he recollected that he had made a promise to dine with a friend—or rather for a friend to dine with him—at a fashionable restaurant.

Thus it is that we find him anxious not to keep his promise—that cannot be, but to explain why for the first time he has failed to honour his word. As a moth flutters round a lamp, so did he round the spot where at eight he was to play the Amphytrion. And yet nothing prompted him now save the wish to be truthful. Like the pagans of old, he believed in Truth being the supreme deity.

After several minutes of hesitation he halted before the restaurant and peered in. His friend was not in his accustomed place.

With a deep sigh of relief he turned away to find himself face to face with his expected companion, a student about six years older than himself.

"Where have you been all day?" cried he; "I have searched for you everywhere."

"What for?" asked Seabright, moodily.

"To tell you that two gentlemen, English lawyers, have come over specially to see you, and that they are wild with anxiety; they have looked in at your lodgings ten times to-day, and now wait dinner for you at the Hotel des Princes."

"Have you any idea of their business?" the young man faintly ejaculated.

"I have not. All I know is, they are very excited, and want to tell you some extraordinary good news!" replied James Gregory, the student of eight years.

Lionel took hold of his arm, and whispering something, they went into the nearest *café*, and there James Gregory, making him take a seat, fetched for him, with his own hands, some simple refreshment, certainly not calculated to act injuriously on his excited brain.

#### EPIGRAM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis better to sit in Freedom's hall,  
With a cold damp floor and a mouldering wall,  
Than to bow the neck or to bend the knee,  
In the proudest palace of Slavery!

#### THE RICHEST PRINCE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF KERNER.)

ONCE in Worms' old Kaiser palace,  
Many a German monarch sate,  
Of his riches each one vaunting,  
And the glories of his state.

"Rich," outspoke the lordly Saxon,  
"Is that glorious land of mine;  
Many a vein among her mountains  
Bright with silver ore doth shine."

"On the Rhine is ever plenty,"  
Cried the County Palatine;  
"In the valleys corn-fields waving,  
On the hills the noble vine."

"Mighty cities, wealthy convents,"  
Louis said, Bavaria's lord;  
"These are mine; I fear no rival  
While my lands can these afford."

Answered Eberhard the Bearded—  
Wurtemberg's loved lord was he—  
"Small my cities, and my mountains  
Void of silver hoards may be:

"Yet one priceless gem lies hidden  
Deep amid my forests grey;  
On the breast of every liegeman  
Fearless I my head may lay."

Cried Bavarian then, and Saxon,  
And the Palgrave of the Rhine—  
"Bearded Count! that land is peerless  
Which has jewels such as thine!"

#### EDNA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

SHE came, driving over the level road across the common where the boys play cricket of an afternoon—driving in her perfectly-appointed phaeton with the spirited greys which everyone about here stops to stare at.

As she passed the low white house at the corner the ponies started and plunged, although they were well in hand. I noticed that she had touched them smartly with her whip, but I noticed also that she never once turned her head to look at the figure leaning over the white gate—a slight figure in mourning.

Edna stood there at the gate long after her mother's showy phaeton had passed; she was standing there still, an hour after, when it came back again. The ponies did not start this time, but their iron hoofs went by,

trampling, not more on the hard road than on my poor Edna's heart; and I, watching from my seat at the drawing-room window, felt the hot, indignant tears spring to my eyes.

By-and-bye I called her softly; she turned then, and came slowly in through the French windows.

"Dear Edna," I began; but she shook her head and called "Muriel, Muriel!" with such a pitiful cry as if only Muriel could be of any use in stilling the sharp pain at her heart.

Muriel came running at the first sound of her mother's voice, the dear fair child! Throwing herself into her mother's arms, her white frock and golden hair showing bright against her mother's black dress. With those little arms tight clasped round her neck and the little form pressed close to her heart, the colour came back into Edna's cheeks, and the rain of her tears ceased.

Years ago, in the days when Sandcombe was the gayest house in the country, Edna and I had been girls together. I had passed much of my time there with her and Lady Farrant. Such a gay time it was! full, too, of happiness, and rich with thought and feeling. One met the people best worth meeting at Sandcombe; people whose names had been heard in the world; and as for the visits to London, where Lady Farrant often took me as a companion to her daughter, they seemed like trips to another planet. In our quiet country home, in our happy every-day life it was hard to believe that the great men whose writings held honoured places on our shelves were not *only* authors but really human beings like ourselves. Yet, had I not asked Macaulay himself to "pass the salt?" Had not Tennyson made the original remark to me that it was "a warm day" and "Owen Meredith" picked up my fan when I dropped it! There are other memories connected with those days:—I shall always be grateful to Lady Farrant for her kindness to me then; I always *was* grateful to her,—never could help liking her even through all the troubles that followed;—did she not take me with them to Rome one memorable winter? and did I not meet George first in London?

Is the Past more real than the Present? In the small round of society here I never feel quite sure that I am myself. Life is so insignificant as to become mechanical, so much is always left to "*la bête*" as the inimitable author of "*Une voyage autour de ma Chambre*" has it; "*Pâme*" is so frequently absent from the daily routine of existence altogether. I never feel quite sure that it is really I myself who had visited, dined, driven, smiled and

chattered here in Hendon; but I *am* very sure that I really stood on the Pincian Hill one evening at sunset and saw a golden Rome at my feet: very sure that I gathered Neapolitan violets in March; that I stood listening to musical Italian vowels breathing threats against Austria while the sea whispered with a soft lapping sound at our feet and the Gondola waited. The Austrians are gone now, but in the Venice of my dreams the white uniforms still mingle with the crowd on the Piazza San Marco. Time may do his worst on paint and canvas, but there are pictures conjured up by the mind, which baffle him; pictures whose colours do not fade, whose outlines never become indistinct. Such a'one rises clearly before me as I recall the days when Edna and I were girls together.

A breath of summer air wafts the muslin curtains idly to and fro; there is a hot, white glare in the street without, and a sound of passing carriages: I hear again the knock—the knock, the only one in London that beats not upon the house door but upon one's very heart! The lady writing at the table lays down her pen and turns with a question in her eyes, not upon her lips, to two young girls who are present. One answers with a laughing "yes mother," the other answers with her blushes. I hear again the welcome footfall on the stairs. I see the door open; the vista of gay carpeted steps beyond, the stand of brilliant flowers upon the landing, and the sunlight falling through the stained glass window above, making a golden halo round that handsome head. I have said that George and I met in London; and now for us the play is played out, the romance has ended with the dear old ending—"and so they lived happy ever after."

In those days Edna, the only girl—there was a son several years her elder—was her mother's idol. Lady Farrant was still young, and it was a pretty sight to see the two together, looking more like sisters than mother and daughter. Yet, it sometimes struck me that the mother's devotion was oppressive to the child. She loved her passionately, but she wished to possess her, body and soul. The girl must have no unspoken thought, no secret treasure in the store-house of her mind; above all, no feeling warmer than a mild regard for any other friend; her love for her mother must be as her mother's was for her—exclusive. I used to fancy that she never looked upon Edna as possessed of an individuality of her own, but as being a most precious part of *her* life—very precious, but still hers; something absolutely belonging to herself; not at all or in any way

an independent existence. I was glad that my mother did not love me like that! I was humbly thankful that I was not so precious. There was plenty of room in our home for us all to grow and develope our own characters instead of making them to order on a pattern chosen for us as Edna seemed required to do; plenty of room, that is to say, for our minds. As to our bodies, we were somewhat cramped for space, there being ten of us, boys and girls together, in the dear old house. I do not suppose that Lady Farrant contemplated keeping her daughter always by her side; indeed, Edna's marriage was often spoken of as a matter of course: but still, when it came to the point, her mother was invariably jealous of every possible son-in-law. Fortunately, Edna, both by education and taste, was the most fastidious of damsels; and she and her mother agreed cordially enough in the dismissal of several suitors;—and so it chanced that when fortune smiled upon my poor George at last, and he became the possessor of an income judged sufficient for us to marry upon, she was still at home. But little more than a year later the catastrophe took place which, from my knowledge both of mother and daughter, I had all along foreseen. Edna loved at last—and loved against her mother's wishes.

She might have had patience. Looking back at it all, from out of the quiet present, I see that she might have had more patience. Mr. Marchmont was in every way a suitable match for her; in every way worthy of her; his only fault being that he did not exactly please Lady Farrant's fancy. But then it was not Lady Farrant whom he wished to marry; and if Edna could only have been patient, I think it might all have come right at last. It was hard on her certainly.

"My mother seems to think that if she does not like him, it is impossible that I should do so," she said. "I have lived only to please her; existed only as something belonging to her; and now I am to marry to please her, not myself! If only Ralph were at home!"

But Ralph was not at home; he was with his regiment in India.

"Tell her plainly that your happiness for life is at stake," I urged.

"Have I *not* told her so! Poor mother, she is jealous; she calls me ungrateful. I am *not* ungrateful, but Fanny—I love him."

"You are all in all to her; she fancies that her great love should be sufficient and that she should be all in all to you. Be patient, Edna; wait awhile."

My own little baby was in my arms as we talked together, that sunny afternoon, sitting in Edna's pleasant room at Sandcombe, where every object recalled her mother's love and tenderness. From the window we could see Lady Farrant under the beech-tree reading; but it was not the placid face I remembered all my girlhood. A shadow was over it, which had not been there in those happy days—the first shadow that had come between her and her child. With my baby's soft breath on my cheek, and the touch of her tiny fingers on my neck, I fancied that I could measure the depths of a mother's love better than could my friend. How should I like any Mr. Marchmont, however rich, however excellent, to come and rob me of my Trot? Would not the simple fact that he was disposed to such robbery blind me to each and all of his many virtues? Thinking thus, and my heart aching for the jealousy of a mother, I urged Edna once more to patience. But Edna was not patient. "I *have* waited," she said; "my youth is going—why am I not to be happy?"

Yet she was but nineteen; her youth was not going so very fast; she might have waited a little longer.

She forgot her duty; they were privately married, and Lady Farrant had never spoken to her since.

Not when Edna knelt before her in an agony of tears immediately after her marriage; not when Ralph came home and interceded for her; not when Muriel was born and Muriel's mother wrote one of her penitent heart-broken petitions for forgiveness; not two years later even when Mr. Marchmont died and Edna wrote again, "Mother, I am left alone: forgive me now!" Her letters were never returned, but they were never answered; and the mother and child had not seen each other for six years until they met at our gate that sweet spring morning.

I had often been at Sandcombe during those years; I could not forget old times; besides, I always hoped, almost against hope, to find some opening for bringing those two together again. But I did no good; I always was afraid of my Lady, and when once I had ventured so far as to be the bearer of one of Edna's poor sorrowful little notes, her mother had taken it quietly from my hand and dropped it into the fire. "Never do that again, Fanny," she said, and then went on discussing some parish business in which I was helping her. She was a devoted Lady bountiful to all Hendon-Basset—and I, coward that I was, never did do it again. I remember that I wondered

whether, like that little note, all the letters had been burned unopened.

Just at that time we went abroad for some months and I lost sight of my old friends. On our return to England, after moving about for more than a year, living in a constant state of packing and unpacking—which, by the way, is so ruinous to one's poor things—George took the little house on the common at Hendon, within four miles of Hendon-Basset, near to which village Sandcombe was situated, and I immediately asked Edna to come and stay with us.

"It is not your business or mine either," George had said; "better not meddle; no good ever yet came of officious interference in other folks' affairs; you will only burn your own fingers."

But I felt as if it were my business; I loved them both, and the long estrangement seemed so terrible to me. I said I would risk getting my fingers burned, and Edna came.

Of course Lady Farrant knew that her daughter was with us; indeed, Edna had written to her; and, as no notice was taken, and the idea had suggested itself that her letters were destroyed unopened, George had ridden over to Sandcombe one afternoon and had made an opportunity for casually alluding to the fact of our guest's presence at the white house. Whereupon, he had been graciously informed that the world was wide and we were free to choose our own friends!

Hendon, like most country places, is much given to gossip; and I have no doubt that Edna and her mother furnished plenty of food for that only salt of life in which dull neighbourhoods indulge. But of course they heard nothing of it; and as for myself, I am afraid I appreciated such a choice morsel with which we ladies could enliven the deadly dulness of the after-dinner half hour before the gentlemen joined us; for in general we were a silent set; some of us gossiped, one or two soared to the height of positive backbiting; but, as a rule, we were not famous for conversation. We were behind-hand with the fashions, too; afraid to adopt them till more civilized communities were already exchanging them for others; so that—just as in old days among men, fashions were said to come in in the army and go out in the church—so it was a truth that among us, fashions sprang into life at Paris and died out at Hendon. The last lingering crinoline is to be seen here, and ladies still wear bodies to their evening dresses! Edna did not go out at night, and still wore black.

"I shall wear nothing else as long as I am unforgiven," she said. My poor Edna!

The spring was wearing away; and what good had I done as yet? We never by any chance saw my Lady, unless we met her in our long drives about that lovely country; and when we did so, it was a terrible pain to Edna and made me so desperately nervous that I hardly knew what I was about, and either whipped the brown horse into a frantic gallop, thereby scattering mud or dust upon the very person whom I wished to propitiate, or pulled up short and was haughtily passed by the grey ponies and their relentless driver! Luckily, we very seldom did meet her; but it used to go to my very heart to see poor Edna's wistful eyes gazing along the road before us, to see her wrapped up in her own sad thoughts, heedless of my efforts to engage her in conversation, or to notice the sudden start and change of colour at everything that passed us from behind, and the anxious listening look at every sound of wheels in the distance until they came in sight bringing, as they invariably did, nothing but new pain. One afternoon I remember well as we were passing the turning towards Hendon-Basset on our road home after a long drive when she had been as usual sad and silent, she put her hand on mine:

"Stay here a moment Fanny," she said; and I checked the old brown horse, and we stopped there looking down the long lane leading to Sandcombe,—the lane where the first dog-roses blow, and where the children gather early violets; the lane Edna's feet had so often trodden with her mother's hand in hers. The nearest station to Sandcombe was our Hendon station, half a mile or so beyond the village; and in old days, I, sitting beside Edna in the Sandcombe carriage, had often and often driven down this lane, along the road on which we were now waiting, past the little white house on the common. Never dreaming that there one day my lot in life would be cast. It was very warm that afternoon, the flies and insects teased the old pony, he shook his head and stamped one foot impatiently now and then; and I knew that it would be late before we reached home. Yet I could not disturb my poor Edna, leaning from the little carriage, looking with all her heart in her sad eyes along the old familiar road. The pony pricked his ears; "I hear wheels!" she said hastily; "Fanny, stay;" but when the wheels had come nearer, and proved to be those of the Hendon-Basset butcher's cart driving rapidly down the lane, turning the corner sharply and passing us in a cloud of dust, she was content to go.

She was so deadly pale, that, looking at her, I began to fear the constant strain upon her heart ; living so near her mother and unfor-given still, was too much. I began to reproach myself for having asked her to try the experi-ment ; I began almost to fancy that George might be right, after all ; and that I should only lose Lady Farrant's friendship myself without winning so much as a kind greeting, even, for her daughter. But when we got home, Muriel was watching for us in the gar-den, carefully guarded by my steady little Trot who took care of the other child in a wise womanlike way ; and with Muriel on her lap beside the cheerful fire which the evening air made pleasant even after that warm spring day, Edna cheered up again.

We had once thought of sending Muriel to her grandmother, a little messenger of peace. I, in particular, had woven a whole romance, with Muriel for its heroine. George should drive her over to Sandcombe, and seeing Lady Farrant as was her wont sitting in the garden with no companion but the old and hideous pug-dog, in solitary possession of the shade under the cedars where Edna long ago had sat too and read, often from the same page as her mother ; seeing the unhappy lady thus alone, George should send the beautiful child by herself, and standing at her grandmother's knee, Muriel should—I hardly know what it was she was to do, but in some way or other peace would be made.

But George only shook his head over my plans—he never was given to much talking ; that being generally my share of the conver-sation, and he listened ; and Edna herself said, that any such scheme carried out would only make matters worse.

"My mother is very fond of Ralph's chil-dren and has often seen Muriel with them, but she never notices her. I don't think I ought to be here Fanny," she went on ; "my mother refuses to see me ; to be here so near—perhaps she thinks it impertinent, hardened of me : I am afraid it is a mistake to have come."

She often began to speak like this ; to doubt if she had done right ; every day she almost made up her mind to leave Hendon and yet could not tear herself away from her mother's neighbourhood, cheating herself daily with the hope that surely *something* would happen to win for her that mother's pardon—a pardon without which there was no peace for her on earth.

And something, indeed, *was* to happen ; and that before long.

## SHAKESPEARE MIS-IMPROVED.

"IF we wish," wrote an admirable essayest, "to know the force of human genius, we should read Shakespeare. If we wish to see the insignificance of human learning, we may study his commentators." This often quoted obser-vation never recurred to me more forcibly than when, the last time I read Dame Quickly's simply pathetic narration of the death of poor, dear, rascally Falstaff, I bethought me of cer-tain critical disputes as to the real text. You will remember what follows as being part of the story of mine hostess of the "Boar's Head," Eastcheap :—

'A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pin and 'a babbled o' green fields.

For my own poor part I was always ready, till some luckless recent reading of mine, to accept this natural description without ques-tion as it stands in the modern popular edi-tions. I am not, however, to have my way of thinking, I fear, any longer—that is, if I must pin my faith to Shakespearean commen-tators. As regards the beautiful "green fields" touch of nature, I have just read that, before Theobald's edition of Shakespeare, the text ran, "and a *table* of green fields." That critic very properly, I try to think, altered it to what now stands. But then—to disenchant sup-porters of the "green fields" theory—no less a critic than the poet Pope would reject the words "table," &c., and "babbled" alike and altogether. "These words," in his edition, he says, "'and a table of green fields,' are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense," he goes on to say, got into the subsequent editions in this way :—"The stage editors printed from the common, piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting), and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time who furnished im-plements, &c., for the actors. A table of Green-field's." Why did I not rest and be thankful in my blissfully ignorant possession of a shilling edition of Shakespeare? owing Mr. Alexander Pope, poet, some time of Twickenham, nothing for his cruelly kind suggestion—which makes me think of Shakespearean commentators in the words of the old song about body-snatchers :—

It's very hard these sort o' men  
Can't let a body be.

## SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

## CHAPTER LII.

AND THE WORLD RUNS MERRY AS  
HERETOFORE.

IT was evening at Auriel ; a sad-hued evening, full of damp vapours and wan colours ; only in the west was the dull, sodden earth glorified, and there every leaf that quivered in the glow of the rosy light appeared a tiny blaze of gold ; elsewhere all was desolate-looking ; the bare boughs were soaked black by rain, the tawny foliage lay thick over the rose-beds, or made bronze coloured circles round the dead-looking shrubs.

It was very dreary, Lady Diana thought, as she walked up the avenue on her way to the house. When she drew nearer to the huge red building with its long range of windows glittering in those last fierce beams of the winter sun, she paused with a sudden terror lest eyes by her unseen might be watching her approach from behind those uncanny-looking squares.

Then she reasoned herself into composure. Who even of her intimates would recognise her thus, muffled up in dark clothes—a thick veil obscuring her face, a black velvet net concealing the brightness of her hair ; even her gloves were black, and her pretty feet were disfigured by clumsy-looking shoes.

She walked on towards the door, but her heart beat so fast as she stood on the threshold that she felt suffocated, and it was some minutes before she nerved herself to give a tap, so feeble that a quick-eared mouse would scarcely have been startled by it, far less the deaf old woman who sat crooning over the kitchen hearth. Finding her appeal futile, and dreading she scarce knew why, to rouse the echoes in that vast house, Lady Diana peered in at the only window through which she saw a gleam of firelight, and looked intently at the scene before her.

Only one person was visible, and that was old Sally, who crouched over the fire with her hands crossed on her lap ; she was half asleep, and her lips were murmuring some little lullaby which had stilled her babe's cry many weary years ago.

"There can be no one else in the house," the watcher thought ; "she would not be so still and inactive if she were not alone."

Emboldened by this idea, Lady Diana lifted the latch of the side door, and finding that it

yielded to her touch, she walked in, and directed by the firelight, made her way to the kitchen.

"Who's that?" the old woman said, suddenly waking up and looking at her visitor with an air of suspicion.

"I hope I haven't startled you," Lady Diana said, kindly. Then she explained that she had been sent to Auriel by some friends of the girl who had lately died. "They wish me to make some little compensation to you for all your trouble," she added, judiciously, producing some gold ; and old Sally's confidence was won at once.

"So you're a friend of the poor thing that's gone ; well now I've often thought it strange no one come to see the last of her. Ah ! how she did suffer, to be sure," the crone said, in a tone of melancholy satisfaction. "And she was carried out, ma'am, by that very door you just come in at."

Lady Diana shivered and looked round uncomfortably.

"Don't talk about it," she said, hastily. "I hate to hear of death."

"Well, it aint much good shutting your eyes to him when you're sure to see him some day," Sally answered, composedly. "For my part, I'm ready for him. P'raps, if you spent fifty years in working to keep hunger from your inside and rheumatics from your limbs, you'd be tired out as I am. Poor Miss Azalea, she used to whirl about the house gay as a kitten, and sing something about life's being beautiful ; but, bless you ! that's all according to one's weekly wages and state of health. My life's been ugly enough."

"Did anyone but yourself take care of that poor girl?" Lady Diana asked, abruptly. "I must make amends to everybody, you know."

"There was only the old doctor. Maybe he won't be sorry to have a present for all his new carriage ; and there's Mr. Douglas, but——"

"But what?" the other broke in with impatience.

"I was thinking, dear," the old woman answered slowly, "that no one can comfort *him*, since not the Great Power of all has done it ; he sits there—upstairs where she died—and he sleeps there at night, and sometimes, when I pass the door, I think I hear him calling her name ; but softly, as if he feared to wake somebody."

"Is he there now?"

"I count he is."

"Could I look at him? Could I see him without his seeing me? I should like to carry

back word how he looked ; they would be sorry if he were ill ; but I should be afraid he might be angry if he saw me," stammered Lady Diana.

"I don't think he'd take notice," Sally suggested, "if you was to go to the door (it mostly stands open) and look at him."

But her companion turned a shade paler under her veil, and shook her head.

"I dare not risk it," she murmured.

She had come to seek out this man that she might face the truth ; but if her suspicions were correct, she would have met the awful eyes of the arisen dead sooner than his glance.

"He could never forgive, for he can never forget what my fault led him to," she thought. "And so my sin (a venial one after all) is magnified by his consequent crime ; what a fool he was to come back that night ! But what a fool I am—it may not be he after all. I declare, if it is not, I'll put up a memorial window to him in his parish church !"

"If we go to the top of them," Sally said, indicating the last flight of stairs, "you can stand behind me, and I warrant he won't notice us."

Lady Diana walked up to a dingy fragment of mirror which hung on the wall, and took heart when she observed how complete her disguise was ; at the same time with a pang of vexed vanity, she noted what an ungainly appearance she made.

"If he *did* recognise me by any chance," she meditated, "I should pull down my back hair as if by accident, and toss aside this ugly bonnet."

When they reached the door of Azalea's room she hung back with a desperate dread creeping over her heart.

She experienced that sudden sense of failure, failure of nerve, purpose, and physical power, which sometimes afflicts us when we are brought face to face with the peril which at a far distance we have wooed boldly.

Then her heart strengthened with resolution, such resolve as sustains the wretch who welcomes the final agony which puts an end to unavailing torture.

With a long-drawn sigh, and a face contracted with the pain of that moment of sharp anxiety, Lady Diana advanced to the threshold of the room indicated by the old woman, and leaning against the door-post saw into the interior of the chamber ; and saw also in the recess of a window the bowed form of the man she sought.

The wan rays of the fading sun fell on his head and face, but not all the glory of full day

could have evoked any responsive brightness from the deep gloom of those desolate eyes. He was looking, not at the rosy drift of clouds, nor at the flights of birds that blackened the red face of the sun. There was, in his glance, a certain sad wistfulness—the pathetic doubt of one who seeks an answer out of silence, who implores hope from darkness ; but there was no interest or sympathy expressed in external objects. His countenance was set in the dull immobility of despair—despair such as no human being might remove or console. Lady Diana looked intently at the grey silken masses of hair, at the deep lines under the eyes, at the ashen cheeks and withered hands, crossed listlessly one over the other, and breathed more freely. The man she remembered, the man whom she had feared to recognise to-day, had worn a very different aspect. Steuart Merton's hair was of a sunny brown, his forehead white, and his full lips red ; his cheeks had always been pallid, but when they last touched hers in his parting embrace, they were as smooth as ivory, and unscarred by a single wrinkle ; he had been tall and broad shouldered, carrying his head with a certain proud grace, not unbecoming to one whose heart was rich with happiness. This aged and withered man, sitting so strangely quiet in the gathering dusk, bore no resemblance to him whom the sea had sucked down into its depths eighteen years ago.

Some books were lying partially open on the table, and written papers, on which the ink was dry, were spread before him.

The wan streaks of sunset that were narrowing towards the west presently streamed over a vase filled with dead flowers, which stood near him, and over a piece of blue ribbon, which, trailing close to the glass goblet, cast a dim reflection of its hue on to the slender transparent stem of the cup.

Glancing mechanically at the varying colour of the glass, Douglas's eyes presently fell on the ribbon, and in an instant the whole expression of his face changed ; the lips quivered, the eyes shone out under a sudden blurr of tears like stars dimmed by mist. He took the ribbon in his hands gently, as if it were a living thing which would shrink from a rough touch. As he caressed this with tender fingers, babbling some inarticulate murmur of love, every hard line relaxed as all the tense composure of despair gave way. Something of youth's fire and youth's mobility returned to his face in the sudden storm of passion which swept over it. As the dying light shone on his eyes, all a-fire with the pain of memory, on his lips, tremulous in their struggle to keep

grief restrained, his changed expression was revealed to the watcher at the door. She involuntarily shrank back a few steps, and, as she put her hand to her heart, she could scarcely repress a groan, as, with a great throb of terror, she admitted the suspicion that this man's countenance was not, after all, unfamiliar to her.

"I cannot tell, I cannot be sure," she moaned to herself; "how am I to decide it without risk of detection?"

She stretched out her head, so as to get a fuller view of the occupant of the room without obtruding herself on his notice. She did not again stand in the doorway, but peered round with the lithe grace and attitude of a bird watching an inimical approach; then, with a sudden access of resolution, with a desperate desire to terminate this great pain of doubt, she crouched yet farther out of sight, and called, in a tone strangely hoarse and troubled,—

"Steuart—Steuart Merton!"

She was conscious of his startled gesture; of a pale face looking in the direction of the door; and then, as his tall figure uprose and moved towards her through the gloom of that lonely chamber, she put out her hands with the desire to clutch at those of the old woman who had accompanied her; praying, in a choked whisper "Take me away; keep me from his sight," but the old woman was gone. She had wearied of standing there in the dark, cold atmosphere, when her little fire downstairs was blazing a welcome for her, and so she stole away while Lady Diana lingered; and the latter felt voice and hands alike become powerless, as with a sick sensation about her heart, and a dull film closing over her eyes, she lost all consciousness, and dropped down in a heap at her husband's feet.

When Lady Diana awoke to the pain of returning sense she felt like one who moves in the dull atmosphere of a dream; a dream encumbered by the presence of a hideous terror.

What was this dark chamber illumined only by the fitful blazes of a wood fire? and who was he who sat opposite to her, looking intently at the flaring light?

It was not until she saw the sheen of a blue ribbon, which dangled from his neck, that she thoroughly realised the full trouble of her waking state. This was Steuart, then; the Steuart whom for so many years she had believed to be physically naught; this was the body which was thought to have resolved into dust; and from his deep-set eyes gleamed indications of the soul which she had imagined

to be existent in the realms of unknown beatitude.

She dared not give herself time to reflect, fearing lest her tongue might again freeze with fear, and feminine weakness interfere with what she felt it to be best to do. She was agitated and unnerved by the mental struggle of the last two days. She was in part afraid, and in part remorseful. Imagination with her sometimes supplied the place of what in a nobler woman would be called a heart; and a strange pang of repentance pierced her; a glow of shame made her cheek hot as she remembered what her life had been since she parted from this man, who sat there motionless in the twilight; the very sight of him, and the memories he evoked, were, in themselves, her punishment and condemnation.

Douglas was wearing the same absent look in his eyes as when she first saw him in the light of the dreary winter sun. He did not notice her return to consciousness, of which, indeed, she gave no outward sign, excepting in the irrepressible quiver of her lids, and a slight tremulous movement of her pale lips.

For awhile she looked at him stealthily, not daring to break the grim silence. Then, with a quick movement of her hand, she disengaged the masses of fair hair from their disfiguring net, freed herself of the heavy shawl which concealed her figure, and rising up before him, stood for an instant as if irresolute, and then sank down, clinging to his knees, an embodiment of Correggio's Magdalen—a Magdalen in grace of form, in softness of dishevelled tresses—tresses which made a glory of soft light over Douglas's black garb and folded hands; a Magdalen in penitence of face and in her shamed attitude; a Magdalen who believed herself to be suffering the pangs of remorse, but who was in reality only writhing under the wound of detection—one, in fact, who would sin again as soon as she had secured herself against the mischances of discovery.

Still clasping his knee, she cried out, "Forgive! forgive!"

She did not venture to lift up her face to his; she did not dare to counterfeit joy in meeting his eyes; she felt that such an assumption would be impossible to her, and would seem incredible to him; she could only wail out all her terror and remorse in a passionate entreaty for pardon.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried. "Oh, Steuart, speak just one word to say that I need not fear a curse in your eyes."

A flush of colour had come back to her cheeks, and her hair gleamed like gold in the



light of the fire. Her sleeves had fallen back from her outstretched arms, revealing their fair roundness. As she wound them tighter about his knees, he was reminded of the strange sinuous beauty of Lamia.

"Won't you *know* me?" she said, at last, in a subdued, caressing tone. "Have you not one word to give to Ana?"

He removed her quietly; not as if she was an object of aversion, but simply as something which inconvenienced him.

"Yes, I know you very well," he said, quietly; "but what then?"

Something in his tone exasperated her.

"Is that all you will say to me?" she answered, with somewhat of reproach in her tone.

A gleam of anger lit up his deep grey eyes. "I will say, if you will, that you are the devil who led me to do a murder. You have made memory a hell to me. . . . Do you remember that man who kissed you in the fond conviction that I was far distant and unconscious of my shame? . . . . Do you ever recall his living face as you last saw it, flushed with the feeling of your parting embrace? . . . . and did you see him afterwards?"

She shivered, and bent her head lower. "No," she whispered. "I never saw him again. I knew he was there, close by; but I would not look at him."

"But does he never look at you?" Douglas said, his face brightening with nervous excitement. "Do you not see his dim set eyes, his pinched nostrils that never dilate with breath, but which grow every day more shrivelled and contracted? Don't you see how all the proud blood had gone away from his wax-like face—all the brightness from his lank, dull hair? Does he never reproach you in your dreams, for not having given him 'more time?'—two hot, angry minutes sent his soul to God. I have thought sometimes, Ana, that those two minutes would be repaid to me by an eternity of hell; but God's mercy is the grand altar, the asylum for those who fly from the ban of their own consciences, and it is my hope that He has let me work out some of my penance here, so that I may yet meet her hereafter."

His voice died away in a murmur of prayer. He seemed to be appealing for the Divine consolation of which he had just spoken, and as he communed with Invisible Glory, his withered face became transfigured with a beauty surpassing that of youth.

## THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

FOR gossip of the most entertaining character, read the *Diary of Henry Crabb Robinson*,\* lately published by Messrs. Macmillan. The book, though a little wordy, is full of anecdotes of celebrities—Goethe, Wieland, Madame de Staël, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Byron, Rogers, Godwin, the Edgeworths, and a host of other notable people with whom the writer was on terms of intimacy during his long life. Though probably unknown to many readers, even by name, Crabb Robinson was in some sort a celebrity himself, for he was more or less, connected with the *Times* for nearly half a century, and moved in the best—that is, the most cultivated—society, all that time. He tells racy stories in an attractive style. Here are two or three:—"Wordsworth told me that before his ballads were published, Tobin implored him to leave out, 'We are Seven,' as a poem that would damn the book. It became, however, one of the most popular. . . . When Lady Mackintosh was once stating to Coleridge his disregard of the beauties of nature, which men commonly affect to admire, he said his friend Wordsworth had described her feeling, and quoted three lines from 'Peter Bell'—

A primrose by a river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.

'Yes,' said her ladyship, 'that is precisely my case.'

On April 27, 1812, Mr. Robinson attended Hazlitt's last lecture, which was "very well delivered, and full of shrewd observation. He quoted, and half assented to Hume's sceptical remark that, perhaps, metaphysics are not worth the study, but that there are persons who can find no better mode of amusing themselves. He then related an Indian legend of a Brahmin, who was so devoted to abstract meditation, that in the pursuit of philosophy he quite forgot his moral duties, and neglected ablution. For this he was degraded from the rank of humanity, and transformed into a monkey. But even, when a monkey, he retained his original propensities; for he kept apart from other monkeys, and had no other delight than that of eating cocoa-nuts and studying metaphysics. 'I too,' said, Hazlitt, 'should be very well contented to pass my life

\* "Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson, Barrister-at-law, F.S.A. Selected and Edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. In three vols." (Macmillan & Co.)

like this monkey did I but know how to provide myself with a substitute for cocoanuts.’”

Crabb Robinson was an acute observer and clever talker; though, as he confessed to his publisher shortly before his death, a year or two ago, he never had enough confidence in himself to write a big book. His contributions to literature were principally reviews, leaders, and letters in the *Times*, to which paper he acted as special correspondent—in both Spain and Sweden during the Peninsular war. His *Diary*, however, will more than compensate for any presumed literary deficiencies. Many of his anecdotes would—and probably will—serve as aids to a new jest-book. Joe Miller himself might be the author of the following:—

“Curran, who was Master of the Rolls in Ireland, in 1811, tells a characteristic anecdote of a member of the Irish Parliament. Boasting of his attachment to the jury system, “Mr. Speaker,” said he, ‘with trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with trial of jury I will die!’ ‘What!’ said Curran, in a stage-whisper, ‘do you mean to be hanged, Jack?’”

Mr. Robinson was as fond of hearing himself talk as was his friend Coleridge. The story goes, that once at a party at the house of Rogers, the poet-banker, the conversation flagged a little; when Charles Lamb stuttered out—“You’d b-better begin t-talking, or you’ll have no chance,—Cr-rabb R-robinson’s coming!”

Like all men of culture, Robinson was very fond of the theatre. He was acquainted with Mrs. Siddons, Miss O’Neill, Kean, Young, and all the leading actors of his day. He does not appear to have thoroughly shared the general admiration for Kean, whom he thought affected, and by no means so handsome a man as he is reputed to have been. On the evening of April 26, 1820, he sat in one of the orchestra boxes at Drury Lane, and saw Edmund Kean play *Lear*. “He delighted me much,” he says, “in *Lear*, though the critics are not satisfied with him. His representation of imbecile age was admirable. In the famous imprecation scene he produced astonishing effect by his manner of bringing out the words with the effort of a man nearly exhausted and breathless, rather *spelling* his syllables than forming them into words. ‘How sharp-er-than-a-serp-ent’s-tooth-it-is,’ &c., &c. His exhibition of madness was always exquisite. Kean’s defects are lost in this character, and become almost virtues. He does not need vigour or grace as *Lear*, but passion—and this never fails him. The play

was tolerably cast. Mrs. W. West is an interesting Cordelia, though a moderate actress. And Rae is a respectable Edgar. I alone remained of the party to see *The King and the Miller (of Mansfield)*. But I heard scarcely any part, for the health of the King being drunk, a fellow cried out from the shilling gallery—‘The Queen!’ The allusion was caught up, and not a word was heard afterwards. The cries for the health of the Queen were uttered from all quarters, and as this demand could not be complied with, not a syllable more of the farce was audible.”

Here is a pleasant reminiscence of the first meeting of Lamb and Moore in 1823. Charles Lamb, writing to Bernard Barton, says:—

“‘I dined in Parnassus with Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, and Tom Moore: half the poetry of England constellated in Gloucester Place! It was a delightful evening! Coleridge was in his finest vein of talk—had all the talk; and let ’em talk as evilly as they do of the envy of poets, I am sure not one there but was content to be nothing but a listener. The Muses were dumb while Apollo lectured on his and their fine art. It is a lie that poets are envious: I have known the best of them, and can speak to it, that they give each other their merits, and are the kindest critics as well as best authors. I am scribbling a muddy epistle with an aching head, for we did not quaff Hippocrene last night, marry! It was hippocrass, rather.’

“Lamb was in a happy frame, and I can still recall to my mind the look and tone with which he addressed Moore, when he could not articulate very distinctly:—‘Mister Moore, will you drink a glass of wine with me?’—suited the action to the word, and hobnobbing. Then he went on: ‘Mister Moore, till now I have always felt an antipathy to you, but now that I have seen you I shall like you ever after.’ Some years after I mentioned this to Moore. He recollected the fact, but not Lamb’s amusing manner. Moore’s talent was of another sort; for many years he had been the most brilliant man of his company. In anecdote, small-talk, and especially in singing, he was supreme; but he was no match for Coleridge in his vein. As little could he feel Lamb’s humour.”

So we might go on; in fact, it is difficult to stop; for every page contains some pleasant reminiscence of gone-by celebrities; some name well known and respected; some attractive reference to what many may call old-world experiences; but, as they say in the country newspapers, space forbids.

## A PILGRIMAGE TO ST. CROSS.

IT is a rare delight every now and then to turn aside from the dusty highways of modern life into the cool and quiet recesses of the olden time, still left us here and there—those spots, and they are few enough now, thanks to practical-minded corporations and needy speculators! when the very spirit, not merely the tradition of the past seems to linger, charmed by the retention, not only of the walls and arches, and pillars familiar to it, but also of the very dress and customs that it loves so well. Such a pleasant experience once fell to my lot, when, being on a visit at Southampton my friends planned and carried out a pilgrimage to the venerable and far-famed Hospital of St. Cross.

Two modes of transit thither were open to us—by road and by rail; to my satisfaction, the former was chosen. Railways are useful inventions, assuredly, but they are essentially *new*.

It is all very well to rattle off to some modern Exhibition, and rush up to your destination with a fizz and a steam whistle; a thing of to-day carries you to see things of to-day, and you feel that there is a fitness in the whole affair: but to travel in that way to St. Cross and its antiquity, no! The idea was not to be entertained, and though it is true that our vehicle was not strictly after the ancient model, and passed over the ground with a speed and lightness at which Henry de Blois and his original protégés would have wondered, and may have trembled too, we reflected that it was drawn by a horse, and consoled by this analogy to the past, enjoyed our drive exceedingly.

The Hospital of St. Cross is situated about a mile from Winchester. Alighting at the little inn that stands at the entrance of the by-road leading to the gate, and leaving the horse in the charge of the landlady, we walked in true wayfaring style up the narrow lane, and, passing under the massive arched gateway, presented ourselves at the porter's lodge, craving the dole that belonged to us by reason of the foundation. For seven hundred years a horn cup of beer and a piece of bread has been offered to every one who enters the place; and though, of course, the morsel was merely nominal, and though the little cupful did not, either in size or quality, promise much support (I did not test it personally), still this sharing of the good bishop's bounty was very welcome,

making us free of the place and its old traditions as nothing else could have done.

The gateway opens on a quadrangle, the centre covered with a square of the most exquisite turf, surrounded by a gravelled walk; and beyond this rise the buildings. First the master's house and the great dining hall, the latter at least not now in use; as to the former, I am not quite certain, but I fancy not since the recent changes in the government of the place, these form one side; the next is composed of the houses of the Brethren; the third side contains the church, with a view beyond a low wall into the green fields behind, and the fourth and last, on a line with the porter's lodge, is devoted to a cloistered portico, and above that apartments for the sick. Such are the arrangements of the place; before many years are over they will, it is hoped, be largely added to. From the days of Solomon even to our own the words have only too often been proved true, that there are those "whose teeth are as swords and their jaw-teeth as sharp knives to devour the poor from off the earth, and the needy from among men," and the Hospital of St. Cross has had manifold cause to set its seal to the verity of this assertion. Even as early as the time of William of Wykham, the spoiler was busy, and when within the past twenty years attention was called to the matter, it was found that the funds had been so severely tampered with, that only eight Brethren were on the roll, and even these were in a precarious position. Now, under the new *régime*, thirteen are receiving support, and when all is set right, forty at least will be admitted, but many a long day may elapse before such a desirable state of things is realized. Superstition and ghastly rule are not to be desired, yet while listening to the story of malversation and wrong, a half sigh for the good old times could scarcely be repressed for the terrors of bell, book, and candle, that had, no doubt, often been witnessed in that very place, when obdurate hearts had been shaken, and grasping hands startled open by priestly thunders.

From the word hospital it must not be supposed that St. Cross is a place for the reception of the sick. It is a refuge for decayed tradesmen, and were the funds thoroughly well administered, a large number of candidates would gladly seek admission. The fraternity wear a regular uniform, and receive a somewhat limited support, far inferior to what it used to be in more flourishing times. At an early period, the large dining-hall must have presented a somewhat jovial aspect, and the porter's wife, who then acted as cook, and was

on that plea permitted residence in the place, had no sinecure, no less than a hundred out-door pensioners being on the list for daily relief; an open-handed state of things, if not a wise one. In the good times coming, when ancient plans shall have been in some degree re-established along with ancient revenues, this item will, no doubt, be omitted, to the benefit of the country round.

But I must continue my narrative. When we had left the porter's lodge, and entered the quadrangle, a few visitors were strolling about, but none of the Brethren were visible; so, intercepting an old woman, who happened to be in the path, we asked to whom we ought to surrender our tickets. In reply, she pointed to the end house of the row, and there, in the doorway, directly under a square board, with the word "Exhibitor" painted on it, stood a nice-looking old man, habited in the black cap and gown of the fraternity, and looking really in keeping with his whole surroundings. Placing ourselves under his care, we proceeded first to the church. Here our guide, who was evidently a man of very fair education, and who, to our extreme satisfaction, had nothing of the professional showman about him, gave us a good deal of information respecting the erection and subsequent government of the establishment. Henry de Blois, brother to Stephen, and Bishop of Winchester, was the founder. To him the chief part of the church owed its building; but William of Wykham, and after him Cardinal Beaufort, brother of Henry IV., who also held the See of Winchester, were large benefactors also. Then a long history of past misdemeanours and present hopes followed, interspersed with very intelligent remarks on architecture and decoration; it was plain, indeed, that our guide was rather a superior man, and the courtesy of his manners led to the same conclusions. But the best part of our entertainment was yet to come.

We were leisurely proceeding through the church, reading the inscriptions on the monuments, admiring the massive pillars—very singularly fine these latter are—and the graced sweep to the arches, and trying with the brother's help to spell out the half obliterated legends on the stones underfoot, on a few of which might be traced in antique letters the words "Have wynde," when some faint remains of colour on the wall attracted our attention. What piece of Vandalism was here? Every part of the interior of the church, carving, paintings, everything alike had been industriously covered with a coat of some kind of wash, and here and there these poor patches

of colour were the rescued remains of what had no doubt once been gorgeous beauty. Excavations in the pavement too had proved that the spoiler's hand had been there also, filling up whole spaces and concealing ancient pavements, now to be laboriously recovered. But a truce to hasty verdicts! What at first sight we thus condemned as the work of ignorance or malice, subsequent reflection and inquiry placed in a very different light. To save and not to destroy was the object of this strange disfigurement. Some zealous guardians of the place had taken these precautions to mislead the iconoclastic soldiery of Cromwell, and when the storm had passed by, either the will to restore, or the knowledge that such restoration was possible had been lost—and now after the lapse of centuries the slow process of disinterment had begun.

But though interested in these things, as it became a Brother of St. Cross to be, our present guide spoke of them with calmness and dignity; and we were turning away to view another part of the building when the arrival of a fresh party of visitors with their tickets obliged him to leave us abruptly to attend to them. I had before this observed a rather dirty looking man perched upon a ladder, busy repairing the wall apparently: if I thought about him at all, it was to conclude that he was a casual workman, engaged for the day at some job. What, then, was my surprise to see this dusty personage, at the instigation of our first companion, hastily descending from his elevation and advancing towards us, pulling on his long monkish habit and appearing in the unlooked-for character of a venerable Brother of St. Cross. Up he came, limping slightly, for some accident or infirmity had made him rather lame, and with his head on one side, as if long custom had taught him always to keep one eye directed towards the roof and walls of any building he might be in; altogether, quite an oddity in appearance. He had uttered only a few words, however, before we began to find that his company was quite an acquisition. If our former guide might be taken as the type of Respectability, our present one might fairly stand for that of Enthusiasm, and let me assure my readers that honest, genuine enthusiasm, is far too rare to be despised. True, our dusty friend's end and aim in life was nothing more dignified than stone-masonry, but his devotion to it, his whole-souled appreciation of it, was something poetical. "Man and boy," as he assured us, he had been a stonemason for sixty-seven years, and "it's only natural that I should be fond of it," was his

comment. "Just for the love of the thing," he had been working at the walls for the past fortnight, scraping off the whitewash that so disfigured and obliterated the ancient carving; and pointing with considerable pride to the result of his labour, he begged us to say whether he had not done his task even more effectually than the regular contractor, who was engaged on another portion of the building, had performed his. Happily, we could honestly answer according to his wishes, and our complimentary remarks were received with grins of intense satisfaction, and assurances of what, in his earlier and better days, would have been the cheapness and completeness of the job, had it been entrusted to him.

Among various other pieces of information, our friend told us that he had, forty years ago, been at the opening of Bishop Fox's tomb, in Winchester Cathedral, and had seen the body with his own eyes, at first fresh and perfect looking, then gradually melting and passing into dust as the air reached and took effect upon it. That he was speaking the truth was very evident, he told his tale in such a matter-of-fact way, and yet with considerable interest, turning away from it, however, to renew his dissertations on his beloved craft with the utmost zest.

But we could not give longer time to the church, for there were other parts of the Hospital to be inspected; so, disengaging ourselves with some difficulty from our guide, who, I believe, would willingly have gossiped the whole morning with us, we crossed the quadrangle to view the general dining-hall, not now in use, the Brethren taking their meals in their own houses. At the upper end of the hall there is a relic of the olden time, one of those two-leaved moveable shrines, sometimes seen in Roman Catholic chapels, displaying when opened three compartments devoted to sacred subjects. This one contained the Virgin and Child in the centre; as to the two other divisions, I am not quite certain. At the lower end of the room some less refined tokens of the ancient customs of St. Cross were set forth—two substantial leathern jacks, or drinking vessels, tall and heavy and most uninviting looking to modern eyes and lips; what their weight must have been when filled with beer, was something to marvel at; sturdy, indeed, must those arms have been that could lift and carry these mighty flagons to the expectant mouth.

Here ended our survey. There were a few apartments not visited, but we had seen everything that was of much moment, and our visit

to Winchester had still to be performed. So, entering the quadrangle and giving one farewell glance round on the ancient church and its attendant buildings, one parting thought to Henry de Blois and his aged *confrères* of St. Cross, we once more passed under the old gateway and emerged into the outer world.

## WHO INVENTED BOTTLED BEER?

OH! all ye true believers in the name of the Prophet—figs!" is to this day the trade-cry of the Turkish street-sellers of that fruit in the picturesque but inodorous city of Constantinople. Those turbaned, Oriental costermongers—please to pardon the possible profanation involved in the association of the two ideas of a grave, bearded Mussulman, and a closely-cropped hoarse-voiced London "rough" in the same paragraph—show such a laudable directness of purpose, in coming at once to their point, that, by your leave, I will, for the nonce, endeavour to profit by their example. Oh! all ye true believers in the names of Bass and Allsopp—bottled beer! Beer—for the present—bottled beer, brisk and creamy, is my theme, now that the thermometer stands at an altitude sufficient to make one heartily appreciate the sincerity of Sydney Smith's fervent desire, that he might be able to take off his flesh, and sit down coolly in his bones. As that worthy chemist, alchemist, and physician, John Rudolph Glauber, of Amsterdam, some two centuries ago, while blundering through a host of abortive experiments in search of "the Philosopher's Stone," lit—by chance, rather than design, I believe—on the salts which have immortalized his name; so it will often happen that a bookworm, while groping for old facts, half hidden under a pile of dry-as-dust historical lumber, may come upon a record or two, little known, and worthy of remembrance, though by him at the outset unsought. "What has all this to do with bottled beer?" you ask me. "Patience—and the mulberry leaf will become satin"—as an old proverb says—*i.e.*, if you will only give the silkworm time. To whom, then, do we "thirsty souls" owe the invention of bottled beer? Herodotus will indeed tell you that, at least four hundred years before the Christian era, an Egyptian queen, Isis, discovered the art and mystery of brewing "barley wine." Barley wine, brewed under Egypt's hot sun, might have gladdened the heart of swarthy

flat-nosed Isis ; but it is not on barley wine of that kind that the thoughts of a true Briton care to dwell. I was turning over the pages of quaint old Thomas Fuller the other day, and a light broke in upon my soul, and when my reading was done, I drank a health in bubbling Bass to the memory of worthy Dean Alexander Nowell, sometime—in the reign of faggot-and-stake-loving Queen Mary—master of Westminster School. Dean Nowell, to his other virtues, added that of being an accomplished angler. But, as Fuller says, “while Nowell was catching of fishes, Bonner (the persecuting Catholic bishop of that name) was catching of Nowell,” and would have brought him to the stake, if a friend of the good Dean’s had not warned him of his danger one day when Nowell was quietly fishing on the banks of the then silvery Thames. There was no time to go back home to Westminster ; instant flight beyond the seas being his only chance for life. He had that morning taken out with him provisions enough for the day, and among other things some beer in a bottle. When Queen Mary, years after this, died, Dean Nowell came back to London, and, oddly enough, remembered that on the date of his hasty retreat he had left behind him the bottle referred to, stowed away probably among the river-side sedges. He looked for it, and, to quote Fuller, “found it no bottle but a gun, such the sound at the opening thereof ; and this is believed—casualty is mother of more inventions than industry—the original of Bottled Ale in England.” Gentle reader, if you are, as I am, a true brother of the angle, and a believer in Old England’s best beverage to boot, the next time you rest under the trees at Eel Pie Island for lunch at mid-day, or prefer risking sunstroke in an open punt during the said refreshment, I pray you don’t forget a libation—some three hundred years ago, you see, now overdue—in honour of honest Dean Alexander Nowell. So may your fishing “lines fall in pleasant places,” and may the “well” of your boat be full.

### TABLE TALK.

I HAVE lately chanced upon another authority for Macaulay’s New Zealander. It is known that the historian twice used this figure of speech : once in his review of Mitford’s *Greece*, and afterwards in his review of Ranke’s *History of the Popes* ; and also, that Kirke White (in his poem *Time*), and Horace Walpole (in a letter to Mason, Nov.

24, 1774), employed the same image ; but it is probably remembered by few that Mrs. Barbauld made a similar prophecy. It occurs in her forgotten poem entitled *Eighteen Hundred and Eleven*, which she wrote in that year, when Macaulay was just eleven years old ! I do not remember the exact words, but she makes her traveller from the antipodes stand on a broken arch of Blackfriar’s Bridge, and contemplate the ruins of St. Paul’s. The poem is in heroic verse, and was somewhat severely handled in the *Quarterly*. The quotation from Macaulay is often given incorrectly ; the precise words, as they appear in the review of Mitford’s *Greece*, are,—“She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.” Just to show how loosely quotations are sometimes rendered, I may mention, that in the *Historical Finger-Post*,—a useful little work, published by Messrs. Lockwood—the compiler, Mr. Edward Shelton, states that Macaulay’s prophecy is to be found in his *History of England*, thus :—“Some solitary traveller from New Zealand shall take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.” Macaulay’s variation of the figure—which is also used by Volney in his *Ruins of Empires*, and by Shelley in his *Dedication to Peter Bell*,—is as follows :—“When travellers from some distant region shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief, shall hear savage hymns chanted over some misshapen idol over the ruined dome of our proud temple.” Kirke White’s lines are :—

Where now is Britain ? . . .  
Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears  
The bitter booming in the weeds, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude.

It is not likely that Macaulay was really aware that he was plagiarising either Southey’s *protégé* or Mrs. Barbauld ; for does it not happen to all of us, oftentimes, that what we believe to be originality, is merely memory ?

LONDON’S merchants have placed in a conspicuous spot in their city a memorial statue of London’s greatest benefactor—George Peabody, the American. The work does great credit to Mr. Story, who was appropriately selected to produce, in the most enduring of metals, this admirable likeness of his distin-

guished countryman. There was some slight ceremony at the inauguration, the Prince of Wales making a neat little speech in reply to Sir Benjamin Phillips, in whose mayoralty the notion of the statue was initiated. Mr. Motley, the American Minister, however, made the speech of the day. As became an author, his address was literary, brief, and graceful. "I should be glad," he said, "to pronounce a fitting eulogy on our great philanthropist, but his name is eulogy enough. Most fortunate and generous of men, he has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune to himself so long as time shall be. In this connection I have often thought of the famous epitaph to the good Earl of Devon—

'What I spent, that I had; what I saved, that I lost; that which I gave away, remains with me.'

Where is this epitaph to be found, and where is to be seen an authentic account of this good Earl of Devon? It struck me, on reading the newspaper report of the proceedings, that, though a statue was well enough—especially so notable a work as that which faces the Exchange—there might yet be erected another and nobler monument to the merchant philanthropist. Mr. Peabody gave to the poor of London a sum of money which, great as it was, was still insufficient to stem the tide of London's poverty. Let our city men, then, emulate his example, and raise a million for a like worthy purpose. It could be done in a week, if they were so minded.

I WAS walking in the country lately, and was delighted with the beauty and abundance of the wild flowers at the roadsides and in the hedges. But my pleasure was greatly diminished by the fact that I am but an indifferent botanist. A book briefly describing the botanical characteristics of wild flowers is much needed—not a mere list, but a really scientific treatise for partially-informed inquirers. Such a book I remember to have seen some years ago. It was written, I think, by A. P. Childs, and published by Longman. Is it still in print?

I IMAGINE that, as there are many worse ways of getting information as to the inner lives led by our great grandfathers and great grandmothers a century or so ago than looking over the queer advertisements in the newspaper files of their period, so our grandchildren—when, in a hundred years' time, they come to subject our *morale* to the same

test—will form some very queer, and by no means flattering notions of our civilization in some respects. They will, as a matter of course, find divers highly virtuous journals of to-day denouncing vile quackery in fiery leaders, and profiting by quackery's announcements in their advertising columns. They will read glowing eulogies of the march of intellect and the death of superstition in this glorious nineteenth century, almost side by side with advertisements, mostly hailing from the east end of London, offering, as a charm against shipwreck, "a child's caul for sale" to seafaring men with more money than brains. They will read of occasional prosecutions, conducted by the admirable "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," of low-lived ruffians for dog-fighting, and will doubtless be edified by editorial rebukes of cruelty to the brute creation—a vice, so we say, happily becoming more rare every day in civilized England. They will read how Bill Styles was sent to prison for beating a bullock, and then they will turn over and see how, at the aristocratic "Gun Club" before hundreds of fair women and brave men, the much-admired Captain Jinks, of the Horse Marines, and Lord Tom Noddy, shot into small pieces several dozens of wretched pigeons from a trap, with hundreds of pounds depending on the result of such skilful butchery. They will read grandiloquent praise of England's commercial and social progress in one article, and then they will be puzzled to reconcile this with the terrible ratio of poor's rates, the Thames almost denuded of her shipping trade, and, with—what to me is a very ugly social symptom of these times—the numberless advertisements of married men seeking employment, and urging as a recommendation the fact of their being "without encumbrance." We talk of the callous contempt for infantile life evinced by the Chinese. But will not our grandchildren, in the face of our baby-farming advertisements and our cold-hearted speaking of children as an "encumbrance," say we had better have looked at home!

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 85.

August 14, 1869.

Price 2d.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the *SISTER'S SECRET*.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### BREAKING THE NEWS.

**W**HEN Alice Seabright recovered her senses, which she was not long doing, it seemed as if a blight had fallen upon her young and innocent heart. The crumpled paper was a telegraphic despatch, addressed to her father, earnestly begging him to delay the marriages, under any circumstances, until the arrival of the head of the very firm, whose juniors had been present both at the reading of the settlements and the wedding. His right to Fairlawn Grange was simply founded on a mistake. The true heir had been discovered, and would himself come down in his company the next day.

This unexpected news was in itself bad enough, falling upon her father as it did, when he believed himself for ever free from the corroding cares of life. To her, the worst part of the discovery was that which placed her eldest sister in such an unenviable light. In some strange way she must have become possessed of the telegram, and for obvious reasons have suppressed it. This explained that strange nervousness and pallor which so many persons had noticed, and which she had placed to the account either of maidenly reserve, or disinclination to leave the sanctuary of home.

Alice rose, and, taking up her candle, returned to that room, which, if the fatal document she held in her hand were to be believed, was no longer her own. The idea of sleep never once entered her head. Morning would soon come, and with it the realization of the horrible blow, which was to send them forth, outcasts and wanderers.

The brave young lady never for one moment thought of herself; young, in good health, possessed of courage and energy beyond her years, she believed that heaven would steadfastly support her on her road. At all events, she knew that youth is the hour for enterprise and hope, and, if at times somewhat presumptuous in its own favour, has the whole future in which to fight the battle of life. With her father it was different; his course of action was run. In somewhat delicate health, and firmly believing the asperities and troubles of the world for ever removed from his path, he was no more fit than a child to be again dependent either on his bodily or mental faculties.

The poor girl shuddered as the dark vista of the gloomy future unfolded itself in imagination to her view. She was humbly thankful to think her sisters were provided for, while deeply regretting the disingenuous behaviour of Jane. Though never yet sorely tried in the furnace of affliction, so often the touchstone of character, she knew them ill-prepared for any up-hill struggle, involving labour and endurance. Then came the terrible reflection as to how the husbands would bear the news. Of course, should the assertions of the telegram be proved beyond a doubt, the settlements were void, as no man could bestow that which was not his own.

In such reflections passed the sad and weary hours. Alice would gladly have had some one with whom to speak of the sudden and almost incredible change in their prospects and fortunes, but she felt that the blow would fall on her friends soon enough.

The hours were, however, not to be checked in their progress; and at length the servants began to move about, windows were thrown open, and the work of the day commenced. And yet Alice Seabright remained still, nor did she go forth to seek her aunt's room, until she felt that the interview could no longer be delayed.

Hastily arranging her dress, and striving to conceal as much as possible the too evident



signs of a sleepless night, she glided along the passage, and knocked at her aunt's door. The worthy and industrious lady was up, and opened it at once. Though her sight was not remarkable for its strength, having been sorely tried from youth upwards, she at once read some deep and extraordinary source of agitation in the transparent mirror of the young girl's face.

"My darling!" she cried, "is anything the matter?—you look so scared and ill."

"I am indeed, my dear aunt," she replied, gently, "and require both advice and consolation."

Miss Morton, though naturally anxious to hear the news, was sufficiently concerned at her niece's appearance to think first of her. She drew her gently in, made her take her own comfortable chair, and then stood waiting for the expected communication. It was brief, and to the purpose. The quiet little woman listened with blanched cheek and trembling lip to the painful revelation; it was so much worse than anything that suggested itself to her mind, that it fell upon her with the force of a blow. Alice finished her recital, by placing the telegram in her hand.

"And now, aunt, what is to be done?" she said, looking up with her soft pleading eyes. "How prepare my poor father for the wretched intelligence?"

"There is the difficulty," replied Miss Morton. "My humble wants are provided for. You are young and brave, and a bright future may yet be yours. The effect of the news on your father is what we have to dread."

"Oh, aunt, what is to be done? I am afraid the blow will fall very heavily on him."

"My dear, we are in the hands of One who never deserts His servants, and must kiss the rod. Be not so downcast, my child. Let us rather think of the practical. How can there be anyone between Milner Seabright and your father?"

"All is mystery and doubt to me," said Alice. "If Jane had but allowed us to see this in time! People will think father very deceitful."

"Jane's conduct is unpardonable," replied the worthy old maid tartly. "But now, dear, try and muster courage to meet your father at breakfast, and then we will see how the news may best be broken to him."

The elder woman cordially embraced the trembling girl, and after some further delay, the two went down to the morning meal, which in that house was generally the pleasantest of the day. Mr. Selwyn Seabright was

not yet down, but a large ominous-looking letter, together with smaller ones, was in the usual place at his left hand.

In a few minutes the door opened and the master of the house came in. Mr. Seabright was a well-looking man of about sixty, rather slight in figure, with a thin pale face, clear grey eyes, a somewhat prominent nose, and thin grey hair and whiskers. The general expression was benevolence, obscured, perhaps, by a habit of reflection, which might almost be called absence of mind, so entirely did it project him into the world of thought. This characteristic had spared him much trouble, as even in his hardest struggles much had been concealed from him by wife, by sister-in-law, and children.

The usual affectionate greeting took place; the gentleman glanced at the lawn, still white with snow, rubbed his hands with evident gratification at the warmth and comfort inside, and sat down to breakfast. After asking the never-forgotten blessing, he glanced at the letters.

"Papa," said Alice, in a low quivering voice, while her hand rested gently on his arm, "you must be very strong, and prepare for bad news."

"Bad news, my child," cried the old man, looking with wonderment into her tearful eyes; "what can have happened? Nothing," he added quickly, "nothing about Jane or Emily, I hope."

"No, papa. They, I trust, are well and happy; but some news came yesterday—which—*which was kept from you*—"

"News, my dear brother," said Miss Morton, interrupting her, "of a very distressing character. You are, however, a man and a Christian, and must bear ill fortune as well as you have good."

"Bad news—ill fortune!" he cried, looking wildly from one to the other.

"Yes, my dear brother, this telegraphic message, which should have reached you yesterday, informs us that we have no right here," continued the little lady, gently.

Selwyn Seabright took the document mechanically, and placed it before him. He was not reading it, but striving to understand what his sister-in-law meant.

"No right here?" he asked. "Am I not master of Fairlawn Grange?"

Without waiting for an answer he put on his spectacles and perused the despatch. He made no remark upon its contents, but opened the letter, which he read slowly through. It was rather a long document.

"You are right," he said, in a hollow voice, throwing the letter on the table, "we have no right here. Milner Seabright left a son, who is coming down to take possession. My child, we are beggars. But why was this kept from me yesterday? It was not well done, my poor Alice."

"Do not for a moment lay the blame on her, Selwyn," the old maid exclaimed. "It matters not how it failed to reach your hands. What we have to think of, is the future. May I read the letter?"

He pushed it towards her. It was very positive in its purport.

"Dear Sir,—It was my painful duty yesterday to send you a hurried telegram, in the hope it would reach you in time to stay the marriage of your daughters, on the unexpected ground that the settlements drawn by us are null and void. To my great surprise, I find that Milner Seabright left an only son, who is just of age. Your cousin's agents in India have produced him, with the most undoubted evidence of his identity. Milner Seabright a few days before his death wrote a long letter appointing us his temporary guardians, and explaining the reason for his long silence and absence. It is not for me to extenuate his conduct. I only state facts.

"From my knowledge of your character, it is not probable that you will litigate the subject, and therefore I shall be with you early to discuss the question in all its bearings, and lay before you the most positive proofs of that which has astonished me quite as much as it will you.

"It is almost mockery to say anything about this sad reverse, but believe me always your friend,

"SPENCER SHERRINGTON."

"What is your decision, brother?" asked Miss Morton, mildly. Alice never took her eyes off her father. She saw already how heavily the blow had fallen.

"Decision," he murmured, in a feeble and broken voice; "go—of course. We have no business here. I suppose the workhouse is our only resource!"

He could say no more. The reverse of fortune was too heavy and sudden: the poor old man was struck down, if not by bodily at all events by mental paralysis.

Alice tried to make him speak, asked for directions as to their immediate course of action, suggested what was to be said to the lawyer—in vain. His mind, if not gone for ever, was so severely afflicted for the time

being as to leave him a mere helpless child in their hands. Under the influence of this new and fearful sorrow, she turned to her maiden aunt.

"My dear," said Miss Morton, kindly and soothingly, "rely upon it, your father shall be taken care of. Do nothing rashly, however: my brother-in-law is incapable of even listening to the lawyer. He must be kept perfectly quiet; you must see these people."

"I!" cried Alice, with a shudder—"I see the authors of this great grief?"

"Alice," exclaimed the aunt, speaking in her positive mood, "we must not blame them. The whole affair has apparently been a mistake. Believing Milner Seabright to have died intestate and without direct heirs, the lawyers came to your father. Having discovered their unfortunate error, they naturally seek to rectify it without litigation."

"You see, my dear madam, with their eyes," replied Alice, with rigid severity—her heart was cold and barren indeed just then—"but should *he* die, or remain even as he is now, will the truth and justice of their claim compensate me?"

"Alice Seabright, you surprise me. Truth and justice go before everything," exclaimed the irate maiden. "Hush—a carriage—calm yourself, my darling. It is, I am aware, a terrible blow."

And she rose, while speaking, to ring the bell. To the servant who replied, she simply gave directions to show any visitors into the library.

"Alice, be a woman," she continued, when they were alone; "recollect you have to act for your father. Do not look upon those whom you have to see, as enemies, but as persons coming to claim their own. Go over their proofs calmly, take advice if you will; but, once convinced of the right, do graceful justice at whatever cost."

Alice made no reply. Indeed, she suddenly felt so faint and nervous as to put her lips to a cup of cold tea—the breakfast lay untouched—from which she contrived to swallow a few spoonfuls. As she did so, the domestic returned to say Mr. Seabright was wanted in the library.

"Heaven bless you, my dear, and give you strength," said Miss Morton; "shall I support you with my presence?"

"No; see to him," pointing to her father, who had never moved nor shown any further interest in what was passing before him since, with a shudder, he had mentioned the word workhouse!

Miss Morton made no reply as Alice rose and left the room. Gladly would she have taken the great burthen on her own shoulders—but this was impossible.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN THE LIBRARY.

THE library at Fairlawn Grange was a large and gloomy room, heavily furnished, and rendered darker by some fine old trees, whose boughs projected in far too great proximity to the mansion. It was only truly comfortable at night, when the curtains were closed, lamps were lit, and a bright fire sparkled on the hearth. To Spencer Sherrington it was made quite a mournful chamber, by a strange sense of the painful duty he had to perform. A man of large sympathies and great knowledge of the world, he was fully prepared to hear what a terrible blow his letter and telegram had inflicted upon the innocent inmates of that home. Nor could he see any way of tempering the force of the stroke. Aware that Selwyn Seabright was a good rather than a strong-minded man, he was prepared for mournful reproaches—for somewhat feminine wailings, rather than manly acquiescence in the decrees of Providence.

He was, therefore, thoughtfully going over in his own mind the best way of laying before the ex-curate certain propositions which he was directed to make, when the door opened, and Alice Seabright, pale, but perfectly self-possessed and resolute, entered.

"You are alone, Mr. Sherrington," she said, in a calm tone of voice.

"Quite, my dear madam," replied the lawyer. "Shall I have the pleasure of seeing your father shortly?"

"You can see my father, if such be your duty," she answered, very drily; "but you must submit your business communications to me. The news he received this morning has completely prostrated him."

"This morning!" cried the puzzled lawyer; "but the telegraphic despatch should have reached him yesterday."

"I know it. But my father unfortunately had it placed before him for the first time to-day."

Mr. Sherrington looked keenly at her; he was so accustomed to deceit and cunning, that his first impression was to suspect everybody. One glance, however, at that proud and pure face, was quite enough for him.

"My dear young lady," he said, gently,

"believe me, as a man of honour, and a gentleman, I come here as your friend. A lawyer is compelled by the necessities of his profession to be, to a certain extent, a father-confessor. Nothing you tell me shall pass my lips without your permission. I will first ask you an important question—your sisters are married?"

"They are."

"Without the bridegrooms knowing anything of this change of fortune?" he continued.

Alice could only nod assent.

"Bad—bad," said the lawyer, testily; "but of that no more need be said at present. Tell me, as far as your feelings will allow, what happened when your father heard the news."

Speaking with considerable emotion, Alice very briefly told her story, to which the lawyer listened with the most profound attention.

"Then," he remarked, when she had finished, "your father has in reality come to no decision?"

"None. But, under the circumstances, I shall act for him. As soon as possible we shall remove to London; there we shall be lost in the great and busy crowd, and I can do something for my living."

"Listen, Miss Alice: your father and I were friends before he was my client. I pray you hearken to me. In the first place, you take this young man's right to send you forth from this house for granted—"

"Sir," she said, interrupting him, "I believe you to be a just and honourable man—is his claim just or not?"

"Young lady, I hope you only do me justice. You have asked me an abrupt and peremptory question, to which I will give a plain answer. The position of Lionel Seabright is unassailable."

"Then why is he not here?" she continued, speaking rather impatiently.

"My client, Miss Seabright, is a young, and, strange to say, rather timid and nervous young man. He originally intended coming here at once; but, after a long conversation with me on the railway, he actually feared to intrude upon you, and would stay behind at the hotel."

"Intrude!" responded Alice, coldly, and almost suspiciously; "why, if he knows himself the master, should any idea of intrusion influence his mind?"

"Because he is a noble fellow, Miss Seabright; do you know—after hearing the whole truth—what he has commissioned me to offer?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"That you and your father should remain here as long as you think proper, or until your

father has found some position suited to him. There are good livings, Miss Seabright, in connection with the Fairlawn Grange property, and a worse fate might befall anyone than a rectory with some six or eight hundred a-year," he added, significantly.

"Mr. Sherrington," Alice remarked in those icy tones, which, more and more during this interview, appeared to obscure her real character, "my father is completely unable either to accept or decline any such offer. Under the circumstances, I shall remove him as soon as possible. I suppose if we keep quiet in a very distant part of the house, we shall not be disturbed until he is really able to be taken away?"

The lawyer—a rather imposing-looking personage of sixty, tall, stout, and eminently benevolent-looking—knew neither what to say or do. He had come down expecting to deal with a good, but rather weak-minded man, who would have gladly accepted any compromise; and instead, he found himself opposed to a resolute girl, who, if not obstinate, was, at all events, firm.

"My dear young lady, I fear you are acting more under the influence of impulse than reason," he urged, after some few moments of thought. "You will, of course, see Mr. Lionel Seabright; I have no doubt everything may then be arranged to your mutual satisfaction."

Now, when the old lawyer said this he was undoubtedly thinking of the impression which the sight of Alice might make upon the young heir of Fairlawn Grange. Never in the pride of happiness and beauty had she looked so lovely as now. Grief under certain circumstances, especially when allied to power of mind, undoubtedly possesses its own peculiar charms. Alice, under the combined influence of sorrow and indignation, was irresistible. Much of this arose from her sorrow being wholly unselfish. She thought of her father, not herself.

A minute before, she had been only pale and sad, listening attentively, but constrainedly. Now, however, her face flushed all over, her eyes flashed, and her expression was that of unmitigated anger.

"See him! no—never!" she cried, rising and walking hurriedly across the room. "Oh, Mr. Sherrington, if, indeed, you are my father's friend, spare me that."

"I really do not comprehend you, Miss Seabright," said the lawyer, both coldly and gravely; "my client wishes to act in a kindly and generous spirit, wishes to soften as much

as possible the force of the blow which has struck you so unexpectedly, and you reject his advances with actual scorn. I hope and trust your father will be well enough to see me in a few days, in order that we may come to something like a sensible understanding."

With these words he rose, bowed in a ceremonious way to the young lady, and was about to take his leave.

"Do not think me ungrateful, sir," she said; "do not think me ungenerous. I have been sadly tried to-day. Give me some hours for thought."

Mr. Sherrington at once acquiesced, and left the house shortly afterwards, deeply impressed by the grief and beauty of the young lady, but also very much by her firmness of character—to use no stronger word. Alice herself returned to seek her father, fully believing not only that her parent and herself were very much injured, but that somehow or other there was a mystery about the whole transaction which had escaped even the acumen of the shrewd old lawyer. That mystery, even at this early moment, she determined to unravel, though her life were devoted to the task.

She found not only that her father had been removed to bed, but that Miss Morton had sent for the village doctor, who, very much puzzled at his patient's sudden attack, merely suggested a mild opiate with extreme quiet. In his opinion, Mr. Selwyn Seabright had suffered from too much excitement during the days preceding the wedding, and his illness was nothing but the effect of a sudden reaction.

As soon as she found that her father's wants had been seen to, Alice called her aunt to her councils. She frankly told her all that had passed. Miss Morton cordially approved of everything, especially of her refusing preferment for a man who, to all appearance, had one foot in the grave.

"At the same time, my dear, you might have accepted the offer to stay until some opening was thought of for yourself. The world is an arid place for one of your years to enter upon so suddenly," she urged.

"Aunt," was her quick reply, "if I had but myself to think of I would go forth this very night. My soul revolts at the idea of dwelling under this roof on sufferance. Besides, I should have to meet this new master, who has displaced my poor father. No—no—no; I and Fairlawn Grange are separated for ever."

As Alice was in no mood to surrender one of her peculiar notions of right and wrong, the aunt at once yielded, and strove to calm and soothe the agitated girl by talking of the future. Without making any allusion to her own an-

nuity of a little under a hundred a-year, she at once agreed that as soon as Mr. Seabright could be removed they should go to London. Their future arrangements would, of course, depend very much upon circumstances. Alice readily acquiesced in anything which promised to take her away from the home she had so much loved, and where, in devotion to her kind, good father, she had hoped to spend so many happy hours.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PREPARING FOR DEPARTURE.

THE next few days passed like a dream. Mr. Selwyn Seabright appeared no better. He scarcely seemed to know those who hung round him in loving kindness, and who gently ministered to his wants. Instead of the delicious monotony of happiness to which Alice had looked forward, after the weddings were over, she had to endure the bitter storm of care and sorrow. Amidst all her constrained sadness—constrained because none knew the hidden cause of her grief—amidst all her nervous anxiety, one thought was dominant over all—that of going away.

To her great surprise, she heard no more during this period from Spencer Sherrington; and when at last she did, she received a letter couched in the kindest terms, informing her that until it quite suited her convenience to leave, Mr. Lionel Seabright would decline even to set his foot on the domains of Fairlawn Grange.

Her eyes flashed strangely when she read these lines. Though she had yielded to the solemn assurance of Mr. Sherrington that the claim of this stranger was clear and undoubted, there would arise, in the secret of her heart, a wild impossible hope, as it were, that something might still avert the dread calamity from her father. And yet, of what use to him now, were lands and riches?

"Aunt," she said abruptly, as soon as she had perused the epistle to the end, "have you told anyone as yet of the change in our fortunes?"

"Not a soul knows it in the house but our two selves," was the kindly reply.

"Then I wish you would tell some one through whom it may reach all the servants. I detest this life of hypocrisy and deceit," continued Alice; "papa is stronger to-day, and can be removed in less than a week. What is to be done as to obtaining lodgings in London?"

"Leave that to me, my dear," said the good-

natured aunt; "I am not without friends, even in the great metropolis."

Alice then retired to her room and wrote a brief reply to the lawyer, in which she announced that her father's bodily strength was rapidly improving, and that she had taken steps for his immediate removal to town. She was deeply grateful to Mr. Sherrington for his great kindness and consideration, which she should never forget. Not a word of Mr. Lionel Seabright.

Next day, it was only from the timid looks of regret on the part of the servants, with something of extra respect in manner, that Alice became aware that her secret was known. From that moment she declined to be waited upon in her private room, which she took under her own especial charge. Her principal object was to prepare quietly for their approaching departure. Only her simplest articles of wearing apparel were touched, with such little jewelry as had belonged to her mother, or had been given her in the quiet happy days of Laurel Cottage—days now so deeply and fervently regretted.

How she wished they could have returned to the pleasant home which they had left, to enjoy the grandeur and splendour of Fairlawn Grange. This, however, was impossible, as the house had gone with the curacy.

Miss Morton, who watched her keenly, and who was more moved at her excessive quietude of manner than anything else, became anxious at length for her health. She never complained; she showed no other signs of illness than pallor and want of appetite; but the experienced eye of the elder lady told her that she was ill.

One evening after tea—dinners were now a form almost dispensed with—Miss Morton finished a letter she had been planning all day. It was not a very long one, but it was one important to them both.

"I have written," said the old maid, "in accordance with your wishes, to our future landlady at Islington, to announce our arrival in London for Saturday next. Shall I put it in the bag to-morrow, or will you walk over to the village and post it? You have never been in-doors so long before, and a few healthy rosy tints are sadly wanting."

"I will go with pleasure, aunt," replied Alice, readily; "not for the pleasure of the walk, but because I wish to keep the address of your letter from prying eyes."

"As you will, Alice," observed her mother's sister, scarcely able to restrain a smile at the other's obstinate melancholy. "It is quite ready."

The young girl, whose trials and mistakes, whose faults and virtues we have undertaken to record, took the epistle from her aunt's hand, and went to her room. She was not able to deny, even to herself, that the change was a relief. Her strength, both of body and mind, threatened to give way under the continual tension which they had to bear. Dressing herself with extreme simplicity, and slipping out unobserved, Alice took her way across the park, to look her last at the many spots which had become precious to her from force of association and habit.

How those long and lazy strolls with her father were looked back to now! He seldom had any other companion but her. The elder sisters were generally too much occupied to join them; and so they had the wooded knoll, the pleasant winding paths to themselves, and could discourse without hindrance on those topics so dear to them—their mutual studies. And this could be no more.

March had passed away, and with it the unusual snow. Though the lateness of the season had retarded vegetation, and there were no signs of summer leaves and summer flowers, nature was asserting her rights and giving promise of future beauty. The day being fine, the retired path which Alice selected enabled her to gaze at her favourite haunts at her leisure. She did not, however, needlessly delay; and after about an hour, employed more in thought than in actual examination of the scene, she left the park by a small side entrance and entered the village.

The post-office occupied about the centre of the hamlet. It was, as usual, a small general shop, kept by a widow, and more frequented by the peasantry than by the gentry. Still, all the grand neighbours were known; and as Alice entered in search of stamps, those who were standing outside, as well as those at the counter, gave way, and the young lady of Fairlawn Grange, whose presence alone excited many comments then and afterwards, obtained what she wanted, and retired.

Anxious to place the letter with the address unseen in the box, she had declined the post-mistress's offer to take charge of it. As she approached the corner window in which was the gaping orifice of the box, she unwittingly threw up her veil, and became aware that at the same moment some one else was in the act of throwing in a letter.

The eyes of the two met, and for a moment they looked at each other with a strange and startled expression. The stranger—a young gentleman in deep mourning—in amazement

perhaps at the other's beauty and loveliness—she, because she had recognised, she knew not why, the new master of Fairlawn Grange. It was not only the speaking family likeness to her father, but the whole outline of the man that revealed to her the truth. He was the first to recover his presence of mind, and bowing slightly, but respectfully, hurried away. Alice merely pulled down her veil and returned towards the house, deeply regretting her solitary walk.

*Extract from Letters written by Lionel Seabright to his friend James Gregory.*

" . . . England is, as far as I can judge, a very dull place after Paris. Still it is impossible for me to deny that the change of prospects so suddenly opened up to me compensates in a very great measure for the loss of what over here is called frivolous gaiety. I have already told you of my arrival in London, and of the courtesy and kindness of the family solicitors. Of course they were very much surprised, and at first inclined to be severely critical. As soon, however, as they were satisfied, the head of the firm, Mr. Sherrington himself, accompanied me on my journey down to the locality of my unexpected inheritance. I have never, in my small experience, met so amiable and pleasant a man. After much ordinary conversation, and some kind allusions to my father, he turned to the present occupiers of Fairlawn Grange. Would you believe me, James Gregory, that once or twice during his narrative I wished myself back in Paris. These excellent and worthy people have taken possession in good faith, and I must do all I can for them. . . . It appears that the discovery of the existence of my unworthy self has fallen very bitterly upon them, from a variety of reasons too long for explanation now. The worst of it is, the father has been stricken with sudden illness, while the unmarried daughter is so indignant she will not see me. I have instructed Sherrington to do all that is kind and considerate, while, until they are gone, I shall certainly keep out of the way. . . . Last night, while posting my previous letter to you, I suddenly and unexpectedly came face to face with Miss Alice Seabright. I saw her under very unfavourable circumstances, and yet I could make out that she was both beautiful and proud. I wish my experience of the world were a little greater, or that there existed for me a wise and efficient mentor. I feel myself a little troubled. I would gladly make any possible provision for my new relations, if I only knew how to do so

without offending their pride and susceptibility. But it is quite a difficult task to know how to begin. Perhaps, however, fortune may throw something suggestive in my path, or Mr. Sherrington, when I see him next, may suggest the proper way of repairing their great and unexpected loss. My next letter will be from Fairlawn Grange itself."

### THE HUMBUGS OF HISTORY.

"DON'T talk to me about your historical facts," said a paradox-loving friend of ours the other day; "I've seen so many so-called accepted facts upset, that I really intend some fine morning to commence a big book on my own account, under the title of 'The Humbugs of History.'" The idea was not perhaps altogether a bad one, although, perhaps, a man would have to attain the length of years of Methuselah, and to lay in stock as much "midnight oil" for the consumption of his lamp as did that famous Hebrew commentator, Rabbi Chananiah, of whom it is recorded, somewhere or other, that, before he contracted to write a commentary on Ezekiel, he bargained for a supply of no less than 300 tuns of oil, while he should be engaged on his pious task! As one gets older, one gets sadly disenchanted. The old pet beliefs of boyhood fade out with our dying enthusiasm, the more we read, and "all that we know is nothing can be known" with much certainty becomes the cuckoo-note of most of us. Did not the American Mr. Emerson, only a few years ago, take down our national pride several pegs by gravely showing us how our patron saint, "St. George for Merrie England," was nothing better than a low impostor, originally hailing from Cilicia, who got a lucrative contract for supplying the army of his time and country with bad bacon; got rich by fraud, theft, and by the arts of a common informer; turned religious adventurer, and bribed his way to the bishopric of Alexandria; and at last, after being imprisoned for his crimes, was dragged out of gaol and lynched by an angry mob, in A.D. 361! After this he became in due time a saint, and so undeservedly famous; just as in another way—thanks, Mr. Emerson, for your very refreshing candour—Amerigo Vespucci, "the pickle-dealer at Seville, whose highest naval rank was boatswain's mate in an expedition that never sailed, managed to supplant Columbus, and to baptize half the earth with his own dishonest name." Have we not in our school-days hugged to our little bosoms the notion

that Brutus stabbed Julius Cæsar purely for patriotism's sacred sake? And now we must be told, forsooth—and, alas, but too convincingly, by heavy German historical "big-wigs"—that, it being the custom in old Rome for the nobles to lend the plebeians money at terribly usurious rates of interest, Cæsar passed an act forbidding this, and was at a suspiciously short time thereafter butchered by the "noble" Brutus and his brother conspirators!

All Akenside's fine poetry about Brutus, "rising refulgent from the stroke," and so on, is knocked on the head for ever now. "*Et tu, Brute!*" and that Brutus merely a murderous, because a disappointed, bill-discounter—is too much for one's feelings, even in this unromantic age. Again, how much have we not honoured the name of Mr. Thomas Guy, who founded "Guy's Hospital," gave away princely sums in benevolence, and stares at us in stone in several statues! Yet what manner of man really was this Mr. Thomas Guy? A clever stock-jobber, a miser also, and—speak it softly, with his fine hospital looming in the distance—a man who fattened on the wrongs of the poor cheated English seamen of his day. Formerly our sailors were paid in inconvertible paper, not gold. The reckless Jacks ashore were often obliged to part with these tickets at any wretched discount they could get. The "wise and good" Thomas Guy trafficked in them, and became, for those days, a millionaire. Howard, "the prison philanthropist," loving all the world, and yet driving his poor son mad by his ill-judged harshness; Sterne—as Byron said—weeping over a dead donkey, and yet letting a living mother starve; Byron sending a copy of his famous "Fare-thee-well" verses to Lady Byron with a butcher's bill enclosed therewith with a slip like this, "I don't think we could have had so much meat as this: please to see to it;" the great Duke of Marlborough now acting history in minutes, and now dirtying his hands by speculation in army clothing contracts; Algernon Sydney one moment mouthing patriotism, and another accepting bribes from France; all these people, we say, lumped together here at random without reference to chronological order, are, to our mind at least, just so many humiliating humbugs of history, worthy to sit cheek by jowl with a bill-discounting Brutus, a "patriot" possibly from private spite after all, and a Mr. Thomas Guy giving back to the nation, in the way of a noble hospital, with one hand, what he had, in great part, ruthlessly squeezed out of her poor seamen with the other!

## MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MUSIC forms one of the principal Home attractions of every well-ordered family. And naturally ; for we are all more or less musical, whether we practice music as an art, or simply sing or play "by ear." It was cleverly said by Voltaire that the measure of a nation's civilization might be reckoned by its people's love of song and proficiency in harmonious utterance ; and to Fletcher of Saltoun is attributed the suggestive saying—"Let me write the people's songs, and who will may make their laws." The writing of a thoroughly successful song, however, is an art seldom attained, though attempted by many. Of the hundreds of ballads published every year, how very few, comparatively, reach the populace. When, however, you hear an air ground on a barrel-organ in the streets, you may fairly conclude that it is a good one. For the uneducated ear is very apt in distinguishing true melody from merely scholastic execution ; and many who can listen in sympathetic delight to *Home, Sweet Home*, played on a penny whistle, or warbled in a cracked tenor, have none of their sympathies stirred by an elaborate fantasia, and fail to appreciate the difficulties of the most scientific overture. But it often happens that in the homes of the musically educated, considerable difficulty of selection is experienced. Of the new music periodically produced it is hard to say, at a word, which piece or song is likely to become a favourite ; and we can scarcely expect young ladies to wait till the Italian minstrel outside their windows suggests a pleasing or appropriate air. It will be our task, then, to render them what assistance we may, from time to time, in directing their attention to such new and original music as may be fairly deemed worthy of acceptance, and likely to repay the trouble of learning.

Lying before us are several compositions recently issued ; and without pretending to pronounce upon them in a severely critical manner, we proceed—in the hope that we are thereby obliging our readers—to describe them, concisely and truthfully.

Among Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.'s newest publications we mention the following :—

*Weber's Last Waltz*, arranged for the piano-forte by George Frederick West, stands first on our list ; and, though it is rather late in the day to praise Weber, we may fairly congratulate Mr. West on his very effective and

pleasing rendering of this exquisite production. He has so arranged the great master's work that, while he has retained all its original peculiarities, its inherent difficulties are, as it were, swept away.

*Mendelssohn's Cradle Song* and an Extract from *Beethoven's Choral Fantasia* have also been arranged in an equally simple and pleasing manner by Mr. West, who thus proves himself an able and efficient teacher. These form the latest additions to the *Gems from the Works of the Great Masters*, edited and arranged by Mr. West. In the same series will be found selections from Mozart, Haydn, Handel, Chopin, Rossini, Spohr, Pergolesi, and others—sacred and secular pieces alternately appearing. For educating the taste and exercising the fingers of young players, no better music has yet appeared ; and no selections with which we are acquainted so thoroughly and conscientiously render the spirit of the great originals as do these of Mr. West.

*Morn on the Meadow* is a song by Charles Swain, the Manchester poet, delicately harmonized by W. T. Wrighton, the composer of that popular air, *Her bright smile haunts me still*. Words and music are happily wedded ; and this song will, we believe, be warmly welcomed in our drawing-rooms ; for the melody is expressive, and the sentiment tender—suitable for a soprano or a tenor voice.

*Our Blessings on the Daisies*—the words by Charles Mackay, and the music by Franz Abt—is a song that goes straight to the hearts of all nature-loving singers—

If only once, each hundred springs,  
Ye bloom'd the long grass under,  
The crowd, with all its priests and kings,  
Would throng to see and wonder :  
Religion's self would kneel and pray,  
And hymn your Maker's praises ;  
But you—ye blossom every day—  
My blessing on the daisies !

Now, when we say that these lines, and others equally suggestive, are set to an unmistakeably musical air, we think we have given the song high praise—not higher than words and tune deserve, but commendation which belongs of right to both poet and musician.

*The Mother's Visit* is a song composed by Alfred Scott Gatty, to words furnished by the authoress of *John Halifax, Gentleman* ; words and music being both tender and expressive. The peculiar metre required very careful treatment in order to avoid monotony, but Mr. Gatty has successfully conquered the



difficulty; and, in its present guise, this little poem is absolutely lifted to a higher rank, and brought before a greater and more appreciative audience than it would ever have been likely to attain, had it remained unharmonised.

*Welcome to Spring* is a ballad published by Mr. W. Ollivier; the words and music by a writer who takes the somewhat ambitious *nom de plume* of Philomela. Like the nightingale, her song is sweet and tender; but instead of the sadness which some profess to find in the notes of the bird that

Ever on the haunch of winter sings  
The lifting up of day,

this *Welcome to Spring* is bright and cheerful, and is not inappropriately dedicated to Miss Merry.

*Resignation* is a song published by Messrs. Emery & Co.; the words by Longfellow, and the music by "Claribel." The lady who—under this pseudonym—wrote *Janel's Choice*, and other popular ballads, has in this composition displayed much taste, and a facility for harmonious expression for which we had hitherto scarcely given her credit. For a mezzo-soprano or tenor voice this song is well adapted.

*Elfenlied, a Capricc de Salon*, by Ernest Motte (London: W. Ollivier), is a pleasant, bright composition, which, while full of melodious fancy, presents no great difficulties to the executant. The season has produced few pieces to favourably compare with this capricc, which, unlike much of what is called original music, does not remind us of old familiar friends. It has power and character—qualities that, in these degenerate days, many of our most admired pianoforte recitals sadly lack.

*Sweet Music* is an expressive song, published by Messrs. Emery & Co.; the words by W. H. Bellamy, and the music by W. H. Weiss. The composer of the *Village Blacksmith* has in this work—as in scores of other compositions—shown himself a thorough musician; though it would hardly have suited his own voice, which, as our readers will remember, was a basso-profondo.

Here, for the present, we conclude. We purpose occasionally to resume our musical notes; and it will be a pleasure and delight to us to feel that we can render some assistance, be it ever so slight, to musical readers, in the introduction to them of some new, or little-known composer, or some poet who has not made his mark upon the time.

## THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN,

FROM A MATTER-OF-FACT POINT OF VIEW.

IT is among the most baffling of human problems to discover the precise point at which any revolution begins. So slow and secret are the early operations of the moral changes of life, that we are often surprised to find they have made considerable progress by the time we have coaxed our slow determinations to the point of starting in their direction. A great many years ago the physically weaker sex were in such unquestionable subjection to the stronger, that a father could sell his daughter, or a husband put his wife to death, with such trivial consequences to themselves as they doubtless thought compensated by the advantages of the privilege. In the nineteenth century, in the most civilised countries in the world, this question of the subjection of women has entered upon that chronic state of discussion which, like a cloud of dust, serves to hide many a thing quietly getting itself done, as Mr. Carlyle might say, underneath. Women, with no stronger restraint than the external custom of their position, are roused to fret and chafe by the notion of masculine dominion, and men air severe sentiments on the necessity of authority which would for ever have lain dormant if not irritated into activity by opposing arguments. In the meantime, emancipation is waiting quietly by, within the reach of all who have strength of individuality to desire it, or strength of will to grasp it when attained. Of course, we except the two or three flagrant injustices which, like other remnants of barbarism, linger, to the surprise of civilisation, until a tardy legalism shall level them with the rest. For example, the appropriation by a man of his wife's property, and the gross brutality practised in the lowest classes of society, where women's lives are so nearly allied to those of the beasts of burden, it is hardly to be wondered at that their masters treat them as such. "Men would be ashamed to refuse women justice," says a recent writer, "although they would decline to give them power." Yet the writer, if he has a wife and she is an ordinarily clever woman, has put into her hands the power to—what?—squander, perhaps, her own marriage portion with the recklessness of one who has never learned the value of money by earning it? or to hold a ten thousandth share in the election of a member for Parliament, which would probably be counterbalanced by the vote of her next-door neighbour? No; the

power to bring dishonour on his house, to make his children despise and his servants cheat him; the power, by a life of half-dissembled disloyalty, not open enough to be made the subject of more than irritable complaints, to thwart his higher purposes and draw him below the average level. But, according to the above-mentioned reviewer, women, as a rule, are careless of power as long as they get petting. "Only a few sad thoughtful women," he says, "will thank Mr. Mill for his book (on the Subjection of Women); his lady friends tell him they are too fond of being taken care of to want to look after themselves. Passing over the inference that the thoughtful few, either by quantity or equality, form such an unimportant element in society, the argument is sufficiently answered by Mr. Mill himself, who imputes the irresponsibility of women, together with most other of their bad qualities, to their imperfect education. If they could be regarded as individual existences, not necessarily under masculine protection, the fondness of some for being taken care of would seem a poor motive for recommending the disqualification of the sex generally for taking care of themselves."

There is no doubt that the day is coming when a woman will not be looked upon as the inferior half of a man; or, worse still, as that impossible compound of better and worse which is the resort of all those who set their faces against a rational mediocrity rather than confess a dangerous equality of resemblance. To a noble way of thinking no privilege or favour compensates for true freedom; but whether, if the present generation of women were to be canvassed, the majority would not be in favour of the former, is hardly a matter of doubt—that they will get freedom without wanting it is still less so. For the strengthening of character it is a law of nature, though it seems a cruel one, that peoples and individuals, not in absolute slavery, shall be helped only when they begin to help themselves, and are consequently in a fair way of doing without assistance. As far as the moral weakness of women is accountable for their subjection, there will be no external law made to reach their case. Education, and that only, will raise them above their present level. By education, we do not mean merely instruction in the abstruser studies chiefly monopolised by men, but the admission into a wider field of thought, which, by delivering women from the narrow prejudices of habit and fashion, shall raise, not only themselves, but society generally, to a higher mode of life. Among women there is a little nervous uncertainty, as to whether this ideal

life would be quite so comfortable as the commonplace one with which they are intimate; and the selfish and indolent of both sexes will continue to react on each other to the disadvantage of both.

The lukewarmness shown by the generality of women with regard to the disputed topic of the franchise, we are by no means inclined to include among their sins of indifference. To extend the franchise to women, as citizens of a free state, might be an act of bold justice; but women do not care for bold justice—they feel that no real power would accrue to them, and the mere prestige of political equality they are ashamed to demand. Neither is it a question of fitness. There is no reason why a woman should be incapable of giving a sensible, unprejudiced vote; but because she is not incapable, it does not therefore follow that she should choose so public a vent for her influence. Much benefit may be wrought by external law—much also can be effected by the changes of habit and custom which it would be considered beneath the dignity of law to approach. If women really desire influence for good, they have merely to extend the self-sacrifice and devotion to their immediate circle, which hitherto has been considered the "whole duty of woman," through a wider sphere; and if Mr. Mill and other disinterested and generous champions of women's rights would teach them more plainly how to use the power they already possess, instead of adding their numbers to a cause which, though they may not injure, they are quite as certain not to improve, they might hope to see, in their day, some solid benefit arise from their undertaking.

With regard to the arguments brought forward in favour of small domestic despotisms, they are too well answered, in fact, to need much antagonistic criticism. The patriarchal system has evidently had its day in the more civilised countries of the world; whether by the degeneracy of the governors or the enlightenment of the governed, it is not here the place to inquire. In the East, heads of houses are satisfied with the childish obedience and affection of their women-kind; Englishmen, as a rule, like something more. They would prefer the real thing, although they did not take the trouble to earn it. They require that as a right which it is the highest grace and privilege of a woman to offer as a free gift; and by trying to make universal, what in the nature of things is growing less and less so, they destroy her power of ennobling, and degrade her crown of submission into a

miserable policy by which she can gain more advantage by seeming to have less.

The enforced woman worship of the old chivalrous times was a protest against the vulgar notion that reverence and admiration were all for one side, protection and indulgence for the other. And this brings us to the point from which we started, namely, that there is one love and one reverence—not two sorts of different sexes. This well understood, there are comparatively few women, we believe, who are so unfortunately situated that they cannot win for themselves a liberal freedom and some influence. Those who want it much, when they find it is not given them upon demanding it, will probably try quieter and more efficient means; while those to whom it is no matter of keen interest, will do well not to be irritated into a resistance which is only respectable when it arises from deep feeling. In the meantime, we would not consider too harshly those who by external agitation are endeavouring to bring about for themselves what they consider a desirable revolution. In a state of society where action is ever growing more imperative, the idea of rushing into the thick of the fray is more alluring to the energetic of the proverbially softer sex than that of watching behind and bearing help to the warriors. Neither they, nor their opponents stay to consider how much life is governed by details which are instituted and maintained by women. We may hope that not all the energy will result in external agitation; and that that may be felt to have done its work by showing that we have arrived at an epoch when educated people of both sexes are agreed that women can assume the responsibility of individuals to their own improvement, and consequently to the general well-being. For unmarried women the experiment is comparatively easy; it remains for those who are wives and mothers to prove, that passionate devotion to a few is not incompatible with the wider interests of society. When it is discovered that women can be philanthropic without being fussy, and independent without being strong-minded, or what is popularly understood by the term, they will be allowed to make their own way, unimpeded by the general voice, and helped by those who in a less advanced stage of social liberty would have remained merely generous and unselfish protectors. Those who eloquently cry up the existing state of things will then find another time-honoured edifice to defend, undeterred and unabashed, in sight of the ruins that testify to the imperfection of human institutions.

### AT LAST!

ONLY nineteen to-morrow!—So young, it is hard to die:

Only nineteen!—In anguish I've trebled my father's years;

'Tis the old, old tale, little Mary—a meeting, a love, and a lie,

That lured me on to sorrow, and drown'd life's light in tears.

Strangely is fancy working, till even this wretched room

Seems to *me* like the shady arbour, where we sat in the days of old,

Till the nightingale sang in the tree tops, and the stars peered through the gloom,

And the sound of my father's sheep-bells came tremulous over the wold.

Throw up the window, Mary—I faint in your London air:

Oh! for a breezy moorland—I speak with fast-failing breath:

Dying 's so hard in London—oh! if I could die down there,

At home—'midst the waving heather—'twould steal half the sting from death.

Sounds, scents, and sights of home are wand'ring across my brain—

The low of my father's cattle, the gilly-flower bed at the mill,

The church with the ivied turret I never shall see again,

Unless ghosts walk in the night-time through scenes they remember still.

Hark! will you listen, Mary?—It *is* his foot on the stair.

Am I mad?—No, 'tis he—I heard him—his foot o'er the landing pass'd:

Charlie, my own old darling—I shall not die in despair;

Kiss me—I am *so* happy—I knew you would come at the last!

Charlie!—you said you loved me. Ah! me, my weak woman's heart;

When you won that heart but to break it, pride bade me live on in vain.

Tears, Charlie? Nay, I'm happy. Till I die, dear, we must not part;

Darling, I'm *very* happy—let me dream my old dream again!

Bury me—won't you, darling?—in the old church-yard at home.

Plant my grave o'er with pansies—they're Memory's flowers, you said;

You gave me some, Charlie, dearest,—ere you crossed the Atlantic's foam;

And I kept them—see, love, they're withered—and, darling, I'm nearly dead!

Light up the candles, Mary—the night 's coming down apace,

Darker, and darker, and darker. Has the sun gone down in the west?

Cold 'tis, and dark—God help me!—I can hardly see your face;

And your tears on my brow are falling. Hush! darling—God's will is best.

## SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

A Novel. By the Author of GARDENHURST.

## CHAPTER LIII.

THE END AT LAST.

THE woman at his feet felt inexpressibly awed and humbled. Was this the husband who had gone mad for jealousy of her?—who had wrecked his whole life because of her sin? Was his great love, and his great wrath for love's sake, all merged into a religious frenzy; or had much sorrow unsettled his fine intellect, making him a prey to all the troubled fancies and weird terrors of an infirm imagination?

"Is it you, Steuart?" she moaned, as she still crouched at his feet. "Are you the Steuart I knew—the Steuart who loved me?"

He looked at her with sudden anger in his face.

"Why did you come to torment me?" he said, impatiently. "Have you not worked me trouble enough? Cannot you let me be at rest? How can I obtain peace when you intrude on me all the cruel memories of the past? I look at you, and I see that dead man's eyes shining in the wicked light of yours. I see your tricks of gesture, your caressing hands; and I am reminded of the lie which blasted my prime of life. I tried to put it away from me—all the old sickening despair, the keen, deep wound of that blighted time. I succeeded so far as you were concerned; as years went on, and your worthlessness became more evident to me, as the glamour of love died away in my heart, and my eyes saw with the relentless clearness of truth, I loathed you for all the pain you had caused me. I shrank from the thought of you as a prisoner shrinks at the sight of the rack which has tortured his every limb. Passion was wept away in tears; the memory of you was more bitter than gall, and I prayed that your image might never cross my thoughts even in the unreality of dreams."

"Am I so horrible to you, then?" she faltered, looking up at him with deprecating eyes. "Can you not grant me one forgiving thought? I was guiltless of actual sin, Steuart, I swear it; I—"

"Bah!" he interrupted, impatiently; "what matters it? You were guilty enough to ruin me, and to murder that other. I have no sympathy for those women who desecrate their souls with the assumption of vices of which they are practically free. You feign

love in your speech, polluting your lips the while with affirming kisses; you, for mere lust of vanity, draw on men towards a hell of temptation which ends in their damnation; your counterfeit love arouses in them all the hot tempest of disordered passions; you inflict real pain, while your assumed emotion is nothing but a pleasant diversion for your idle hours. Such women as you, Ana, are infinitely more contemptible than the poor wretches who grovel in actual sin, to escape the crave of famine and scorch of thirst; or those animal souls, mere slaves of the flesh, that err for the body's pleasure, and who are at least sincere in the ignoble indulgence of their brutish vices."

"You are too hard—at least you should hear me," Lady Diana said, in a low, broken voice.

"I do not care to hear you; I *know* you," the other answered, briefly. Then he looked down on her, and saw by the wavering light of a flame which played on her flushed cheek, and the golden threaded hairs which overswept it, that she was weeping.

"I daresay you think I have spoken too harshly," he said, in a gentler tone. "I have no wish to reproach you with my injuries. I have forgiven them. I had, in truth, forgotten you until you thrust yourself on me to-night—an evil memory of the past; but when I hear you, and such as you, boast yourself *guiltless*, I cannot forbear the truth. I cannot think God will hold you innocent. And I would recommend you to spend such future time as He allows you here, in endeavouring to secure a hope for the future."

She crept nearer to him, and once more entwined her arms in his in the movement. All the plenteous warmth of her tresses swept like a soft veil over his hands and knees. Then, finding that he did not repulse her, she arose for an instant, and then dropped down on his breast, softly and tenderly, as a bird sinks its bosom over the speckled darlings of its nest.

"Kiss me once before I go," she whispered, "that I may know you forgive all."

Who can count the various phases of a coquette's nature?

She had sought him in fear and trembling, dreading lest he might burthen her present with the old bitter claims of the past. She had encountered this man with the despair of him who turned to confront the awful shadow which dogged his steps, preferring definite misery to that haunting dread. She had thought of him with nervous loathing, and now, lo! she lay with her heart beating on his,

her eyes, lips, and arms serving as so many allurements to woo back in his heart some of the old fire of his dead love.

She had been almost stunned by his indifference. It was so unexpected and so galling to her pride. She had expected reproaches and denunciation ; she had not calculated on the contempt of unconcern. It vexed her exceedingly that he should be thus careless of her. Every instinct of her nature rebelled at his dispassion ; her pampered vanity was mortified, and intuitively she sought to retrieve the mortification by the aid of her personal charms.

"Oh !" she murmured, as she tightened the coil of her fair arms round his throat ; "do you forget that you once loved me, that for many happy nights my eyes closed in slumber on your breast ? Will you not forgive, for the sake of those memories ? Steuart, my husband, you are so dear to me still !" Her voice died away in a sigh.

The fire burnt in a level red line in the grate ; the wind outside sobbed and plained, like an echo of her grief ; the darkness was thick in the room, save where the embers glowed, and her hair made light over his shoulders.

He bent his head down near to her face, his eyes lit with sudden fire ; his lips trembled, his hands involuntarily taking such a fierce grip of her arms that she well-nigh wept afresh with pain and terror.

"Oh !" he groaned, "you are a devil, woman !—a devil sent from hell to wake a tempest in my soul. You would fain be omnipotent in your own low degree. You would arouse the gloom of the thunder, the fury of the whirlwind, and the blasting streak of flame, and then, with a light word, bid all be at rest, since you tire of the trouble you have made. When you grow weary, and perchance afraid, of the horror of your work, you cry in vain for heavenly peace, for the stillness of summer and the brightness of sunshine. You fling the firebrand for the brief pleasure of seeing it blaze, and take no heed who weeps over the blackened ashes. Do not tempt me to feel the strife of earthly passion once more, lest all my penance be wasted. Take your beauty from my sight, lest I curse it in the name of an utterly lost soul. Go, go !"

He unclasped her lingering arms from around his neck, but she still cowered on his breast—weeping, oh so piteously ; and entreating for one look of kindness—one kiss of forgiveness.

"Give me your pardon," she cried, "or I

shall die with the sting of your wrath in my heart. You know, you know, that I *did* love you, Steuart !"

She sought to twine her hands in his as she spoke ; but accidentally she stirred the blue ribbon which shimmered on the deep black of his mourning clothes. He recoiled from her, and pushed her hands away.

"I know that you *lie* !" he cried, fiercely. "Woman, you would profane death with dishonour. I am as one dead ;—I died with one whom I loved more dearly than ever I did you, and now my corpse shall not be shamed. For you, I damned my soul ; for *her*, with God's help, I will work out salvation through repentance, and thus save my future."

He arose and left her crouching by his seat, her hair bright in the dull red of the fire, her face and clasped hands in dense shadow. He walked to the window, and, throwing it open, looked out into the darkness.

Outside was the lonely-sounding wind, the splash of rain, and the weird sense of measureless gloom ; but the rough air was welcome to Douglas after the stifling oppression of her sweet, guilt-tainted breath. Presently a murky bank of clouds drifted away from the moon's face and revealed its pale glory, obscured only by a few troubled streaks of silvery-grey vapour.

As the pure beams broadened, the wind subsided and the rain ceased ; and in a little while all Auriel was luminous with their weird light.

Douglas's face was turned in the direction of the Auriel churchyard, as though he could see, through the masses of grey woodland, the glimmer of one little gravestone, near which the winter flowers looked white, like all else in the moonlight.

When he next looked on the woman by the fire, his eyes were gentler, and his voice less stern.

"Ana," he said, "I do not presume to judge you. I can forgive all, even this last attempted fraud of your guileful nature ; but a season may come when the Master of all Worlds, the Creator and the Preserver, the Destroyer and the Regenerator of all earthly atoms, will grow impatient of your impenitence. Take heed, lest you injure even mercy too greatly to be forgiven. You have lied all your life ; you have come to me to-day with your old sins, stronger, and without the saving excuse of youthful folly. In earnest of my forgiveness, I ask you to repent ; but do not molest me again. By arousing in me human passion, you may in-

voke the human desire of vengeance. I desire to be left with my God and my memory. Now go !”

She arose humbly enough, and without one more wasted word or gesture, went straight to the door.

She stopped there, and gave him one last look—such a one as a chidden hound may turn on the master hand. And then, finding her glance was not returned, she slowly passed through the doorway and disappeared in the darkness. As the soft rustle of her trailing robes was heard no more, Douglas's face recovered somewhat of the repose which had distinguished it before her voice broke in on the solemnity of his desolation. When the trouble of doubt again perturbed his eyes, he turned them upwards, and sent the passionate appeal of his broken heart to the world which faith images as the pure soul's reward—

“Oh, God, give me hope !”

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

What hope remains for such as these ? I do not set up for a philosopher, and I dislike stories written on purpose to point a moral ; but I affirm that life is more sad and more incomplete than writers are apt to admit. In the finis of the novelist we hear often of remorse which is assailed by penitence, of ambition which seizes its crown, of passion jubilant with success, of bridal bells which clang joy for evermore to the fictitious heroes and heroines. But how is it in truth ? Does hope always grasp its fruition ? Is to repent to forget ? Is love an Arcadian pastoral ? Is it not rather a splendid tragedy ? Whether its end be an agony of frustration, or the despair of satiety, who can say that such end is peace ?

The motto of life is imperfection. I have ventured to describe some phases of its failure, caused by defect of feeling in some of the personages I have introduced to the reader, by excess of feeling in others. But life's soreness and life's delight, life's endeavours and life's indifference, are best embodied in the four lines from which I have taken the title of this story:—

*Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;  
For some must watch, while some must sleep:  
So runs the world away.*

## EDNA.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

MEANTIME, I wondered more and more how it was possible for Lady Farrant to remain so cold, so hard. Surely the devoted love she had once lavished upon her child existed still, if one could but reach it. Or had she been too spendthrift in the past, and lost it all ?

One morning when the *Times*, without seeing which it was of course impossible for my husband to exist for twelve hours, had not made its appearance as usual, George and I set off for a *tête-à-tête* walk to the station to buy the paper. We left Edna writing letters in her own room. Trot had charge of Muriel in the garden. The children were making daisy chains, and the sound of their voices brought Edna to the window. She stood there a moment, smiling down upon her little daughter. How she did watch that child ! She never spoke about her ; her very happiness in the possession of her child seemed to be a constant reproach for her conduct towards her own mother ; but I noticed that her eyes were hardly ever off Muriel. Truly she was a lovely child. I have rarely seen one so fair, or so winning and endearing in her ways ; yet I hardly think it was her beauty which so rivetted her mother's gaze. Was it a dim presentiment of evil, a feeling that her cup was not yet full, and that her punishment was to come through little Muriel ?

It was little more than half-a-mile to the station, and down hill nearly all the way—a steep hill. Standing on the edge of the common, the station with all its buildings seemed exactly under one, as if you could drop a stone straight down upon the roof. As we climbed this hill again on our way home, Lady Farrant's carriage came rattling down it towards us. My heart began to beat. Would she stop ? Surely not on the hill ; would she pass us with a bow, or as she always used to do with a merry smile and kiss of the hand ? or would she pass us as she did her daughter, without notice ? George puffed on at his cigar, and pretended to see nothing ; yet he must have known how excited I felt.

She came near ; she pulled up and sent her groom to the ponies' heads ; she seemed delighted to meet us.

“How is Trot ?” says she, quite graciously ; “no lessons yet, I hope :” it being one of her theories that children should never begin lessons till they were eight years old—a theory

in which I did not coincide. My Trot read wonderfully, and even Muriel knew her letters ; and then my lady began a long discussion with George about the draining of marsh lands, a new review, pre-adamite man, and a famous recipe for dressing eels in wine sauce. And all the time I thought of Edna.

At last she gathered up her reins and turned to me.

"Can't you come over to Sandcombe, Fanny?" she said. "There is a new parson there now—he would just suit you : Ralph's children are with me, too ; come over on Monday and bring Trot."

George drew himself up and looked her full in the face.

"I think you know Mrs. Marchmont is with us, Lady Farrant ; I do not see how my wife can leave her guest," he said.

"Don't you? It *would* be rude, I suppose. Well, then, another time, when you are alone," she answered carelessly.

I could not bear it ! she looked so proud, so cold, and my poor Edna was wretched ; her dear, pale face rose before my eyes ; I put my hand upon the phaeton.

"I will come on Monday, Lady Farrant ; I will come, for you will let me bring Edna too : say that you will !" Tears choked my voice.

The ponies began to fidget ; she signed to the groom to leave their heads.

"What do you think the new parson had the impertinence to tell me?" she asked. "He told me I was not living in charity. Was it any business of his, do you think, Fanny? *or of yours either?*" And with that, she flicked her ponies with the whip and drove off.

I walked on with flaming cheeks, hot, disappointed, angry.

"What good did you do by that, little woman?" said George : "take my word for it, Lady Farrant will go her own way ; she is not one to be talked into anything on earth. If she once gets the notion that you, or any others are plotting to bring about a reconciliation, it will do no end of harm ; she wouldn't be reconciled to save her life."

"She is a heathen, George !" I exclaimed : "that new man she speaks of is right ; she is an uncharitable heathen !"

"Not at all," says George, coolly : "she is neither more nor less than a sinful Christian, like the rest of us."

I was very near crying outright. "Then you think I have done harm, not good, in having Edna here at all?"

"I don't think that *you* have done much either way," he answered ; "Mrs. Marchmont

is a free agent ; she thought fit to try the experiment of coming into her mother's neighbourhood, and it certainly is her affair ; but not yours, Fanny."

And so we went home to meet Edna's eager look. "The phaeton went past," she said : "you met her : did she speak to you?" And what could I tell her ! All about the stewed eels, Trot's lessons, and the marsh land ! That very afternoon she saw for herself how it was. I positively declare that I believed those grey ponies to have repassed our gate hours before when I proposed to Edna that we should take our work into the laurel arbour ; but Lady Farrant must have fancied the whole thing done on purpose ! It was warm and mild—one of those spring days that are *too* bright, wanting the green of summer to tone them down. The world looked all sunlight, and the arbour in the thick laurels seemed a tempting place to which to escape from the glare. George joined us there with his cigar, and little Muriel and Trot peered through the bars of the gate watching a slowly-passing flock of sheep. Such a large flock it was, and the gentle pit-a-pat of the thousand feet just then drowned all other sounds.

Muriel called to her mother to come and share her pleasure.

"Don't go," I said, "they make so much dust."

But she went, the white work—she was making a frock for Muriel—fell from her lap as she rose. Half-way between the arbour and the gate she stood still.

"Come, mama !" cried little Muriel, but her mother never moved. A groom appeared driving the sheep hither and thither before him, to make way for the ponies, which of course could only pass through the flock at a foot's pace. I heard the whistling of the drover ; the sharp, short bark of the sheep dog ; the hurried rush and tramp of the frightened animals, through the cloud of dust. I saw the arched necks of the spirited ponies prancing and fidgeting as they came, and the cold haughty face of their driver.

Edna seemed fascinated ; she moved slowly forward : Muriel hung over the gate in an ecstasy of delight ; her golden curls were covered with dust ; my steady Trot stood behind her holding the child's frock tightly in both hands, but also much delighted. And still Edna moved on slowly. I would have sprung to detain her, but George made me a hasty sign to be quiet ; he was watching all this intently : as she reached the gate, her mother turned her head and looked at her.

Not haughtily, not angrily—oh, no ! far worse than that!—she looked her full in the face with the blank, indifferent gaze of an utter stranger. Then she quietly turned her attention to her ponies, who indeed needed it all, they were so excited and chafed by the delay. In a moment more they reached the outskirts of the flock and drove rapidly away.

Edna never looked at us as she turned and went into the house ; I felt as if I had seen her receive a death-blow.

I burst into tears. "What do you think of your sinful Christian now?" I asked George.

My husband looked grieved and thoughtful, but he said nothing. Edna's window opened just above our heads and her voice was heard calling Muriel. I caught my little Trot in my arms as the children ran past, and kissed her passionately. "Oh ! darling," I said, "how can she ? how can she ? You might run away with twenty men and I would forgive you when you were sorry for it."

"How can who, mama?" says Trot ; "and I don't want to run after twenty men ; I want to run after Muriel."

When Edna came down to dinner that evening she brought a note in her hand which she gave to George.

"You will let my mother have that after I am gone," she said, "it is my last appeal to her ;—you will see that it is opened and read. Mr. Merton, I *trust* to you for that. Muriel and I will go away to-morrow ; you have been very kind, but it was a mistake to have come here ; my little Muriel and I will go away to-morrow."

I could say nothing against it : she had made up her mind, and I thought the suspense would kill her if she stayed. We passed a dull evening. George left us early, and went off to his smoking-room ; Edna worked industriously at her little one's white frock. She was pale and still, and it seemed to me that a cold, hard look like that upon her mother's handsome face was stealing also over hers. We neither of us spoke ; but by-and-bye Edna flung down her work and wept passionately.

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny, my heart is broken !" she cried.

Yet, after all, she did not leave us the next day, for when morning came we remembered that an event long looked forward to by the children was to come off then. A friend of ours living a little way up the line, two stations from Hendon only, was giving a child's party in honour of the birthday of a son and heir, to which party Muriel and Trot had long ago been invited. I fancy that we mothers had looked forward to

it almost as much as the little ones themselves—mothers have a weakness for exhibiting their children; even I plead guilty to the feeling, and Muriel really was a child to be proud of. She never would be five years old again, with just that bloom upon her cheeks, and just that heaven in her innocent eyes. No wonder that Edna was vain of her ! She could not go herself, she said ; but would I take care of Muriel ? I tried to dissuade her from spending a lonely day ; I tried to have the whole plan given up ; but she was firm—the children must not be disappointed—we must go. When it was settled, I began to be glad that we should keep her one more night beneath our roof, and see her cheerful, too, once more before she left us ; for I knew how she would brighten up when Muriel returned to her after a whole day's absence. It chanced that this was the day for the great flower-show at Z—, and George actually suggested that I should go by one of the excursion trains put on for that occasion ! Now, I have an unbounded dread of excursion trains, and he knows it ; and the mere mention of one alarmed Edna ; we agreed that they were *never* safe, that it was a positive miracle every time one reached its destination unsmashed. George laughed at us, but did not urge the point ; especially as I was to go alone with the children,—for he had business that morning which could not be postponed. It was settled that we should take the express which stopped by signal at Drewstonbury, and return either by the ordinary train which reached Hendon about five o'clock, or by the down express which came in at seven.

I could not have given any reason even to myself for my extreme reluctance to take charge of Edna's child that day ; even when we were all ready to start, I urged her to keep Muriel as a companion, and to let Trot and me go by ourselves ; but she would not hear of it. She came with us to the gate ; and, after we had passed out upon the dusty road, she called the little girl, bidding her come and give mama one last kiss, for which kiss Muriel's best frock was none the better, but all crushed and tumbled.

We reached the station in good time, and as I pushed back the heavy swing doors, who should I see seated in the waiting-room but Lady Farrant ! She was perfectly gracious ; if I had offended her by my rash speech of the day before, she knew that she had punished me—she could afford to be gracious.

"I am going to town for the day," she told me. "Ralph is to meet me : my stupid people brought me here much too early. Where are



you bound for, Fanny? you shall come in my carriage."

She seemed vexed to hear that we were to leave the train in twenty minutes, and so could not accompany her to town. "Trot is grown," she remarked, and called her to her side; but she never noticed Muriel; never even looked towards the pretty child. Muriel stood leaning against a chair where Trot had left her, staring at her grandmother; the little one's golden curls fell over her white dress—Edna always kept her in white—and her shady hat with a blush of pink about it was the only colour she wore. She made up a pretty picture; the careless grace of her attitude, the sudden consciousness of there being no welcome for her which chained her to the spot and deepened the pretty flush upon her cheeks, and the wondering blue eyes so unused to meet anything but loving smiles—a pretty picture; but it was my plain Trot with her sturdy little figure, dressed in honest brown holland—braided all over; it was Trot's best frock and I made it—whom Lady Farrant noticed: and she had such a nice way with children. My little woman stood there at her knee, her round, good-tempered face dimpling with smiles, while Muriel stood far off, shy and unnoticed. I thought that out my sight she would perhaps speak to her grandchild, and I went to take our tickets; but they had not moved when I returned—they were just as I had left them. In the railway carriage I placed Muriel opposite to my lady; I was determined that at least she should have no excuse for not looking at her. My lady was in high good humour and talked incessantly until we left the train at Drewstonbury, but I felt so indignant with her that I was quite thankful when we got out, and she, with her hard, unforgiving heart, was whirled away towards London.

The weather was glorious; therefore, although it was still so early in the year, this child's party was to be a juvenile *fête champêtre*. The young ones were in ecstasies, but I went through a great deal from dread of damp grass and other possible dangers as I sat on the terrace with the mamas and saw my two wander off alone among the gay crowd of children. They were certainly very happy; it was quite impossible to get them away at half-past four, and even when it grew later, and other people began collecting their flocks, it was hard to carry them off. When we reached the station Muriel was in wild spirits; I imprisoned the little hand tight in mine, to keep her safely by my side; and poor Trot was

quite scandalized at her reckless behaviour before all the people at the station. The train rushed up, and I made at once for the nearest carriage; it so happened that we were quite alone in it. One of those horrid, long excursion trains crammed with human beings was standing in the station as we steamed out; the engine was snorting and puffing as only the engines of excursion trains do snort and puff; we passed another on our way, it made me start as we went crashing by, and Muriel clapped her hands and screamed, half frightened, half pleased. A moment after, we thundered through the only station we had to pass before reaching Hendon. Trot sat quietly opposite to me staring out of window, but Muriel could not keep still; she stood upon the seats and skipped about the carriage, trying my nerves desperately.

"Come here, child: sit down quietly," I said.

"When shall we be home?" asked Trot.

"In five minutes now; Muriel! sit down when I bid you."

As I spoke—oh! the horror of that moment! shall I ever, ever forget it?—there was an awful crash: we had run into the excursion train. Even at that first terrible moment, my *first* thought was for Trot, and I felt rather than saw that she was safe. But Edna's child! Oh! Muriel, Muriel; the sides of the carriage had clashed and crushed together, there at the end where she was playing; I saw the little white frock, I *felt* rather than saw or heard the crashing, splintering wood-work;—a shock,—and then an awful, awful, silence.

But not a silence long: the shriek of pain and terror, the groans and cries that followed ring in my ears to this day.

I do not know exactly what happened next, or I cannot tell it in the right order in which it happened; it is all confusion in my memory—I only know that I stood there on the ground with my child safe, unhurt beside me, and Edna's child lying buried, crushed under the ruins of the carriage. They came to my help. Slowly, slowly, piece by piece they removed the heavy fragments of wood and iron from off her and lifted her up; pale, with closed eyes, and oh! little Muriel! with her white frock all stained and dyed with crimson!

I pressed forward to take her in my arms, but a hand was laid upon my shoulder and I was thrust aside.

Some one said hoarsely, "No: give her to me."

I remember fancying that it was Edna who spoke, and that it did not strike me as strange that she should be there—so bewildered was I

for a time ;—it was not Edna, but Edna's mother into whose arms they gave the child.

After that I have a dim recollection of driving in some rough jolting vehicle the short distance between Hendon and the spot where the accident had taken place ; of seeing George's pale face at Hendon ; and for one wild, selfish moment, as he pressed us both to his heart, of forgetting everything but ourselves, while I told him over and over again "Trot is safe, dear ; Trot is safe." Going at a foot's pace up the hill, I with my darling on my knee in the back seat of the phaeton, Lady Farrant in front still with that sad burden clasped in her arms, and the servant driving the grey ponies, I began to collect my scattered senses and to think.

George had gone on at once to fetch our own doctor and Lady Farrant had given clear and distinct orders to the man-servant to remain at the station and immediately telegraph for a London surgeon. It was the only time she had spoken, nor did she speak when the carriage stopped at our little white gate and I helped her, still carrying Muriel, to alight.

Silently she passed up the garden path, and at the house door Edna met her.

One look she gave : a spasm of pain passed across her face ; then without a word she turned and led the way upstairs. I followed. Lady Farrant laid the child gently on the bed. Edna bent over her ; she loosed the little garments with trembling fingers. "You have sent for help?" she asked. It was I who answered her ; my lady was leaning faint and worn against the bed ; her eyes fixed not on the little unconscious sufferer but on Edna. Edna fetched water, and bathed the child's brow, then knelt beside her holding the tiny hand in hers ; never once looking towards her mother ; never turning her eyes away from the face of her child.

And this was how they met at last.

When George came back bringing Mr. Snow with him, Muriel still lay motionless and unconscious ; she gave no sign of life but now and then a moan which went to my heart to hear. The good old man did not bring much either of hope or comfort ; apparently he feared the worst. Some simple remedies he ordered, and these at length recalled the poor child to partial consciousness ; but she knew none of us, and lay there moaning sadly, turning her little head from side to side. One arm was broken, crushed, and the blood had poured from cuts about the head and neck. Further than this Mr. Snow did not pronounce, nor did we seek to know ; we saw too plainly that

he feared some terrible internal injury. And thus we waited for the London surgeon. Edna still on her knees by the bed, never stirring save to apply again and again remedies which failed each time to win any respite from suffering ; never noticing her mother, or indeed anyone else ; never speaking, and never lifting her eyes from Muriel.

I thought that London man would never come !

Down in the study George sat holding Trot on his knee. I went there in my restless wanderings to and from Edna's room, and found our child entertaining her father with an account of the party, mingling her description with sobs for Muriel. My husband held my hand and tried to detain me ; but I could not rest.

"It is too bad," I murmured ; "poor Lady Farrant has gone through so much, and Edna does not even notice her."

"Ah, Fanny, leave them alone, now at least," said George ; "go and take them some tea, if you will, but don't interfere now."

I went upstairs again. Lady Farrant had quite broken down at last ; she was weeping bitterly, her hand on Edna's shoulder.

"Speak to me, my darling, my poor love ! Let your mother try to comfort you," I heard her say ; and Edna, never looking at her, made answer, only—

"Hush, mother ! Muriel is dying."

I had the windows closed and the curtains drawn ; it was quite dark now ; then I ordered up some tea, but I fancy neither of them touched it, after all ; and I went down to George again to look at the time-table for the hundredth time, or to watch from the hall door for the coming of the London surgeon. At last George persuaded me to lie down on the sofa ; and there, with his hand in mine, I, quite worn out, fell fast asleep. I must have slept some time when I was aroused by my husband kissing me. Dear old George ! his eyes were full of tears. I started up, asking anxiously if the surgeon were arrived.

"Yes ; yes, little woman," he answered ; "now don't be in a fuss : it is all right ; the poor little soul is all right ; she is only almost smashed to pieces."

"Only !" But, oh the relief of hearing that the great London surgeon could detect no very serious injury ! the child had been stunned by a blow on the forehead and was bewildered with pain and weakened by loss of blood ; but with care—with the greatest care—he did not fear the ultimate result. Of course after this George and I went together

to look at Trot—Trot sleeping peacefully in her little white bed by this time and not even “only smashed to pieces !” then I went again to Edna’s room.

Things were changed here. Muriel was sleeping under the influence of an opiate which the doctor had not hesitated to administer ; Edna was standing by a little table preparing something for the sick child, and Lady Farrant held the glass. Presently Edna came towards me ; for she could think of others now.

“I am so glad, so thankful for you and Trot,” she said, kissing me as she spoke ; “thankful for myself too, Fanny ; she will live ; you have heard what the doctor says ? My Muriel will live. Mama and I will nurse her, you know.”

“Of course,” said Lady Farrant, quite naturally ; “and now, Fanny, you may just go to bed ; Mason”—that was her own maid—“is here ; I sent for her, and she will sit up with us ; you have nothing to do but to go quietly to bed and allow me to use your house as my own.”

And that was all ! No scene, no tender scene of reconciliation, such as I had pictured to myself !

I don’t know of course what they said when alone together, but it is my firm opinion that they said nothing at all ; the past was suddenly as if it had never been, and Edna and her mother were friends again.

George used to laugh at me and say that I was really disappointed that neither of them said anything to *me*. It all came about so quietly ; but I told him they would speak to me before they left us. Muriel mended rapidly after the first week, and one lovely June morning the carriage from Sandcombe stood at our gate—not the phaeton but the roomy comfortable barouche—and Edna sat in it with the child—pale still indeed, but nearly recovered now—upon her lap. It was a green world then—a world full of roses and the songs of birds, and full, once more, of love and happiness, for my poor Edna. It was strange to see how naturally she accepted all her mother’s lavish tenderness again, and how little she seemed to think of it, any more than of the air she breathed ; she enjoyed it once more and it was as if no shadow had ever been between them.

“You will come over to Sandcombe soon,” she said to me. “Muriel will miss Trot : come soon, dear Fanny.”

This from Edna, who had not set foot there for six years !

Lady Farrant, who had been speaking to George, came up to the carriage. Surely she will make one of her gracious little speeches at parting, I thought ; surely she will say something to me who brought them together : and so she did.

As she stepped into the carriage she paused, and turning to me as I stood at the little white gate she—solemnly forgave me for my interference in her affairs ! !

“You meant well, I have no doubt, Fanny,” she said ; “but that sort of thing is in such bad taste, my dear !”

## TABLE TALK.

IN the churchyard of St. Paul’s, Covent Garden, lie the remains of several eminent authors, artists, and actors ; to wit—Samuel Butler, author of the immortal *Hudibras* ; Sir Peter Lely, the delineator of Charles the Second’s court beauties ; William Wycherley, the dramatist ; Sir Robert Strange, the engraver ; Thomas Girtin, father of the English school of water-colour painting ; Susannah Centlivre, author of the *Busybody*, and the *Wonder* ; Grinling Gibbons, the wood-carver and sculptor ; John Wolcot (Peter Pindar) ; Dick Estcourt, and Edward Kynaston, the actors. At the Restoration, Kynaston played female parts with such excellence, that it was believed no woman could so “sensibly touch an audience.” Many actors of lesser fame, and living nearer our own time, were also buried here ; but of none of them are there now any visible records. In 1852, after the passing of the Burial in Towns Act, the head and footstones were laid flat upon the earth of this graveyard, which appears to have been since then utterly neglected. The memorial stones are so overgrown with grass and weeds, that the inscriptions upon them are no longer discoverable. During a recent visit to this churchyard—which possesses many elements of beauty, in the guise of full-leaved trees, grass, and quietness—I endeavoured, with the assistance of the poor ragged old fellow who was formerly the grave-digger, to trace some of these memorials, but without success. The resting-places of Butler and the others are indistinguishable, and no care seems to have been taken to prevent their tombstones sinking down into the earth, out of sight and memory. A little trouble now and then—say once or twice a-year—with a brush and a little water, would rescue from oblivion these inter-

esting records. Is there no modern Antiquary to be found in Covent Garden to take upon himself this grateful task ; no vestryman to propose the restoration of the gravestones of these English worthies ; no power to compel the preservation from decay of the stones that formerly marked the last homes of one of our greatest humourists, our earliest portrait painter, and some of our most notable dramatists and actors ?

A LADY the other day—who is deeply versed in all matters appertaining to the nursery—she is “very much married,” as poor Artemus Ward used to say, with ever so many little “encumbrances”—suggested to me that the use of “baby’s coral” probably originated in an old-world superstition, that red coral was a capital charm against witchcraft (!). And really, now I come to think of it—if it is worth a thought—Brand, the antiquary, quotes from an old work much as follows, if my memory serves me : “Wytches tell that this stone withstondeth lyghtenyng, and putteth it from houses that it is in.” Bells, you know, were originally used to scare away evil spirits ; and so there may be the remnant of a mediæval superstitious fancy clinging to the coral and the silver bells, which will soon be as obsolete a child’s plaything as the “go-cart.”

A DUBLIN correspondent adds another authority for Macaulay’s New Zealander. The late Lady Morgan, he says, used the idea before Macaulay, in the second edition of *Florence Macarthy*, published in four vols. in 1819. If I recollect rightly, Lady Morgan makes her hero apostrophise the old parliament house of Dublin, now used as a bank, in words which convey the same idea as that which Macaulay’s genius has rendered famous. I have since been told that the same idea was used by “Comic Ned Lysaght,” author of *Donnybrook Fair*, &c., in a poem or song written years before Lady Morgan appeared as an authoress.

I HAVE often thought that it would be a great advantage—not merely to literary men, but to all who had much writing to do in the way of business—if short-hand were regularly taught in schools. I find, on inquiry, that the art is practised by comparatively few, except the regular reporters for the newspapers, and the short-hand clerks employed by solicitors of large practice. The time lost in

writing the ordinary long hand is enormous ; and, as few men can acquire dexterity in any art after twenty, I would suggest that short-hand classes be formed in all public and private schools ; and then, in the course of a few years, we should have a regular corps of stenographers. Writers for the press might send in their copy to the printers in short-hand, and educated compositors would, by an easy mental process, translate and transform such copy into the ordinary long-hand of letter-press. In fact, a good acquaintance with short-hand might be an indispensable qualification to the admission of every lad into the printing business. Some defined system of short-hand would, however, have to be adopted ; and I know of none better than Pitman’s. Perhaps some one may adopt this suggestion, and organize it into a system.

THE *Daily News* recently told us that a new material—more’s the pity !—has been discovered wherewith chignons can be made, to wit thread, from which—for fifteen pence only—an ingenious French speculator will now supply the grisettes with one of these hideous appendages. When I add to this that I have seen for some time past an accommodating false-eye-maker near the Strand advertising his wish to supply the public with artificial optics at something like ten shillings an eye of any hue, while a surgeon in France makes for ladies with too large ears, smaller ones of graceful, shell-like appearance out of deftly painted gutta-percha—it will be henceforth hard to know whether a poor lover, when “sighing his soul out in his ladye’s face,” is not sadly wasting his time, in adoring what may perchance, after all, be only, as per hypothetical account rendered, much as under:—

Dr. MISS BLANK to MESSRS. A, B, and C.

	£	s.	d.
To one thread chignon . . .	0	1	3
„ one patent glass-shell blue eye, fitted . . . . .	0	10	0
„ two patent No. 1 size, ears (say) . . . . .	2	2	0
	£2	13	3

After this, It may be somewhat difficult to agree with the Princess of France, in *Love’s Labours Lost*, that,—

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter’d by base sale of chapmen’s tongues.

ABOUT the time of the first Great Exhibition, Wenham Lake Ice made its appearance in London; and since 1851 ice has been largely consumed; so much so, that sixty thousand tons are calculated to have been used in the metropolis during the last year. About half of this quantity is imported from abroad, and the other half collected from our own canals and ponds. The clear, bright ice is used to cool our ordinary drinks; the rough gutter ice in various freezing processes, in which it is not brought into direct contact with food or liquids. We still call the beautiful crystal blocks we see on the fishmongers' slabs Wenham Lake Ice; in fact, however, we no longer get it from America, but from Norway, where its collection, storage, and transport, are largely and profitably carried on, not only in winter, but throughout the year—the surplus of one season supplementing the deficiency of another. By-and-bye, when penny ices have become as common in England as they are in the States, we shall, probably, lay Mont Blanc under contribution, and, in the course of a few centuries, exhaust the Mer de Glace! The chemists should prepare some cheap freezing mixture to render us independent of winter; but while we are obliged to use ice, we should always buy it in the block, and use what we want when we want it by simply chipping off a portion with a sharply pointed tool. It is astonishing how easily a block of ice may be fractured with a needle.

I WAS lately reading, for the hundredth time at the very least, with ever-growing delight, Coleridge's weird *Ancient Mariner*, when it occurred to me, on coming to the verse,—

But why drives on that ship so fast,  
Without or wave or wind?  
The air is cut away before,  
And closes from behind,—

that the poet in those lines—written at any rate when this century was very young—hit by chance upon an idea long afterwards put into working order by some of our engineers? I mean the principle of the "Atmospheric Railway," a speculation which has thrice been set on foot with more or less success in our own times: the first railway of that kind having been laid down on Wormwood Scrubs, London, in 1840; the next opened in Ireland in 1844, and carried on by Samuda and Clegg till 1855, between Dalkey and Kingstown; and a third—at what exact date I forget—between

Croydon and London. Since then the Pneumatic Despatch Company have successfully worked out the principle really embodied in the poet's verse.

THERE is prevalent, in places, I fancy, other than the Midland Counties, a prejudice among the lower orders that though first cousins may legally marry, second cousins may not. By the civil law first cousins were allowed to marry, while the canon law forbade the intermarriage of either first or second cousins. By a confusion of the two laws it is probable the prejudice aforesaid originally arose.

ONE of the Harleian MSS in the British Museum lays down the mutual rights of lovers on the delicate point of returning presents. By the civil law, then, whatsoever is given as a *gage d'amour* between those that are promised in marriage "hath a condition (for the most part silent) that it may be had again if marriage ensue not. But if the man should have had a *kiss* for his money, he shall lose one half of that which he gave. Yet with the woman it is otherwise; for, kissing or not kissing, whatever she gave she may ask and have it again. However, this extends only to gloves, rings, bracelets, and such small wares." How far these *dicta* would be accepted in a county or other court now-a-days, I say not.

AS the fruit season advances, it may be of interest to some to hear that an American horticulturist has found that by giving his pears and peaches, and other hard fruit, a coating of pure whitewash, he has been able to keep them fresh for more than a fortnight. We owe a good deal to whitewash already: if this report be true, we are once more its debtor.

*In our next Number will be commenced a New and Original Story, entitled "THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN," by the Author of "Agatha," "Sir Guy de Guy," &c., &c.*

*The Authors of the articles in "ONCE A WEEK" reserve to themselves the right of translation.*

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 86.

August 21, 1869.

Price 2d.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the *SISTER'S SECRET*.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### GOING AWAY.

**T**HOUGH Alice had not been born and educated at Fairlawn Grange, and was consequently not attached to the house by the ties of birth and long residence, still she felt most deeply the pang of parting. During the time the estate had appeared her own, she had learned to love, not so much the mansion itself, as its lovely surroundings. She knew every bye-road and hollow way, had her favourite cluster of low thorns, of mossy stones; had selected her own seat under a huge gnarled oak in view of a small but rising plantation of young beech, ash, and birch. On her first arrival she had made, with girlish glee, the discovery of a lane so overgrown with wild roses, honeysuckles, and other trailing plants, as to be scarcely passable. Here, on an old fallen trunk, she had many times watched the setting of the sun, and gazed with delight upon the brilliant and mellow lights it cast upon the rugged oaks, upon the fantastic roots of trees, upon the varied tints of the soil, until suddenly all became uniform darkness. These delights had now passed for ever.

From the moment when Alice found herself face to face, as she rightly believed, with Lionel Seabright, she had gone out no more, except in the dusk of the evening, and in quiet corners of the park where she was safe from intrusion. Though she had no ground whatever for suspecting him of any underhand conduct, while no one could find fault with his behaviour to herself and friends, she still clung in her heart of hearts to the hope that he was not all he professed to be, and that

her beloved father was still the master of Fairlawn Grange.

She whispered no such thought to anyone else—not even to her aunt. With all her kindness and gentleness of heart, Miss Morton was a woman of stern common sense; the mere allowing such a thought to invade her mind would have appeared unpardonable weakness. It would be unjust to say there was no romance in the old maid's composition, because in a soul so genial and hearty as hers, there inevitably must have been. But nonsense she abhorred, and such strange and vague suspicions as were entertained by Alice would to her have appeared the worst of nonsense.

Under these circumstances, Alice was compelled to conceal the subject of her day-dream in the inner sanctuary of her own thoughts, where it grew hourly, till it became a perfect terror to her, from morn till eve.

It was well that the necessity for action came in time to drive away, to a certain extent, this morbid and unhealthy feeling. Her father was declared physically better, and capable of removal. An answer had been received from Islington, and the lodgings taken. Alice, to whom the maiden aunt gladly gave the management of all details, knowing how occupation deadens grief, on the eve of that Saturday which was to behold their departure from her earthly paradise, ordered a humble fly from the village inn. There was an early train to London at six o'clock, and this she had selected in order to escape observation.

At five she came down, and with the assistance of one of the servants, prepared breakfast for her father and aunt. While she was thus occupied, the fly drove to the door. The principal part of their luggage had been sent on the previous evening to the station to be labelled "London." Alice took up the slight meal which she had got ready, and then rousing her almost unconscious father, helped him to some refreshment, and at last induced him slowly to descend the stairs. He was still feeble, and at the same time wholly ignorant

of what was going on. He made some meek objection to being roused so early, after which he relapsed wholly into silence.

The morning was chilly and overcast. It was a true April day; and when the hall-door was thrown open to allow the quiet and sorrowful group to pass, the few servants who showed themselves thought they had never witnessed a more desolate scene. Most of them remembered under what different circumstances the proud father and happy daughters had entered through those very portals, not twelve months before. When, however, the hired vehicle drove off, after a few expressions of regret and wonder, the domestics began to speculate as to the character of the new master. To them the whole event was like a change of dynasty to a nation.

As Alice nestled in a corner of the carriage, she felt doubly grateful to get away. A strange sensation—a shudder that pervaded her whole frame—a general sense of languor and weakness, indicated but too surely that she was about to have a severe attack of illness. Miss Morton, as soon as they got clear of the trees and the gloom of the great avenue, noticed her haggard and pallid appearance—and even suggested that they should return, if only for another week.

"No—no," was the eager reply. "I have seen this place for the last time. I *am* ill, but be sure a day or two of calm and repose will restore my health."

The maiden aunt made no reply, and in a few minutes more the station was reached. It was a quiet place, from which, at that hour, scarcely anybody ever travelled. Except themselves, there was on the platform but one solitary porter, who placed their luggage ready for the van, and obtained their tickets for them. The train soon arrived, and the small party were provided with seats. When the train was in motion, Alice's lips moved. She was breathing a silent prayer, and hoping that they were now wholly cut off from Fairlawn Grange and all its belongings.

She might have formed a very different opinion had she known that, no sooner were they seated in their carriage, than a gentleman emerged from the waiting-room and hurriedly entered a distant compartment. He wore a travelling cap, and was closely muffled about the face; but any who had once seen him must have recognised, in the person who behaved in this mysterious and inexplicable way, no other than the claimant to the estate, Lionel Seabright.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### IN LONDON.

**A**LICE had never been in London. A visit to the capital was to have been one of the happy incidents of the year. Mr. Selwyn Seabright had promised himself a thorough exploration of certain well-known bookstores, while his daughter had looked forward to the journey with singular pleasure. There is much to arouse the imagination of the young in the idea of the life of a great city; but, under the circumstances in which they were placed, Alice was singularly depressed by a first glimpse of the interminable vastness of the metropolis. Her increasing languor, however, soon made her close her eyes, which were not opened again until the cab which contained themselves and fortunes drew up at the door of a pretty and detached cottage, with a small but pleasant garden in front. It was certainly a great relief to find the place so clean and neat; but, before the landlady could get out a little prepared speech about breakfast after their journey, Alice cast one imploring glance at her aunt. This being readily understood, the young girl was shown into her bedroom.

An hour later, a doctor was summoned, and Alice was senseless from an attack of brain-fever. It was not, the medical man said, a severe attack, but one that required extreme care and attention. This was a heavy blow to the maiden aunt. Her whole income was under a hundred a-year, though, fortunately, half her last year's annuity had been saved; still, what with the journey, the rent, and the many little things required by two invalids, the money soon began to find itself wings; and Miss Morton, before Alice was able to rise from her bed, saw clearly the day coming when she should be almost penniless.

Alice's illness lasted much longer than the doctor expected. When she regained consciousness, the past pressed upon her thoughts with renewed force, and materially retarded her recovery. She felt this to be a bitter beginning,—she who had laid out all her plans for assisting her aunt in providing means for herself and father, found herself cast back, as it were, a useless waif, launched upon the strong waters of the world.

At length, on one warm day in July, she came down stairs to their pretty and tasteful sitting-room—their landlady was a woman of education, and before her marriage had been a governess—where a comfortable chair had

been placed near a window for her. Her father lay asleep on a sofa.

Alice did not speak for some minutes—did not even open her eyes—so delicious was the sensation of the balmy air, wafted through the open window, on her pallid countenance. When she did look about her, she keenly scrutinised her aunt's occupation. She was mending old, and what she knew at once to be valuable, lace.

"What are you doing, auntie?" she said quietly, after a few minutes of deep thought.

"Doing, child!" she cried—"why, mending some old lace to be sure."

"My dear aunt," said Alice Seabright, speaking very slowly, "you are working for our living."

"And if I am, Alice, there is nothing to be ashamed of in doing that which is right and just," replied Miss Morton, a little vexed at being so easily found out.

"Nothing to be ashamed of—certainly not; very much to be proud about; but, aunt, neither I nor my father can submit to be wholly dependent on your bounty. I must find something to do."

"Of course you must, child, when you are well enough; but what can you do?" urged the positive Miss Morton, who only wanted to make the other cheerful.

"Go out as a governess, as a nursery-maid, as a dressmaker—anything rather than be a burden to you," she said.

"Enough of this conversation now," cried the aunt; "you know what the doctor has said: perfect peace and quietness. Get well, my darling, and be assured you shall in all things do whatever you think is right and proper."

With these words Alice Seabright was compelled to be satisfied. Though she was perfectly convinced that her aunt was driven to the most terrible straits and shifts to find herself and father in food and medicine, Miss Morton would never own to anything of the kind. Besides, it was useless to discuss the matter while Alice was ill and helpless, and when the doctor declared she wanted nothing now but air and exercise. She must wait until her strength returned before she could act.

Nothing is more terrible than the interval between illness and convalescence, when the patient is at the mercy of every person and of every wind that blows. To all appearance Alice was meek and quiet, but her whole being, her heart and soul, yearned to be up and doing.

At length she was allowed to go out. It

must be alone, as her father, quiet and resigned as he appeared to be, could not be left by himself. They must now take the charge of watching him in turns. Miss Morton was very particular in her directions as to where her young charge was to go, and for once or twice Alice was very obedient.

Then, as strength came back, the young ex-heiress of Fairlawn Grange grew very rebellious, and determined to act for herself. It was useless to ask her poor devoted aunt for any information; so one afternoon, when about to take her usual stroll, which she fully intended should be of much longer extent than usual, she contrived to find the landlady, Mrs. Langley, alone. With her she was fully aware that no apologies were needed, for she must know how poor, how very poor they were.

She little thought that Mrs. Langley was put to the utmost inconvenience in consequence of needing the little money they owed her. Alice, therefore, simply said that being much better in health, she was extremely desirous either to obtain a place as a governess, or to give daily lessons. Mrs. Langley looked keenly at the pale young girl, and was half inclined to shake her head at first. Better thoughts prevailed, and premising that Alice must ride in an omnibus, gave her an address in Kensington, or on the borders near Chelsea, where, she said, there was a genuine agency office, at which she might hear of a situation such as she required.

Alice thanked her warmly, and having secured the direction, resolved to follow the excellent woman's advice and ride to the register-office, determined at all events to walk back. Mrs. Langley informed her that she must be prepared to give excellent references, and suggested, with some timidity, her two married sisters.

Alice trembled so when these words were uttered that she could make no response, and went out, wondering how all this time, over three months, she had never heard from them; forgetting the minute and scrupulous care she had taken to conceal her London residence. She would, however, soon repair this folly, and send to them her own and her father's address.

The ride from Islington to Chelsea was peculiarly disagreeable to one with such delicate habits and poor health as Alice. The omnibus was a noisy and unpleasant novelty. She, however, thought it her duty to contend even against this feeling, and strove to look upon everything in a cheerful and agreeable light. Still she was rejoiced when she reached the end of her journey, and found that the



office she was in search of was at no great distance.

The lady heard her story, as far as Alice thought proper to tell it, was pleased to learn she was acquainted with Mrs. Langley, and promised to let her know of the very first suitable vacancy. Her charge was a guinea; but when she noticed how Alice coloured up, she added, of course that would do at any time. Alice did not only colour up, but she nearly fainted; still she contrived to maintain her self-possession sufficiently to give her name and address, and to add that she would call with, or send, the fee. Alice certainly intended to do so, but at that moment she scarcely knew how it was to be procured.

Determined to walk back, she obtained a tolerable notion of the way; and, glad to breathe once more in a large expanse of open air, entered Hyde Park—a pleasant place enough for the careless and happy, the last resort of the poor and miserable. Alice, as she walked along, looked vacantly about at the few carriages remaining in town; was more than once pushed on one side by the insolent strutters on the pathway; and at last, feeling very weary, sat down on the vacant end of a bench.

Simply, but elegantly, dressed, in deep mourning—she had selected some she had by her, from choice—she attracted the notice of many. Few men, however dissolute and depraved, will openly insult a woman under such circumstances. Several gazed at her beautiful pale face, and made remarks in a low tone, but none ventured to address her, until suddenly two persons of aristocratic appearance strolled past—and saw her.

One of them stood still, as if wholly unable to believe his eyes. He looked at the young girl for a full minute without speaking.

"Alice," he suddenly cried, in not very pleasant accents, "what are you doing here?"

She started from her reverie, looked vaguely at him, and then mechanically held out her hand. The other took it with something of a grimace, nodded farewell to his companion, and offered his arm. The companion stared, opened his eyes, muttered something not very complimentary to either party, and hastily bowing, left them together.

"What is the meaning of this?" said the gentleman, in a very far from amiable tone of voice; "and how is it that I find you sitting on a bench in Hyde Park? Is what I hear, then, quite true?"

"To what do you allude, Sir Charles?" replied Alice, as coldly as possible. This

meeting with her sister's husband had unnerved her completely.

"That your father is a beggar! and that I and Mr. Harcourt have married women without a farthing," observed the baronet, tartly.

"Sir Charles," said poor Alice, too ill to speak as she would have done in better and heartier health, "my father was deceived, but he is not to blame. Pray pardon me for not discussing the matter now: I am too ill. How is my sister?"

"She's well enough. If you will turn back, you'll find her somewhere about. Awful disappointment, you know, for me: couldn't afford to marry a poor woman. The worst of it is, she laughs over it. Here she is."

And to the great surprise of Alice, a very smart pony-phæton drew up close to them, the driver of which, a lady, was evidently very anxious to find out who was the pale young person in black to whom her husband was speaking. A pang of something like terror came over her when she recognised her youngest sister.

"I found Alice seated on a bench alone," said the baronet, with a cold bow. "She does not seem well: you had better take her home with you and have a quiet hour together. I shall dine at the club."

With these words he handed Alice, to whom this sudden meeting seemed like a dream, into the pony-phæton, nodded rather than bowed, and left them to rejoin his wondering companion, who, without appearing to watch, had seen all that had passed with considerable surprise.

The sisters scarcely exchanged a word during their rapid drive through the streets, now almost deserted by the wealthier classes, who, driven away by the heat and the end of the season, were scattered over the land in search of the health so often lost during the London campaign. The few people of fashion who lingered in town, far from the golden corn-fields and breezy sea-shore, may be supposed, like Sir Charles Fleming, to have had imperative business to attend to.

Alice was far too engrossed with her own thoughts to notice that her sister drove up to a dingy house in a third-rate street of the West End; that a rusty ostler from the neighbouring livery-stable took possession of the ponies; and that when they entered the house, nothing in it proclaimed the refined elegance she had once expected to find in the baronet's residence. One hasty and involuntary glance round the apartment into which

they were ushered, faintly revealed to Alice her half-formed impression.

"You are surprised, Alice, to find us in such a shabby place. I am more than surprised. Lady Sinclair promised us her house, but somehow or other when she found I was not an heiress, she got out of keeping her promise in a mean and paltry way. And Sir Charles says he can afford nothing better. He has led me a pretty life since he found out about papa having nothing to give us," rattled on the elder sister.

"Jane," said Alice, quietly, "why did you conceal that telegraphic despatch? This misery might in that case have been avoided."

"Alice," cried Lady Fleming, with a slightly heightened colour, "perhaps I was wrong. But when that paper came accidentally into my hand, when I stood looking wildly at it in the library—I had gone to take a last look at myself in the great pier glass—the dread fear of poverty came over me. I knew that should that terrible document speak truth, we should fall for ever—that you, and I, and Emily, would be doomed—drudges for life—and I, for one, was never made to work. You know I always detested to soil my fingers, and could never master accomplishments well enough to teach them. What was left for me in the world?—to marry and throw the burden of my shortcomings on another. By the way, what are you doing, and how is father?"

"He is well in body. The blow, however, was too great—too sudden for him—and his mind is still very weak. We are living in lodgings at Islington—on the bounty of Aunt Morton."

This was said abruptly, and was, as it were, torn from her very heart. Jane turned pale, and then red—trembled violently, and then hastily searched for her purse.

"I am not very plentifully supplied with money, as you may imagine," she said, in a harsh tone that grated strangely on her sister's feelings, "but I can still help you a little."

"No, no; it would not be right for me to borrow," replied Alice. "I hope—that is, I trust in a few days to find a place as governess"—and as if suddenly recollecting herself, she added, "you may lend me a guinea, if you like, to pay the fee to the office."

"Fee to the office—governess!" faintly ejaculated Lady Fleming. "And has it come to this? You *must* take the money, my poor Alice. It is not my husband's," she added bitterly; "I have had none from him. This is the remains of what my father gave me on my wedding-day."

Alice thought of her difficulties, of the promised fee, of the hard-working woman in the cottage at Islington, of her aunt's pinched, wan countenance, which had haunted her ever since her convalescence—and she took the proffered purse.

Jane seemed inexpressibly relieved by her acceptance of the money. Selfish by nature, it served as a salve to her conscience; and, hastily changing the subject, she ordered dinner to be served. As soon as the meal was on the table, she contrived to keep a servant in and out of the room, and thus avoided the further discussion of family affairs. It was only when dinner was over that Alice contrived to ask after Emily.

"She is still abroad. I pity her from my heart," replied Jane, with an affected shudder. "Mr. Harcourt is a man not likely to forgive the false position in which his marriage has placed him."

"I am of a different opinion. Mr. Harcourt is a very matter-of-fact man, it is true, but I believe him to be just and honourable. Not only is the money no object to him, but he will never make Emily suffer for that which is no fault of hers."

"But," said Jane, looking white and cold, and with downcast eyes, "if you reveal the secret of the message, Sir Charles, I think, would run away and leave me. My only safeguard is his belief that I thought myself an heiress."

"It was a great, a fatal mistake, affecting many lives," replied Alice seriously; "but when it is too late, why make mischief? I shall never speak."

"Thank you, my darling," cried Jane, with really heartfelt gratitude—an exposure of her deception would have crushed the latent germ of affection in her selfish husband's bosom—and then, as if desirous to bury the topic in oblivion, asked for Alice's address, and expressed a wish to call and see her father.

"I am sure to be at home every morning and evening," replied Alice; "between two and six I shall generally go out to call at the office."

After a few more words, and considerable show of sisterly affection, the two parted—one very sad about the future, the other delighted at having secured an ally in keeping her husband ignorant of her deception practised upon him.

How would it be with them, when they met again?

## CHAPTER IX.

## MRS. LANGLEY'S NEW LODGER.

THE cottage residence in which Miss Morton had found an asylum was much larger than Alice had expected. They occupied two bed-rooms—one small for the old man, one more spacious for the two ladies. The sitting-room down stairs was a favour, but this was a secret kept from the young girl. With the small income of the maiden aunt, the whole arrangement would have been impossible but for the friendship of Mrs. Langley.

In addition to the apartments occupied by the Seabrights, Mrs. Langley had a large room on the ground floor, opposite the parlour. It was only half furnished, and had on one or two occasions been occupied by artists. It was this induced Mrs. Langley, by an amiable fiction, to advertise a studio to let—with a bedroom.

When Alice returned home after her visit to Lady Fleming, she found her aunt and the worthy landlady very anxious and uncomfortable at her long absence. A simple statement that she had accidentally met her sister Jane, and had dined with her, silenced all inquiries; and then Mrs. Langley, who was, for her, quite radiant, opened her budget of news.

She had let her studio, and the top best bedroom for six months, to an artist; and not only had he given excellent references, but had actually paid three months in advance. He was not a very handsome man—rather the contrary—but he was evidently hearty, jovial, and honest. He candidly allowed that he was a tremendous smoker, whistled a good deal when at work, was eccentric, and kept late hours, but he pledged himself as a gentleman never to annoy the other inmates of the house.

"Now, Miss Seabright," said the voluble landlady, "I hope his smoke won't offend you."

"Papa always smoked in his study," replied Alice, gently. "I am used to it."

"And the whistling?" urged Mrs. Langley.

"I hope he won't whistle all day," continued Alice, unable to repress a smile; "but, dear Mrs. Langley, do not make yourself uncomfortable about me. I am rejoiced at your good fortune, and hope you may keep your new lodger for years to come."

Delighted with this assurance, Mrs. Langley bustled out of the room, and hastened to give the finishing touches which she considered requisite to her recently let apartments. Alice,

as soon as she had taken her departure, related, in a few words, the meeting with Sir Charles, and the after interview and conversation with her sister.

"A bad beginning," said the old maid; "for a woman to have to keep a secret, and so unpleasant a secret, from her husband, is sure to embitter her whole life. Not, however, that Jane will care much, my dear: she has very little heart."

"Aunt," replied Alice, very gently and timidly, "do not say that. She is my sister. She is coming to see papa, and offered me money. I refused at first to accept any, but as I particularly wanted a guinea, I took five, not to offend her."

And with something of triumph in her manner, she poured the contents of the elegant purse into her aunt's hands. The good little woman coloured perceptibly.

"We must pay this back," she said, "as soon as possible; but, my dear girl, had you not borrowed it, we should have been penniless, and it wants two months to my quarter day. There—don't cry, darling; I did not mean to say anything about it. You have been to the governess' institution then?"

"Yes, aunt, and I could not pay the fee," replied Alice. "I shall go again to-morrow."

"The change will do you good. Unless, however, it is a very light place, it will not do for you to hurry. Your strength returns but slowly."

"Because I want work. Give me something to do—let me know that I am useful, and my health will soon come back. As it is, I feel like a useless encumbrance on the earth. Poor Mrs. Langley, how happy she is—and all because she has a new lodger who pays in advance."

"My dear, Mrs. Langley is poor, and it pains her much to be hard upon an old friend like myself. She is in reality delighted because this unexpected piece of good fortune enables her to allow us time to obtain the money," said Miss Morton.

Alice made no further remark; and soon after, being very tired, wished her aunt good-night, and, kissing her unconscious father, went to bed. When she awoke next day it was very late. She was surprised to notice an unusual bustle in front of the house. She glanced out of window, and became aware that the new lodger was moving in. A large waggon was in front of the garden, from which two active men were busy removing easels, unfinished pictures, untouched canvas, and other matters pertaining to an artist's studio. But

that which chiefly struck Alice Seabright was the group occupying the centre of the miniature lawn.

A man of about six or seven-and-twenty, florid, with a round, good-humoured face under a Greek smoking cap; his person attired in a dressing-gown of many colours, and smoking a huge pipe. There he stood giving orders in a loud tone. Whatever might have been the value of his "household gods," he at all events believed them to be of the last importance. In a dialect which, though in reality English, was highly seasoned by the slang of the *atelier* and the *argot* of Paris streets, he kept up a continual fire of observations on the carelessness of men in general, and the awkwardness of Englishmen in particular.

All this was natural enough. Alice had heard occasionally of such characters; but what caused her amazement, and for the moment intense gratification, was to see her father, seated in an arm-chair, looking at the proceedings with evident pleasure. For many months Alice had never seen him so active and so delighted. The new lodger every now and then addressed his conversation to him, tapped him on the shoulder, pointed out some blunder of his assistants, and then, laughing heartily, continued to smoke.

It was certainly very strange, thought Alice, as she hastened to attire herself, and went down to find that breakfast had been over hours before. The excitement of the previous day had fairly exhausted her, and sleep had fortunately wrapped her in happy and pleasing unconsciousness.

"Why, what possesses papa," she asked, with quite a smile, of her aunt, "to be out in the garden, and so friendly with a stranger?"

"I don't know, dear, what possesses everybody. Since the new lodger arrived, the whole house seems turned upside-down. He is one of those personages who will have their own way. Having heard that your father was ill, he declared that it was a sin and a shame to allow him to remain in-doors on such a day as this, and would not be satisfied until we yielded, and allowed my brother-in-law to seat himself under the acacia. The next thing he did was to take a glass of port wine, and give one to your father: by this time they are the best of friends."

"I like to see papa happy," mused Alice, "and yet would gladly avoid acquaintance with strangers."

"My dear, you will find, I think, such objections very much thrown away with the new lodger. He has already asked permission to

paint my portrait, which I verily believe is only a cunning way of contriving to see you and paint yours," observed Miss Morton demurely.

"He must surely be mad," said Alice, pettishly.

"No," replied the old maid, "only a worthy happy character—a nature delighting in the delights of others. He is slightly vulgar, perhaps; but who would not prefer vulgarity and excellence to the polished heartlessness of the pupils of Lord Chesterfield, as met with both in real life and in novels. Mark me—this strange lodger is eccentric, it is true, but he is a good man."

Alice was not inclined to argue the question. She did not like the look of the stranger, and still less did she like his taking possession of her father by storm. But what could she do or say? Go out and bring her father in she would not, and was therefore compelled to wait the course of events. Taking up a book, she occupied the darkest corner of the room; nor did she move until her aunt and the landlady led her father in, with more colour in his face, more animation in his manner, than she had noticed for many a day.

Still he only looked at her vacantly when she warmly embraced him, ate his dinner mechanically, and relapsed into the old apathy and helplessness as soon as it was over.

"And he can rouse himself for strangers!" was her ungenial thought.

She said nothing of the kind, however, because she knew her aunt would blame her; but she, nevertheless, began to feel a jealous dislike of the new comer, who seemed already to stand between her and her father. Shortly after dinner she went out, again visited Chelsea, paid her fee, received the promise of an early letter, and returned home. As she rode one way and walked the other, it was not very early when she opened the garden-gate and strolled languidly up to the door of the house, happily unconscious of the two pairs of eyes which were watching her from behind the wire-blind of the artist's studio.

Still less was she aware of what had occurred in her absence. The new lodger, who gave his name as James Gregory, contrived, under pretence of his utter ignorance of English ways and manners, to induce his landlady to make tea for himself and a friend—another artistic eccentricity, with long hair, a very strange looking moustache, and an excessively silent manner; and during the tea easily induced her to talk.

She was loud in her praises of the old

lodgers; and, as James Gregory encouraged her conversation on that point, the new comer soon heard all he cared to know, even to the fact of the young lady being at that moment on her way to a governess' institution to pay her guinea fee. The acquaintance of the new lodger never opened his lips during the conversation that passed between his host and the garrulous landlady, contenting himself with puffing at a cigar. When, however, she finished, and had temporarily retired to some private part of her own dominions, he shook his friend by the hand, made an appointment with him for later in the evening, and went away.

Three days after, Alice Seabright received a letter from Chelsea, asking her to call on Lady Alicia Welby, who required the services of a well-bred and well-educated young lady, as a friendly companion to her eldest daughter, and as governess to her younger children.

## KID-GLOVE LITERATURE.

### I.—HALF-AN-HOUR WITH HORACE WALPOLE.

IT has been very justly observed that "contemporaries appreciate the man rather than the merit; but posterity will regard the merit rather than the man." In the time of Horace Walpole—it comes more naturally to us so to speak of him, seeing that he did not succeed to the earldom of Orford till some six years ere the close of his long life—those of his contemporaries whom he admitted to his intimacy, probably were unduly biassed in favour of his talents by the charm of his manner. In the present day a reader has to take him for what he is worth—forming the estimate from a host of Walpole's published letters, from an indifferent romance, from his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," and from his "Anecdotes of Painting in England." Whatever the conclusion arrived at as to the breadth of his literary acquirements, it will not, we think, be denied that he is by no means the least readable of a race of letter-writing fine gentlemen, whose correspondence, written ostensibly in the ease of private confidence, but all the while intended one day for publication, may be compared—in the words of the Rev. Caleb Colton alluding to some of Pope's prose writings in that vein—to the "dishabille in which a beauty would wish you to believe you have surprised her, after spending three hours at her toilette."

As a son of that powerful and unscrupulous statesman Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards the first Earl of Orford, Horace had many social advantages. To the active pursuit of politics our letter-writer personally had a rooted aversion—preferring rather to divide his time between literature and art, and private intercourse with some of the most noteworthy men of his day. As an M.P. he was a failure; and it was when he joyfully retired from public affairs to his villa at Strawberry Hill, near Twickenham, to his picture buying, *dilettante* authorship, letter-writing, and *bric-a-brac* hunting, that he was in the sphere he loved. A refined, cynical, chatty looker-on, from a cosy little distance, at the events of his time, he lived on to old age amidst a pretty general opinion in good society that, had he cared to emerge from his cultured semi-seclusion, he might have left a far more solid reputation.

Letter-writing, in his sense, is now-a-days almost entirely a thing of the past. With quick and cheap postal communication, rapid railway facility for visits, and the last increase of printed media for news—to say nothing of the fiery, every-day haste of modern civilization—gentlemen do not, as a rule, now labour either at turning periods or chronicling *jeux d'esprit* in their letters to their friends—letters which in Walpole's time were written with the knowledge that one epistle would pass through many admiring hands. For the price of a penny you may now learn the cream of the world's news over your breakfast table. "Our own correspondents" and an army of reporters and chit-chat manufacturers almost render anything more than a mere record of purely private matters between friends superfluous; and so, though more letters than ever are now written by England's bustling children, the tone of letter-writing has almost entirely changed.

It is not here proposed to do much more than gossip about the man Walpole, some of his contemporaries, and more particularly some letters of his to one of his many correspondents—George Montagu, M.P., who, among several other offices, held that of private secretary to Lord North, when that nobleman was Chancellor of the Exchequer. The pen-and-ink intercourse between the two friends was pretty frequent from 1736 to 1770; which, at any rate, says much either for Walpole's love of scribbling, or for the constancy of his friendship. As you read these light records of the brave men and fair women, of the butterflies of fashion, and the notabilities of the period's tittle-tattle,

the "dry bones," as in Ezekiel's vision, seem to live again, and the bones of forgotten reputations "come together, every bone to his bone." You see these people as they were in the flesh, jesting, loving, scandal-mongering, flirting, flaunting, lying, intriguing for place and precedence. You see them, too, not in the garb in which grave history chooses to robe some of them, but in their everyday clothes, so to speak—as they were, or as they appeared to the sharp, never too charitable eye of the keen, if somewhat "finicking," Horace Walpole, who mixed with them in the world of fashion, and then sat down slyly to show up their foibles for George Montagu's laughing eye.

There may be nothing much, some may think, in Walpole's little bits of ill-natured observation. Many of his anecdotes lose their possible former force by reason of the remoteness of his sphere of action and feeling from our own. Still, some of our readers, knowing, by miscellaneous reading, the men and women he rattles on about, may care to have their memories jogged afresh.

For the Duke of Newcastle, the opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, Horace entertained a contemptuous, life-long hatred. In August, 1745, when that nobleman was grasping at power, our letter-writer hits off his Grace's moral and physical peculiarities in a vein of graphic spite. "The disposition of the drama is in the hands of the Duke of Newcastle—those hands that are always groping, and sprawling, and fluttering, and hurrying on the rest of his precipitate person. If one could conceive a dead body hung in chains, always wanting to be hung somewhere else, one would have a comparative idea of him."

In the August of the next year, Walpole had a good deal to say about the unhappy Scotch rebel lords. Hardly a particle of right feeling does he show—probably looking upon the sentence to death of those gallant, if mistaken, gentlemen as a capital excuse for gossip. As poor, bluff, brave old Lord Balmerino returned to the Tower, after being sentenced to lose his head for his love for the Jacobite cause, our chatty friend tells us he—Balmerino—"stopped the coach at Charing Cross to buy honey-blobs, as the Scotch call gooseberries." Horace's friend, the witty but morbid George Selwyn, was, we may be sure, agog with bustling expectation that gloomy while. No doubt the pair of acquaintances cracked their joke freely at the St. James's coffee-houses, and wagered how the doomed men would meet death on Tower Hill—George Selwyn, no doubt, be-

tween the deals at cards, inwardly resolving to see that execution, after his ugly fashion of seldom missing such sights. You remember perhaps, by the way, an old story about Selwyn—whose love of the horrible was notorious—once sending to inquire after a noble friend who lay at the point of death? The return message was, "Give my compliments to Mr. Selwyn, and tell him I shall feel greatly obliged if he will wait on me to-morrow. If I am alive then, I shall be glad to see *him*; and if I am dead by that time, I know *he* will be glad to see *me*."

Writing August 5, 1746, Walpole says:—"Old Balmerino keeps up his spirits to the same pitch of gaiety. In the cell at Westminster he showed Lord Kilmarnock how he must lay his head; bid him not winch (*sic*) lest the stroke should cut his skull or his shoulders, and advised him to bite his lips. As they were to return, he begged they might have another bottle together, as they should never meet any more till—, and then pointed to his neck. At getting into the coach he said to the gaoler:—"Take care, or you will break my shins with this d—d axe," which was, you know, after condemnation carried with the edge towards the prisoners." Lord Kilmarnock's poverty doubtless had much to do with his rebellion. His mother forced him into it—so at least Walpole says—on pain of disinheriting him; and he was so wretchedly poor, that "in one of his wife's intercepted letters she tells him she has plagued their steward for a fortnight, and can get but three shillings."

On the 16th, we find Mr. Horace Walpole tripping along eastward "under the new heads" (*i.e.*, those of some lately decapitated Jacobites of minor rank) "at Temple Bar, where people make a trade of letting spying glasses at a half-penny a look." Meanwhile, he goes jauntily on to the Tower, and there sees other rebels, not yet turned into "new heads," looking out of their windows. One of poor old Balmerino's windows was stopped up, because he talked to the people outside; and another was left open, and that looked directly on to the scaffold where his grey head was soon to roll.

Then our dandy man about town—for he at one time of his life played that *rôle*—rattles away briskly, with a sneer at my Lady Townshend's absurd affectation in "gushing"—as we young men of this period call it—about Lord Kilmarnock, "whom she never saw but at the bar of his trial, and was smitten with his falling shoulders." She has been under his windows, sends messages to him, has got his

dog and his snuff-box, has taken lodgings out of town for to-morrow and Monday night, forswears conversing with the "bloody English, and has taken a French master." And so on—with more of this heartless half-laughter in which no doubt scores of well-bred gentlemen joined—at a time when this land was red with blood, and "Charlie is my darling" was something more to brave Jacobite hearts than the stirring tune is now to drawing-room warblers.

We suppose in those days coronets—like the proverbial kissing—went by favour; for we turn over a page or two and come to this pithy little announcement, which speaks volumes for the shameless corruption of George the Second's time:—"I suppose we shall have more lords. The countess" (probably one of German George's Hanoverian light o' loves is here intended) "touched twelve thousand for Sir Jacob Bouverie's coronet." This Sir Jacob Bouverie was an ancestor of the present Earl of Radnor.

It was in the year 1753, that irregular marriages without license or banns in the Fleet Prison and other places were finally stopped by a special Act of Parliament. Walpole tells us a characteristic story about a "marriage-broker" of that day—one Keith. "So," said Keith, "the bishops—they will hinder my marrying. Well, let 'em, but I'll be revenged: I'll buy two or three acres of ground, and I'll under-bury 'em all." The evil, which the legislature at last abolished, must have attained gigantic proportions, when it is a matter of history, that in the Fleet, between the 19th of October, 1704, and February 12, 1705, there were celebrated 2,954 marriages of the above kind.

### THE MATCH-SELLER.

"**MATCHES!** Lucifer matches! Who'll buy my matches?" cried a piercing voice, as I was one morning crossing the principal street of Padua; and this voice, strange to say, awoke a vague recollection in my mind. I looked round quickly to see from whom the sound proceeded, but the person who uttered it was hidden from my view by a crowd which had gathered before the palace of the Count L—. It was in the year 1849, and thinking that some arrest (an event then unfortunately but too common) was taking place, I was turning hastily away, when again that cry struck my ear, "Matches! Lucifer matches!"

Count L—, won't you buy my matches?" As I was in uniform, I opened a passage through the crowd without much difficulty, and perceived the Count L— supporting in his arms his daughter, who had fainted—from what cause I was at the moment unable to determine.

"Matches! Lucifer matches! Buy my matches," repeated the match-seller, who stood at some little distance. The Count raised his head, and cast around him a look in which hatred and fury were equally blended. He recognised me, and leaving Mademoiselle L— to the care of the attendants, who at that moment appeared at the door of the palace, he approached me, saying, in accents which trembled with the rage with which he was agitated:—

"Lieutenant M—, I beg you will cause that match-seller to be immediately arrested; I denounce him as a most dangerous person."

"Pardon me, Count L—, I cannot—"

"Your duty obliges you," interrupted he, without giving me time to finish. "I shall hold you responsible for his safe custody. In half-an-hour I will be with you to explain my reasons, and to prove to you that he is a traitor and conspirator."

I was going to reply, but the Count turned abruptly away, as if to avoid further discussion, and entered his palace.

"Lucifer matches! Buy my matches, Count L—!" again cried the individual who had just been denounced to me.

"Lucifer matches! Buy my matches!" echoed the crowd, with loud laughter.

I advanced towards the originator of all this noise, and was about to seize him by the arm, to conduct him to the guard-house, as a disturber of the public tranquillity, when he turned his head, and, to my great astonishment, I recognised in him my school-fellow, Georges L—, the younger brother of Count L—. The recognition was mutual; but I hesitated a moment whether I ought to claim acquaintance with so doubtful a character. At last I exclaimed—

"You here, in Padua, Georges?"

"Only the last few days," he replied, in a troubled and undecided voice.

"And what are you doing here?"

"You can see; I sell matches."

"But the Carnival is over. Why, then, this masquerade?"

"It is no masquerade," he answered, quietly; "had I wished to disguise myself, I could have done so much more effectually."

As we were still surrounded by the crowd, I

asked him to accompany me to my house, which was not far distant.

"Is it an order, or an invitation? No matter," he added, suddenly, "I am ready to follow you either as guest or prisoner." On arriving at my rooms, I placed a bottle of wine on the table, and filling two glasses, I begged him to explain his present extraordinary position.

"In other words, you desire to hear my history," said he.

"Yes, for to all appearance it is not an everyday one."

"God forbid that it should be," he replied; "however, you shall hear it, and I only wish that I could publish it throughout the world."

His features became fixed and rigid; for some time he appeared lost in dark and painful recollections, but suddenly passing his hand over his eyes, as if to dispel some frightful dream, he addressed me in a firm, though bitter and sarcastic voice:—

"You know enough of my early life to be aware that my brother and I were never united in that bond of fraternal love of which people talk so much; as children we never agreed, and as young men the wide difference of our political opinions rendered us almost enemies. My brother, for reasons of his own, dissembled his hatred to the Austrian government, and wore the mask of a good and loyal subject. When I discovered what were his secret sentiments, being unwilling to denounce him, I quitted his roof and ceased to trouble myself with him or his family. Would to God he had followed the same line of conduct towards me!—it would have been better for us all."

He stopped, as if overwhelmed by the bitter thoughts which crowded to his mind, but after a pause, recovered himself and proceeded:—

"I obtained an appointment in the War Office, and for some time the current of my life was calm and peaceful. Then came a brief period of supreme happiness. I loved, deeply and truly, and I was beloved. In a few short months Rosina was to be mine. I only waited to celebrate our nuptials, until my majority should give me the right of doing so, without the consent of my brother, who strongly opposed my intended marriage, and would have forced me to contract an alliance with the rich and noble family of B—, hoping thus to augment his own power and influence. One evening, on going to pay my accustomed visit to Rosina, I found with her a certain Broglio, one of my brother's creatures. Agitated and alarmed, Rosina threw herself into my arms, and besought me with tears to save her from the insults of Broglio. Furious with rage, I rushed upon the

miscreant, who was leaving the room as quietly as possible, and forced him down the stairs with so much violence that he fell, and sustained some severe bruises. A few weeks after this incident, I received a letter from him, returning, with fulsome and exaggerated thanks, a bank-note for a hundred florins, which I had lent him some time before. This loan had quite escaped my memory, and, unfortunately, I had not made it out of my own purse. When Broglio had called at my office to ask me for the money, of which he had instant need, I had not so much of my own with me, but I did not hesitate to take it from the cash intrusted to my care, intending to replace it early the next morning—nothing was more easy; but on receiving Broglio's letter, it struck me that I had never repaid the money. To seize the necessary sum, to rush to the office, was my first thought, but it was already too late; the administration, warned by an anonymous letter that my accounts were not in order, had caused them to be verified an hour before. I was arrested, tried, and condemned to six years' solitary confinement. The only grace that was accorded me, was the permission to bid adieu to Rosina, who, nearly mad with grief and indignation, could only swear an eternal fidelity. It is useless to describe to you my sufferings during those six long years. At last I was free! My first impulse was to see Rosina. I hurried to her abode—all was silent and deserted. I demanded her new address.

"'Tomb Number 5, in the catacombs of the cemetery,' was the answer.

"I did not even tremble at this terrible news. Rosina was dead, and I thanked Heaven for it. Had she lived to partake my sad destiny, I felt I should only have condemned her to a slower and more cruel death. I went tranquilly to the churchyard; I passed two days and nights kneeling before her tomb; the third day I returned to the city. I went to see my friends, but I had forgotten that though the law accords pardon to the criminal who has expiated his fault, society is not so merciful, and I was everywhere received as a thief. I presented myself at my brother's, only to be shown the door by his lackeys. This did not astonish me; I foresaw what reception awaited me, and my visit was only made as a matter of etiquette. I should have been sorry to deprive him of such an opportunity of manifesting his brotherly love. Obligated to work for my daily bread, I obtained the necessary authority to sell matches in the streets. I installed myself before the palace of my brother, and every time that he or any of his family appeared in the



street, I hastened to offer them my matches. His wife and daughter were soon afraid to show themselves ; but the Count, whose breast never knew either shame or pity, continued day after day to support this outrage with a front of steel. The people whom these scenes amused were soon interested in me, and, when my relationship with the Count became known, delighted in hooting and insulting him ; and to this expression of public feeling my brother appeared more sensible. He then tried to have me driven away by the police. This plan not succeeding, he sent to propose to me the most brilliant offers if I would consent to quit Padua ; but my new position suited me ; I held to my post and sold my matches. Broglio, who inhabits the palace of the Count, was so afraid of meeting me, that, as long as I was before it, he never dared leave the house.

"I have now related my history ! What think you of the scene you witnessed this morning ?"

Too much moved to reply, I could only murmur, "Poor Georges !" I was still considering in what terms I could console him, and induce him to renounce his plan of revenge, when there was a knock at the door, and the Count entered. On perceiving his brother, he started back. I rose and went forward to meet him, hoping to seize a moment in which to reconcile the two brothers ; but the furious glance with which the Count regarded us soon convinced me that my efforts would be vain.

Georges, who remained quietly seated, asked his brother if he desired to purchase some matches. The latter, without replying, turned to me and said hastily, "The miserable man who sits there is guilty of treason ; he has arms concealed in his house, and he distributes them secretly in the city."

"Ah !" cried Georges, "you know where I live ?" The Count was silent. This question seemed to embarrass him greatly. I repeated it, and begged him to name the abode of his brother.

"It is only to-day that I have discovered his guilty intentions, by an anonymous letter which does not give me his address ; but I shall soon know it ; I have ordered my people to find it out, and to bring it me here," said he at length.

"Truly," replied Georges, "your plan is well conceived, Count L—— ! So you have given the arms to your creatures, and when they have deposited them in my chamber, they will hasten here, and announce the success of your project."

"It is a pity," continued Georges, "that you should have taken so much trouble—nothing would have been easier than to ask me my address. However, I will give it you—at least, my summer residence, for it is only in winter I inhabit the town : I sleep every night at the foot of Tomb Number 5, in the cemetery."

The Count turned pale as death, and grasped at the back of a chair for support, but recovering himself, said hastily—

"I see plainly I can make no impression here, I shall carry my complaint elsewhere," and he strode towards the door. I interposed, saying—

"Excuse me Count L——, my duty obliges me to arrest you."

"Arrest me !" cried he, insolently.

"Yes," I replied ; "I am convinced you are the only traitor here."

The Count retreated towards the window, but finding there was no escape in that quarter, he turned upon me, and a violent struggle ensued. At last, with the aid of my domestic, he was secured, Georges remaining motionless, as if unwilling to aid in the capture of his brother. I invited him to make my house his home, but, in reply, he only demanded abruptly if he had been the means of denouncing his brother. I assured him that the Count had betrayed himself. The end proved that my suspicions were well founded ; in his palace was found an immense number of arms of all kinds, and his papers disclosed the existence of a conspiracy with most extensive ramifications. Broglio and three others of his class were arrested ; and, with the Count, were tried, found guilty, and shot within twenty-four hours afterwards.

Georges continued to live with me, but he had undergone a great change ; he would remain for hours without speaking, and I began to fear that his reason was affected. About a week after the execution of his brother, on returning home one evening, I found him suffering the most terrible pain. Notwithstanding his agony he uttered no complaint, no sigh escaped him. Just before his death he exclaimed "Pardon, pardon, O God !" and with the name of Rosina on his lips, he expired.

Long years have passed since then. As far as I could understand from the few words he let fall, he looked upon himself as the murderer of his brother, and unable to endure this terrible idea, the unhappy man had steeped the ends of his matches in red wine, and drank off the poisoned draught. Peace to his soul.

## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A Story. By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY, AGATHA, &c.

## CHAPTER I.

IN a far-away corner of a West of England county, almost beyond the ken of the Post-master-General, and where the whistle of a railway engine has never yet been heard, nestled, at the date of my story, a little village of perhaps a dozen houses, each with its patch of pasture, its modest orchard of good old lichen-covered trees, and its few acres or roods of productive land, methodically parcelled out with miscellaneous crops. Like energetic settlers in a new country, the honest denizens of this out-of-the-way nook were wonderfully independent, and wofully ignorant of the world beyond. The horizon bounded everything to them as far as earth was concerned; and though the periodical descent amongst them of the tax-gatherer served to remind them that they lived under a paternal government, and enjoyed the privilege of paying for it, still, beyond the satisfaction to be extracted from this knowledge, the sturdy yeomen might have lived at Tristan d'Acunha, Timbuctoo, or any other solitary spot, for all the concern they felt in any but their domestic politics of sowing and planting and gathering in. Contented in their crass ignorance of all the arts of faction and money-making, they allowed themselves to be left behind in the wonderful fever called "Progress," working all their days in primitive husbandry, and descending to their nameless graves with a grateful sense of the goodness of Providence to them at all seasons and under all circumstances, thankful that they had so long had strength to till the land and to eat the sweet fruits of their humble toil. You see, these poor benighted folk were dreadfully behind the age, but somehow they didn't know it. 'Ics and 'isms and 'osms and 'ologies were as unheard of by them as Sanscrit; but it was comforting to see that they lived their laborious days and made flesh, and hadn't a headache in the village, or a pale face, or a morsel of envy or selfish ambition amongst them. They hadn't even a constable, or the stocks, or a pound. Had never heard of paving-rates, or sewers-rates, or police-rates, or gas-rates. The parson took his tithes, and welcome, and instead of questioning the inscrutable justice with which his Reverence helped himself, many a spring duck, or young porker, or bundle of "grass," or keg of cider, found its way into

his gig, when he chanced to visit the outlying members of his flock.

Little need had our villagers to forage abroad for the necessaries of life; field and farm-yard, dairy, barn, and bake-house, amply supplied their modest wants; but now and then a butcher from the neighbouring town would pay them a welcome visit, and a stranger, passing on such occasions, would be rarely puzzled on beholding a cart standing in the road, decorated inside and out with every variety of joint hooked all over it with wonderful ingenuity, just as itinerant basket-makers and pottery-dealers are wont to exhibit their wares. This was the butcher's shop for the nonce, and the worthy flesher would give a hail at each homestead in turn, cutting, weighing, and delivering there and then such joints as the housewife ventured to indulge in, selling for cash down, or compounding for such delicacies of the dairy or other produce as would assure him a handsome return for his beef and mutton.

Lest some enterprising speculator, reading these pages, should determine to take a theodolite and a surveyor to "open up" this interesting spot, or incontinently organize a company to carry a railroad thither, I shall at once stultify all such heartless projects by re-naming the place. The sin shall not lie at my door if its beautiful slopes are ever levelled, its ancient woods and orchards desecrated, its fertile soil and green pastures gashed about and rent asunder with gaping cuttings, or barred across with monstrous mounds and viaducts. The central object in the village is, of course, the church—a Norman structure, with walls a good yard thick, built of flints taken from the chalk hills, and entirely enveloped from base to parapet in immemorial ivy. Ivy, too, is the characteristic decoration of every house, out-house, barn, shed, and pigsty. Bright ivy is shot like a woof along all the hedges. Green ivy fringes the roads; adorns the by-ways; sends feelers through gaps in palings; trails about all the copses; disputes neglected spots with briar and thistle; winds about stakes; gets incorporated with bricks and mortar; entangles itself inextricably with every shrub; takes possession of oak and elm; creeps up the sign-post of the village hostelry; thrusts itself inquisitively into all the windows; looks down all the chimneys and up all the gratings. Never was a place so completely and comfortably clad as was this village, with the bright unfading plant. I shall, therefore, name the place IVYGREEN.

## CHAPTER II.

AT the moment my story commences, Ivygreen would strike a traveller as the most inanimate abiding place under the sun. Not a soul was to be seen in the street (the cart-road through the houses and round the church was by a pardonable euphemism called a "street"); blanchd linen lay on the green hedges as if it grew there; lazy hogs rolled half-hidden in the road-drift as if they were planted there; and the only visible movement was among the poultry, which held undisputed possession of the gardens, and strutted about as if they had title-deeds in their nests, and might do what they pleased with the soil and the crops. A recruiting serjeant would have fled from the place in despair; a painter would have spent a lifetime in it, making endless studies of "interiors" and "bits," "pceps" and "nooks;" a Gray or a Goldsmith might have found ample materials for another "elegy"; a photographer would have gone distracted with the beautiful but impracticable green in every direction. And look at the houses in this Arcadia—gates, doors, and windows are wide open (wholesome proof enough that fresh air is appreciated, and evil-doers and pilferers unknown); while an old cart-horse, common property in his vigorous days, enjoys an unlimited superannuation now, and wanders about without let or hindrance, cropping dainty herbage where he lists, then hangs his head over everybody's gateway in turn, as if he wanted to gossip with old acquaintances, and finally looks along the road, and time upon time pricks up his ears as if awaiting some familiar friend who must come that way.

The slanting light of the setting sun had gilded the old church turret ere the little hamlet was enlivened by the return of its inhabitants. For it was mid-harvest, and the whole community had shared the labours of the field. Hence the absolute desertion of the houses during the day. Both sexes and all ages took fair shares of the work befalling their humble lot; and only at the evening meal would you see so much as a shaft of blue smoke curling up from the cottage roofs, giving evidence of their being tenanted; and only at that hour would you be at all able to form an idea of the population of the village; and then, indeed, the reckoning might be quickly made.

As I have said, the centre object of the place was the old church, around which the cottages clustered, each dutifully facing the venerable structure.

Behind the church stood the principal farmstead, called the Links, with its quaint out-buildings and orderly strawyard, tenanted by a modest complement of domestic animals. As the dewy twilight stole over the landscape, bringing with it a delicious breeze that bathed everything in its cool waves, the glimmer of a lighted fire and the pleasant cracking of a well-dried log indicated that supper was preparing at the Links; and the comely form of a village maiden appearing repeatedly in the doorway, and anxiously looking up the road, proved sufficiently that somebody was awaited. As the old church clock, strikingly independent in its horological ideas and habits, chimed something which meant eight, Mary, Farmer Dalton's only child and only companion (for he was a widower), ran across the garden, and, leaning over the gate, listened attentively for the sound of approaching wheels. It was market-day at Brookside, the adjacent town, and those good people of Ivygreen who had produce to sell, resorted thither and set up their stall in the middle of the main street. Mary's father being known and respected there, his wares found ready customers, and he was invariably home before dusk. Her keen eyes traversed the long, straight, white road; and though the crimson sunset had faded to grey, and the grey was fast merging into dun night, she could easily descry each approaching person and vehicle; but her father as yet made no appearance. She recognised Radford's cart, drawn by the blind old mare, which had a peculiar monomania for running into the off-side hedge. Then Mrs. Holmes might be easily identified by that pre-historic emerald silk cloak, which, in its day, had enthrall'd her paternal ancestry, and, handed down from mother to child, had, in the present generation, captivated Holmes, and was still the standing wonder of Ivygreen, and on market-days made Mrs. Holmes the cynosure of all eyes. Indeed, the almost-envious Ivygreenites secretly ascribed the unvarying success of Mrs. Holmes' stall to the magnetic attractions of the emerald cloak. Behind her Mary descried Polly Pattipan, creeping laboriously along the road under the burden of her unsold cates. Polly was the schoolmistress of the village, and in the intervals of study manufactured cakes and sweetmeats with a success quite equal to her address in tuition, as her pupils could testify from daily experience of her resources in both arts. The appetizing array spread in the window of the apartment which served at once for shop and school-

room, stimulated their zeal wonderfully, for the shrewd scholars found that the acquisition of knowledge invariably led to the acquisition of buns—that good writing meant gingerbread, and a neat “sampler” gave assured access to toffy and jumbles. Poor Polly Pattipan, with all her virtues, had no emerald cloak wherewith to attract customers, and she toiled along with her unsold delicacies. Then came Tidmass’s waggon, returning empty, and therefore merrily. Of course Tidmass did the correct thing (and the natural thing, for Polly was comely enough), and picked up poor Polly Pattipan, and took off his coat for her to sit upon, and purchased half her dainties. Other neighbours dotted the road here and there, but still Mary’s father gave no sign.

Returning, somewhat saddened and anxious, to the cottage, she busied herself in giving the finishing touches to her preparations. The tea-tray was placed daintily in the best parlour; a log was soon burning upon the hearth, for the nights were growing chilly; and even the hitherto proscribed pipe was brought in and laid on the table. Mary exhausted all her arts in displaying the sacred contents of the room to the best advantage, for that carefully-guarded penetrale was only invaded on red-letter days.

The pleasing task of making ready for the beloved expected one having been done, and thrice done, the maiden again repaired to the gate. It was now quite dark, and as she reached it, Towzer, bounded out from behind a shrub and barked furiously. Then Mary observed with surprise an old man with a heavy beard leaning over the gate and gazing directly at the house. The unusual phenomenon of a strange face in a little village, where everybody knew everybody like the members of one family, and the business and movements of each individual were common property, naturally startled Mary, and she was close to the man before he noticed her approach. He was evidently greatly embarrassed, and hesitated between retreating and advancing. Mary was in the same dilemma, when the man, humbly bending, asked for alms. Mary thought such a demand very unreasonable at harvest-time, when labour and wages were to be had for the asking; but then she remembered that labour was not to the taste of tramps, and her first impulse was to give the old mendicant a good rating and order him off. But she caught the man’s eye, and there was an expression in it that troubled her. It seemed to her at first that there was menace in it; then that there

was anguish; and no woman can withstand a man’s sufferings. Believing, therefore, in his distress, and commiserating it, Mary’s hand glided mechanically into her pocket. There was, however, but small choice there, the contents comprising a lucky sixpence of Queen Anne’s reign, and a cramp-bone. She was loth to part with the coin, for it had belonged to her mother, who averred it was a talisman and would bring the possessor luck and happiness; but she could not well offer him the cramp-bone, whether he were subject to that infirmity or not. Mary’s hesitation was but momentary: she frankly and freely gave him the sixpence. The man eagerly took the gift; and, muttering some inarticulate thanks, withdrew. Hurriedly rounding the church, he was soon lost to sight.

This incident, trifling as it appears, greatly disturbed the mind of the farmer’s daughter, already uneasy as she was at her father’s tardiness. The evening was sufficiently light for Mary to note that the man was attired in the usual costume of the peasantry, but it appeared to her that he had not the gait or manners of a rustic; instead of the heavy slouching movements of a field-labourer, he had the light, active foot of a dweller in towns, his age notwithstanding; but the circumstance was dismissed from Mary’s thoughts after a little conning, and she again peered through the gloom up the road.

### CHAPTER III.

PRESENTLY Mary’s quick ear detected the sounds of the approaching cart. She knew the unalterable pace of the old pony, and recognised the clank of his loose shoe; and running out she received her father with her accustomed welcome.

“Why, father dear, what has kept ye so late?” she exclaimed, as she assisted him to alight. “’Tis almost bed-time; there’s hardly another soul about in the village! Has business detained ye?”

“Yes, business—business,” replied Dalton, abstractedly, after a pause; and he stood musing, instead of caressing the pony as was his wont, and patting Towzer, who bounded to greet him.

“Then, if ’tis business, I’ll forgive ye. I half feared some accident had happened to ye,” responded Mary, gaily. “There—there, dear, go in and rest; I see you are sadly tired. Leave Harry to attend to the pony. I’ll take your basket in, and the whip. Your supper is laid in the best parlour, and a fire lighted to

cheer ye—think of that! and you're going to be allowed to smoke your pipe there for once. There, dear, go in; I will be with you in one minute,"—and Mary tenderly embraced her father.

Mechanically obeying his daughter's injunctions, the farmer entered the house; and when in a few minutes Mary joined him, she found him sitting in the chair placed for him; but his supper remained untouched, and his pipe unlit.

"Naughty father, to wait for me!" remonstrated Mary, as she poured out the beer and handed it to him. "Why, how jaded and sick you look, dear! and how your hand shakes! What ails ye?"

"The heat, child, the heat."

"Ah, no doubt it has been hot enough up town to-day; and you always did dislike walking about the streets, the stones tire your feet so. Here, dear father, taste this—it will refresh you;" and she again handed him the glass, but he took no heed of her attentions, and presently sighed heavily.

"Dear, dear father!" she exclaimed, anxiously scanning his face, "tell me, are you ill?"

"Yes, Mary, I feel ill."

"Oh, I knew you were, for you never looked like this before. I'll tell Harry to mount the pony, and gallop back to Brookside for the doctor."

"It's no use, Mary."

"No use?"

"Not any: the doctor can't heal my trouble."

"Nay, dear father, I believe he can; a draught or so, and a night's rest——"

"Useless, child, useless."

"Why, 'tis only the weather. Don't you mind how Giles was taken in the field last summer?"

"Not with my complaint, Mary. I ain't ill in the body."

"How then, father?"

The farmer made no reply, but presently, by way of explanation, turned his pockets inside out.

"Robbed!" exclaimed Mary, greatly relieved, for she had been grievously distressed. "You've been robbed. Well, well, dear, do not let it make you unhappy. Better than sickness. Besides, it couldn't amount to much, and we won't be long making it good again. You must be more careful o' market-days in future: there are a-many rogues about."

The farmer sighed heavily; and Mary judged

from that the case was something more serious than she at first surmised.

"How much have ye lost, dear?"

"To-morrow, child, I'll tell ye all about it, but I haven't the courage now. Go to thy bed, dear."

"Nay, nay, not till I know the worst that has chanced to ye."

"If it hurt no one but me," he muttered to himself, "it wouldn't have mattered—I could have borne it. Besides, I'm old, and could have held on somehow to the end of the chapter; but——"

Mary hung over his chair, and caressed him tenderly.

"But—my child, too! that is dreadful to think on. She will never be able to bear up again it!"

"Why, father, dearest," interposed Mary, as these incoherent words were uttered, "I can bear anything except this secrecy of yours. Speak! oh, tell me the worst!"

The farmer remained mute, disregarding Mary's earnest question; while she, at length perceiving that the announcement he had to make needed more resolution than he could command, awaited his utterance in silence, endeavouring to soothe his anguish with dutiful affection.

The interval was employed by her in the most painful surmises. Her father had only divulged the bare fact of his having lost something by the rather indefinite but sufficiently expressive action of inverting his breeches-pockets. This, of course, left Mary a wide field for speculation, and her active mind swiftly contemplated every possible contingency, until in a moment, with a thrill of pain and indignation, it brought itself to bear upon—the tramp. He had waylaid and robbed her beloved father! He, the man—the monster—whom she had befriended, the idle vagrant who preferred begging to working, had, it was clear to Mary, played the felon as well as the beggar, and ill-used the dear old man!

Mary could endure the suspense no longer; so, seizing her father's hand, she said, "I suspect—I know—I am sure I know—what has happened, dear!"

"What has happened?" said the old man; "aye, aye! Who told you?"

"I know, father, I know!" exclaimed Mary, eagerly: "the stranger man who was here awhile since."

"Nay, child, thou canst not know."

"You have been robbed by a tramp?" said Mary.

"I have seen no tramp," replied the farmer.

## A JOURNEY DUE SOUTH.

FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE MURRAY.

## PART I.

"Offer accepted. Will give three guineas and a-half weekly. Fortnight's notice on either side to terminate engagement. Start within the hour, if possible, as we've no one to bring out Saturday's issue."

SUCH was the wording of a telegram, which, borne by a blue-uniformed, well-mounted lad, was, one bright summer's afternoon, left at my apartments in Gipps Street, Surrey Hill, Sydney, within half an hour of its quitting the telegraph-office of the Federal city of Albury.

This telegram was no less than a proffered retainer to proceed to Albury and edit the *Banner*, the leading weekly paper there. This was the result of my writing to various newspaper proprietors in the colony, eighty-four in all, soliciting employment. As this was the most liberal offer I had yet received, I determined upon accepting it. In return, I despatched the very pithy telegram—"All right! I'm off!" and forthwith prepared for the journey.

At this time I had not the slightest idea of where Albury was situated. I did not even know whether it was in the colony of New South Wales, or in Victoria, or whether to get to it I should have to travel north, south, east, or west. A guide-book was soon obtained, and, on consulting it, I ascertained that Albury was a city on the river Murray, with a population of 3,500 souls; that it was 372 miles distant from Sydney, and 205 from Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, from which colony it was separated by the before-mentioned river; and that, to get there, I must proceed by railway to Mittagong, a distance of 72 miles; and thence, by Cobb's coach to my ultimate destination.

I at once dashed off to Cobb's coach-office, in Pitt Street, to pick up still more information—particularly as to fares. To my intense surprise, I learnt that the journey would be one of about fifty-five hours' duration, and that the cheapest fare by rail and coach would be 14*l*.! Even then, I could only carry twenty-six pounds of luggage, and any excess would be charged for at the rate of half-a-crown per pound.

It struck me that ninepence per mile was a "tall" fare for coaching, and that it would be

a very light wardrobe that would weigh only twenty-six pounds; but, as it was too late to retreat, I cabbed it home again, hastily packed my smallest carpet-bag, left the remainder of my luggage under the protection of my landlady, to be forwarded on by carrier's van, paid cabby an extra half-crown for driving at full gallop to the railway-station, got there just in time to jump into the five o'clock down mail train; and the next moment—a whistle, a grunt, and we were off!

I had never travelled in a train since quitting England, and many old familiar recollections were stirred up, as, with a shriek and a roar, we dashed under bridges and through short tunnels, whizzing past the picturesque suburbs of the good city of Sydney, until straggling streets changed into scattered villas and detached cottages, and at length most of the signs of civilization ceased altogether.

I had now begun to contemplate, with a degree of pleasure, the journey I was commencing. I had heard and read much of the beauty of the Australian bush; and being an ardent admirer of nature, I looked forward to a rich treat; for surely, I thought, a 372 miles' journey, through the very heart of Australia, must afford a tolerably fair specimen of her numerous animal and vegetable products. I looked forward to seeing herds of kangaroos and wild horses, to frequent encounters with bands of natives, and with long-legged emus; and expected to find the ground carpeted with wild flowers, the air filled with birds of gorgeous plumage, while tempting banana, orange, quince, and loquat trees would border the road, silently inviting the traveller to indulge.

Whether all these visions were realised the reader will in time duly learn.

Seventy-two miles by rail is ordinarily accomplished by an English express train in about an hour and a-half; but New-South-Welshmen are a somewhat slow race; and, although ours was the night mail, it took a good three hours to convey us to Mittagong. The journey was rather an interesting one, though when Sydney and its suburbs were left behind, and Home-bush with its racecourse, and the pretty little station-house at Parramatta Junction, with its rose-trees and honeysuckle, the character of the scenery changed. Good-bye, now, to trim villa, to tasty cottage, to snug roadside inn, with the occasional glitter, in the distance, of a red or yellow omnibus, too seedy for city duty, but considered quite good enough to convey country people to and from the neighbouring villages.

Good-bye, also, to well-kept market gardens and trimly-planted orange orchards, where the dark glossy leaves and the rich yellow fruit gleam in the golden haze of the setting sun. The scene is changed—we are already fifteen miles from the metropolis, and now nothing is left to contemplate but the rapidly darkening sky and the grim lonely bush on either side, relieved, occasionally, by the glimpse of a winding stream, a bark hut, or a brief open space, and in its centre the one-storied, square-walled, substantial home-station of the squatter.

The night grows darker; lonely railway stations, mere huts with tiny platforms in front, present themselves at rare intervals; but at most of them we do not even slacken speed, but dash madly past, the guard merely throwing out the mail bag, generally light enough, as we shoot by. At last, however, a greater glare of light than usual, the cry of "Mittagong! Mittagong!" and the sudden stopping of the train, apprise me that I am at the terminus of the Great Southern Line,\* and that my journey due south must now be continued by coach.

As I emerged from the train on to the rough uneven platform of the miserable wooden station, I caught a glimpse of a huge, scarlet, circus-band-carriage-looking vehicle, with six horses ready harnessed to it, and three immense lamps, forming the three points of a triangle, in front. To my surprise I learnt that *this* was the coach; and a rough, shabbily-dressed individual with a wide-brimmed felt hat on, which must have been at least thirty inches high in the crown, and who was smoking an execrable cigar, was pointed out to me as the coachman.

Having ten minutes still to wait, I "liquored up" with a pint of "shandy gaff," as the colonists term a compound of ale and ginger-beer. This done, I clambered up into the antediluvian-looking vehicle, dignified by the title of "Royal Mail." The other passengers crowded up after me, and then the driver mounted into his seat, seized his huge handful of reins, uncurled the lash of his whip, which must have been at least seventeen feet in length, and then with a crack like the report of a rifle, and a shriek somewhat resembling an Indian war-whoop, we were off, the lights of the railway soon lost to view in our rear.

On and on, still deeper into the darkness, until nothing could be seen but a stray star or two shining out from amid the clouds; occa-

sionally the looming shadow of some giant monarch of the forest, and then a few yards of the white road momentarily illumined by our flashing lamps. The faces of my travelling companions were totally invisible. I could distinguish a couple of men's voices in front of me, and the sonorous snoring of some one on the seat behind. I was also aware of the unpleasant fact that a female head rested on my shoulder, and a female hand clasped my waist, the possessor of which appurtenances smelt very strongly of bad brandy, and was, I instinctively felt sure, both old and ugly.

### LUDIBRIA LUNÆ

GRAVELY heralded, as it is, by words in the classic tongue, and preceded by a preface full of hard terms and complex definitions, we entered upon the perusal of *Ludibria Luna*\* with a certain amount of fear that it would prove very clever and very dull; nor were we greatly re-assured by a rumour which had reached us that the rights and wrongs of women formed the subject of its pages. Hey! Presto! How delightfully were we undeceived when we had read the first dozen stanzas; with what a sense of having passed through some bright realm of fairyland, of having been willingly bewitched by a sweet but harmless Circe-cup, we came to the last!

Let us not be terrified at the appearance of our first fellow-traveller to the moon—for so far are we bound to travel, if we follow our author—although the dew which the muses' bees have sucked from her lips has never been replenished, and although art has arched her crescent brows that rise over spectacles which, left and right, saddle a tremendous Roman nose! Nothing can be truly said against her, except that she is acquainted with all the sciences, and is a sworn foe to mortal marriages.

At the moment of our introduction to her she is holding a Woman's Rights' Convention. The ball-rooms are deserted; the tea-tables are silent; and to a flower-garden-like assembly of maids and matrons, she expounds a plan for escaping from the tyranny of man by emigrating to the moon—at this period in the possession of the old classic gods who have migrated thither after their expulsion from Olympus. The fresh spring weather laughs with

\* This journey was undertaken in the November of 1867. The line is now open as far as Goulburn.

\* *Ludibria Luna; or the Wars of the Women and the Gods. An Allegorical Burlesque.* By William John Courthope. Smith, Elder, & Co.

more sunlight at the sight of such a gathering of pretty women; the birds sing in a bluer sky; and the sea of gowns ebbs and flows as though in a virgin dance. We need not follow Miss Cornelia through her account of the wrongs of women. Suffice it, that she announces her possession of a Gothic Hall, to which she invites her auditors that they may study there and graduate in high degrees, whilst dark sciences are called upon for the production of moon-flying wings. Her disciples reply with shouts, and swear alliance against mankind; but the pretty Celia, scarce eighteen, queen of blondes, with eyes like sloes, objects, that if they have no men in the moon with them, they will have nothing to rule, and will have no police to defend them against the moon's hobgoblins and chimæras; and even delicately hints that in such a case the female race would probably die out as speedily as the male. Such trivial objections are easily overruled, and Cornelia's plan is adopted.

And now for the moon—that awful world where there is no hum of life; where no trade or war disturbs the eternal silence; where there is no wind, nor fire, nor snow, nor rain; and yet it is tenanted, not by the classic gods alone, but by man's every thought and deed, drawn up thither by some magnetical attraction. Thoughts being born of silence, when set free from man's brain, crave to find refuge in their own country, and at last seek it in the airless moon. Having arrived thither, they assume their thinker's form; and, like spectral marionettes, appear in endless succession before the ever-amused gods. It chanced that when Cornelia's thought flew upwards in its turn, the ex-rulers of Olympus had been bored by a succession of sadly respectable thoughts; and especially delighted were they, therefore, by the appearance of the blue-stockings' shadowy form. But while they were still laughing at the wig, which had been put away by its long journey, the celestial ichor grew cold in their hearts when they comprehended the full meaning of the thought which stood before them. Jove bitterly regrets that in so cold a world he can obtain no thunderbolts, and begs his fellow deities to say whether they are in favour of warfare or of flight. But Love laughs his fears to scorn, promises that the intending invaders shall find Love has still a bow, and arms for a desperate conflict. A star like a glowworm's lamp is set upon his brow; the garter, that hope of amorous thieves, is slung across his bosom; he wears blue stockings for his greaves, in the hope that the female dons may take him for a doctor of

divinity; and Minerva lends him a cap and gown, "the last memories of her academe."

The air and seas grow purple around him, and bright larks in troops escort him, on his way to Cornelia's lawn; and when arrived there, lulled by the sweet influences of spring, and one melodious bird, he falls asleep, regardless of rheumatic contingencies, on—

Earth's deep bosom fresh with showers.

The fair students are taking their evening ramble through the college grounds—most of them listening to Cornelia's peripatetic wisdom; but Celia wanders by herself, indulging in a sweet reverie, and suddenly comes upon the sleeping god. That she should instantly snatch him up in her arms is natural enough, but we do not believe that a real Celia would have instantly sped amongst her sisterhood to give them a sight of this new and strange plaything. Alas! the indiscretion of our poet's Celia brings sad woe and shame on the baby god, and after having been discovered and birched by the learned Cornelia, he flies back to the moon, like a wounded duck—the stars weeping down redoubled dew, but the bird of wisdom hooting after him a grimly satirical "tu-whoo!" And how he is chaffed by the celestials! One wants to know whether he has been reduced to his disastrous plight by a shower of bottles of perfume, and another inquires whether he has been engaged in a conflict with a Nemean kitten, or a Cerberus from the Island of Skye. But Love has an answer to these sarcasms in the shape of one of Cornelia's gloves, which she has bidden him convey to the Immortals as a gauntlet of defiance. The five tall steeples of the fingers strike them with awe; the dark gulf between the thumb and its neighbour inspires them with dread. Then Old Saturn arises and explains that the evil which threatens them is only the natural consequence of Jupiter's rebellion against himself and pretended zeal for abstract rights, and prophecies that the Thunderer himself will come to live a lazy loon on parish rates, or have to beg or dig. "Lo! this it is to be a Whig!" To all which Jupiter replies, that although he ousted his father from the throne by the aid of protestations that he would reign as a constitutional monarch, he never intended to bestow upon his subjects anything but the shadow of freedom, and was only driven to do so by the injudicious measures taken by his daughter Minerva. But Venus laughs at the idea that Minerva has had any real influence over men. She has certainly changed their manners, language, and dress;



but they still love, hope, hate, envy, and grieve, as of old; and the Cyprian queen undertakes to bring the blue-stockings to order.

With all the graceful impudence of fancy our poet now conveys us to a garret, in which lies asleep a youth who has long sighed for the fair Celia, but has given up all hope of securing her, since these are not the days in which a blooming bride can be won by deeds of chivalry or the minstrel's art, and the luckless fellow's only stock-in-trade consists of valour and the versifier's tricks. To him Venus, by the aid of Morpheus, sends a dream, which teaches him that the age of chivalry is not by any means dead; that no one is poor when there is a chance of adventure; and that if he will venture to seek Celia in her college retreat, the gods will be on his side. Inspired by this dream, Amadis starts up, and, having arrayed himself in woman's apparel, proceeds to Cornelia's College, which, it now appears, is no other than Christ Church, Oxford. Of course we are not so rude as to ask what has become of the males who were wont to occupy it. It is better not. We presume that their doom was a terrible one. Having been admitted, with some hesitation, he explains that Cornelia's fame, and his love of woman's weal, has led him to her Gothic Hall, and is admitted as a student.

It was June when Amadis arrived at the college, and the warm weather had rather destroyed its discipline.

Upon a day it came to pass,  
Moved by the summer and the sun,  
Cornelia on the soft green grass  
Sat with her maidens every one  
(So the decree of Venus was).  
Spite of herself her heart was won,  
For now old memories made her grieve  
For the warm earth she meant to leave.

Prudent still, however, the Queen Blue pursues her inquiries as to the best means of constructing wings which would enable her to fly to the moon—

But sometimes, pausing in suspense,  
She saw her maidens listless lying,  
And in their eyes the wondering sense  
Of Thought in worlds of Fancy dying,  
Or how some soul re-travelling thence,  
With conscious look to look replying,  
As travellers, met abroad, re-meet  
At home, with glances in the street.

Observing these strange portents, Sibylla, the prophetess of the establishment, declares that Love has bewitched one of their number, and that the guilty one should be discovered by the ordeal of the kiss. Amadis (Amaryllys

is his assumed collegiate name), as the latest comer and the most innocent, is chosen from the others, and the latter are commanded to kiss her in turn: Celia is the last, and as she rose from the embrace which she gave to the disguised youth—

So trembled she,  
With changing cheek, now red, now pale,  
Convicted by some power unknown  
Of crimes her conscience must disown,

that she was pronounced guilty and sentenced to pay a pair of eyebrows, a patch and paint-brush to the state; to learn the first three books of Euclid by heart, and to be "gated." And now 'twas night; and seldom has the slumbrous glory of a night in June been painted in such rich, soft tones, as in the stanzas describing the midnight visit which Amadis pays to his Celia. They resemble the language, of which the author himself speaks, which steals silently forth from the white jessamine. Little suspecting the real sex of Amadis, Celia persuades her midnight visitor to feign to court her as a man would do, and the desire, it need scarcely be said, is heartily complied with. But although Amadis, whilst making love, acts with all becoming modesty, his chignon comes off—

And, O sweet Celia! who can write  
What moved your bosom—girlish fear,  
Or fancy, or a girl's delight  
In frolic, dread of tongues severe,  
The tale, the silence and the night,  
And Love the blind and Love the seer?

Just at this moment, either opportunely or inopportunely, as the reader may be variously inclined to think, Cornelia arrives on the scene with all her disciples, and Amadis, thinking that things are looking serious, makes a discourse in favour of love and appeals to the gods. But the appeal only exasperates the Queen Blue to a greater pitch of fury; and, after having denounced them in a storm of unbridled wrath, she challenges the gods to descend by moonlight, on the morrow, to the middle air, where she and her disciples will meet them, and engage them in mortal combat.

Here we will pause and leave our readers to follow for themselves, as we trust they will, the fortunes of the tremendous Cornelia and the too susceptible Celia. We trust that they will do so, for they will find in *Ludibria Luna* something of the bold wit of *Hudibras*, of the interwoven tenderness and playfulness of *Don Juan*, and of the delicate fancy of the *Rape of the Lock*. The author, indeed, insists rather upon his little work being re-

garded as a successor to the dramas of Aristophanes, and speaks learnedly in his preface of the "Creatures of Paradox," and the "Mouth-pieces of Allegory;" but, without discussing these grave matters, we are content, on a first perusal, to congratulate the author on having succeeded in his endeavour "to catch from the past some faint echoes of its noble music, and to combine them into a modern melody."

### TABLE TALK.

OLD LONDON is rapidly passing away, and in a few years there will be none of it left. For the sake of the antiquarian public, would it not be well to preserve as much of it as now remains, by means of the photograph? Views of Middle Row, Holborn; Holborn Bars, before the building of the Viaduct; Long Lane, previous to the erection of the Metropolitan Meat Market; the Pillars in the Strand, as they existed in Picket Street before the clearance for the site of the New Law Courts; the quaint old houses that were pulled down to make approaches to High Holborn from the east; the poor ruinous huts that stood on the spot now occupied by Miss Burdett Coutts' new market in Shoreditch; Newgate Market, ere its destruction; Paternoster Row, in its dusty respectability; Smithfield, in its dirt and confusion on a market-day; the South Shore of the Thames as it looked a dozen years ago; Old Blackfriars Bridge, and Hungerford Bridge and Market—each and all would be very interesting now. But the places and buildings named have all changed within the memory of thousands of living men, and no records of them remain. Old London in 1869 might easily be photographed, and then our children would, perhaps, be enabled to realize the aspect of the streets which we daily perambulate for our business or pleasure. In a few years Temple Bar will be removed, the Elizabethan houses in Holborn will be replaced by modern trade-palaces; St. Giles's and Whitechapel will be improved off the face of the earth, and all London will be new, and clean—and unpicturesque.

OUR METROPOLITAN CHANGES will soon render misty some of the best things said by the poets. Now-a-days, few people understand half the allusions in Gay's *Trivia*, or Swift's *City Shower*. Presently, when the Thames Embankment is completed, we shall

lose the point of James Smith's (of the "Rejected Addresses") epigram:—

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,  
And ten dark coal barges are moor'd at its base;  
Fly, Honesty, fly! seek some safer retreat,  
For there's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

To this Sir George Rose is said to have replied:—

Why should Honesty fly to some safer retreat,  
From attorneys and barges, 'od rot 'em?  
For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,  
And the barges are *just* at the bottom!

OFFICIAL IGNORANCE sometimes peeps out in strange places. I lately saw a government advertisement in the *Times* for coal to be supplied to "the Island of Demerara in the West Indies;" the under-secretary, or clerk, who drew up the document being, evidently, unaware that Demerara (or more properly George Town) is on the mainland of British Guiana, South America.

VOLTAIRE—I think with much justice—referring to the founders of Switzerland's liberties, who, in 1307, rose against their Austrian oppressors, says, the difficulty of pronouncing the names of some of these noble Swiss "must very soon destroy their fame." Every school-boy knows the name and exploits of William Tell. But there are comparatively few of even grown men who remember aught of his three heroic comrades in revolt to whom Voltaire alluded. Their names were Valterfurst, Melchtal, and Stauffacher. Their fame lives, perchance, yet in far away Swiss hills and valleys, but to the rest of Europe it is as a dead letter. So much for the evil influence of crabbed names. Tristram Shandy was wise in his generation when he entreated fathers "not to Nicodemus their sons into nothing." What he would have thought of the marvellous appellations of the Japanese troupe of gymnasts who are now exhibiting in this country, it is easy to guess. These apparently boneless contortionists call themselves respectively—"Count Denkichii, the chief, Tjokichi, Yonekichi, Zumidangaroa Wamingaroo, Zundangawa Matzungoro, Mikichisan Masnagoro, Shintharo Matzuikikujiri, Swakichi Linzoa, Little All Right, Dickson, Shingeamatsu, Hanekichi, and Osunei." The ill-fated favourite of King Charles the First, the Earl of Strafford, once observed, that "there is a great latent force in mere names." The "latent force"

in, say for instance, Shintharo Matzuikikujiri, it would puzzle a profounder pundit than myself to discover.

VITRIOL mixed with alcohol for a summer beverage! Some thirsty bookmaker has lately given us a volume on drinks, but I'll lay a bottle of sulphuric acid he has not got this one in his compilation. Of course you don't take the liquor in its original purity and strength; you stir together one part by measure of the acid, and three parts by measure of the spirit, and put a small teaspoonful of the mixture into a tumbler of water, with a dash of fruit syrup to sweeten and flavour it. The German chemist who gives the recipe for this "mineral lemonade," as he calls it, says that it is good for the stomach, and does not increase the perspiration as do some of the drinks containing vegetable acids: it has a tonic action upon the vascular system. Continental *cafés* use the mixture in concocting their *liqueurs*, and the pharmacopeists have long known it as a form of sulphovinic acid.

NOTHING IS MORE COMMON than to make mistakes as to dates. Lately I heard a well-read man in a club say that Sir Hugh Myddelton died about eighty years ago; whereas, he brought the New River to London in 1620, only four years after the death of Shakespeare, with whom he was contemporary; and yet not one man in the company seemed to be aware of the fact.

EPIGRAMS live, while their authors are forgotten. Who wrote this?—

'Tis strange that kind Nature most wisely has planned  
That names should with callings agree;  
There's Twining the teaman who lives in the Strand,  
Would be wining (whining) for want of his T.

Or this?—

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, to bend the knotted oak,  
And tear up gooseberry bushes by the roots!

Or this?—

You ask me how I do; and answer you I won't;  
But a question I'll ask you—Now, tell me how  
you don't?

And yet I suppose we are all of us familiar with these, and scores of similarly, familiar rhymes.

IN AN ACCOUNT lately published in one of the papers of the closing of the Thames Tunnel, which has been taken for the East London Railway, passing reference was made to the earlier, and uncompleted, tunnel of Trevethick. Does any one know where that tunnel was situated, and whether anything was ever done to recover it after it was inundated?

TWO QUESTIONS have cropped up again: what has become of the money subscribed, in 1864, for the Shakespeare Memorial?—and what has been done about the Guild of Literature? for the benefit of which Lord Lytton wrote his *Not So Bad as We Seem*, in which many distinguished amateurs appeared at Devonshire House some years ago.

By the 5th Act of George IV., c. 63, it is, among many other things, enacted that "every person pretending to tell fortunes, or using any subtle craft, means, or device, by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive and impose upon" any British subject shall be liable to apprehension, and, on conviction, to be committed to prison, and there kept to hard labour for any time not exceeding three calendar months. I am not aware that this Act has been repealed. And yet, in the face of it, I find a fortune-teller publicly advertising her trade in a London daily paper as under—name and exact address only being here omitted:—

**YOUR FUTURE FORETOLD.**—Madame Blanque, from Fifth Avenue, Central Park, New York, will compute five years for 30 stamps. Four questions answered for 13 stamps. —Address, —, Dorking, Surrey.

Perhaps the Surrey police—never too slow to hunt wretched gipsy hags from pillar to post—might as well bestow, if practicable, a little attention on "Madame Blanque," who for some time has been "foretelling" the future; doubtless with not a little advantage to herself in the present.

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the *SISTER'S SECRET*.

### CHAPTER X.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

**H**AD my friend James Gregory been a stolid German or an impulsive Italian, and I could have only been successful in painting his peculiar way of speaking our language, I doubtless might have contrived to interest my readers in him at once. But, unfortunately for me, James Gregory was only an Englishman, very badly brought up, steeped to the eyes in the life of Bohemia, never having known the luxury of a mother's love, losing his father at an early age, and then being cast upon the tender mercies of the world, and that of some distant relations. From the time that he could recollect anything, art had been his only deep affection. No doubt he was what is often called nobody's enemy but his own: as, however, he never did an injury to man, woman, nor child, and on the contrary often did a great deal of good, it is impossible for me wholly to despise his character.

He had become by this time on the very best of terms with the landlady and Miss Morton; while to the astonishment of all, and the secret annoyance of Alice, he had induced Mr. Seabright to try a game of chess. Alice, whose love was a jealous love, showed her disapprobation of the other's intrusive ways, by simply avoiding any converse with the audacious artist, as well as by leaving the room at the earliest possible moment.

James Gregory was either very thick-skinned or very indifferent, for he took no notice whatever of her premeditated rudeness, and went on with the slow and uninteresting game just as if he had been engaged with a champion

player. Mr. Seabright proved that memory had not wholly departed, by making a series of the most ordinary stereotyped moves, which, James Gregory meeting half-way, so as to ensure a favourable result, the old man won. If Alice had only been there to have seen the ray of light in her father's eye—if she could but have heard his self-satisfied chuckle, and witnessed the warmth and glee with which he rubbed his thin and withered hands together—she might have thought the rough artist a better physician even than Doctor Golder.

On the morning after Alice received the letter requesting her to call upon Lady Alicia Welby, she went upstairs about eleven o'clock to dress. She had sat for some time talking with her aunt, as to what she was to say, what she was to ask—and, in fact, of the general arrangements she was to make. Both Mrs. Langley and Miss Morton gave her such advice as entered their heads—but which, as they knew little of the requirements of the lady, and less of her character and disposition, was necessarily very useless and circumscribed.

Alice was in consequence left very much to her own devices. Her accomplishments without being brilliant were varied, while her more solid knowledge was extensive. This, however, might not, in the position she was about to occupy, perhaps be any very great advantage. When after some solitary reflection in her own chamber, she came down ready to start, it was in a state of considerable nervousness and agitation.

It was her particular wish to conceal this state of mind from her aunt. She therefore entered the sitting-room as gaily as possible, to find herself in the presence of Mr. James Gregory, who was in the act of putting on his gloves with a great demonstration of importance. What he had been saying to Miss Morton it was impossible to tell—but anyway the maiden aunt was smiling, not as Alice hastily supposed, at his rather *outré* style of dress—a French white hat surmounting an English sea-side suit—but at some odd and droll remark he had been making.

"Here is my niece," she exclaimed, turning sharply round and speaking so as to check any outward demonstration against the stranger. "This, Alice, is the gentleman who was so kind as to amuse your father at chess last night—and really it is wonderful what good it has done him."

Alice, colouring slightly, bowed without speaking. What right had she to be angry and jealous, she thought, when perhaps in her absence such a friend might be wanted by her afflicted parent. She would gladly, however, have evaded any conversation—but this was not to be.

"Young lady," said James Gregory, whose round and rather homely face was rubicund with conflicting emotions, "I happen to have heard that you are going out. In Paris—where, though an Englishman born, I have been brought up and educated—it is not the custom for unmarried ladies to walk alone. One moment"—waving his hand to deprecate interruption: "I am already the friend of your father; your excellent aunt admits me to the honour of her acquaintance—and not only that, promises to sit for my first portrait. Under the circumstances, am I presuming, when I ask to have the honour of being your escort through the streets of this great city? I care not for your business—my time is my own—I will wait as long as you please—and, when you have finished your *promenade*, will guide your steps home."

What it had cost James Gregory to make that speech without a dozen French interpolations, nobody but himself ever knew. All that Alice could see in the matter was that he was honestly and terribly in earnest. She looked appealingly at her aunt, who was half inclined to laugh at her perplexity.

"I think Mr. Gregory very kind, my dear; and but that it is giving him a great deal of trouble, I should really feel more at ease to know that you have a guardian and escort," said Miss Morton, gaily.

Alice was inwardly annoyed. She felt quite able to take care of herself in the streets of London; in fact, it was part of her sad lot to have to undergo these little trials of temper and patience. It would, however, have appeared to the last degree ungracious to refuse an offer that was evidently so well-meant, and a few minutes later, Alice Seabright and James Gregory were on their way from far Islington to the West End.

Alice, who, under the grave current of her life-sorrow, had a deep sense of drollery and humour, could not help being amused at the

rather Quixotic politeness of her new friend, while he, sensitively anxious not to offend, or even to appear to presume upon her good nature, was proportionately terrified at having gained his point. Poor Gregory, who was a gentleman at heart, knew not how to act. A desultory course of life in Paris had scarcely prepared him for the society of the sweetest thing in nature—a good and true-hearted English girl.

Alice, who, with the delicate intuition of her sex, at once saw through his difficulties, and liked him all the better for his unexpected timidity, put him partially at his ease by quietly taking his arm and asking him which was the best way to the square to which she was directed. James Gregory, whose topographical knowledge of London was of the very slenderest character, hesitated, and offered to ask. Alice, rather enjoying his confusion, informed him that to a certain extent she could be his guide, and the journey commenced.

James, above all, wished to be chatty and communicative, to win her confidence, to sound the depths of her sorrow and regrets, to learn to what led to her stern determination to go out into the world, and face its difficulties and dangers, unaided. But he knew not how to commence without betraying the one secret of his life. Alice, however, who felt the absurdity of silence between two persons thus singularly brought together, at once began to talk about art, about his studies on the continent, and the general style of painting he practised.

James Gregory was at once not only at home, but agreeably so. Though not a man of keen or subtle genius—though not one of the most highly gifted of this earth—he loved his profession, and, above all, its professors. Being careful to paint the pleasant side of artistic existence, to tell of its more romantic and amusing details, of its high-souled men and women votaries, he at once enlisted the sympathies of his companion: conversing thus they reached Piccadilly, and soon found the desired square.

Alice would have liked James Gregory to have gone home now, but he declined, trying to insinuate that he had business not far off, and would not be very distant when her visit was ended. With these words he bowed, and left her at some distance from the house to which she was bound.

Until the anxious girl was ascending the steps of the mansion in Grosvenor Square, James Gregory watched her receding form, then with a deep sigh of heartfelt relief, the

faithful squire of dames took a pipe-case from his inner pocket and went to keep his appointment, which, as he had truly asserted, was at no great distance.

## CHAPTER XI.

### ALICE AND HER PUPILS.

**B**UT for the brief vision of wealth and beauty which had adorned her strangely chequered life for nearly twelve months, Alice might have been surprised at the splendour of the house in Grosvenor Square. Its grandeur met her on its very threshold, not only in the persons of the tall men in livery who stood in the hall, and were severely polite to the lady who came on foot, but in the presence of the statuary and pictures on the magnificent staircase. Not unaccustomed to wealth and its accessories, this London mansion struck Alice with something like awe; and ere she had reached the drawing-room, the poor girl found strange feelings of timidity stealing over her.

There was no time, however, for thoughtful preparation, as in a few moments the entrance to the apartment was reached, and the door opened by the richly-dressed domestic, who, taking her card, civilly announced the humble guest. Had Alice been a little more experienced in the world's ways, she might have felt less nervous; and the well-behaved and almost courteous domestic might have prepared her for a kind and well-bred mistress.

As Alice entered the room, a lady rose from a couch on which she had been seated reading. She was a handsome woman under forty, richly dressed, but looking rather homely than aristocratic. While pointing to a chair close to her couch, she keenly examined the candidate for the vacant situation, and at once read in her countenance talent, power, and beauty. Perhaps there was too much beauty; but in a governess this was of little consequence, as, generally, strangers look upon her merely as an upper servant.

Alice, who only knew that the agent had sent her the address, waited for the lady to speak first. After one or two insignificant questions, the lady asked her as to her accomplishments. Being evidently satisfied with the young girl's replies, she, in a hesitating kind of way, inquired how it was one so youthful and well brought up was compelled to seek employment as a governess. Briefly, but with the most rigid adherence to truth, Alice told

her story, to which Lady Alicia Welby listened with puzzled attention. When Alice had concluded her tale, Lady Alicia reflected a moment, and then said—

"Lionel Seabright's cousin!"—she seemed to be repeating a lesson—"why, he is, or rather was, quite the lion. His romantic appearance has almost taken society by storm. Of course, though, the subject is not a pleasant one. I think we shall agree together very well. You wished to reside with your father and aunt?"

"I should have preferred it."

"That is impossible; but, Miss Seabright, that need not interfere with our engagement. There is a carriage for the younger children; you can drive to Islington and see your relatives whenever you choose."

"Your ladyship is very kind," replied Alice, "and has removed my only difficulty. I could not live without seeing my father occasionally."

"Under the circumstances, references are, perhaps, unnecessary," said Lady Alicia. "Would you like to see your new pupils?"

"It would give me great pleasure."

The baronet's wife rang a bell close to her hand. An answer came from a side door, in the shape of a nurse—one of those solemn dames, in black silk and lace, who still hold sway in old families.

"Miss Seabright, the new governess, Roberts. Will you show her her rooms, and she wishes to see the children. Lunch will be ready when you return," she smilingly observed to Alice; "and then we can talk more of the future."

Roberts made some inaudible reply. As a rule, she did not like governesses, and their arrival always stirred up some acidity latent in her composition. She, however, knew her lady too well to make any outward and visible demonstration, and contented herself by leading the way in silence. Alice followed, still less inclined for conversation; but she glanced with curious interest about the house that might for some time to come be her real home.

The nursery was soon reached; and there she found three charming little girls. They were under ten years of age, and, as yet, would not certainly overtax the talents of their new governess. They were very pretty and very shy, but were soon won by Alice Seabright's soft, gentle manner. Even the nurse at last condescended to open her mouth in praise of the children, and presently afterwards conducted Alice to a large, airy, well-furnished apartment, in which everything gave indications of wealth and taste.

"I think you will be very comfortable, Miss Seabright," observed Roberts.

"With very little to do," replied Alice, with a smile. "The children want air and exercise rather than education."

"My lady thinks more of formation of character than book-learning," said Roberts, sententially. "But then there is Miss Grace, whom you have yet to see. She will occupy much of your time."

"The eldest daughter?"

"Yes; she is about seventeen—very sweet, very pretty, very clever, and complete mistress of this house. You have only to please her, and Sir George and Lady Welby will be satisfied," said Roberts, in the slow, formal manner that seemed habitual to her.

Alice made no reply. She did not exactly like discussing the character of her pupils with an old servant. She preferred judging for herself; and so, after some little further delay, went down to where the wealthy baronet's lady was awaiting her. As she approached the door, she heard voices, and became aware that her ladyship was not alone. She drew back.

"'Tis only Miss Welby," replied the nurse, with a smile.

And, opening the door, she ushered the governess, whose bonnet and shawl she had previously removed, into the apartment. The elder lady rose to greet her, and introduced her daughter Grace—a young, pale, but very beautiful girl, with a mass of richly curling golden hair, flowing naturally over her shoulders. Her eyes were of the blue and tender cast—without much meaning, Alice thought, as they were bent half curiously, half indifferently, on her.

"This is your new governess, companion, and, I trust, friend," said the baronet's wife, with marked emphasis. She had explained to her daughter that Miss Seabright was quite as well born as herself, and only reduced to her present occupation by accident of fortune. Grace, who was somewhat petulant and impulsive, had promised to treat her with kindness and consideration; and, as far as possible, in her way, she did so.

"Though I am rather too old to submit to much teaching," she said, in a soft fluty voice, "I daresay we may become very great friends."

"But you know how backward you are in music and French," urged Lady Welby.

A red spot, not at all a pleasant sign with Miss Grace Welby, appeared upon the centre of each of the young lady's cheeks. Alice instantly read their meaning, and hastened to interpose.

"I shall be most happy to study with Miss Welby," she said; "but with regard to French, I fear nothing will make up for a native professor. I read and understand the language, but am nervous as to pronunciation."

"We must have Monsieur Richard once a week," replied the good-natured mother, and then called attention to the lunch that awaited them.

Conversation soon became general; and Alice found that Grace, young as she was, had already drifted into a very extensive circle. Society was her delight. Already she had been presented at court; had visited the opera, and been bridesmaid at one or two weddings—the brides, she said, being no older than herself. Her little head was not quite turned, because there was concealed under her simplicity and *nonchalance* a fund of goodness and common sense for which Alice had by no means given her credit. On the whole, however, the governess liked her pupil and believed they should get on very well together.

At the wish of the mother the two retired to the music-room, and tried their skill on the pianoforte. The pupil's style of performance was showy and brilliant, while that of the teacher was powerful and correct, so that it seemed clear that the heiress would derive great benefit from companionship with the new governess. Fully satisfied, Lady Welby ratified the agreement. The subject of salary was settled, and arrangements made for Miss Seabright to come the next day, early.

Alice then retired, and in a side street, at a short distance from Grosvenor Square, found James Gregory waiting patiently. He appeared wholly oblivious of the fact that he had been waiting much more than an hour, and did not even ask the result of her visit. Alice, however, on the strength of his politeness, told him that she was engaged. He appeared to be greatly pleased at hearing this; and then he added hurriedly that he was sorry to lose her society, but, knowing her earnest wish for employment, could not but heartily congratulate her.

Alice, who was quite sufficiently a judge of character to know that he was sincere, could not forbear a smile. She then turned the conversation to some other subject, saying, however, very little, her mind being evidently pre-occupied. Suddenly she asked him if he knew where the Temple was. She had a visit to make, she said, which, if not made that day, must be adjourned for some time. James Gregory did know where the Temple was, and volunteered to guide and accompany her.

"You have shown yourself disposed to be my friend," she said, after they had proceeded some distance; "you can prove yourself so."

"I am only too proud," he cried, laying his broad hand upon his heart.

"Then you must keep a secret. I am about to visit a lawyer on very important business."

"I hope," he said, eagerly, "I am not to know anything about it. I am a bad hand at keeping secrets."

Alice laughed.

"You shall not be too heavily burthened," she continued; "all I wish is, that you should accompany me to the chambers of the gentleman I wish to see, and be silent on the point at home. It would, perhaps, be unwise to trust myself alone in a place I know nothing of."

James Gregory acquiesced in this view of things. He was perfectly willing to be her *preux chevalier*, but he had a frank and honest dislike to be mixed up in any secrets. He would have had some difficulty in keeping them, while he was singularly anxious to know the motive of all her movements. After one or two trifling mistakes, excusable in such novices in London, the Temple was reached, and the whereabouts of the chambers Alice wished to visit discovered.

## CHAPTER XII.

### MR. VERNON AT HOME.

**E**VEN to the regular dweller in London, to those who hurry through its precincts bent on business or pleasure, the Temple has an old-world look. It is so much more tranquil and still than any street or passage which is to be seen without, that it involuntarily excites respect for those who dwell within its walls. To the country girl and the Parisian student it was a novelty indeed, and while looking for the particular court to which they had been directed, they gazed about them with a mixture of surprise and admiration.

The small chambers occupied by the rising barrister were soon reached, and the question determined as to his presence. He was at home, said a staid-looking middle-aged man, a clerk, who inquired their business. James Gregory would very much liked to have known how to answer, but Alice spared him the trouble, by simply producing her card, and asking the clerk to take it in. He returned in a moment, and hurriedly bade them enter. Mr. Vernon, surrounded by parchments and law books, had been studying an important brief, but there were few things he would not

have put on one side for an interview with Alice Seabright. And yet he was not in love with her; she was simply to him the beau ideal of what a girl should be. It is a great mistake to think that young men cannot entertain a hearty and brotherly affection for a lovely member of the opposite sex.

"To what do I owe this pleasant surprise? We musty lawyers do sometimes receive strange clients—seldom—" he began.

"Pray stop before you begin with compliments," said Alice, gently, but firmly. "I come on business. This gentleman, a friend of my poor father's, was kind enough to escort me."

And she introduced the two by name—James Gregory rather nervous at bearding a lawyer in his private sanctum, while Vernon wondered where Miss Seabright had picked up such a curiosity. He, however, merely bowed, and offered them seats. Alice at once abruptly asked him if he had learned how her father had been deprived of Fairlawn Grange.

Vernon looked keenly at her. The law courts and the offices occupied by counsellors and others, were then, as now, haunted by women with imaginary or undeniable grievances, which they carried from one man to another, and when none could be found to take them up, cast themselves on the mercy of the court, and for years made interminable motions and attempts to get fresh trials. James Gregory no sooner heard her question, than he looked like a man caught in a trap; he made a motion as if to rise, coloured deeply, and then re-seating himself, tried to look as if nothing had startled him.

"I have heard of it," he said gravely, after a moment's reflection, "and thought it very hard. How does your worthy father bear it?"

"The discovery nearly killed him—will kill him. This Lionel Seabright has dealt him his death blow," she coldly answered.

"I hope not," said Vernon, not knowing what to say, while Gregory looked both frightened and ill-used.

"Have you time to listen to the particulars?" continued Alice, too absorbed in her own thoughts to notice the manner of either of her auditors.

"I am wholly at your service," said Vernon, evidently expecting some vehement tirade.

He was mistaken. Alice told her story, as far as she knew it, fairly and plainly; described the weight of the blow as it fell upon her father and herself, and concluded by explaining the course which she had taken.

"You have told a sad story marvellously



well," said Vernon, kindly. "In what can I assist you?"

"Mr. Vernon, I mistrust this secret heir, brought up in mystery and darkness: had he honestly possessed the rights which we have yielded up so easily, would he not have been educated openly in England?—would not this bitter disappointment have been spared us? Mr. Vernon, it is my conviction that there is in reality no such person as Lionel Seabright."

Vernon heard her with astonishment—James Gregory with horror. The lawyer had interested himself in the details of this singular discovery of an heir who had ousted Mr. Selwyn; but as the estate had been given up without a law suit, he naturally imagined that the proofs had been irresistible.

"My dear young lady," he said, in a hesitating kind of way, "your father has given up possession. Had he contested the rights of Lionel Seabright, while master of Fairlawn Grange, he might have kept him out for some time. Your father has yielded the whole question."

"Unfortunately, my father was in no fit state to form an opinion," urged Alice.

"But Mr. Spencer Sherrington was your adviser," continued Vernon; "he must have been satisfied."

"Then you cannot help me?" she said, rising.

"Miss Alice, I will do all that is in my power. I will obtain copies of every document in connection with the young heir, read them carefully through, and give you my unbiassed opinion."

Alice thanked him warmly, gave him her address, and apologising for having occupied so much of his time, went out, accompanied by James Gregory, who was overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment at the course she had taken. He was, however, not able to express a genuine opinion, and therefore, as they terminated their long and weary walk, changed the subject, and spoke wholly of indifferent things. Alice only answered in monosyllables. The interview with Vernon had cast her down lower than she even liked to own to herself. She knew his clear intellect, his great talents, and his sterling honesty. Having entered his office, highly hopeful and elated, his cool and business-like view of the matter greatly depressed her spirits. That nobody understood or sympathised with her, was Alice's decided opinion.

On reaching the house, James Gregory, who was very tired and hungry, leaving Alice to announce her pleasant news to her friend,

hastened away both to obtain refreshment and meet a friend who was waiting for him with anxious impatience. A cab soon took him to the desired hotel; and, ordering lunch as he passed through the hall, he ran quickly up to a pleasant suit of rooms, where Lionel Seabright awaited him.

Lionel was much changed since the day when he met Alice Seabright opposite the humble village post-office. Then he was first rejoicing at his great and unexpected elevation to the rank of an English country gentleman, tempered by a feeling of generous regret for those whom he had been the means of removing from a position which they occupied so innocently. Since, however, his meeting with Alice, his sentiments had altered considerably; and the deep interest he already felt in her probably had prepared him for something pleasing and agreeable: he found her, in his opinion, lovely and queen-like.

From that hour his thoughts were occupied with one idea—how to win his fair enemy. Any overt act of admiration, any plain, above-board attempt to serve her, he knew would be rejected with scorn. The lawyer had candidly avowed her great dislike to himself personally. His attack must be carried on secretly, and in the dark—his benefits must be wholly ignored by her—until some fair and honourable opportunity offered of unfolding his real sentiments.

"Well, what news, my dear fellow?" he cried, as James Gregory entered.

"Just let me sit down and collect my thoughts: I am tired, hungry, and bewildered. Don't ring, I have ordered lunch. In the first place, she has been accepted by Lady Welby, and is well pleased with her future home and pupils. She goes to her duties to-morrow at twelve."

"That, of course," exclaimed Lionel Seabright, rising and walking about the room: "nobody who once saw her could resist her loveliness and intellect. But why should she endure such drudgery? Am I not ready to shelter her from every wind that blows—to make her the sole mistress of all I possess—to give her an army of servants to forestall her every want, if it were desirable? You, cynical Bohemian as you are, may smile at my enthusiasm, or infatuation—whichever you like to call it—but I view with intense pain the idea of her being subject to the whims of even the best of mistresses."

"It is her own choice," growled James.

"It is. But never mind, I will win her yet, if I wait seven years, like the prophet of old. It is quite impossible she can always remain

blind to my sincerity and devotion," urged the impulsive young man.

"She is particularly blind to your merits just now," said Gregory; "she called you an impostor in very respectable company not two hours ago."

"How was that?" asked Lionel, seating himself.

"I cannot serve two masters. Miss Seabright was kind enough to make me her companion in a private visit to a lawyer, this morning. I was bound to keep the whole matter secret at home, but nothing was said about you," replied Gregory, with unusual gravity for him; and, without further preface, he told the young heir all that had passed at the lawyer's chambers.

Lionel listened with extreme sorrow and surprise. The realisation of his dream was as far off as ever—farther, indeed; and his inventive faculties failed to indicate any mode of changing this painful state of things. He was more persuaded than ever that any personal interference would only retard, if not utterly ruin, his hopes. As long as Alice believed him an interloper, and, therefore, the positive cause of her father's illness, she would retain her strong and rooted prejudice against him; while, in her present state of mind, even were he proved beyond all question and doubt the master of Fairlawn Grange, she would retain her dislike.

"James Gregory, you are a true and faithful friend. Tell me, in the first place, your real opinion of Miss Seabright—secondly, what you would do under the circumstances," said Lionel.

"My opinion of the young lady shall be brief and frank: she is an angel; a noble-hearted girl, but with a mind warped by circumstances, which, more or less, affect us all. Grief and disappointment have had a deadening effect upon her heart. If I were in your place, I should travel in search of oblivion and new faces. You are pursuing a shadow," continued Gregory, who jerked out his short sentences, while paying devoted attention to a luxurious lunch, at which Lionel did not even look.

"You praise her, and in the same breath advise me to give her up. No—yours is perhaps the voice of reason and common sense—but I have come to a great resolution. At all events, she shall not be resigned without a struggle. How soon would you call on Lady Welby?" he asked, suddenly relapsing from energy into timidity.

"Call on Lady Welby! You will frighten Miss Seabright away at once."

"Very likely I shall not see her," he answered, sadly: "at all events it will appear quite an accident. If she is offended, I can but retire."

"What a pity it is young men will be so infatuated. I believed the other day your great desire was to improve your estates, to better the condition of your labourers, to erect schools, to become, in fact, that 'wonderful bird'—a model landlord," laughed James.

"I did, and hope that my ideal of happiness may one day be realised. A man alone, however, can do nothing. Hem! Lady Welby goes out of town next week. Sir George will remain until Parliament rises. Perhaps in the country—their place is eleven miles from Fairlawn Grange—fortune may favour me. And now to speak of this lawyer: I shall call upon him."

"My good fellow, you will betray me. Miss Seabright will become my enemy," cried James.

"No; Mr. Vernon and I will doubtless be great friends. I shall not make any secret of my hopes and wishes. If he be a man of the world, or even a man of good feeling, he will appreciate both my motives and the great object I have in view. Surely, to wish to re-instate Alice Seabright as mistress of Fairlawn Grange, is not so great a crime but that it can be forgiven."

James Gregory thought it useless to contend with one who was so resolute in his intended course, and before they parted had agreed to obey him in all things, and to assist him as much as possible in befriending the Seabrights, without exciting any suspicion, especially on the part of Alice.

## KID-GLOVE LITERATURE.

### II.—SOME MORE DEAD CELEBRITIES.

IN our last paper, it may be remembered, we stated that it was not our intention, under the head of "Kid-Glove Literature," to do more than gossip about Horace Walpole and some of his contemporaries, with special reference to his correspondence with George Montagu. The many topics arising therefrom, however, could not well be compressed into the limited space of our first article, and seemed to us worthy of a second. We now return to our letter-writer, and to some of the dead celebrities whose sayings and doings he has preserved in the vinegar-like venom of his tart style.

The sort of life which Walpole led at Strawberry Hill—when not gossiping at Arthur's Club, or visiting the fashionable notabilities, to scandalise whom was one of his chief delights—may, in part, be gathered from a letter to George Montagu, in which our white-kid-glove author says:—"You bid me give some account of myself; I can in a very few words: I am quite alone; in the morning I view a new pond I am making for gold fish, and stick in a few shrubs or trees wherever I can find a space, which is very rare; in the evening I scribble a little. All this mixed with reading; that is, I can't say I read much, but I pick up a good deal of reading." Elsewhere, while affecting to undervalue authorship, he clearly lets us see, by his frequent allusions to the popularity his works obtained, how dear to his heart was the celebrity, to which he languidly alludes—or rather, should we not say, in sneering Walpole's case, to that muscle which is the great central organ of the blood's circulation?

Another literary man of a far, far higher calibre—"the great Mr. Congreve," as his contemporaries called the wittiest dramatist of his age—was guilty of a similar piece of snobbery in a more pronounced style. For this Voltaire administered to the famous author of "Love for Love," and "The Way of the World," &c., a deserved rebuke. Many readers, doubtless, will remember the story. Those who do not, may, perhaps, care to find it recorded in Dr. Johnson's biography of Congreve:—"He"—growls the manful old doctor—"treated the muses with ingratitude; for, having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and, when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered not as an author but a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied, that if Congreve had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him."

Horace Walpole, at the beginning of one letter, says, complacently enough, "By what I have writ, the world thinks I am not a fool;" and shortly afterwards remarks, *à la* Congreve, "There is nothing I hold so cheap as a learned man." Let that pass. Let us forgive him his petty affectation for the insight it gives us into poor human nature, just as we try to pardon his cynicism for the wit of it.

That fine gentlemen of his day could upon occasion be most insufferable snobs, you may gather from the little anecdote which he—as if blissfully unconscious of its brutality—tells Montagu. Walpole's *bête noir*, the Duke of

Newcastle, about April, 1759, was in very bad health, or, at any rate, as Horace chucklingly hints, was plainly growing old and breaking fast. "At a ball at Bedford House," writes Walpole, "George Selwyn, Brand, and I, went and stood near the Duke of Newcastle, and, in half-whispers, that he might hear, said, 'Lord! how he is broke! how old he looks!' Then I said, 'This room feels very cold: I believe there is never a fire in it. Well, I'll not stay here; this room has been washed to-day.' In short, I believe we made him take a double dose of Gascoigne's powder, when he went home." An exquisite pleasantry for three gentlemen to indulge in at the expense of the almost dying object of their unbridled personal and political dislike!

A little farther on he tells us a piece of his malicious mind about a man whose boots he was not fit to black—viz., the great and good Joseph Addison. That no one is now likely to believe such a disgraceful slander about Addison on the uncorroborated authority of a sneering dandy-author, such as Horace Walpole, is, one takes comfort in thinking, pretty certain.

"Dr. Young," says our letter-writer, "has published a new book, on purpose, he says himself, to have the opportunity of telling a story that he has known these forty years." This story was the famous one—which Addison's friend Tickell told the author of "Night Thoughts," by the way—how, when Addison lay dying, he sent for his dissolute stepson, the Earl of Warwick, and bade him "See how a Christian can die." That good man died in 1719. Surely from that time up to the date of this particular letter of Walpole's—1759—some of Addison's enemies would have been too glad, if there had been any foundation on which to build up the slander, to have told the world what Horace Walpole in cold blood wrote to Montagu, apropos of Dr. Young's story? "Unluckily he (Addison) died drunk. Nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin."

The manners of the ladies of *haut ton* receive several unfavourable illustrations in this voluminous correspondence. Of one of the two reigning beauties of that day—the Irish sisters Gunning, who, from a humble sphere, rose by little else than good looks, the one to be Duchess of Hamilton, and the other Lady Coventry—he tells us—and, from what one knows of the period, the phrase's inelegance was doubtless correctly rendered: "At a great supper t'other night at Lord Hertford's, if Lady Coventry was not the best humoured

creature in the world, I should have made her angry. She said in a very vulgar accent, if she drank any more, she should be 'muckibus.' 'Lud!'—said Lady Mary Coke—"what is that?" 'Oh! it's Irish for sentimental.'"

Poor pretty, if somewhat vulgar, Lady Coventry, her much-celebrated beauty was soon to fade out in a much-mourned death. Some of the greatest men of that day were proud to dangle in the train of one who came to London as a poor Irish adventuress, whose "face" and good temper were all her "fortune." And touching one of the small ones, the nephew and successor to the titles if not to the brains of the famous Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, statesman, philosopher, and quondam Secretary of State, Walpole cannot help dragging in a superfluous but very characteristic sneer. He says: "Lord Bolingbroke, on hearing the name of Lady Coventry at Newmarket, affected to burst into tears, and left the room—not to hide his crying, but his *not* crying."

On the 28th October, 1760, George the Second died, and Walpole writing to Montagu is facetious on the all-absorbing topic. If it were necessary, or if our space here allowed us, to select illustrations of the pitiful self-seeking and place-hunting, the paltry jealousies, and the cold heartlessness among the courtiers of the period, now that *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!* was their cry, it would be easy to find them in these letters.

A pretty little child of our acquaintance, whose pet kitten died somewhat shockingly the other day—though the two till then had been almost inseparable—looked with a smile on his defunct playfellow and simply said: "Ah! poor pussy's dead. Now let's bury her and get another poor 'tittle pussy." Human nature, with certain necessary modifications, is much the same after all, with courtiers as with children. And perhaps many a dead king has ere now occasioned no more sincerity of mourning than this child's dead kitten.

Apropos of the royal "burying," Walpole is' very explicit. But even over that solemn scene he cannot forego the pleasure of a laughable fling at his disliked Duke of Newcastle. Horace tells us how he, himself, as "a rag of quality," walked in the procession on the day of the king's funeral in Westminster Abbey. He describes with an art-critic's gusto the solemn spectacle of the line of mourners passing between Foot Guards, every seventh man with a torch, Horse Guards lining the outside, drums muffled, bells tolling, minute-guns booming, and all the costly para-

phernalia of an English public mourning, which was not sorrow, over a dead king, a very German in his heart. This was all very well. But better was to come, for Walpole's critical eye.

"The charm was the entrance to the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaro oscuro*. . . . When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased. No order was observed. People sat or stood where they would or could. The yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the bishop read sadly and blundered in the prayers." And so forth. And now for the dead king's son. "The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis (*sic*), and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. His leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke. . . . Placed over the mouth of the vault into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend—think how unpleasant a situation. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall—the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle. But in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there—spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and, turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble."

Of the gifted, once beautiful, eccentric, untidy Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, whom Pope many years before had loved, hated, and vilified—whose letters, published after her decease, have kept her memory still fresh, and who, after many romantic adventures during a long absence from England, had returned to her native land—Walpole gives us what we fear was a striking likeness rather than a mere splenetic caricature. She was by

that time (February, 1762)—she died in the same year—an old woman of some seventy years of age, we believe—very little like the Lady Mary on whose portrait, by Kneller, Pope had written so many pretty things, about

The playful smiles around the dimpled mouth,  
That happy air of majesty and truth,

and so forth. Pope, Addison, and the wits of her beauty's prime were in their graves; and in her old age she had the misfortune to sit involuntarily for her portrait to gossiping Mr. Horace Walpole. Pope had sneered at her neglect of her toilette before; and the sneer lives for the sake of the poet. But Pope had bitter reason for the change in his feelings; while Walpole could probably have pleaded nothing better than a love of cruelly correct character-sketching as an excuse for his ungallant paragraphs which follow.

After saying that she had arrived, and that he had seen her, he gives his impressions. "I think her avarice, her dirt, and her vivacity are all increased. Her dress, like her languages, is a galimatias of several countries; the ground-work, rags, and the embroidery, nastiness. She needs no cap, no handkerchief, no gown, no petticoat, no shoes. An old black-laced hood represents the first; the fur of a horseman's coat, which replaces the third, serves for the second; a dimity petticoat is deputy, and officiates for the fourth; and slippers act the part of the last."

You have probably by this time had enough of Mr. Horace Walpole and his graphic ill-nature. To have been his friend and his correspondent, after the manner of George Montagu—whose friendship, perhaps, endured so long because the two so seldom met—may have been a very pleasant thing in its way. But would you, reader, like to have had this man, with his coldly keen sense of the ridiculous—with all his refinement and social culture thrown in—for your friend of everyday life? Could any very close intimacy long have survived the crucial tests to which he would have put your every weakness and foible? Could you have trusted any tender little heart-history of yours with the man who said, "Oh! we are ridiculous animals, and if the angels have any fun in them, how we must divert them?" Polish he claimed and had. But it was the marble's polish, with its coldness. And when he died, at the age of seventy-nine, he probably left behind him none of the friends of his earlier manhood, and very few friends of his old age, who missed in him much more than a gossiping acquaintance, or a white-kid-glove *littérateur*.

## NATURAL WINES.

OUR present number will, we hope, find many amongst our readers, enjoying a delightful *al fresco* life, roaming, joyous and free from cares, "o'er hill and loch and glen," far away from the noise and dust of London; and wherever we reach them, whether bagging the grouse on Scottish moors, or preparing to pop at the partridges on Suffolk stubbles; whether ruralizing in quiet country spots, or settled in comfortable quarters at the sea-side, or—better still—cruising in fairy craft, around the coasts of our sea-girt isle, the question, "What shall we drink?" will be one of daily—nay hourly—occurrence: a few words from our pen, therefore, on the subject of wine-drinking cannot but be well-timed.

Some time ago, in common with several of our contemporaries, we called the attention of connoisseurs and wine-drinkers generally to the great merits of the Greek wines, and a further experience of them has only served to ratify the opinion we at first formed of their deserts, as wholesome and agreeable beverages, and to exalt them in our estimation at the expense of the wines of Spain and Portugal. Our own particular cellar is supplied with the three or four of the Greek wines which we think best of the thirteen or fourteen sorts offered for us to select from. Of the delicate, amontillado-like, St. Elie; the bright, golden, and charming Thera; and the light, dry, and grateful Santorin, we cannot speak in terms of too high eulogy. The very names of the Greek wines are appetizing, and suggestive of the scented breezes and sunny skies of the volcanic isles in which they are produced: and then, too, these wines are pure and cheap, as well as being delightful to the refined palate, and altogether infinitely preferable to the brandied and doctored Ports and Sherries of our fathers. We may, however, congratulate ourselves upon a considerable improvement in the national taste, in the matter of wine-drinking, during the past few years. An honest liking for the pure and natural products of the vine, is rapidly gaining ground amongst us—in fact we are returning to the old order of things. The taste for Portuguese and Spanish wines was, after all, only a political affair, though now a very venerable old habit, but not one bit more defensible on that account. The Scotch inn-keeper, who remarked that the only effect he noticed in the national change of religion, was, that "whilst the Catholics called for Claret, the Protestant ecclesiastics roared for toddy," was,

evidently, a man of good taste, and knew what gentlemen ought to drink, and, were he alive, would rejoice to see the appetite for toddy—in our wine, at all events—on the decline.

If our memory serve us, it was the late Lord Palmerston who used to tell a tale of his father, that when the wine was put on the table, he was wont to inform his guests that “as for the Claret and Champagne, they must be taken on the word of his wine-merchant, but the Port he *could* recommend, as he knew what that had in it, for he *always made it himself*,” and then, with a piquant admixture of gravity and gusto, detailed the ingredients to his hearers.

But we have done something towards changing all this, and now the epicure prefers the pure, homogeneous product of one wine district to the vile, brandied, and adulterated mixtures, impudently called wines, on which our grandfathers grew rubicund and gouty. The wines of Germany are justly held in high esteem, and the best of the Rhine wines are the perfection of fermented grape juice; their distinguishing characteristics are delicacy, lightness, and exquisite vinous flavour; and their influence on the system, when drunk in moderate quantities, is invigorating and beneficial, and of great efficacy in restoring tone to the mind and nerves suffering from overwork and exhaustion. Mr. Disraeli has done no more than justice to their merits in his humorous and highly amusing description of the “Feast of the Wines,” in his novel of *Vivian Grey*, where Vivian is received by the old porter of the Grand Duke with this welcome:—

A prayer to St. Peter, a prayer to St. Paul!  
A prayer to St. Jerome, a prayer to them all!  
A prayer to each one of the saintly stock,  
But devotion alone, devotion to Hock!

And in our opinion, the Greek wines we have named approach very nearly indeed to these highly valued Rhine wines—the St. Elie, or “Wine of Night,” being closely allied in flavour to a delicate mixture of Hock and Sherry, blended with the rarest art, and tasting upon the palate as one homogeneous whole. And this quality of homogeneity is an essential one in all pure unmixed wines, and is necessarily wanting in made wines, such as Port and Sherry. Port consists not only of grape-juice fermented, but of from twenty-eight to fifty-six pounds of colouring matter per pipe—elderberries being used for this purpose—and of from twenty to thirty gallons of brandy per pipe; this quantity of spirit being added to *fortify* it, as it is called. Sherry, on the other hand, is made in Spain by mixing together in

different proportions various wines, and by adding brandy to the mixture; whilst at Hamburg or Cete it appears that potato and other spirit is the basis of the wine exported in large quantities to England and America. Of course, it is superfluous to add that the quality of homogeneity is in vain sought for in these wines, whilst vinous flavour must necessarily likewise be absent. In fact, these mixtures are not wines; they are liqueurs, and very unwholesome ones too. They all, more or less, create a burning sensation when swallowed, which is never the case with pure wines. White Mont Hymet, another of the Greek wines, the price of which is only one and sixpence a bottle, in addition to its charming name, is a good sound white wine, with considerable body and genuine vinous flavour. The older sorts of these wines are distinguished by firmness, dryness, and cleanness upon the palate, possessing as well an agreeable bouquet and delicate flavour; they suit well with fish or white meats, and when mixed in spring water or Seltzer make a most refreshing and valuable beverage for thirsty people. Had Byron, with his romantic love of Greece, but tasted Hymet in his Seltzer, we should have had him recommending to us Hymet in the place of Hock in his celebrated couplet. The Thera is a first-rate wine, something like Madeira in colour and taste: it is dry and full of flavour, and has a high alcoholic strength. It costs only three shillings per bottle, and is a very much better wine than the Sherries sold at that price.

The Santorin is a red wine of high alcoholic strength, pleasing colour, and very agreeable taste; it is something between a dry Port and Burgundy, in fact, and costs only one and eightpence a bottle. The higher-priced sorts are, of course, older, and therefore better; indeed, all the Greek wines improve rapidly with keeping in the cellar; probably there is no cellar stock that will increase more rapidly in value. Age is the only quality that the wines we have mentioned lack, and this quality the lapse of time will give them. As an addition to the dinner-table they are more agreeable and more wholesome than alcoholized wines, and for allaying thirst, when taken diluted with water, they are eminently efficacious. They are, from their fulness of body and natural alcoholic strength, well adapted to English tastes, uniting, as they do, flavour, bouquet, body, and perfect freedom from unpleasant acidity. They are the unadulterated produce of the renowned patrimony of Dionysus—classic Greece. There, surely, the vine should grow in native perfection!

## WOOD NOTES.

A MID a world of wealth I dwell  
 That summer season at the Hall—  
 A world of wealth and rank—I felt  
 That I was lost among them all :  
 For there was Lady Margaret,  
 And Lady Blanche, and Lady Mary,  
 And Lord Fitz Howard Sarcenet,  
 The drawing-room's chief luminary ;  
 And Lady Jane with golden hair,  
 Who swept the ground with robes all rippling ;  
 And Philip Strong, the millionaire,  
 Who swept the office when a stripling ;  
 And that curled darling Archie Brown,  
 Right Honourable, and gay, and witty,  
 Who did the maddest things 'bout town,  
 And did some bills, too, in the city ;  
 A great M.P., whose words would flow  
 On taxes, highways, husbandry ;  
 A lawyer shrewd, sharp-sighted, though  
 He had the woosack in his eye ;  
 A noble duke, a judge of "hosses ;"  
 A sleek archdeacon and his wife ;  
 A count, whose breast showed all the crosses  
 That he had met with in his life ;  
 And Lady this and Lady t'other,  
 And lords and knights and men of rank—  
 There only was *one* younger brother,  
 And he was partner in a bank.  
 Poor I alone, amid the throng,  
 Could boast no title to my name,  
 Or fortune that will cure the wrong,  
 And gild it with a pleasant fame.  
 Mine was a solitary case,  
 I felt that I had left my groove—  
 My proper track—was out of place ;  
 Yes, out of place, but, ah ! in love !  
 For one face, fairer than the rest,  
 Had looked on me, and I was bound ;  
 One voice had spoken, and my breast  
 Had thrilled and fluttered at the sound :  
 Had thrilled and fluttered and was saddened  
 By after pangs of hopelessness  
 That tortured me till I was maddened ;  
 Such love as mine was sore distress.  
 For all things now but showed more plainly  
 How wide the difference of our 'states ;  
 And if I dreamed, I dreamed but vainly  
 Of strife 'gainst unpropitious fates.  
 The talk I heard, of costly pleasure,  
 Of luxury that knew no stint,  
 Troubled my morbid mind past measure,—  
 There was the ring of money in't !  
 So, when the master-sadness held me,  
 I crept away into the woods ;  
 Shunning the light words that repelled me,  
 And striving after happier moods.  
 Amid the solitary glades,  
 The fern-clad hollows by the trees,

The leafy nooks and chequered shades,  
 My spirits lightened and found ease.  
 The song of birds was sharp and cheery,  
 And gladdened all my woodland haunt ;  
 For, never flagging, never weary,  
 It carried no unconscious taunt  
 Of my unworth. And as I lay  
 My heart in foolish fancies steeping,  
 My waking visions stole away  
 And melted into dreamy sleeping.  
 The sun was down behind the trees  
 When I awoke from out my dreaming ;  
 The topmost boughs, swayed by the breeze,  
 Were shining in the light's last gleaming ;  
 And voices sounded in my ear,  
 Two voices—one I knew full well,  
 The voice that I best loved to hear.  
 So, lying in that dreamy spell  
 That follows slumber, I o'erheard—  
 No matter what the words might be,  
 But sweeter than the song of birds,  
 And filling me with ecstasy—  
 A soft confession simply spoken ;  
 And days of doubt were past and gone,  
 The spell of hopelessness was broken,  
 I knew the future would atone.  
 So, rising softly from my lair,  
 I crept away unto the stile  
 Where they must pass, and, standing there,  
 Awaited patiently a while.  
 I heard their footsteps as they came,  
 I saw white dresses through the green,  
 I saw the blushes mount like flame  
 Into their cheeks when I was seen,  
 And conscious glances interchanged  
 'Twixt her and her confessor kind,  
 Who, as we o'er the meadows ranged,  
 Still kindly let us walk behind.  
 The sweetest wood-notes ever heard  
 Were those that roused me in the grove—  
 Sweet notes that all my being stirred,  
 And gave me hope and life and love !  
 That night I thought—'tis strange to find  
 How people alter—that they all  
 Were wise and witty, free and kind,  
 Who were assembled at the Hall.

"FIDDLESTICK'S END."—In Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*—a queer title, by the way, was it not?—you will find : "Fiddlestick's end. Nothing: the ends of the ancient fiddlesticks ending in a point; hence used to express a thing terminating in nothing." Begging pardon of the worthy antiquarian, I cannot, however, for my own part help thinking this explanation is just a little far-fetched. How a thing—or an observation—which ends in a point can be properly said to terminate in nothing, I cannot clearly see. Can you ?

## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A Story. By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY, AGATHA, &c.

## CHAPTER IV.

"YOU remember," began Dalton, after a great mental struggle, and finding Mary resolute to learn at once the nature of his misfortune—"you remember that your dear mother—rest her soul!—always warned me not to put my hand to paper?"

"Yes, dear, go on."

"And I always promised her I never would."

"Yes, father."

"I forgot her warning, Mary, and went and did what she told me never to do without first telling her. Oh, I wish I had never learned writing!"

"And you signed something?" demanded Mary, with varying feelings of relief and alarm, "you only signed your name? Is that all?"

"Only that, Mary."

"Then, that doesn't seem very dreadful, dear," she argued, as she had anticipated some more palpable disaster than this seemed to involve.

"Ah, child, you don't understand these things," said the farmer, with the air of a well-seasoned man of the world.

"Did you understand these things before this morning, dear father?" archly retorted Mary, laughingly.

The farmer could hardly suppress a smile at her rejoinder. He could only reply with a grave shake of the head.

"What was this dreadful thing you signed your name to?" insisted his daughter. "Oh, do speak freely, father! Have you no faith in me? Am I not old enough and true enough to be trusted?"

This appeal was irresistible. Dalton could no longer parry Mary's questions.

"When I left home this morning, I thought I was a free man, and didn't owe a shilling in the world; and now I find myself beggared!"

"But how, oh, how can such a thing be?"

"Last Michaelmas I stood bond for Barnett for a hundred pounds. I didn't say a word about it to you, Mary; for I believed him when he said it was only a matter of form; and as ye have got all your poor dear mother's prudence, I knew it would worry ye, so I kept it to myself, and thought no more about it

than if I had never done it. Yesterday the money was due, and Barnett ran away from the mill. Grey declares he'll have the money, and has given me a week to pay it; and as I was standing at the stall this morning, a lad from the lawyer brought me a regular notice—what they call a writ—that if it isn't settled by next Wednesday he'll distrain."

"Distrain! What does that mean?"

"Why, seize and sell everything in the place, and perhaps send me to jail in the bargain."

"Oh, father, Grey won't do that. He'll wait."

"Not a day!—he vows he won't; and he's a hard, cruel man, and will sell me up as soon as say it. Besides, I asked him to wait."

"And he refused?"

"Yes, and swore that it was all a plot betwixt me and Barnett to wrong him, and that he wouldn't wait an hour beyond a week. So that, Mary, is my illness which the doctor at Brookside couldn't cure with all his drugs."

As he concluded, the old man brushed his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and turned his face away to conceal his emotion.

There was a pause; and the grief which such a cruel announcement might be expected to cause the daughter was felt in its acutest degree, but it found no visible expression. With the keen, good sense of her sex, she saw at once that the only way to sustain her father was by manifesting courage herself under the calamity.

"Perhaps Barnett will return," she suggested, catching at a possibility which had not apparently occurred to her father.

"No, he's clean gone, and off, they say, to Ireland. Besides, when Grey reminded him the other day that the bill would soon be due, he laughed and said, 'Oh, I shall leave Dalton to pay that.' 'And he *shall* pay it!' replied Grey with an oath, 'if it ruins him, for I owe him a turn for his hard dealings with—'" and the farmer paused.

"Go on, dear."

"'With my nephew, Reuben,'" said he; and the old man groaned as a painful reminiscence was thus revived. And Mary, too, heaved a sigh, for the one sad event of her past life, next to the death of her mother, proved to be involved in the grievous event of to-day. Moreover, she now felt the hopelessness of mercy from Grey, and the certainty of a rebuff should she appeal to him, as she at first contemplated doing.

The event thus painfully recalled was simply this:—Reuben Brice was the son of the miller



at Brookside, and he used often to meet the Daltons on market-days. Mary was fifteen, a sweet artless girl, and Reuben loved her, and wanted to marry her. Old Dalton and his wife were naturally averse to such a step at her age, and refused consent. They, moreover, ceased to bring her to Brookside on market-days as heretofore. Young Reuben, firm in his purpose, used to ride over to Ivygreen upon the best pretext he could invent, until Dalton at length forbade his visiting the house. This greatly incensed the enamoured youth, and he shook his fist at the farmer as he left. In less than an hour Dalton's rick was discovered to be on fire, and as all hands turned out to try to extinguish the flames, Reuben was observed deliberately walking away. His hand had done the cruel deed. At the next assizes he was placed in the dock, and the farmer appeared against him. The evidence, though circumstantial, was too strong to admit of a doubt, and judgment was pronounced against him. As he was led away, he shook his fist a second time at Dalton, and muttered, "*Reuben will have his revenge! Remember these words, old man!*"

Mary, with these reminiscences before her, felt that no consolation she could offer her father would be heeded now, and she sat silently by his side as he wept, trusting that tears would afford him some relief. When the paroxysm was over, she took his hand, and, kissing him, led him to his bed-room, bidding him try to forget his troubles until to-morrow.

Left alone, the maiden surrendered herself to the grief she had with a great effort until now controlled, and wept freely. "*Debt!*" and "*Ruin!*" In those unfamiliar words what a depth of wretchedness was expressed! The Daltons in debt!—they whose simple and proud boast it had always been that the good name for prudence and thriftiness which they had inherited from their fathers had with them suffered no tarnish! The Daltons ruined!—they who held the best farm, brewed the best malt, had the most respectable stall in the market at Brookside, to fall like this! So foolishly, so fatally! Ruined! As Mary pored and pondered over the strange dilemma, it grew in force and proportion until she felt fairly crushed by it. Her little world of sunshine and gaiety was all a chaos now. Feverishly she glanced around the room and lingered fondly over each of her little household gods. The meanest trifle at these times takes an infinite value in our eyes, and everything seems to have associations we never thought about before. Here stands the chair in which she

had been nursed: that must go. Yonder stands the dilapidated cuckoo-clock which all the talent of Ivygreen had tried in vain to re-adjust: that must go. And, ah! there hangs the portrait of her sainted mother, painted by an itinerant Morland for a stoup of cider: that, too, must go. Impossible! it cannot be; it shall not be! For no fault of his own, for nothing more blameable than a mistaken kindness to a supposed friend, this dire calamity must be borne! Stay! was there *no* fault to be repented of?—*no* wrong to be atoned for?—*Reuben!*—and as Mary again reviewed that ever-deplored episode, and the dreadful threat, she felt that there was a kind of retribution—though an unmerited one—in the event; and fairly overpowered at her impotence to avert it, the sorrowing maiden at length sought her own pillow and lay down to rest.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE erratic church clock, already mentioned, chimed ten, and after an interval of an hour and a quarter chimed nine, and in twenty minutes struck ten again (which rightly interpreted meant eleven), and each bell was counted by the wakeful maiden, whose heart was heavy with her father's distress, and her head busy with impracticable schemes for his relief. While alluding to the church clock, I may add here, in passing, that its vagaries disconcerted nobody in that little community; its nature had been so thoroughly studied, its strong points and its foibles so hugely discussed and pronounced upon, that to take exceptions to its abnormal performances would have been hardly less profane than irreverence to the church itself, or disrespect to the parson. True, anything like a reasonable approximation to the correct hour involved quite an arithmetical calculation which sorely taxed the abilities of some of the villagers, who had to bear in mind that on certain days it displayed certain phases of eccentricity. For instance, on Monday mornings it would positively run riot, or doggedly stand still, in consequence of the disturbing influence of Sunday upon it, arising from the energetic performances in the belfry of Solomon Tigg, —the one individual whose protean talents enabled him to fill the offices of ringer, sexton, clerk, constable (a sinecure post at Ivygreen), fiddler at the "Dog-and-Duck" (the reverse of a sinecure), blacksmith, postman, and factotum by common consent,—whose triple bob-majors on Sunday so disconcerted the inside of the venerable and sensitive

time-piece, that its diurnal confusion became worse confounded, until the kindly Tigg again climbed into the belfry, lubricated its distressed wheels, tenderly restored its balance, gave the pendulum a respectful kick, and set the wooden hands in harmony with the sundial affixed to the south face of the church.

The heaviest sorrows weigh comparatively light upon young and guileless hearts ; it has not with them that dead, dull ponderability which characterises the cares of the older and more world-tried. Sorrow mercifully descends upon them with downy wings ; and after the first thrill of anguish and the blessed relief of tears, nature usually brings them succour in deep sleep, and they awake to rebound under the pressure of yesterday. It was even so with Mary. She lay watching the stars through her lattice till the monotonous click of the old clock, and the souging of the autumn wind lulled her to sleep. And her sleep was dreamful. She was sitting on her little bench in the old church by her mother's side, and as they listened to the preacher's admonitions regarding the uncertainty of earthly things, she saw a figure as of a spirit approach and halt before them. In surprise and fear, Mary clung to her mother, but her mother gently disengaged herself and rose from her seat, saying, "I have a journey to go, my child, and we must part. Thy father needs all thy care now ; love and succour him as I should do but for the journey I have to take ;" and her mother, kissing Mary, followed the grim figure away and out of sight. With a start, Mary awoke—awoke to the consciousness that her mother was indeed gone the long journey from which there is no return, and that she alone remained to cheer and sustain her sire.

Much agitated by the train of thought this dream had induced, she lay wondering whether beneficent sleep had visited her father's pillow, until she determined to go to his room and satisfy her irrepressible anxiety. Her father's chamber, like her own, was on the ground floor, fronting the street—the upper rooms being used for stores and lumber. Hastily throwing a shawl over her shoulders, she was at his door in a moment, and as the old church clock struck twenty-three, which, calculated correctly, meant twelve, she noiselessly entered the room. She listened anxiously for his breathing, and no sound reaching her, she advanced to the bedside. To her great joy his troubles were forgotten in deep and healthful sleep.

Mary stood like a guardian angel by her father's pillow, lovingly noting the measured

respiration of the sleeper, and surrendering herself to flattering reveries of brighter days to come. Alas, as her fertile mind dwelt on each bright scheme, the hard, corrective scrutiny of common sense dispelled the illusive hopes one by one, until she owned with a sigh that, with all her good will, she was in this crisis powerless to help.

"Poor—poor, dear father," she meditated, in her simple way, "how weak is a woman's arm to aid at such a time : something more solid than sympathy is needed now ! Men are cold to those in adversity ; I know not where to turn for help, or whom to hope in ! No one, in fact, *can* help us but Grey, and Grey is pitiless. The good minister bade us in adversity to trust in Providence ; but what sounds natural and easy in a sermon is hard—very hard, when the real trial comes ! Poor, poor father, sleep on ! Thy rest is undisturbed : thy dreams should be sweet—sleep on, thy waking will be bitter enough !"

Presently a restlessness came over Dalton : there was a nervous twitching of the fingers, and the bright light of the harvest moon shed a dreadful pallor upon his agitated features. "He, too, is doomed to a troubled dream," said Mary, inwardly, and she was in the act of arousing him when, raising his hand like one awake, the sleeper cried—"Spare us, Reuben, spare us ! Thy vengeance falls on Mary too ! Go, go ; the rick burns still !—see !—thy hand—is—" and the paroxysm passed, and the farmer relapsed into a tranquil sleep as suddenly as he had been stirred from it.

Still stood Mary like a good spirit by the bedside, her hand pressed to her beating heart, and her lips blanched with the mental pain which her father's incoherent utterances caused, and which seemed to her to foreshadow some dread disaster. Reuben's name, spoken so vehemently, so ominously now, revived memories in her which had been hitherto sealed in silence by her strong will and sense of filial duty. Since that unhappy day when he met the award he had so fiercely and cruelly courted, never had Reuben's name passed her father's lips or her own ; and now it is recalled to her in connection with no auspicious event, no happy tidings, but associated with the most disastrous circumstances that had ever befallen their fortunes.

It was a trying hour for Mary, as she stood watching her father's slumbers, and listening to the broken words of anguish which escaped his lips.

## CHAPTER VI.

ALL was still again, except the church clock, which always made a point of ticking with peculiar vehemence at midnight, to the great aggravation of the clock in the passage at the Links, which grew emulous, and gave back two thuds for one, in its fiercest manner. But Mary felt a certain companionship in the clocks. Though every living thing in Ivygreen, except herself, was in all probability at that moment lost in sleep, the clocks, at all events, kept vigil with her! With a smile passing across her face at the novel thought, the maiden raised her eyes towards the church clock, which faced the house, when she was transfixed with terror. Full in the window she beheld the outline of a man's head; and, though a passing cloud obscured the moonlight, she could discern that he was peering into the room. The shifting breeze brought the invariable thud-thud from the church-tower with startling distinctness; and the man might have heard, not only the farm-house clock, but the heart of the farmer's child fiercely throbbing too. Raising himself by a slight effort (for, as I have said, the chamber was on the ground-floor), the man opened the lattice without noise—no difficult matter, for those unsophisticated villagers took few precautions against invasion—and, cautiously putting his head within it, he listened. A passing glimpse of moonlight discovered his features to the terror-stricken maiden, when she thought she recognised the strange man she had seen at the gate.

Having apparently satisfied himself that he was unobserved, and that the object of his quest was there, the daring intruder passed an arm through the casement, and extended it towards the table. Upon the table, and just within his reach, lay Farmer Dalton's hereditary watch, the wonder and admiration (next to Mrs. Holmes's green satin cloak) of all the Ivygreenites, and Mary at once divined that its possession was the fellow's object—that, after all, he was but a common thief. A thief in Ivygreen!—to tarnish the traditional honesty of the place—a thief in Ivygreen! Yielding instantly to her natural indignation, she sprang from the corner where she had been concealed, and seizing a stone bottle, which by chance stood within her grasp, she brought it with terrible effect upon the extended hand of the robber, shattering the bottle to fragments.

With a sharp cry of anguish the man dropped to the ground, and the farmer awoke, bewildered and confounded.

"Father, father, see!" she exclaimed; and Dalton staggered from his bed, and reached the window, as the injured man, writhing with pain, rose to his feet, and slowly reached the road; "see—do you know the villain?—have you ever seen him before?"

"Never, to my knowledge," replied the farmer, as he scrutinized the receding figure; "hast thou, child?"

"Yes, father, I believe I have. He is a beggar whom I was foolish enough to give alms to—a downright rogue, as I ought to have guessed, and this is his gratitude!—but, oh, to think I parted with my lucky sixpence!"

"You did, Mary?"—and Dalton looked at her with reproaching eyes—"then 'twas a sure sign that luck has really deserted us! But what's been the matter? Am I quite awake?—'tis all like a dream to me! What has the man been doing?—and you, my child, what brought ye here?"

"I was restless in my bed, dear father, and the night was so light that I rose, and thought I would come to see if ye were enjoying the sleep ye so greatly needed; and while I stood here for a few minutes, I saw the cruel thief open the window and actually try to steal your watch. How fortunate I was here, to protect you and punish him!"

"Ah! and the watch?"

"Is safe—see here, the dear old thing—I think I never prized it so highly!" And Mary extended her hand to take up the ponderous chronometer. "But what is this, father?—did you put it here?" And Mary took up a leathern bag, which was heavy.

"It feels like—money!" ejaculated Dalton, as he took the parcel from her hand and shook the contents, which had the ring of gold coin; "money! What trick is this thou art playing me, child?"

"Believe me, I know nothing whatever of it, dear father."

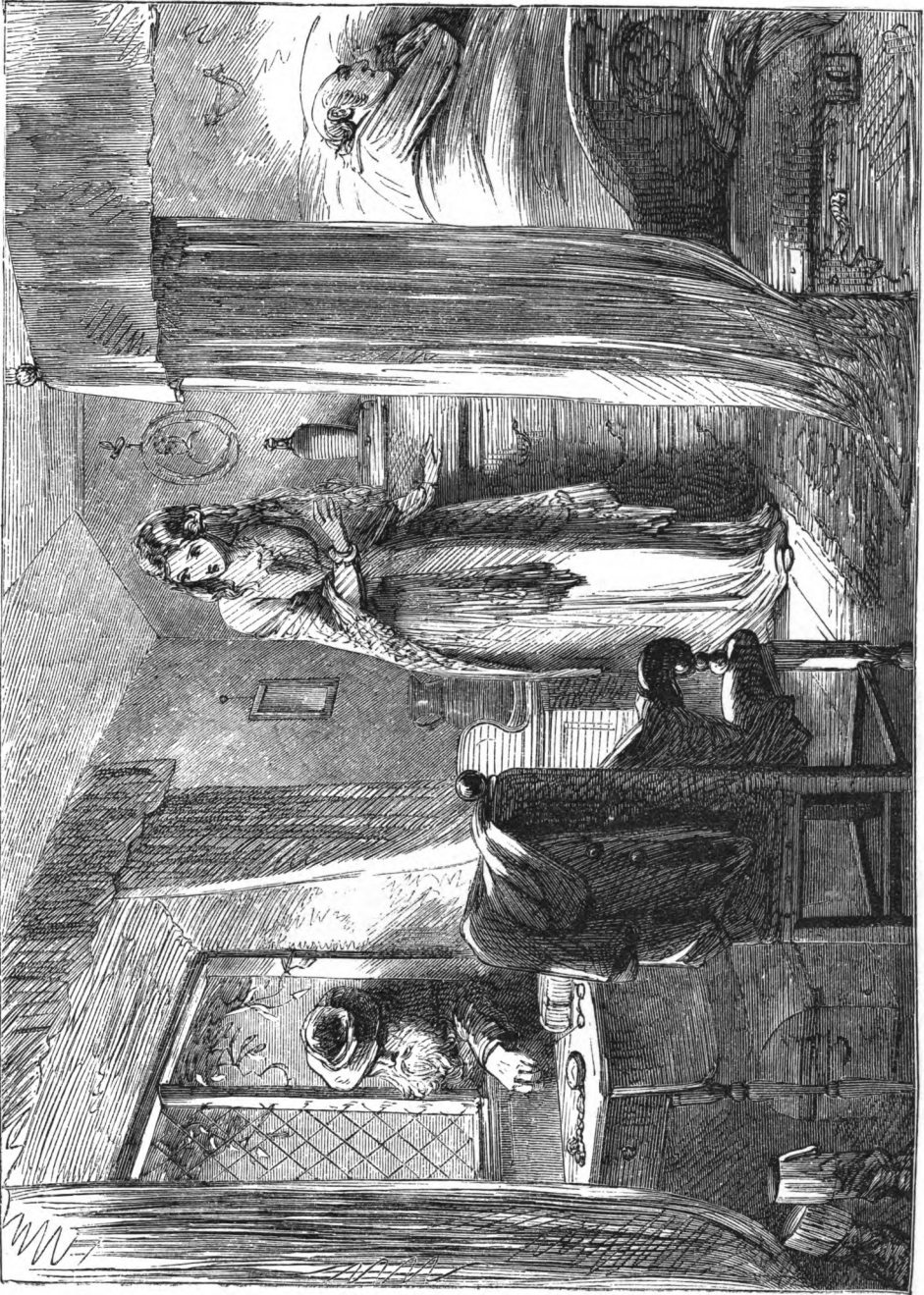
"Then what is it? Whose is it? Who laid it here? for I know nought of it."

"If it really was not you yourself," she answered, after a few moments' reflection, while the farmer, thoroughly dazed, kept tossing the bag in his hand, "it must have been the—thief?"

"The thief, Mary! These are not the actions of thieves! Open the bag, child; open it—it must surely be a hoax, or we be dreaming still!"

Mary drew the string and emptied a pile of gold on to the table.

"Gold!—a hundred bright guineas at the



[Sept. 1, 1869.]

THE TRAMP.—See page 82.

Once a Week.]



very least!"—and they both stood in mute amazement for some minutes, gazing incredulously at the glittering heap. Presently Mary's keen eye discerned a piece of paper doubled up in the midst of the coin, and she grasped it with a trembling hand. "A letter, father, I do believe! This, no doubt, will explain the mystery;" and she lighted a candle.

"Read it, child—quick, quick!"

And Mary read:—

"I chanced to be passing through the market-place to-day, and heard tell of your trouble. The people said nothing but a miracle could save you from ruin, because your creditor had a serious grievance against you, and had vowed not to spare you. I was struck with the cruelty of this man, and resolved to defeat him, and work the miracle. Who I am concerns no one. Take it as a gift; or, if not, as a loan, and if you see brighter days, and I live to ask for payment, you may repay me. Anxious to give it you to-night ere my humour changes, and to afford no clue, I have devised this means of placing you in possession of sufficient to set you straight. God prosper you, and farewell.

"THE WAYFARER WHO RECEIVED  
ALMS AT YOUR GATE."

Mary, thoroughly overcome by the perusal of the mysterious letter, sank into a chair, bursting into tears; and when her father had summoned sufficient presence of mind to search for his silver spectacles, and composure to put them on, he took up the letter to read it with his own eyes. It was blurred and stained. It had fallen into a clot of blood where the man's hand had been struck by Mary.

"What new torment is this?" cried Dalton, when he was again alone,—“what horror next? Such a day as I have had—and then, such a dream!—and now, such an awakening! O Rachel, Rachel, how glad am I thou didst not live to see this day! And, ah! yon gold troubles me more, much more, than even my debt: the debt I can face like an honest man, I understand *that*—’tis plain to me, and if it does ruin me, there’s not overmuch shame in it—only sorrow;—but yon gold I can’t look upon—scarce think upon, without a shudder. There’s some mischief lurking in yonder gold! I’ll none on’t!”

When Mary again sought her bed, it was only to exchange the painful reality of that night's event for the terrors of imagination. She was tormented with the wild, weird and grotesque forms assumed by the trees waving in the moonlight; and when at length she closed the shutters, a shaft of light through a chink depicted on the wall the outline of a maimed and bleeding hand.

## A JOURNEY DUE SOUTH.

FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE MURRAY.

### PART II.

THE weary hours passed slowly on, but I could not fall asleep for fear of falling out of the coach, to prevent which probable catastrophe there was no protection whatever. It was growing very chilly too, for a keen southerly wind was blowing, and the coach being an open one, there was no way of excluding it. The road was very rough, and being totally devoid of springs the vehicle struggled, bumped, and shook the very life out of us. "After a nine hours' drive—during which period the only signs of animation we beheld was when, at long intervals, we drew up at the door of some wooden shanty to change horses, wherein, while this operation was being performed, the coachman and guard invariably liquored-up and re-lighted their pipes—daylight dawned, and discovered us ascending a steep and apparently endless hill, up which we had already been toiling for hours. A vast but gloomy scene here presented itself. Far as the eye could reach spread the interminable forest of dark, blue-grey trees. Not a house, not a bark hut, not one single token of the existence of man could I perceive, and yet my eye must have swept around a circle of more than a hundred and fifty miles. No diversity of tinting relieved the monotony of this forest foliage; one grim, sombre hue, like a pall, was omnipresent, and even the long winding line of white road, visible for miles and miles both before and behind us, formed an interesting object in such a landscape.

I could now see who were my fellow-passengers, and my first glance was towards the female whose affection had been so overwhelming during the hours of darkness, and I found that she was even an uglier old hag than my very vivid fancy had depicted her. Fronting me was a portly parson and a young commercial traveller—at least I guessed them to be so from their appearance. On my seat, besides the interesting female party before referred to, sat a dapper young clerk, going up, as I subsequently learned, to a branch bank at Goulburn, and behind was the guard, a ragged, dissipated-looking fellow, and two other men also belonging to the coach, less reputable-looking even than the guard, who seemed to fill the rôle of "general utility."

Our six horses were all covered with foam and sweat, but were working well to the collar, and by the time the sun had fully risen above the

horizon the summit of the long hill was gained, and the whole character of the view suddenly changed. We now beheld a vast table-land, bounded in the distance by undulating hills, rising in some few places to the dignity of mountains, and all of them, as is usually the case in Australia, wooded to their very summits; not with dense impervious forest, but with trees each one some few yards apart from its neighbour, thus presenting a park-like appearance, as though the undergrowth and smaller trees had been cleared away by the hand of man. The champaign country below us consisted of a broad expanse of wood and plain—the former as sombre in its general aspect as ever, the latter consisting of immense straw-coloured flats, dotted with sheep and cattle, with comfortable stations here and there, and now and then the bark hut of a shepherd or the wattle-and-dab shanty of a Free-selector.

One town alone was visible amid the wild landscape, and that lay about a mile before us. It was Goulburn, the capital of the county of the same name, and a cathedral city of both the Anglican and Catholic communities. In less than ten minutes we were rattling through its streets, and presently drew up before the door of its principal hotel.

“Half an hour for breakfast!” shouted the coachman, as he dismounted and threw the reins to an attendant. We huddled into the door pell-mell, and upstairs into a large dining room, where in a few minutes a table was laid with a repast of tough beef-steaks, over-cooked ham and eggs, and thick muddy coffee, for which the charge was half-a-crown per head. We had scarcely discussed this meal, when “Coach is ready: come, make haste there!” resounded through the hotel; and, on descending to the street, we found, that in place of the glittering circus-band-carriage, a much more modest turn out, resembling a photographer’s van, with four horses harnessed thereto, was waiting for us.

Away we went once more at a breakneck pace, and in five minutes Goulburn was left behind, and we were again dashing through the open bush.

This city, the third largest in New South Wales, did not impress me favourably. Its two cathedrals are both tolerably fine edifices, as also is the convent of St. Vincent de Paul; but all colonial towns are hideous in their incompleteness. Goulburn is no exception to the general rule. The streets are wretched, with earth side-walks, and patches of pavement only in front of the principal stores. Sometimes the shops and houses throughout an

entire street are built of wood, in every variety of shape and style. In another street you may see, side-by-side, a substantial stone hotel; a miserable bark hut, repaired with sheet tin, and zinc, with an old cask for a chimney; a good store of wood with a stuccoed front, and exhibiting everything in its windows, from a costly silk dress to a red herring, and from a handsome oil-painting to a coal-scuttle and a billet of firewood; then a blacksmith’s shop of corrugated iron, a butcher’s shanty, a handsome church, or substantial stone meeting-house; next, an open space with dank grass, and bushes of the Bathurst thistle, variegated by sundry heaps of refuse, and whole hecatombs of broken bottles, and so on *ad infinitum*. Some streets of perhaps a mile in length have only three or four houses, and others are as yet totally unbuilt on; all are rude and incomplete.

As our nondescript vehicle continued to forge ahead, I had ample time to note the characteristics of the country. Where was the lovely bush scenery I had pictured?—where the gorgeous wild flowers, the myriad-tinted trees, the brightly-plumaged birds, the bounding kangaroos, the long-legged emus, the “possums,” and wall-a-bies springing from bough to bough, the deadly serpents, the picturesque black fellows and their gins (*Anglied* wives), with which I had expected the journey would have been continuously beguiled? Alas! I had not as yet beheld any or either of these things. The forest, or, in Australian phraseology, the bush,\* still presented the same appearance as ever, every tree being as dark and leaden in foliage as the English yew, while their narrow vertical leaves afforded not the slightest shelter from the rays of the semitropical sun. This is universally the case in Victoria and New South Wales, where I do not remember a single tree whose leaves are half the breadth of those of the English oak, beech, or elm. Generally these forests border our roadway on either side, but sometimes treeless ground would open. This was the run of the squatter, usually surrounded by a three-rail or cockatoo fence—the latter of felled trees, lopped boughs, &c., formed into a rough barricade of about four feet in height. The road, in its intense monotony, was very lonely, for, with the exception of a small flock of parrot-cockatoos, which occasionally rose from amid the trees, no token of animal life was perceptible.

\* This word is used to denote the tree’d districts devoid of undergrowth, as “scrub” is used to signify such districts as are composed entirely of thick undergrowth without any timber.

Every twenty miles or so we came to a rough shanty, where we changed horses; and at noon we drew up at a roadside inn (the only inhabited house we had passed since quitting Goulburn) to dine. Again the bill of fare was dry fried beef-steaks, but with a cold boiled leg of mutton, and fried potatoes, as a substitute for the ham and eggs of our morning's meal. The charge was the same, half-a-crown, and the time allowed to partake of it only a quarter of an hour; at the end of which period, with fresh horses and a fresh driver, we again resumed our journey. But the afternoon drive did not present a single incident; and at five in the evening we entered the town of Yass at a gallop, and drew up before the door of its principal inn.

Yass is a pretty little township, with one wide street, and a population of about seven hundred. Its architecture is as incongruous as in the majority of Australian towns, but nearly every house had a neat little garden in front of it, and often creeping plants covering its walls, which gave a comfortable and homely aspect to the scene. At Yass we had tea, at which, to my intense disgust, the standard dish was again fried beef-steak and onions. We were allowed an hour for this meal, a rare privilege, and at its termination we remounted; this time in a different and still smaller vehicle with three horses in the place of four. When we had all got into this "shandridan"—the commonest and dirtiest carrier's van in England would have been more comfortable—the driver discovered that the worthy female who had been so affectionate to me the night before, and who had again seated herself by my side, had only paid her fare as far as this place, and although she insisted that she had defrayed it as far as Gundagai, a township at least eighty miles farther on, her ticket told a different tale; and, in spite of earnest promises to pay the balance of passage-money at the end of the journey, mingled with many prayers and entreaties, she was forced to dismount, and as we whirled away amidst a cloud of dust I could distinguish her tall, gaunt figure, with feet set wide apart, arms akimbo, and mouth wide open, hurling after us ample anathemas in the purest Celtic.

I was heartily glad to be rid of her. During the whole day I had been replying to all her queries with an affirmative or a negative at random, the noise of the coach rattling over the uneven road, and her own almost total want of teeth, rendering her conversation slightly unintelligible.

## NEW MUSIC.

THE pen of the reviewer need not be idle while musical authorship supplies, as it does, a continuous stream of productions. The domain of crotchets and quavers, indeed, appears to be exceedingly large in regard to character or style as well as to extent, and although it is not too often that the musical world becomes stirred by the new effusions of commanding and masterly genius, yet it may be fairly congratulated that its elements are rarely or never in a condition of stagnancy. In this, as in every other department of intellectual industry, the law of supply and demand seems to be in full operation, and all tastes and capacities are offered a by no means stinted choice in the great market in which infinitely varied assortments of harmony and melody are the commodities on sale.

From Messrs. Chappell & Co.'s publications the following are selected:—

*Locharbar.* Under this title is the *Fantasia on Popular Scotch Airs*, by W. Kuhe. A brief allegro movement introduces us to the expressive andante with which "Farewell to Lochabar" begins; and after further discussing the tune in quicker time, and after a livelier fashion, the player is brought to the inspiring air of "Rob Roy." The piece does not include any difficult passages, and is suited for performers who are satisfied with agreeable music, and who do not aim at executorial display.

*The Christine Waltz.* By Dan Godfrey. It is fitting that a pair of waltzers should begin their pleasurable whirl to a strain that awakens sentimental emotions. Accordingly, Mr. Godfrey opens this composition with a sufficiently tender andante; but he does not suffer the dancers to linger too long in their prefatory steps, for he soon carries them forward, and compels them, by the time of his strain, as well as by its cheerful and stimulating character, to hasten their pace, until they attain that degree of rotatory velocity in which the performers seem to experience so ecstatic a delight, but which the cold and perhaps envious looker-on is apt to regard as frantic. This waltz is one of the many evidences that the composer thoroughly understands and appreciates the principles on which dance-music should be constructed.

*Agnus Dei;* the celebrated contralto air, as sung by Madame Sainton Dolby in the Messe Solonelle. Composed by G. Rossini. It would of course be superfluous to offer observations



recommendatory of this well-known air, for the portion of the public which finds its pleasure in refined and intensely expressive music, has had frequent opportunities of appreciating it. When rendered so appropriately as Madame Sainton Dolby can render it, this difficult and affecting composition can hardly fail to intensify the interest of the listener in that which forms its subject-matter.

*Whither? No. 2 of The Fair Maid of the Mill.* A series of songs composed by Schubert. No one can affirm that the elements of a good song consist merely in an agreeable succession of pleasant sounds. A melody is expressive of ideas and of sentiments—it may be of a dejected and melancholy cast, if it is appropriated to the utterance of despairing and sorrowful thoughts and sensations, or it may be lively, inspiring, exciting, should joyfulness, hilarity, or courageousness be the burden of its strain. In the song immediately before us, we have an accurate illustration of this well-understood principle. Supposing a river to be personified, the question “Whither?” as applied to it, is calculated to awaken interesting suggestions, and it could hardly be expected to elicit a reply otherwise than cheerful, sparkling, and hopeful. Such is the character of this music. The words to which it is set are given in German, as well as in English, so that the singer may use the language which he thinks the most capable of rendering the song effectively.

The following are some further selections from Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co.’s list:—

*Gems from the Great Masters:* Mozart’s Gloria in Excelsis, from the Twelfth Service; Gloria in Excelsis, from the First Mass; Mozart’s Agnus Dei; Haydn’s Gloria in Excelsis. By George Frederick West. In arranging these compositions as pieces for the pianoforte, Mr. West appears for the most part to have preserved the integrity of the texts—a course not always adopted with the works of the “Great Masters.” While the magnificent strains of the composer are allowed to remain un mutilated, the arranger has given to them accompaniments that are not too complicated for learners whose convenience he has studied, in marking some of the more difficult fingering. The simplicity of this arrangement of the exquisite melody of the *Agnus Dei*, is likely to render it an especial favourite with beginners.

*O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove!* The music by Alfred Scott Gatty. Those who are acquainted with Jean Ingelow’s sweet poems, are likely to hail this song with pleasure. In

this composition Mr. Gatty has appropriately expressed the plaintiveness of the poet’s utterances. Setting out with notes of loving hope, the music passes into a sorrowful cadence, and ultimately resolves into a pathetic melody. The song is well adapted for voices which may happen to be of no great compass, but may yet be capable of tasteful and expressive effects.

*Long, Long Ago.* Written and composed by Alfred Scott Gatty. In this song we have a good illustration of the affinity which may exist between the poet and musician. Both words and music touchingly represent the feelings with which the happy circumstances of the past are usually regarded. The melody is tender and plaintive, without being melancholy; and it can be recommended to those who prefer simple and expressive compositions, rather than such as require great execution.

Mr. William Young has written and composed two very characteristic songs, severally entitled, *Let us Live and Forgive*, and the *Best of All Good Companie*. They are adapted for tenor or baritone voices; and both words and music are of a popular, and therefore pleasing, character.

## TABLE TALK.

IT was lately observed in “Table Talk” that it often happens that “what we believe to be originality is merely memory.” Ill-natured critics, finding parallel passages in two authors, forthwith accuse one or other of wilful plagiarism. Some years ago, in one of Shelley’s earlier fragments, reproduced by his friend Captain Medwin, I remember to have read this verse:—

Hark! the raven flaps his wings  
In the pathless dell beneath;  
Hark! it is the night-owl sings  
Tidings of approaching death.

Only the other day, reading *Ælla*, one of the poetical forgeries of poor Chatterton, “the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride,” I came upon the following verse, in the “Mynstrelles Song,” written at the very least twenty-five years before Shelley was born:—

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys winge  
In the briered delle belowe;  
Harke! the deth-owle loude dothe syng  
To the nyghte mares as theie goe.

There may be no particular quality in either extract; but the last two lines of Chatterton are infinitely more poetical than Shelley's. The similitude in other respects is striking. Shelley, however, least of all men, perhaps, was given to wilful plagiarism from English authors. But it is more than likely that, when, as a boy-poet, he wrote the above, he had been thinking of that other boy-poet to whom he alluded long after in *Adonais*, had been reading *Ælla*, and thus insensibly had fallen into imitation.

THE STORIES told by mystery-loving historians concerning showers of reptiles and insects have been paralleled lately in the enormous swarms of lady-birds. Thousands of them were seen upon the London pavements, and were picked by the dozen off ladies' bonnets. I counted many scores of them in my garden, and a newspaper correspondent tells of vast numbers crawling about the streets and tumbling into the sea at Ramsgate. Whence came they? In olden accounts of insect-rains the explanation has been that the organisms have been wafted by high winds from distant woods and forests. We must perforce accept this theory, though the situation of such an enormous breeding-ground as that which could pepper towns as far apart as London and Ramsgate with lady-birds is a riddle for naturalists. Anyhow, the Kentish hop-growers will be thankful for the visitation: in ordinary years they give children a half-penny a dozen for the little red beetles, which are the destroying angels of a black insect very destructive to the hop. A good lady-bird year ought to be a good hop year: there is a superstition that the number of spots on the lady-bird's back will be the number of pounds sterling that a pocket of hops will fetch. I counted six spots on those I picked up.

A FRENCH idealist, evidently suffering from telegraphy on the brain, proposes to the Academy of Sciences to establish communications with the peoples of the planets, if any such there be. His notion is to mount a great mirror upon the earth, and give flashing signals to *Mars* and *Jupiter*. He thinks that if these are repeated regularly, in batches of a certain number, the Martians or the Jovians, as the cases may be, will come to discern that they mean something, and will return them; and that thus a code will be eventually agreed upon, so that we may talk across the solar system just as we do across a field. This silly man calls attention to the bright spots which have occasionally been seen on some

of the planets, and suggests that those were probably signals from the habitants thereof to us. This idea of planetary signalling is an old one; it has been mooted before, and doubtless has occurred to thousands who have not had the effrontery to give their thoughts a tongue. My object in alluding to its present revival, is to give an instance of the absurdities tolerated by the Paris Academy of Sciences.

A CONTEMPORARY had an article, lately, on the decay of humour, and lamented that there were no legitimate successors to Sydney Smith, Hood, Jerrold, or Thackeray. It is too true; there are really no humourists now-a-days. In the so-called comic papers, we have political articles instead of humorous essays; puns in the place of wit; and academic drawings, slightly exaggerated, for caricatures. If we lack writers who can produce a Mrs. Caudle, a Jeames, or even a Sairey Gamp, we must also deplore the fact that there are now no draughtsmen with the broad humour of a Rowlandson, the refined satirical point of a Leech or a H. B., or the delicate touch and smartness of a Cruikshank in his best days. There is really room for new men in both departments.

A STORY comes from France, which is curious as illustrating the straits to which theatrical managers are sometimes put in their endeavours to gratify the varied tastes of their audiences. In England we are familiar with modern, sensational, and realistic effects—the leap from the sky borders to the stage, the house on fire, the shipwreck, the inundation, prancing horses, street cabs, and so on; but it has remained for a Frenchman to bring a deadly reptile before the footlights. We are told that the ballet-master of the Rouen Theatre is training a monster snake to take part in a ballet, the scene of which is laid in the Garden of Eden! What next?

It has been said that the English are not a musical nation. In spite, however, of the saying—French, of course—we can collect a choir of five thousand cultivated voices for a Handel Festival, and bring together another five thousand young people capable of reading and singing such real music as that lately provided by the Tonic Sol-Fa Association at the Crystal Palace; this in London alone, to say nothing of the educated singers in our parish choirs all over the country.

A DAILY contemporary points out a defect in our arrangements for yacht racing. It remarks, and with considerable truth, that the races between yachts are not real trials of speed, in consequence of the smaller cutters being compelled to give too much time to powerful schooners. A contest between vessels of thirty or forty tons, and others of a hundred and fifty or two hundred tons, is a mere farce. How to satisfactorily overcome the difficulty is the question. If a large allowance of time be given, it would seem ridiculous that a vessel coming in first—say by a couple of miles—should lose the race; and if a smaller time-allowance be decided on, then craft of inferior tonnage would stand no chance of winning. Seeing, therefore, that well-contested races between vessels of small capacity are as interesting as those in which larger yachts are engaged, it is suggested that, in future regattas, greater regard should be had to the classing of the craft engaged, so as to avoid the inconsistency which at present prevails of allowing sea-going ships to compete with cockle-shells.

THE farce of the Flitch of Bacon has been again performed at the dull little town of Dunmow, in Essex. Twelve years ago Mr. Harrison Ainsworth revived the old custom, and a French gentleman was found to declare that for a whole year and a day he had had no word of disagreement with his English wife; to that happy pair, therefore, was awarded the rustic prize. We have now probably seen his last attempt to fit an ancient observance upon modern times; for the whole affair, as recently performed, was theatrical, commonplace, and—if truth be told—a little indecent.

IN most countries trees are cultivated for the sake of their timber or their fruit; but in England they are prized rather as adjuncts to the landscape or ornaments to the lawn and garden. Is it not strange, therefore, that we allow miles and miles of land to remain treeless and unpicturesque? Why should not the waste ground that borders our railroads be made pleasant to look upon and profitable to shareholders? In a few years, and at a small outlay, our main lines of iron road might be edged with full-leaved planes, lindens, and horse-chesnuts, for shade and timber, and with apple and cherry trees for profit. In Belgium the plan has been found to answer, and I think the suggestion need only be made in order to induce railroad directors to try it at home.

THERE are not a few people in the world who take pains, while serving their own selfish ends, to make it appear as though they were helping another all the while. Do you remember the story about a Scotchman who, having to ride a half-starved, broken-winded horse a long distance, repeatedly paused during the journey at roadside inns, where, after refreshing himself with a gill of whisky, he would complacently remark to the wretched animal, "Aweel frien', now we've refreshed our twa puir bodies, let's e'en jog on." Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, was, in some sense, a person of that sort. Seeing a statue of Jupiter clothed in a robe of fine gold, he coolly took it off and placed in its stead a robe of wool. "Gold," said he, "is too cold for winter and too hot for summer. By all means let us take care of Jupiter."

LOVAGE, *Levisticum* of botany, a plant which was formerly of great repute as a pot-herb, and at present is better known, I hear, to the lovers of vulgar cordials, as compounded with gin for certain Bacchanalian ailments, has, on Dr. Johnson's authority, in connection with other ingredients, a virtue in the relief of rheumatism. I was reading lately in one of the grandiloquent Doctor's letters—*vide* Boswell—to Bennet Langton, this little recipe: "take equal quantities of flour of sulphur and flour of mustard-seed; make them an electuary with honey or treacle, and take a bolus as big as a nutmeg several times a-day, as you can bear it; drinking after it a quarter of a pint of the infusion of the root of lovage." In one case, at any rate, the author of *Rasselas* informs his correspondent this medicine worked well. "The patient"—he writes—"was very old, the pain very violent, and the relief, I think, speedy and lasting." As a notion, the adoption of which can do no harm, even if it should do no great good, I am—with thanks to Dr. Johnson—thinking of shortly giving it a personal trial.

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A STORY.

By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY,  
AGATHA, &c.

### CHAPTER VII.

TO say that the primitive community of Ivygreen was stirred into abnormal activity of mind on learning the events I have narrated, would be altogether to underrate the effect produced by Farmer Dalton's misfortune. The proverbial approximation of extremes was strikingly exemplified in this case; and the unsophisticated minds of Ivygreen passed rapidly from their natural lethargy to extraordinary activity, and thence into a state of thorough obfuscation. The circumstance of Dalton, or any other person, having to pay another man's debt, arising from the simple and apparently harmless operation of writing his name on a slip of paper, was a new and fertile theme for the gossips, and afforded those who could not write an excellent opportunity of descanting upon the advantages of being ignorant of that dangerous but fascinating art.

This bit of bad news spread through the village immediately on the return of the marketers from town; and, long before night closed in, the pros and the cons had been discussed, and the prospect of neighbour Dalton's impending ruin had been hugely dwelt upon by the wiseacres of the place. The midnight sequel was of course as yet unknown to the villagers; for, though the farmer and his daughter were seen next morning pursuing their avocations about the Links, they had held but slight intercourse with their friends, and had divulged the event of the night to no one. The farmer was too perplexed with this sudden disturbance of the even tenor of his way; and Mary was overwhelmed with

remorse at the thought of having in a moment of wild impetuosity smitten and injured a fellow creature.

On the evenings following market-days there was always a general assemblage of the villagers in the "parlour" of the "Dog and Duck"—an apartment which served as the family living-room at other times; and, judging from hams and herbs pendent from the ceiling, equally partaking of the character of kitchen and pantry; and also, if one may draw conclusions from the piece of furniture in the corner, destined apparently

A double debt to pay:

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day,

quite as much a sleeping apartment as either.

In this composite room the Ivygreenites, from time immemorial, congregated on the evenings succeeding market-days, to communicate the conversational "small change" of the previous day; to descant upon the business transactions; to enlarge upon the leading events, and pronounce thereon between whiffs of tobacco (which ascending imparted a rare flavour to the hams in the rafters); to square accounts among themselves; to exhibit their purchases for the benefit of the stay-at-homes; and to pore over the contents of any newspaper (date immaterial) which they might have obtained. For, as I have said, these denizens of Ivygreen had no diurnal contact with press or post. If, as sometimes happened, the emissary from the post-office had a letter to deliver there, he dropped it at the farrier's at the corner of the lane on his road to the next town; and Mobbs the farrier entrusted it for delivery to the first person who chanced to pass, or Mrs. Mobbs would take it with her the next time she went into the village "shopping" or gossiping, when, if she didn't forget it, she would pay a visit to the person addressed, fish the letter out of her basket, and discuss the contents with him or her over a cup of tea.

On this evening of assemblage at the hostelry, the social and agreeable custom above

alluded to was entirely neglected. The journal remained unread; the merits of Tidmass' wurtzel, Holmes's fat pig, Ike's new gaberdine, and Radford's investment in highlows, were utterly disregarded and dwarfed to nothing in the presence of Farmer Dalton's misfortune. The honest rustics sat in the bar-parlour in solemn (and I may say silent) debate upon this almost public calamity, the issue of their deliberations ultimately being, that it was "uncommon hard."

"Yes," sententially remarked Solomon Tigg, the pluralist and presiding genius, as he "chaired" himself by taking his position at the end of the table with his back to the fire, "yes, 'tis uncommon hard." And Solomon suited the action to the word by bringing his right fist with a violent thud into his left palm.

"I agree with Tigg," added Holmes, as Tigg glanced towards him like the speaker of the House of Commons, granting him permission to open his mouth—"I agree with Tigg!"

"And I agree with Holmes!" eagerly put in Ike, slapping his knee.

"Aye, to be sure, Ike's right, as usual," rejoined Pimble; "it *is* uncommon hard on Dalton, to be sure!"

Somebody else was about to endorse the original views enunciated by Pimble, when the landlord cut in: "I don't know about that," he demurred, looking round the company in search of an antagonist worthy of his steel, who would dare to dispute his amendment—"I don't know about that."

The whole assembly gazed at the landlord in mute surprise for some minutes, endeavouring to penetrate his thoughts, and awaiting their further development. He felt himself master of the situation, and looking very severe and oracular, continued: "It looks to me very much like a judgment on Dalton."

"What for, Master Huggins?" demanded several voices at once.

"Don't you know?"

"In course I do," responded Holmes, eager to give utterance to his private sentiments, and to display his acumen at the same time—"it's a judgment upon him for threshing last year with Snooks's machine!"

"Bravo, Holmes!" exclaimed two or three of the party, "thou'rt right—that's it!"

"No," again demurred the landlord, "I don't mean that, though *that's* bad enough, goodness knows!"

"Was it because he turned his pigs into that patch of wuts—because, as he said, it wasn't worth the labour o' cutting, eh?"

"No, though that *was* sinful!"

"What then, Master Huggins?"

"Why, I always thought that Dalton would be punished some day for his hard dealings with——"

"Go on, neighbour."

"With that poor lad, Reuben Brice, who fired the rick because he wouldn't let him marry Mary."

This interpretation of the ways of Providence opened a new vista of thought before the intelligences of the Ivygreenites, and it was several minutes before any one had the hardihood to follow so daring a speaker. Solomon Tigg felt that his prerogative of wisdom was being usurped, and unless he at once reasserted it, his influence must be forfeited for ever, so snatching the pipe from his lips, he was the first to break the silence.

"You've taken the very words out of my mouth, Huggins; them's just my sentiments."

"And mine."

"And mine. Hear, hear."

"Because," continued the astute landlord, perceiving that he led public opinion, "I'm a little supustitious-like, you know."

The whole circle started in their seats at this awful avowal.

"For curses are terrible things, and you all mind young Reuben's threat of vengeance. when Dalton appeared agen him, eh?"

"Yes, yes, thou'rt right, Master Huggins."

"Dalton has never thriven since! You know his sheep took the rot next year?"

"That's true."

"And the fly got into his beans?"

"Right."

"And his pump got out o' water?"

"So it did."

"And the year after that his wife died?"

"True agen. That wur a bad job!"

"And after that he had a touch of rheumatiz in his knees?"

"Worse and worse!"

"And then you know he took to physicking hisself?"

"That's wust of all!"

"And now he's as good as sold up! If that ain't a judgment upon him, perhaps some of you will tell me what is!" he triumphantly concluded, striking the table with his fist till all the mugs danced.

The thing was so self-evident that not even Solomon Tigg himself could detect the slightest peg to hang a doubt on, and it only remained for him to discover that the landlord had again taken the very words out of his mouth.

"Them's the very thoughts that run in my

head : I was a-going to say, it's of no use for Dalton to fight against Fate—he's as good as sold up !”

At this juncture the debate was interrupted by the striking of the church-clock, which was always the signal for silence, while the villagers, proud of their timekeeper, counted the strokes.

“Seventeen. What do you reckon the hour to be, Charlie? Just calkilate ; there's a good lad.”

Charlie, with the end of his stick, scratched the necessary characters on the sanded floor : “Two's into seventeen goes—?”

“Seven times.”

“No, Radford ; that's wrong, I know. Two's into seventeen goes eight times and one over. Stay a bit—is this Monday?”

“No, Wednesday.”

“All right : eight and one over—then it's seven o'clock by my reckoning,” decided Charlie with becoming pride.

“What 'll it strike next, lad?”

“Well, it used to hit four times at eight o'clock, and once for nine ; but since the starlings have took to building in the machinery, the old clock ain't always to be depended on.”

“Stay !” interposed Tigg, whose professional unctious in the belfry appeared to be stigmatized by this observation, “stay, Charlie, you're wrong there ; for I raked out pretty well all the nestes weeks ago, and now there's only two or three left among the cogs, which in't o' no account ; so, be more careful, lad, and don't speak disrespectful of the clock, or you don't know what you might come to.”

The door opened as Solomon ceased, and a walked Farmer Dalton.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“A H, neighbour !” exclaimed the simple rustics, as the farmer entered the room, “ye're welcome !—right welcome !” and the whole company, moved to an unwonted demonstration of respect in the presence of their misfortune, rose from their seats. “Sit e down here, Dalton, your chair is empty.”

Dalton took his seat, and after exchanging few friendly words with those about him, he lapsed into a melancholy silence.

“Cheer up, Isaac !” ventured Tigg, laying kind hand upon the farmer's knee ; “'tis hard, cruel business, and Barnett is a sad nave ; but bear up, old friend, it might ha' been worse !”

“Well spoken, Tigg !” exclaimed Holmes,

with enthusiasm, “you always speak like a book. It might ha' been worse !”

“Holmes has hit it. Bravo !” cried Ike, from the corner ; “and Master Dalton is not sold up yet. Hoorray !”

The farmer appreciated this kind feeling on the part of his honest friends, and made a gesture of thanks, and tried to smile ; but the effort was vain—a big tear rolled down his ruddy cheek.

“Nay, nay, Dalton, don't take on ! It isn't so bad as that yet !”

“Thank'ee, Tigg, thank'ee ! But I'm well nigh beaten down, even before the blow comes.”

“Tut, tut ! man ; why, you've a week to pay it in, and who knows whether Barnett mayn't repent. Besides, Grey is well-to-do, and will spare you for the sake of—”

“Reuben, eh ?” sharply interposed the farmer, with bitterness, clenching his teeth.

“No ; I was going to say, for the sake of your years, and Mary.”

“Not for an hour !” replied Dalton, gravely ; “so don't deceive me. Besides, it isn't that that beats me—for, if I pleased, I might pay it to-night.”

“What !—a hundred pounds ! I didn't know thou had'st as many shillings,” exclaimed Huggins, who was the Cræsus of the place.

“Nor have I ; but there's the money, ne'ertheless !” and Dalton drew from his pocket the bag of gold, and laid it on the table. “There's enough there to pay the bill, if I thought fit ; but I don't !”

The apparition of so much treasure in the possession of their humble neighbour altogether dumfounded the Ivygreenites, who were half disposed to view him as a conjuror, or an ally of the Evil One, or the discoverer of a secret hoard. With all his well-known thrift, it was incredible that he should have accumulated such wealth without their knowledge, seeing that everybody knew everybody's finances to a shilling.

“Riley,” continued the farmer, not heeding the universal mystification, “look at it. 'Tis good gold, eh ?”

“Surely, surely.”

“Not base counters, and shams ?”

Here Huggins felt called upon, in virtue of his familiarity with the precious metal, to pronounce upon it. He dashed one of the coins so smartly upon the table, that it sprang up to the ceiling with the genuine ring.

“There's no mistake about *that*, sir.”

“When I went to bed,” continued the farmer, “I hadn't a shilling of it, and I woke a rich man.”

What had been, up to this point, mere surmise, now gave place to blank astonishment and bewildering confusion of wits. Holmes, gaping, looked to Tigg for mental rescue; Tigg, still on the metaphorical woolsack, caught Huggins's eye; and Huggins in despair looked to Riley; and Riley's glance rested on Ike in the corner. Every source of intellectual vitality being, however, at a non-plus, all the wandering eyes after an interval became concentrated on the passive farmer, who with perfect simplicity and deliberation related the event of the preceding night. The Ivygreenites were quite unequal to the task of grasping the astounding riddle, and a temporary paralysis of their intelligences was the result. But wonderfully elastic is the mind, even of an Ivygreenite; after a few minutes' vacuity their healthy intellects recovered from the shock, and found utterance in the concise but sufficiently expressive monosyllable "oh!"

Solomon Tigg felt that now or never was the moment for him to reassert his superiority, and to prove himself equal to the occasion, lest Huggins should again take the wind out of his sails; so describing a mystical orbit with his pipe, he grasped Dalton's hand, crying, "Bravo, my hearty, I wish ye joy on't! Good lor! I wish the man would treat me the same!"

"So do I!" shouted Pimble, thumping the table.

"Pimble's right! Well said, Pimble!" echoed Holmes, dangerously red in the face.

"A cheer for Dalton!" put in the landlord, with an eye to business; and he proposed a jug of brown October all round (at the farmer's expense).

"Neighbours," solemnly replied Isaac, as he wiped his eyes, "thank'ee, thank'ee, many times; but 'tis 'o no use. I can't pay Barnett's bill, so the worst must come, and I'm a ruined man!"

A fresh phase of obfuscation followed this new enigmatical announcement, but Tigg seeing Huggins about to speak, was again first in the field.

"Why, man alive, what d'ye mean? There's the money—what more d'ye want?"

"I want an approving conscience, Tigg."

"It's getting wus and wus!" groaned Ike in the corner—"I must go out and cool myself!" and the distracted youth, whose emotion escaped observation in the general excitement, went out accordingly.

"An approving conscience, say ye?"

"Yes, Tigg, I can't touch yon gold."

"Why not, why not?"

"Because it isn't mine, Tigg."

"But 'tis given to ye."

"I accept no man's help, much less a stranger's."

"'Tis lent, then."

"I never borrow. I refuse to touch it! Tigg, my dear lad, I'm poor, but I think—I hope—I'm honest. 'Tis labour that sweetens the comforts I enjoy, and makes me prize the little store I lay by. But, as for another man's money—I'll none on't! I'd sooner be sold up ten times over than use money I hadn't earn, come whence it will!"

This resolution of the old man, uttered with a vigour that could not be mistaken, and was not to be gainsaid, added a tragic element to the discussion. The villagers couldn't choose but honour such a virtue, though it might be a mistaken one; nevertheless, he was looked upon as a self-doomed martyr, bent upon destruction, despite a special miracle invented for his benefit and protection. But friendly expostulations were in vain, and entreaties thrown away upon Dalton, whose firmness, they well knew, all the combined power, both intellectual and physical, of Ivygreen would never move.

While Solomon Tigg was gesticulating with his pipe, describing strange orbits with the bowl while he exercised his argumentative powers, and Ike, who had re-entered, was indulging in spasmodic "oh's!" in the corner, and threatening to go out and put his head under the pump, Master Huggins, the landlord, took up the hitherto neglected journal, when almost the first thing his eye alighted on elicited from him an exclamation of pain and surprise. This fresh diversion to the absorbing and distressing topic of the hour threw the company into renewed agitation, and all turned with open mouths and bated breath to Boniface, awaiting his explanations.

"What ails ye, friend Huggins? Is it a murder?"

"Worse!"

"Is it a fire?"

"Worse, worse! It took me aback and made me come all-over-ish! for we was just now a-talking of the poor lad!"

"Who, who? Speak out, mate."

"Perhaps," said he with hesitation, "perhaps I'd better not afore Master Dalton."

"Nay, Master Huggins, it would take a good deal to vex or move me now, after what I've gone through," replied the farmer, sadly.

"Well, then, we was just now speaking of that poor lad, afore you came in."

"What lad?"

"Why, young Reuben."

Dalton started in his chair, but recovered himself quickly. "Go on, neighbour."

"And if here isn't his name in print."

"Ha! what has happened?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!"

"Aye, drowned!—drowned at sea!"

"Dead! drowned!" ejaculated the assembly, like one man. "Young Reuben dead!" And Dalton passed his trembling hands over his head, as if to brush away a recollection that tormented him. "Can it be! Read it out, read it out, Huggins—how, when, where?"

The landlord, after some spelling, read the distressing paragraph which related that the good ship *Nova Scotia*, from Canada to Liverpool, foundered in a hurricane when off Newfoundland; that the crew and passengers took to the boats, but not one ever reached the shore. In the list of passengers lost appeared the following:—"Mr. Reuben Brice, formerly of Brookside, England."

The silence which succeeded this direful statement was more expressive of the sorrow the honest rustics felt, than any exclamations they could have given utterance to. Dalton was the first to speak. "God rest his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the company, with genuine pathos.

At this juncture, Mary's foot was heard at the door; she had been tarrying in the kitchen, talking to the landlady.

"Neighbours," said Dalton, in a vehement whisper, as her hand was on the latch, "not a word of this to Mary, I pray ye! 'Twould break her heart, for—for—she loved the lad!—and I—too——" A spasm of grief choked the old man's speech.

AN INGENIOUS PERSON, of the name of Gensoul, has constructed an instrument capable of reporting parliamentary and other speeches, *verbatim et literatim*. The operator sits down to the keyboard of the machine, and puts down a finger on a note, as it were, for every syllable uttered, and when completely skilled in the use of the contrivance, he can spell out words faster than the most rapid speaker can use them. Each stroke of his nimble fingers makes a correlative sign on his copy, and the result is, of course, a really word-for-word report. Will the two Houses banish Mr. Gensoul to some desert island, and destroy all his machines? For what speaker could stand such a crucial test, and face his constituency afterwards?

## A JOURNEY DUE SOUTH.

FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE MURRAY.

### PART III.

BY the time we had lost sight of the town it was a delicious moonlight night. I found to my surprise that instead of following any defined road we were driving through the open bush, at a pace the bravest of English whips would not have cared to attempt. Down steep hillsides and up opposite slopes; in and out between the immense forest trees and shattered stumps, sometimes grazing the very bark as on and on we dashed. It was so light that I could have seen to read the smallest print, and in the ghost-like radiance the trunks of the mighty gum, which like most Australian trees annually changes its bark instead of its leaves, glared white in every direction; while the stumps of such as had been destroyed by fire assumed the strangest shapes, and even to the least imaginative mind presented the appearance of old men with long grey beards, warriors armed for the fight, sheep, lions, and other strange devices. Sometimes the wind caused huge strips of bark, hanging riven and tattered about the trunks, to clatter and clash together with a noise like stage thunder; while above this din might be heard the shrill scream of the curlew, the squeak of the 'possum, the deep growl of the native bear, or the whirr of the flying fox, as, roused by the rattle of our wheels and the glare of our three enormous lamps, he flitted before us into the deeper gloom of the bush.

On and still on we dashed—up hill and down slope, round tree and fire-burnt stump, sometimes bounding over a prostrate log with a shock that plainly revealed the reason why the coach was unpossessed of springs, and which feat always jerked our heads against the roof and our elbows against the sides of the abominable conveyance with no gentle force. Had it not been that our coach was very wide between the wheels, we should have been upset a dozen times. No English coach ever built could have resisted such concussions. In going down hill the pace was always terrific, the sole desire of the horses appearing to be to run away from the coach; and from the total want of breeching, it was utterly beyond their power to check its progress. Sometimes it would literally *jump* along the ground, rolling all the time like a ship in a short chopping sea.

At about midnight we came to another halting-place, the second since we had quitted



Yass, and changed our horses. I dismounted with the rest to get a warm and a glass of grog, for although the day had been a broiling one, yet it was now very chilly, and I was not surprised to see the glass in this bush bar indicate 48°.

Ten minutes' stay here was all that we enjoyed, but when I returned to the coach great was my indignation at finding my seat usurped by a huge canvas bag containing the mails. In vain I protested; with the fat minister by my side it had been a very tight fit before, now it was a matter of impossibility to sit down at all. Entreaties, persuasions, and threats were alike disregarded, both by the coachman and by the landlord of the inn, who happened to be a shareholder in the company. "I might go, or I might not go. If I chose the former, I must squeeze in the best way I could; if the latter, I might stay at mine host's for twenty-four hours, and continue my journey in the next coach, *if there was room.*"

Such was their joint line of argument; and, seeing that there was no remedy—with, I fear, a rather forcible interjection—I got into the vehicle again, and astride the mail-bag, where, with one knee painfully wedged against the side of the coach, and the other dug into the minister's thigh in a manner that made him wince, my head, moreover, jammed against the roof of the coach so that I had to dispense with my hat, I sat for forty-five miles, until the next changing of horses, at five in the morning, when we happily dropped one passenger *en route* for Wagga-Wagga. I took his vacated place. I don't think I could have stood out five minutes longer without fainting.

Besides my uncomfortable position, our journey throughout the night had been attended by many dangers. The moon had set shortly after leaving the inn at which our midnight change of horses had been effected, and our driver (we had no guard or general-utility man now) had forgotten to supply his lamps with kerosene. We were, accordingly, soon involved in such pitchy darkness that coachee could not even see the leader's tail. We all urged him to halt until daylight, but the real or imaginary importance of the mails which I bestraddled impelled him to proceed at all hazards. "The horses know the way," he said, "and if they don't they must find it. If we delay, we shall miss the mail-car at Gundagai."

This, in his opinion, was conclusive reasoning; and away we again pelted, rather more slowly, it is true, over a country whereon I could not detect the faintest sign of a road, even before the moon had set. The horses' instinct,

however, seemed unerring; and though, by a succession of miracles, we escaped capsizing, and our wheels constantly came into collision with stumps and logs with a force I never could have imagined wheels capable of withstanding, the horses never for a moment hesitated in their course, though the driver had wisely ceased every effort at guidance.

At length a camp fire amid the trees sparkled before us; but although this sight confirmed the driver's impression that we were on the right track—for travellers seldom camp far from the road—yet it raised some fearful forebodings in his mind, and, turning round, he asked us if we were any of us possessed of fire-arms, for that if so we had better look to them, and such as had money about them had best put it into their boots or hide it somewhere, as he did not exactly like the look of the fire in front.

The reader must be informed that we were now just on the bushranger track, and this very coach had been "stuck-up" by these worthies within the preceding twelve months no fewer than three times; on one of which occasions two of the passengers had been shot dead by the scoundrels.

We had neither of us any fire-arms, and but few of us were possessed of much money. What we had got of value we secreted as the coachman had recommended, and then looked forward to the approaching meeting with anything but feelings of pleasure. Our doubts and fears were soon dispelled. A nearer view of the camp fire revealed the short blue uniforms and glazed shakoes of two men who sat before it, and we instantly recognised them to be mounted troopers. We were presently alongside, and they informed us that they were in pursuit of two of the worthies we had dreaded, and who had distinguished themselves two nights previously by "sticking-up" a station at the Ten-Mile Creek, roughly handling the proprietor and his family, and robbing him not only of gold, notes, and other valuables, but also of a blood mare worth 200/.

These troopers told us that we were on the right track, and thus re-assured, and our fears appeased, we resumed our journey, and at length reached Gundagai.

A fearfully cold morning it was; and at the hotel where we changed coaches and rested for half an hour, not a drop of tea or coffee was to be obtained. The sole thing that we could get to warm us was a glass of raw spirits, while the only food in the house was some very tough cold beef and some particularly stale bread. Even into this most unappetising fare we

"pitched" very heartily, for the majority of us were ravenously hungry; then, with bruised skins and aching bones, we clambered into an even more wretched coach than the last, this time having only two horses harnessed thereto in lieu of three, and once more resumed our toilsome journey due South.

Gundagai was, I think, the most wretched bush township that I ever witnessed, and its streets were full of an immense thistle called the Bathurst burr. I had still at least fifty-four miles of my journey to accomplish, but I was already nearly dead with fatigue, and for an hour's sleep I would willingly have given five sovereigns. This, however, was out of the question. It would have been impossible to have fallen asleep without also falling out of the coach, even if the rattling and bumping had not rendered it so in other respects. The country was now becoming much more open, for though the bush continued on either side of us, the trees grew thinner, and occasionally grassy plains presented themselves. We sometimes ran alongside a river, narrow, winding, red-watered, and full of snags, but nevertheless a river. The great peculiarity in the view was the Bathurst burr, for this gigantic thistle was everywhere—bushes of it—groves of it—ay, forests of it—until at last its glossy spinolated leaves and pretty purple flower quite palled upon the sight.

The incidents of this day were very much like those of the two preceding ones—the same slow painful progress, mingled with occasional changing of horses, and wretched ill-cooked meals every four hours or so at extortionate prices—the fearful monotony of landscape, with the slight changes that I have described, continued all the day, and when, at the noon resting-place we dropped our worthy divine, and I daresay equally worthy commercial traveller, I envied them in that they had got out of their misery the quickest.

At about four in the afternoon we crossed a most dismal swamp, the earth shaking under us, like calves-foot jelly, for miles as we passed along. At a village on the opposite side we picked up a new passenger of the shepherd species. He was very drunk, but was still armed with a large stone bottle of ale, which he insisted upon my sharing with him, smiling most graciously when I complied, and swearing most diabolically when I refused. Twenty times at least he made the good-natured driver stop his horses in order that he might light his pipe, which his trembling hand prevented his doing while we were in motion, and which invariably went out five minutes later, for he was so far gone as to forget to draw at it.

This fellow was a great nuisance, but twenty miles farther on, just as we were changing horses at a place called either Duck Ponds or Green Ponds—I forget which—two troopers, their horses black with sweat and spotted with white foam, overtook us, and arrested the fellow for forging the name of a squatter at whose station he had been shearing to a cheque for 2*l.* 10*s.*, which he had got cashed at a neighbouring country store, and he was hurried off on foot between them; whither I neither knew nor cared.

The sun was now again setting, and by the time that it was quite dark we reached the Twelve-Mile Creek, our last halting-place before we arrived at the Federal city of Albury. Here for the first time we stopped at a comfortable hotel, and a right good meal was spread upon the table within five minutes of our arrival, to which I did very ample justice. The landlord of this hotel accompanied us in the coach to Albury, where his services were in demand on the morrow as a jurymen, it being the first day of the Quarter Sessions. He was a very amusing little man, and on learning who I was became very communicative, and told me all about the gentleman whose paper I was going to edit, and who, I discovered from him, was also a large vineyard proprietor, and owned a share in the leading hotel of the place. He described both him and the city in the most glowing colours, so that I almost forgot my fatigue in the pleasing anticipations of a happy future; and from this dream I was aroused by our actual arrival at the termination of our journey, for suddenly, momentarily in fact, our coach emerged from out the intense darkness, and my talkative companion exclaimed, "Ah, here we are at the Exchange Hotel, and there is Mr. Adams waiting to receive you. Come along, and I will introduce you to each other in due form."

Half-an-hour later I was sound asleep on a real feather-bed, and the five minutes before I sank into slumber were perhaps the most contented, if not the happiest of my life.

Thus ended my three hundred and seventy-two miles bush journey through the interior of Australia, from one end of the colony of New South Wales to the other, from the Pacific sea-board to the Murray (the Mississippi of Australia); accomplished in fifty-five hours, and at a total cost of 15*l.* 8*s.*, a very little more than would have paid my passage all the way from Sydney to England, a distance of 16,000 miles, including a supply of provisions for the three months' voyage.

## OUR PROGRESS IN THE ART OF MAKING BALLOONS.

THE great Captive Balloon, which has for some months past been exhibited at Ashburnham Park, near Chelsea, has been removed from London—to the sea-side, we hear—and having availed ourselves of a tolerably clear day, for making an ascent in it, during the last week of its stay, we propose to furnish our readers with an account of our aerial journey: and further, to exhibit the progress of aeronautic science, by prefacing our account of M. Giffard's balloon with a few words about the first aerial machines that were seen in this country and in France. We have lately received from San Francisco accounts of a machine combining the qualities of a balloon and a ship, which is propelled by steam, and is said to be easily steered in any direction at the pleasure of the man at the wheel. If so, the great problem of aerial navigation has at last been solved, but until we see the aerial ship successfully brought into port, we shall not be inclined to believe the stories circulated by the San Francisco journals.

Since the days when Daedalus and Icarus made their fabled flight over the Ægean, on wings fastened to their shoulders with wax, down to the present time, the construction of a machine, as fitted for navigating the air as a ship is for sailing on the sea, has been a task essayed by many men of scientific pursuits and mechanical ingenuity, and their efforts, as everybody knows, have hitherto been anything but successful: indeed, the history of aeronautic science is a story of failures. The first inventor of a balloon discovered the practicability of ascending into the atmosphere, and the latest professors of the art of aerial navigation have been able to show us but little more. A good deal of interest attaches to the early balloon ascents; the Montgolfiers were the first persons who constructed a balloon; although scientific men were acquainted with the principles upon which such apparatus should be constructed for some years before 1783, when the brothers Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier exhibited their balloon at Annonay, a little town in France.

It was on the 5th of June, in that year, when the members of the provincial meeting of the States of the Vivarais were assembled in the town, that the Montgolfiers made their first public experiment. Their balloon was merely a spherical bag, made of pieces of coarse linen, loosely buttoned together, and inflated with rarefied air, produced by kindling

a fire underneath it. The fire having been lighted, was constantly fed with small bundles of chopped straw, until the balloon was sufficiently distended, when it was loosed from its stays and rose with an accelerating motion until it had reached a considerable elevation, when its velocity became constant. It rose to the height of about a mile, and then gently descended, falling in a vineyard, without the town of Annonay, having been suspended in the air for the space of ten minutes. This successful experiment delighted all who witnessed it, and the two Montgolfiers were rapturously applauded by their fellow townsmen. In Paris, on the 27th of August, in the same year (1783), a similar ascent was shown to a great crowd of people assembled on the Champ de Mars: this balloon was constructed by MM. Robert and Charles, and was made of thin silk and inflated not with rarefied air, as the Montgolfiers' had been, but with hydrogen gas. The success of this experiment was complete, as the balloon rose rapidly into the air, and after travelling fifteen miles in three-quarters of an hour, fell in a field near Ecouen.

Shortly after this, the brothers Montgolfier were invited by the Academy of Sciences to repeat their experiment of Annonay, on a larger scale in Paris. The invitation was accepted, and accordingly on the 19th of September they sent up a balloon from the grounds of the palace at Versailles. On this occasion a sheep, a cock, and a duck, were put into the basket attached to the balloon, and were the first animals ever carried up into the air in this way. They came down again safely enough from their voyage, and this probably suggested to M. Pilatre de Rozier the idea of making a similar experiment in his own person; for when the Montgolfiers next sent up a balloon, he boldly leapt into the car or basket just as the machine was leaving the earth, and enjoys the fame of having been the first man who ventured upon an aerial voyage. The accounts of these balloon ascents in France of course reached England in due time, and created great excitement among the scientific and the curious. The accounts given in the London *Chronicle* at the time are very amusing. The first balloon seen in England was constructed by an ingenious Italian named Zambeccari; it consisted of oiled silk, and was about ten feet in diameter, and its exterior was entirely gilt. It made its first ascent in November, 1783. It appears to have attracted the notice of George the Third, for on the 25th of the same month we find this account in the *Chronicle*:—"By his Majesty's

desire, Mons. Argeue, a Prussian, had invented one of these celebrated air balloons, and on Tuesday, about noon, the whole apparatus was brought into the Queen's garden at Windsor, in nearly the following order: a large tube of about five feet in diameter, about one-third filled with water, and in that a close vessel of a considerable less size. Near to these was placed a large table, on which were put several bottles supposed to contain a variety of chymical preparations, and with them (the Wonder of the World) the air balloon, which bore an exact resemblance to a bladder that was void of air or water." The balloon was then inflated with gas, and "as soon as the business had gone thus far, a string was fixed to the balloon. His Majesty then took hold of the string, and in proportion as he gave it scope or pulled it down, the ball rose or returned. The King finding it so manageable, went under the window where the Queen and the Duchess of Portland were, and gave the globe a space of string till it rose to the height of the window, and there kept it in poise for a considerable time. From thence he went to the window where the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta Sophia, and Princess Elizabeth were, and let it up again; then brought it down, and taking it on his hand, said, 'Now, it goes.' It accordingly ascended in a perpendicular manner for upwards of three minutes, when having taken a southerly course, it was lost to the sight of the numerous body of spectators."

Whilst his Majesty King George was treating his wife and daughters to an ocular demonstration of the truth of the stories told about balloons, his subjects remained very incredulous on the subject, particularly having doubts as to whether anybody was foolhardy enough to go up in them; accordingly the *Morning Chronicle* takes the trouble to get reliable information about the French balloons, and on the 11th of December, 1783, has an article, headed, "Air Balloon," from which we make a short extract:—

"As many persons in this kingdom still discredit the relations conveyed in the French papers respecting the air balloons, we have the authority to use Dr. Lettson's name for the following genuine communication from his correspondent at Paris, dated the 3rd of this month:—'On Monday, an air balloon made of taffaty, covered with a solution of gum-elastic, was filled with inflammable air, under the direction of Messrs. Charles and Robert, and was let off from the Thuilleries. It had

suspended to it a basket, covered with blue silk and paper finely gilt, in the shape of a triumphal car or short gondola, in which Mr. Charles and one of the Roberts embarked and mounted up into the air, from amongst many thousands of people of all ranks and conditions. Besides the Duke de Chartres and a great part of the French nobility, there were present the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, and many other foreign princes and nobility. The triumphant cars of Venus, Medea, and various others, seemed to be realized; with this difference, this was neither drawn by peacocks, doves, nor dragons; neither was it mounted on a cloud; it was, however, a most majestic spectacle.'"

This authentic narration of a balloon ascent in France was calculated to allay suspicion, and prepare the public mind for a further draft upon their credulity, to which the *Chronicle* treated them, to the following effect:—

"It is well known that a pair of wings and a tail of the most curious workmanship are constructing for a person, who, in the spring, is to be sent off upon an air balloon. They are to extend twenty yards each way, and in form to be similar to those of a bat, having silk instead of feathers. With the help of the wings and tail, the man, when extended on the air balloon, will be able to guide himself to whatever part of the country he may wish to go. The wings above-mentioned are making at the instance of a person of very high rank in Paris, and who has betted five thousand guineas that the foreigner who has undertaken this scheme makes a safe passage from Dover Cliff to Paris."

What became of the poor foreigner who proposed to emulate the feat of Daedalus and fly across the sea, we do not know; but we think we may say with certainty that the person of very high rank lost his wager and his guineas.

Soon after this, balloon ascents became common enough in England. The first person who went up in a balloon on this side of the Channel was a countryman of Count Zambeccari's, named Lunardi, who made an ascent from London on the 21st of September in the following year, and from that time to this no very important improvements in the art of constructing aerial machines have taken place: the grand desideratum is to discover a means of steering them. Fans or paddles have been made to answer this purpose in the still atmosphere of a covered building, but hitherto

all efforts to make a rudder capable of withstanding strong currents of wind have altogether failed of success.

Johnson's remarkable acumen displayed itself in the discussion of the practical value of the new machines as a means of locomotion. He writes to his friend and physician, Dr. Brocklesby, September 29th, 1784:—"On one day I had three letters about the air balloon. . . . In amusement, mere amusement, I am afraid it must end, for I do not find its course can be directed so as that it should serve any useful purpose." And again, in a letter addressed to the same gentleman, and dated October 6th, Dr. Johnson says:—"The fate of the balloon I do not much lament; to make new balloons is to repeat the jest again. We now know a method of mounting into the air, and I think are not likely to know more; the vehicles can serve no use till we can guide them." And in the art of guiding them no progress has been made during the eighty or ninety years that have elapsed since they were first constructed. They are, what they were, neither more nor less than ingenious toys; and during that interval the history of balloons is but an account of ascents, either as a holiday attraction or for the purposes of scientific inquiry into the state of the atmosphere at different heights from the earth's surface. In connection with these the names of Messrs. Glaisher and Coxwell deserve a word of recognition. A new interest, however, was given to the subject by the arrival in London of a balloon of gigantic size, designed by M. Giffard, a French engineer, at the beginning of last summer. The novelty in this instance consisted in the great balloon being held captive by a conical rope, equal to a strain of five and twenty tons, 2,150 feet in length, and paid out and coiled again by steam engines of 200 horse power. A certain amount of danger had attended ascents in the old balloons, as when once in the air it was a matter of the purest conjecture where and how you might alight again on ground. But M. Giffard, by attaching a rope to his balloon, offered the opportunity of an aerial voyage unattended by such risk, as you were lowered again into the amphitheatre of wood and canvas whence, a quarter of an hour before, you had started on your journey.

With the exception of one little escapade—a run down into the Vale of Aylesbury with no one on board—the balloon has worked very satisfactorily, although the season has been rather unfavourable for aerial navigation. Having chosen a fine day, we proceeded to

Ashburnham Park, and arrived there at about four o'clock in the afternoon. On entering the amphitheatre, of course the object that prominently struck you was the balloon, fastened by the rope to a pivot-wheel in the centre of the arena. It is an enormous spherical bag, made of three layers of canvas, enclosing one layer of India-rubber, and is inflated with pure hydrogen gas, made in retorts on the premises at Ashburnham. The cost of filling it is upwards of £600; and this will give some idea of the magnitude of this monster balloon. After a delay of about an hour, owing to the state of the wind, about five o'clock the balloon made a trial trip, having in the car M. Aymos, and three others of the assistants. All working smoothly and well, she was lowered again into the circle, and about twenty persons, of whom seven or eight were ladies, entered the car; and the great balloon having been let slip from her stays, we rose with an easy and majestic motion into the air. After reaching a height of about 400 feet, at a signal from the car—a white flag—the engines were stopped, and we remained stationary for some minutes. We were now at about the height of the cross on St. Paul's, and the view was extensive and beautiful. At a signal from the car, we again mounted into the air; and, after a second halt, we finally rose to a height of about 1,500 feet, the balloon being drifted slightly in an oblique direction by the wind. This was about four times the height of St. Paul's. Unfortunately, the day was anything but clear, and so the panorama visible from that elevation on a perfectly clear day was much curtailed; but we could see Highgate, Richmond, Brentford, and Wimbledon, in a northern and western direction; whilst Eltham was pointed out to the east, and Greenwich and Woolwich to the south. Having remained for a few minutes at that height, we were slowly lowered again into the arena. As we descended, the bridges on the river looked in some places scarcely farther apart than the rounds of a ladder. Neither in ascending or descending was the motion at all unpleasant; and the ladies seemed to apprehend no cause for alarm.

After having spent about twenty-five minutes in the clouds, we safely disembarked again at Ashburnham, much gratified with our aerial trip, and with nothing to regret but the hazy state of the atmosphere, which, to a great extent, curtailed the prospect we should otherwise have enjoyed at so unusual an elevation from the busy world.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SOME years ago, I knew a lapidary who gained a considerable fortune by a great misfortune. An excellent workman, honest as the day, Montin had but one fault; he was too fond of good wine, which caused him to neglect his work—sometimes for days together, to the great dissatisfaction of his employer, who in all other respects valued and esteemed him highly, both for his skill and probity.

One day Montin received from his master a diamond of the finest water to cut and polish, with strict recommendations to keep sober until the work was finished.

"I rely on your activity," said the jeweller, on giving him the stone. "I must have it without fail on the 15th instant; and if you disappoint me this time, it will be the last you will have from me."

Montin promised exactitude, asked, as was usual with him, part of his pay in advance, and set himself courageously to work. Under his skilful hand, the diamond soon began to show forth its beauty; in a few more hours it would have been finished, when, unfortunately for Montin's resolutions, a friend called on him, an old comrade, who had been long absent from Paris: what could they do but take a glass together? Arrived at the cabaret, the time passed quickly away, and Montin thought no more of his unfinished work.

During the morning his employer came to see how the polishing of the diamond proceeded. The concierge assured him that Montin had only just gone out, and would not fail to return directly, as he had for some days been working steadily and unremittingly. Only half satisfied, the jeweller went away, to return in two hours, and to find Montin still absent. Convinced he was at the tavern, the master charged one of his men to seek him, and induce him to return to his work. This was done, and Montin, grumbling between his teeth, quitted his comrade, and ascended to his workshop; but his head was no longer clear, nor his hand steady. To add to his trouble, the diamond became unfixed; he seized it hastily to replace it; his trembling fingers gave a jerk—and, by a strange fatality, the precious stone flew out of the window! Sobered in a moment by this terrible accident, Montin continued gazing out of the casement as if petrified, his pale lips murmuring the words "lost! lost! lost!"

For more than an hour he remained almost motionless, and was only roused from his lethargy by the entrance of his master.

"Is it thus you work, Montin?" exclaimed he; "three times have I called for the diamond, and you spend your time at the tavern. Give me the stone; I must have it, finished or unfinished."

Montin looked wildly at him without uttering a word.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the jeweller. "Why don't you answer? Have you drunk all your senses away?"

The lapidary tried in vain to speak. His tongue seemed paralysed. At last he rose, and hiding his face in his hands, murmured, "It is—lost!"

"Explain yourself. What has happened?"

"Out of the window."

"What! when?"

"The stone."

"Well, well, well; tell me what has occurred."

"The stone flew out."

It was now the turn of the master to become silent with astonishment; then, furious with rage, he cried, "I don't believe a word of your story; you have sold my diamond to pay for your dissipation."

This accusation was the *coup de grace* for Montin. He fell fainting at the feet of his master; and it was not without difficulty that he was recalled to life, or rather to a despair which amounted almost to madness. The jeweller, who understood what was passing in his mind, tried to console him, and at last succeeded in rendering him more calm.

"It is a most unfortunate accident, no doubt," said he, "but it is not irreparable."

"You do not, then, believe that I sold your diamond for drink?" said Montin, eagerly.

"No, no, Montin, you must forget what I said in the first moment of anger, and let us try to find a remedy for the misfortune. The diamond was worth £200; you must endeavour to repay me the half of that sum out of your wages, which, when you work regularly, amount to £3 or £4 a-week. With industry and sobriety you will soon get out of debt."

"From this time I will work steadily," said Montin, with tears in his eyes. "You shall see, sir, that though I have been a drunkard I am not a thief."

"I believe you," replied the jeweller. "I have every confidence in you; you are a good workman; I will furnish you with plenty of work, and in a few years you will be right again. Well! will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, sir! only tell me once more, that you do not think I sold the diamond."

"I repeat, on my honour, that I only said so in the first moment of anger. I am convinced

you are an honest man—in fact I prove it by trusting you with more work.”

“Yes, sir, that is true, and I promise you I will not disappoint you. I will repair my fault; the lesson has been severe, but it will not be without its fruits.”

Montin kept his word—he rose early, and worked indefatigably; the lost stone was replaced by another, which was polished as if by enchantment. Faithful to his promise, he went no more to the tavern, and became a model of steadiness and industry. At the end of the year he had paid a considerable part of his debt. Sixteen months passed thus, when one fine morning in May, having finished his work, he placed himself at the window, and watched the boats passing and repassing on the river, which flowed close to the walls of the house. Suddenly, his eye was attracted by something bright glittering on the extreme edge of an old chimney. What was his surprise to discover his half-polished diamond! It seemed as if a breath would precipitate it into the water beneath; and yet there it had been for so many months suspended between heaven and earth!

At this sight his emotion became almost as great as on the day when he had seen it disappear out of the window; he dared not remove his eyes, fearing to lose sight of the almost recovered treasure.

“It is—it is my diamond, which has cost me so many tears,” said he; “but how shall I reach it! If it were to fall! But no, I will take every precaution; not too fast!—let me consider well!”

At this moment his employer entered the room.

“Oh, sir,” cried Montin, “it is there!”

“What?” said the jeweller.

“My diamond, or rather yours. Ah, do not touch it, we shall lose it for ever.”

“It is true; it is certainly the diamond that has so tormented us; but the difficulty is how to get it. Wait a moment, I know how to do it.” So saying, he left the room, but quickly returned, bearing in his hand a net prepared for catching butterflies. With its aid, and that of a long stick, he proceeded carefully to try and get the precious stone—Montin, hardly daring to breathe, watching all his movements with the greatest anxiety. At last his efforts were crowned with success, and he cried, “Here it is, Montin! I congratulate you on its recovery. I am now your debtor to the amount of nearly a hundred pounds. What do you intend to do with the amput?”

“Leave it in your hands, sir, if you will be kind enough to keep it for me.”

“Most willingly; I will pay you the interest, and if you continue to add to it, you will soon have a nice little sum,” replied the jeweller.

This was the beginning of Montin’s fortune. In a few years he became a partner with his master, whose daughter he married, and he is now one of the principal jewellers in Paris.

### LADY, AWAKE!

THE sun is flooding the eastern sky

With a blaze of silver light:  
The fresh green foliage, waving high,  
Is fringed with a flame of white;  
And far above, from the topmost air,  
The showering lark-notes break;  
And the spirit of beauty floats everywhere—  
Sweet my lady, awake!

A soft breeze steals o’er the dewy land,  
From its home in the dreamy south,  
And scatters a perfume on every hand  
Sweet as the breath of thy mouth;  
And the tremulous boughs, as they bend and sway,  
A murmurous music make;  
And bright on the brooklet the sunbeams play—  
Sweet my lady, awake!

The river that lay in its dusky repose  
Through the long lone hours of night,  
Now laughs in the lustre that sunrise throws,  
And ripples in rosy light;  
And the hills that loomed like shadowy ghosts  
A clearer outline take;  
And the white sails glimmer along the coasts—  
Dear my lady, awake!

The violet lifts its eye of blue  
To the bending blue above;  
And the roses, bathed in a drench of dew,  
Are breathing of beauty and love;  
And the lily stoops its head to kiss  
Its shadow within the lake—  
O never was morning so lovely as this!  
Dear my lady, awake!

Awake! for a music is flooding the air,  
And melting along the deep.  
When nature is all awake and so fair,  
O, why should my lady sleep?  
A passionate sigh begins to start  
From the depth of each thicket and brake—  
A sigh that finds echo within my heart—  
O, sweet my lady, awake!

Awake! and come where the zephyr moves  
In ripples across the grass:  
Awake! and come to the lake that loves  
To mirror your form as you pass;  
And come, O come to the heart that pines  
And languishes for your sake—  
And bright eyes shall blind each dew-drop that  
shines—  
Dear my lady, awake!

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

## CHAPTER XIII.

DOWN AT EDEN LODGE.

WHEN Alice became aware that the stay of the family in town was limited to ten days, her first impulse was to terminate her engagement with Lady Welby. To leave her father appeared to her impossible; but she soon reflected that to allow him to want for necessities, to say nothing of luxuries, was a worse alternative. From her handsome income, paid quarterly in advance, she was able to give her aunt enough to relieve her father from his old fear of poverty. With the sad but truthful reflection, that her money was of more use to Selwyn Seabright than she herself could possibly be, Alice was at last compelled to be content.

Four times, during the daily drives she took her pupils, the young girl called to see her father. On each occasion she found James Gregory in his company, while twice she was compelled to enter the young man's studio in order to see her father. Despite the eccentricities of his character, there was something so genuine about the artist, that she could not help liking him; and she went so far one day as to allow him, while the children were in the garden with her aunt, to make an elaborate sketch of her face and figure, Gregory declaring that he could afterwards finish the portrait from memory.

This was on the occasion of her last visit to Islington, and the incident served in some measure to deaden the sense of grief with which she parted from her relatives. It was arranged, however, that she should at Christmas have a few days' holiday as a relief from the trammels of her somewhat ungrateful occupation. With this rather barren consolation, Alice left town with Lady Welby and the family. It was a trial to Alice to revisit the neighbourhood of Fairlawn Grange, but she now knew that, in her position in life, such trials were inevitable. From her short experience in the family at Eden Lodge, it was evident to Alice that Sir George intended to treat her as one of themselves. This appeared a little strange to the young girl, but her experience in life was not sufficient for this rather unusual course either to greatly surprise or puzzle her. With Grace she was like a sister; and, as soon as they were settled at Eden

Lodge, began to walk, drive, and practise music with her, as though they had been acquainted with each other all their lives. Alice, however, begged so earnestly to be allowed to absent herself from morning calls and dinner parties, that Lady Welby was induced to accede to her request. Alice was thus saved from the annoyance and humiliation of meeting many persons with whom she had been on terms of intimacy during her father's brief season of prosperity. In this way, also, she obtained many hours of precious leisure, which would otherwise have been employed by her in a distasteful manner, especially under present circumstances.

Time passed pleasantly, though slowly. Her pupils were agreeable and easily-managed children; her aunt kept up a constant correspondence; and every now and then Grace contrived for her young governess an attractive morning or evening, when they could mutually indulge their tastes for music or reading. But the young heiress had too many friends and visitors to allow her to devote much time to her hired companion. Nevertheless, she very graciously did what she could; and thus it came about that one morning the two drove to Malcombe, a market town distant about six miles, much frequented in consequence of the pretty and healthy drives in its neighbourhood.

Grace had her own pair of ponies and her own carriage, which she was very proud of; while her attendant page was in himself a curiosity—one of those sharp London boys who know everything, and yet have sense enough never to presume. In this equipage the two young ladies—one sumptuously dressed, the other habited in plain black—turned into a true English lane with large overarching trees, the intense blue sky seen through their autumn-tinted foliage, while on all sides were flowery hedges rich with perfume. It was late in the season, but enough of verdure remained to render the landscape agreeable.

A sense of quiet happiness stole over Alice Seabright. What is more conducive to a healthy tone of mind and body than nature in her softer aspects? Grand scenery, rocks, mountains, and wild gorges, may elevate the soul and rouse thoughts of sublimity, but there is a peculiar joy which can only be roused by the sight of mellow corn fields, blooming orchards, and all the charming belongings of English scenery.

Grace, who liked to hear herself talk, proved no bad companion for Alice just then, for as long as she listened, or appeared to do so, Grace was satisfied—a polite yes or no, now



and then amply sufficing to keep up the merry flow of conversation in which she delighted. Suddenly, as they came to a broad grassy road, on the edge of a common dotted with gorse and purple patches of dusky heather, Grace ceased her somewhat inconsequent prattle. It was the sight of a gentleman riding towards them along the soft turf that had silenced Grace Welby.

Alice knew him in a moment; and, hastily drawing down her veil, whispered in a low and rather alarmed tone, "Oh, Miss Welby, do not introduce me! I am only your humble companion."

The young lady, surprised and slightly annoyed, determined, however, to acquiesce in her companion's wishes. To do this with ease and delicacy, it was necessary to pass the rider without stopping her own horses. This she did with a friendly nod, which, for that occasion at least, effectually prevented further intercourse. The gentleman bowed gravely, and went his way.

"May I ask, why you show such marked dislike to Lionel Seabright?" asked Grace, rather coldly.

"You know him?" continued Alice, asking a question, instead of answering one.

"Intimately. He dined with us yesterday; and I suppose is about to make a call on papa. Sir George likes him very much," Grace went on, still in a surprised tone of voice.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Welby," Alice said, gently, almost humbly; "I must appear very rude. When you have an hour to give me, I will explain my agitation and excitement."

Grace merely bowed, and the two girls relapsed into silence. The pleasure of the drive was all gone for both. Alice was thrown back upon all the more painful memories of the past; while Grace was annoyed at not speaking to a gentleman whose conversation and manners had pleased her, and who had paid her much polite attention. She secretly determined to abridge her drives with Miss Seabright, if they were to interfere with her intercourse with her friends. She little knew that nothing could give her companion more satisfaction. To the eyes of Alice, the presence of Lionel Seabright turned that lovely country into an arid desert.

The drive over, the young ladies separated; Grace to prepare for a little musical party, Alice to the companionship of the children and her own sad thoughts. By what fatality had she been brought into a house where *he*

visited, and where every day she risked being brought in contact with him? Rebellious ideas, resolutions to throw up her situation, flitted across her brain, and were only driven away by the picture of comparative happiness conjured up in her mind's eye, in the distance, clustered round the comfortable home in Islington.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE MUSIC ROOM.

SIR GEORGE and Lady Alicia were celebrated for getting up pleasant parties, especially musical ones. The mistress of the house was a good performer and singer; Grace was a tolerable musician; while among their more immediate friends it was not difficult to make up quite an orchestra. The attendance of those who intended to exhibit their talents on this occasion was tolerably large; while the large audience was composed of the *élite* of the county. The arrangements were admirably made: the music-room devoted to the amateurs being separated by folding-doors from the drawing-room, thus leaving the various singers and players perfect freedom of action.

The company assembled at an early hour, and were received by the host and hostess with the most friendly hospitality. Among the first arrivals was Lionel Seabright. He appeared a great favourite of her ladyship's, and kept by her side until her attention was required elsewhere. He then quietly slipped away to the extreme end of the audience chamber, and joined the bevy of young ladies surrounding the beautiful Grace. But though he spoke pleasantly and gaily, and appeared amused and interested, anyone who had watched him keenly would have noticed that his eye wandered round the room in search of something, which, not finding, caused him frequently to relapse into silence, and become a listener instead of a speaker. As, however, he lingered near Grace, and occasionally addressed that young lady, who believed herself the main attraction at Eden Lodge, she was satisfied.

The entertainment soon commenced, and the company took their seats, prepared to listen. Both were of the usual drawing-room character, neither better nor worse. Some sang well, some indifferently; the instrumental being far better than the vocal performance. At length Grace went to the pianoforte to sing, a lady in black, very plainly dressed, gliding from a corner of the room to accompany her.

As was due to the young lady of the house, perfect silence prevailed. The song was wild and weird and the air one of singular beauty. It excited general applause and was vigorously encored.

Grace whispered something to the performer on the instrument, and, after some slight and polite altercation, the two were seated side by side. Miss Welby had prevailed on her companion to sing in a duet; a very slight part of which was taken by herself, while that of the other was lengthy and difficult. They began, and before five minutes had elapsed the audience was fairly electrified. Many who were *habitués* of fashionable concerts and the opera declared that no such voice—fresh, rich, and flexible—had been heard in public during that season.

Every body was delighted, and expressed themselves so in the warmest terms. Something of the enthusiasm abated, however, when it was whispered that the singer was “only the governess.” Quiet remarks also were made upon the undesirableness of professionals being received into a private house, for the ultimate destination of a young lady possessed of so remarkable an organ must be either the stage or the opera.

There was one, however, who listened in ecstasy. Everything seemed to vie in making him love and worship her. Her beauty, her filial devotion and endurance, her lofty independence of character, had already been revealed to him; while now she displayed to his astonished senses the possession of accomplishments of the highest order. Why should this glorious creature be devoted to a life of cold penury, when the most brilliant future awaited her acceptance? Something must be done, some effort made to clear her mind of the prejudices she had imbibed with regard to him—but how, was the difficult problem to be solved.

While the applause still lasted, Alice Seabright glided away from the piano and from the room, eager to escape compliments which did not compensate her for so public an appearance, nor make her forget her penniless and dependent position. Her intention was to gain a small boudoir, where she could remain in silent meditation until she was again required to exhibit her talents.

Scarcely, however, had she seated herself when a footstep was heard without. The half-closed door was pushed open, and a lady, richly dressed, entered the room. Alice, who thought it might be some one who desired a change from the hot drawing-room, rose and

was about to retire, when she was caught in a warm embrace.

“Alice, now truly, did you not know me?” said the pleasant voice of Emily.

“My sister—you here!” cried Alice, faintly.

“Yes—Harcourt met Sir George at the assize dinner, and, being old acquaintances, he gave us an invitation. But Alice, darling, why have you hidden away like this, and where is papa?”

“Have you not seen Jane?”

“No—we’ve only just returned from Vienna,” continued Emily.

“But,” said Alice, in a low tone, “you have heard the news—and what does your husband say to it?”

“To the loss of the money—absolutely nothing. Of course he was very sorry; but he has been kinder, more gentle, more affectionate, if possible, than before. I understand Sir Charles is very indignant, and has dragged poor Jane away to some German Spa. But there, dear, calm yourself and tell me all about it.”

Alice could not but feel the difference between the two sisters; and, after some further expressions of affection on both sides, proceeded to narrate all that had passed from the day of the wedding. She blushed a little as she tried to avoid betraying Jane.

“Harcourt knows all about that. Mr. Sherrington told him that some interested person had suppressed the telegraphic dispatch, and of course we knew it was not papa, while it could not be you.”

“And what does Mr. Harcourt say?”

“That it was not right: but still was not a crime never to be forgiven. The only person he is angry with is yourself.”

“Why is he angry with me?” faltered Alice.

“For not communicating with us, and making our house your home. Think of the struggles of the life you have so foolishly adopted; besides, what poor papa must endure?”

“He is very happy,” said Alice, in reply; “and I could not be dependent on anyone.”

“Not on your own brother and sister?” cried Emily.

“No! My province in life is work.”

“You are a mere child. My husband, with whom you were always a favourite, insists on my finding you, on my taking you home, where you will be the pet of the family, until some fine summer morning you are stolen away from us,” said the kindly-disposed sister, whose heart overflowed with generous sympathies.

"No. You must pardon me, Emily. Your husband is, as I expected, a good and generous man. I cannot live in idleness; it would kill me. Work alone can keep down the evil spirit."

"Evil spirit, darling! What do you mean?"

"Hate!" replied Alice, harshly. "Hate for the man who cast poor papa down; who deprived him of reason and all his possessions."

Emily looked terrified. Alice had risen to her feet, and stood before her with rigid arms and clenched teeth. She appeared a statue, with an expression of utter helplessness in her beautiful eyes.

"But, Alice, dear, Mr. Lionel Seabright has only done what was perfectly right. The estate was clearly his—of that there can be no moral doubt," said Emily, soothingly.

"You think so," she murmured.

"I am sure of it. Your opinions to the contrary are quite erroneous. It is natural you should feel for papa—but the whole affair was a mistake. As far as I am concerned, it has ended happily," she said, laughingly; "and now, do not let us talk of anything disagreeable or painful. We are only on a short visit: will you return to town with us next week?"

"I cannot, Emily. When in London, I will call and see you,—but remain at my post I must. Thank your good husband. Pray seek an opportunity to make my excuses to Lady Welby; my head aches, and I can neither play nor sing any more to-night."

Emily looked sad enough, but she embraced her sister in silence, and went down to make her excuses to the lady of the house, who was very much surprised to be made aware that her governess's relative was present. In so large an assembly several visitors were necessarily personally unknown to her.

She received her, however, very graciously, was certainly surprised to hear that Alice preferred to earn her living to enjoying the pleasures of a luxurious home. But she admired Alice's independence of feeling; and then rather abruptly changed the subject. That the sister of a baronet and a banker's wife should be governess, seemed to Lady Alicia to be very anomalous, and likely to bring about unpleasant complications. She even went so far, later in the evening, as to remonstrate with her solemn husband on the impropriety of giving invitations without consulting her. At which he only laughed, and promised to behave better for the future.

Alice, in the meantime, went up to her

room, more low-spirited and broken-hearted than she had for a long time been. The meeting with her sister had to a certain extent pleased her; she was always glad to see one so dear to her as Emily; but when they parted, there came upon her a deep sense of loneliness, accompanied by a feeling of indignation, that none sympathised with her in her doubts with regard to Lionel, still less in her dislike of him.

Everybody else took their expulsion from Fairlawn Grange as a matter of course, and even had a kindly word for the upstart, who had come no one knew whence, after living no one knew where, to drive forth her father from his rich and tranquil home. She hated him. Alice never thought of herself; but still lurking under all was a sense of bitter disappointment, of weariness inexpressible, which, after all, lay at the bottom of much of her regrets and repinings.

The music sounded merrily in the halls below, the voice of song came upward with a weird and yet pleasant wail, which, however, to Alice sounded inexpressibly painful. To shut out its jarring influence she went to bed, there to regain some of the composure of which the events of the evening had deprived her.

## CHAPTER XV.

### IN THE PARK.

UP with the glorious sun and out into the park. This was a favourite habit with Alice Seabright; who, not keeping such late hours as the other inmates of Eden Lodge, was able to enjoy the sweet morning air, the perfume of the dew-clad meadows, the songs of the early birds, and other pleasures unknown to those who waste the best part of heaven's day in slumber. Later, what with visitors and the many strangers who were allowed to cross the park, there was no opportunity for that solace which has such potent charms for the unhappy and the thoughtful.

Following her own taste, Alice could have spent whole days picking wild flowers in the balmy fields. This, with a book, had once been to her perfect happiness. Now, there were no nooks she could call her own, no crooked distorted bank within which she could hide, no retreat that would be held sacred. Her only course was to enjoy her walks before others were abroad, though so little did anything give her pleasure now, that it was more from a sense of dislike to her own society that she sought the woods and trees.

This morning she went out because she could

not sleep. Conscience is a severe and hard taskmaster, and it told her that she had behaved neither wisely nor well to her gentle and loving sister, Emily Harcourt, nor to that good and christian gentleman, her husband. She had gone over all her old arguments about independence a hundred times, and even to herself they sounded hollow. Perhaps, after all, they wanted her, might find her useful in their wealthy home—in which case, where was the dependence?

A faint inkling of the truth that she was acting under the influence of indomitable pride, and not a little bitter jealousy, would make itself felt at times, and rouse her against her very self. If, after all, she were wrong; if she had judged Lionel Seabright harshly? No, this could not be; or else the whole course of her action was a mistaken one.

Full of these thoughts she reached the hedge bank which marked the boundary of the reserved park; there a small bridge crossed a wet ditch; the spongy, grassy sides covered by ferns and water plants. Alice stood gazing at them mechanically as she had often done before, and then turned to cross into the deeper shadow beyond. She was over the bridge and beneath a magnificent oak before she discovered that she was not alone. A gentleman was standing before her, hat in hand, with a sad and deprecating expression of countenance,—and that gentleman was no other than Lionel Seabright.

"Good morning, lady," he said, in as soft and gentle tones as he could assume—and they were very soft,—“I am happy to find that my cousin has one taste in common with myself—that of seeing nature in her early morning garb.”

Alice was confounded with surprise. He had come upon her so suddenly that any attempt at escape was useless. She must face him. To pass without a reply was equally undignified and improper.

“My dependent position,” she replied coldly, “gives me no other opportunity of seeking health.”

And with a frigid bow she would have passed.

“Alice Seabright,” he cried, passionately—“for our relative positions enables me to call you so—this chance may never occur again; never again may it be given to me to speak my mind freely. You must hear me—if you would not drive me mad!”

“Must!” she said, bitterly, recovering herself as the interview proceeded; “what can you, sir, possibly have to say to the daughter of Selwyn Seabright?”

“There is the stumbling block. Young lady, you are severely unjust to me. In an hour of woe and sorrow and suffering, the knowledge came to me that I was heir to a large estate, to a vast property which had been my father’s. Naturally, without inquiry, I came to take possession.”

“I think, sir, it is needless to go over a matter that must be painfully familiar to myself and family.”

“But, Miss Alice, it was only when within a few miles of Fairlawn Grange that I knew of any one being about to suffer dispossession from my arrival. I bade Mr. Sherrington at once offer to you and yours every accommodation possible, even to retaining the mansion,” he urged.

“We have never been used to be dependents. Besides, the blow had fallen on my father. Nothing could restore his health and innocent happiness. Allow me to pass on. This interview is most painful, and I hope will never be renewed.” And with these words Alice would have passed on.

“I beg you will hear me a few minutes longer,” he cried, in bitter and reproachful accents; “you do not know me, Miss Seabright. To win you happiness, to replace you in the sphere which you must have so admirably adorned, is my most earnest—nay, I say my dearest, wish.”

“Sir!” she said, with a stern astonished look.

“Miss Seabright,—Alice, can you not understand on what terms you might return to Fairlawn Grange, return with your honoured father,” he said, speaking low and beseechingly. “Do you, will you not, comprehend, that I love you; that I worship you—and am asking you to be my wife?”

Alice turned deadly white, trembling so violently that she could hardly stand; and yet, when he stepped forward to offer his arm, she repelled him with absolute horror.

“And is it come to this,” she cried passionately, “the owner of Fairlawn Grange has taken compassion on me—on my father?”

The scene was becoming too painful to last.

“Miss Seabright, you do me great injustice. From the first moment I saw you, your innocence and beauty won my heart. I loved you then as I love you now; and always shall. If it was presumptuous to wish to take you to my heart and home—pray pardon me. But no true woman rejects with scorn an honest man’s affection. Am I to understand that you utterly reject me, that I may not hope, in time, to win you—Alice Seabright?”

“Never; our paths lie separate. Unless

you promise never to repeat this painful subject, never even to speak to me again, I must leave my post as governess, and seek my fortune in the world elsewhere."

"Your command shall be obeyed, Alice Seabright," he answered, wearily and bitterly; and stepping out of the path, he allowed her to pass towards the house, following her with his eyes until she was quite out of sight. He then cast himself on the ground in a kind of stupor. "Sweet, bitter girl," he cried; "and you think all is over between us. Have you no heart—have you no capacity for loving—can you for ever steel yourself against one who would die to serve you? This estate has not brought me much happiness as yet. Will it ever? Heaven only knows—for unless I can win her, it is to me a useless possession. I must go away; to remain quiet now were folly."

In the hope of this interview, and in an honest belief in a very different conclusion, Lionel Seabright had accepted the baronet's invitation. Young, handsome, with a splendid estate, Lionel Seabright was decidedly the best offer his daughter Grace was likely to find in the matrimonial market. Sir George was no fortune hunter, but he had a due regard to the advantages of property and position, and would have been very glad to have found the young people taking a mutual liking to each other. Grace was as yet, her parents had reason to believe, heart-whole, and the master of Fairlawn Grange was just the person to whom they could wish to see her united. Unfortunately, the calculations of the wisest are often erroneous, and the hopes of the best defeated.

Lionel appeared at breakfast in a mood of perfect serenity; was pleasant and agreeable; discussed the coming shooting with as much apparent interest as if he understood all about it—as, being brought up in France, he did not;—promised to get up a large party for the first of September, and then intimated his intention of going to Fairlawn Grange. This hurried departure was, however, so strenuously opposed, so many projects had been made for the day, in which he was expected to take a part, that the kindly-hearted young man was compelled to yield, and gave up his liberty for that day. There was one comfort, at all events, he would not have to meet Alice.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### IN CÆLO QUIES.

**A**LICE could hardly reach the house, so overwhelmed with bitterness and grief was she at the interview which had taken place between her and Lionel Seabright. Instead

of his words having softened her heart, she found herself hating him with an intensity that was painful even to herself. But what was she to do? He was a man, respected on all sides, meeting with approval from everybody—though probably he would be very severely blamed for offering to bestow himself and acres on an obscure and portionless governess.

But she had her pupils to attend to—they breakfasted all together—and this drew her mind from the dull, leaden sleep in which it appeared to have fallen. She went, however, through her duties mechanically. One of these consisted in hearing her little friends read the New Testament, and fortunate it was for her that her religious training had not been neglected. She found comfort even in the few passages which suited their dawning intellect. To this followed the mother's daily visit to the nursery, which occupied some time, and then she was alone.

She took up books in vain, and at last, casting them on one side, she walked about the room, her pulses throbbing, her cheeks glowing, the quick blood scorching her very veins. With fierce internal vehemence she rebelled against poverty, against her inevitable fate, against the freaks of fortune which elevated her so high to cast her down so low. While in this mood, an attendant entered. Before she could deliver her message she quite started and stared oddly at the governess.

"You are not well, Miss?"

"I am not quite well, Anne—but 'tis only a headache. Do you want anything?"

"My Lady wishes you after dinner to take the children for a drive, and meet her at Chuffield Rocks," replied the girl.

"Certainly," was the only answer.

Chuffield Rocks were well known to her. They were about ten miles from Fairlawn Grange, and had been one of her favourite stations. Her father and herself had often visited the spot on botanising expeditions, and spent what is so emphatically called a happy day there. She must now make it the playground for children. Alice was getting very morbid, and lifting herself undeservedly into the position of a martyr—which anybody may do with the most ordinary grievance.

After dinner the carriage was brought round, and Alice, accompanied by the joyous children, entered and drove slowly round in the direction usually followed, which was to a certain turnpike and then up a lovely lane to the steep hill, which had to be climbed to reach Chuffield Rocks, on whose summit stood the ivy-clad ruins of an ancient fortress. The

view from the summit, as all who recognise it will allow, was simply magnificent. Though never neglecting the children, and avoiding no opportunity of inculcating any simple truth or piece of knowledge which occurred to her during the drive, Alice was generally silent—and thus the rendezvous was reached.

At the foot of the hill, which was very steep, the governess and the young people alighted, leaving the carriage to the charge of the coachman. The road was stony and arid enough, but Alice knew a path through some trees and bushes which guarded them from the bright flood of sunshine as well as shortened the distance very much.

It was needless to look for the picnic. As they approached, the sweet laughter of women, the voices of men, the music of a violin, to which some were actually dancing, sufficiently indicated the locality of the happy party. Alice, with a frown and an expression of annoyance, followed slowly behind the happy children. She, too, had been more than happy once, and now these sounds of revelry and merriment jarred harshly on her feelings.

### “FORMOSA.”

WE add our little rill to the great river of criticism that has flowed out of the production of a drama called “*Formosa; or the Railroad to Ruin*,” at Drury Lane.

The piece, which is from the pen of Mr. Boucicault, is another of those productions belonging to what has been called the *realistic school*, of which this playwright is the leading writer. Like the eminently successful “*Colleen Bawn*,” and the less attractive “*Octoroon*,” it is intended to be a very real representation of life. We think Mr. Boucicault himself will concede that if it is not real it is nothing, and it will be our business as critics to point out where, both in the construction of the piece itself, and in the way in which it is mounted and cast, it fails of reality, and so fails of its legitimate effect. To begin at the beginning, the title of the play is an effective one; the author, indeed, is too practised a veteran to choose a bad one: his play is called after the heroine; with this personage we have nothing to do beyond making one remark upon the way in which Miss Katherine Rodgers sustains the character; a character at once difficult—and doubtful. This much in fairness to the lady we will say, she personates *Formosa* with freedom from vulgarity—nay more—with purity, and to whatever extent the

play deserves the unlimited abuse that has been launched at it, she is entirely free from blame; whilst, if we accept the views of its equally ardent defenders, we must admit Miss Rodgers contributes much to make the play what they say it is.

It is out of the province of our magazine to touch upon such topics. The Grand Duchesses and the Aspasias of the stage somewhat resemble an antique statue, or M. Cabanel's Venus, their moral influence lies not in themselves; they are innocent or the reverse according to the mind that we bring to them. The impropriety of the Drury Lane drama is not in the principal characters; it lies rather in the innuendoes, or other and subordinate characters; innuendoes that are by no means uncommon in plays accepted by the critics without a murmur of disapprobation.

The writing in *Formosa* is not above the average of modern plays, but, like most of the author's pieces, this drama abounds in striking situations: indeed, were we to style Mr. Dion Boucicault a master of dramatic situations, we should only be paying him his fair meed of praise.

“*Formosa*,” which is in four acts, and contains no fewer than twenty-eight characters, was of course written for Drury Lane or a similar stage, and constructed “to draw.” We are presented accordingly with the “Oxford eight,” coached by Mr. Boker down at Oxford; with a picture of fast life in Piccadilly, and faster life in the villa of the heroine at Fulham. We have also the storming of a sponging-house, kept by a bailiff in the city, in which Tom Burroughs, the “stroke” of the Oxford boat, is incarcerated for debt, and from which durance vile he is rescued most opportunely by the Cambridge crew, aided by Mr. Sam Boker's pugilistic associates, the gentlemen of the Rumpumpas Club. And we have a grand finale in the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, and the victory of Tom Burroughs and his crew of “dark blues.” The arches of Barnes bridge are faithfully represented, through which we see the rival boats shoot, followed by two steamers, with real smoke coming out of their funnels, and cheered from the bank by Mr. S. Boker and a miscellaneous crowd of “supers,” amongst whom figure a lady and a gentleman on real live horses. Upon the tableau formed by the Oxford and Cambridge crews, and the various other personages of the piece, rich in their congratulations; with the crowd, the steamers, and Barnes bridge in the background—the curtain falls.

The scenery throughout is very good. The

first scene shows us the cottage occupied by *Mr. and Mrs. Boker*. *Mr. Boker's* house is apparently at the end of the Oxford crew's daily practising course, for they all leave their boat to sit down on chairs and benches in front of *Sam's* cottage, and practise rowing there, with immaterial oars, in imaginary water—which is, perhaps, slightly improbable, after a smart pull over the course—but certainly is not more so than that they should be “coached,” as it is termed in aquatic parlance, by a retired prize-fighter, even though he is, like *Mr. Boker*, distinguished by the proud title of “the unbought and undefeated.” The part of *Boker*, is sustained by Mr. John Rouse, of Drury Lane celebrity. Of course Mr. Rouse cannot make himself either taller or broader in the shoulders than he is by nature—this is beyond the low comedian's art; but may we suggest that if he dressed the character a little more like either a prize-fighter or a boatman, than an out-at-elbow little tailor, it would be more satisfactory to his audience. The part of *Mrs. Boker* (*Formosa's* mother) is sustained by Mrs. Billington; the part is an ungrateful one. *Mrs. Boker* is one of those disagreeable, moral-speechifying females, seen only on the stage; but we would remind the lady who acts it that even the poor have some dignity, and are not quite so offensively vulgar as she is in her delineation of the character of the “coach's” wife. The hero is *Tom Burroughs*, the “stroke” of the Oxford boat. The part—by no means an easy one—is filled by Mr. Howard, and to his acting we can take no exception. He looks the young Oxford man to the very life, and he plays his part with dignity, manliness, and grace. His conception of the character is thoughtfully artistic, and his elocution leaves nothing to be desired.

*Major Forum* (Mr. David Fisher), a man “without character or fortune, but living comfortably on his position,” is a good part, and very well represented. Mr. Wright's personation of the vagabond, *Bob Saunders*, is funny, but stale. He appears with two toy dogs, finding, as he says, “a little dawg an introduction into any society,” and after claiming his daughter, who has been brought up as a niece by *Dr. Doremus*, he meets with an accident, is taken to a hospital, where he is faithfully and tenderly cared for by his child, reforms, and becomes a sheriff's officer.

The reality of the piece is spoiled by the *Earl of Eden*, the Oxford coxswain, being played by a young lady, though it is only fair to Miss Brennan to say, that if she were a man, her impersonation of the character would

be a very creditable one; by the young men who compose the Oxford crew, appearing on all occasions—save one—in their blue boating jerseys; by *Tom Burroughs* leading a crew to victory, after spending—during his training—his “nights at play and days in bed,” in the words of the “cox” he must, indeed, be “soft as wax;” and by the trees in Piccadilly being represented as *full leaf* in March. What Mr. Boucicault's notions of training for a race are we do not pretend to know, but he makes *Major Forum* tell *Tom's* tutor, *Dr. Doremus*, “that had he (*Tom*) only remained faithful to pure brandy and water, he had not relaxed; but when he mixed his liquors, conscience left the seat of reason!”

However, we have no doubt, that “*Formosa*” will enjoy a long run and pay both author and lessee better than a better piece. The Prince of Wales visited Drury Lane soon after the production of this “naughty” piece; and, of course, after this, the propriety of “*Formosa*” can hardly be questioned.

#### TABLE TALK.

IT has often struck me, notwithstanding the many trials in this country every year, the chief points of which turn mainly on the evidence of professional witnesses or “experts” as to the similarity between certain samples of handwriting, that, as proofs of crime, there are few tests more invalid and fallacious than the experiments of many of these over-positive gentry. These proofs can, after all, at best be nothing more than arguments taken from the real or probable likeness in the writings in question. It is too often assumed by such witnesses, that because a thing is probable it must, therefore, as of course, be true. Again, in other matters, a witness must swear in criminal cases to the identical crime in question. Now, in proof by identity of hands this can never be; because the viewers, as viewers, can never swear but to the resemblance or non-resemblance of the writings produced before them. A man has been known to deny his own handwriting—which experts have sworn to their utmost belief another man has forged—and afterwards it has turned out confessedly to have been no forgery at all. Further: in charges of forgery under this proof the guilty run less risk than the innocent; for the guilty man's risk is when his imitation has been faulty, whereas the innocent man runs other risks. Take two, at any rate. First, many may happen to write like him; secondly, malicious forgers may imitate his handwriting.

But that judges of late years have thrown a damper on the over-pretentious certainty of experts who endeavour to elevate into a science what can be at best mere matter of conjecture, I doubt not grievous injustice would be inflicted far more frequently than is now the case.

THERE was once—so my nurse used to tell me long, too long ago—a French beetle-destroyer, who with great *naïveté* directed an old maiden lady whose kitchen was infested with these insects to get rid of them much in this way: “You zee dis leetle packet of poudare, madame, is it not? Figure to yourself dat you first catch ze leetle beetle in your hand. Den you put some of dis poudare in ze beetle’s mouth, and you let him go. Den dat beetle he has vun fit and he die presentlie.” I was reminded of this elaborate piece of nonsense lately by an American, so-called, “certain cure” for stammering, which may, perhaps, amuse some of my younger readers. The cure is alleged to depend simply on the rapid pronunciation, with due emphasis, of the following gibberish. I suppose directly the quondam stammerer can rattle it off three or four times without a check, his infirmity, *ipso facto*, has evidently left him. As in the case of poor St. Denis, who is said to have walked some miles with his head under his arm, the first step, doubtless, is the difficulty. But I am forgetting the wonderful “cure.” “Hobbs meets Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs bobs to Snobbs and Nobbs; Hobbs nobbs with Snobbs and nobbs Nobbs’s fobs. That’s, says Nobbs, the worst for Hobbs’s jobs and Snobbs’s sobs.”

THE remarkable favour with which the new two-wheeled velocipede, or bicycle, has been received in England, is attested by the fact that at a large “exam.” in the University of Cambridge, only last December, a question was set about the revolutions of the wheels of a *bicycle* and a *tricycle*; and although three-fourths of the men, in, were successful in solving the problem, it can be safely affirmed that not one in a dozen knew what a *bicycle* was; now, *bicycles* are as common as wheelbarrows, on every tempting bit of level road.

THE Latin dictionary was drawn upon for a name for the hobby-horse not inaptly called a *velocipede*; a fresh name was wanted for the last invented machine of the kind, and accordingly, *celer* and *manus* are laid under contribution, and we have the *celeremane*. This machine is a sort of boat on wheels; four men

are seated in it and propel it by a motion of the arms, similar to that employed for rowing: a fifth is seated at the back of the *celeremane*, and holding in his hands a pair of leathern reins, guides the vehicle. We have not seen Mr. Chambers’ new invention in motion, but if appearances are a guide, it certainly looks like going the pace. We were told by the inventor that the speed it is capable of attaining is considerable. Will the Oxford and Cambridge crews of the future train on the *Celeremane* in bad weather?

I LATELY met at dinner a gentleman, well known as a novelist, and as a scholarlike student of Shakspeare. We happened to talk of the play of “Much Ado about Nothing,” when the literary lion told us he thought *Verges*, old *Dogberry*’s fellow officer, derived his name from [the corruption of *verjuice* into *Verges*. *Verjuice* is *verd jus*, i.e., the juice of any green fruits: the acid liquor expressed from wild apples, sour grapes, &c. The derivation is ingenious, and not improbable. I find in my “Variorum” Shakspeare a note somewhat similar in effect.

BEFORE this is in print the International Boat Race will have been decided. Our judgment steps hand-in-hand with our hopes in the matter—we believe Oxford will win. But, *palam qui meruit ferat*, either side has pluck and muscle, and, whilst we cordially welcome the gentlemen of Harvard College to our shores, we thank them for showing how nearly the young athletes among our transatlantic relations resemble our own in courage, physique, and mettle.

THE question of “woman’s rights” has of late received ample attention at the hands of the essayists. “Ladies’ privileges” shall receive a few lines from our pen. Forbid it, our gallantry, that we should say, that our fair readers do not deserve all they can possibly extort from the hands of their tyrants—and more. But, dear ladies, in old England, you have your privileges as well as your rights. Think how far you surpass the sterner sex in all the braveries of apparel; recall your partners, walking attendant at your sides, like ravens or jackdaws, in sober black, whilst you appear in the fabrics of Persia, diffusing around you the perfumes of Araby, and despoiling the very rainbow of its hues for the enhancement of your charms; and then reflect how differently all this is arranged in the world of birds, beasts, and savages; think by how much the males



are finer and higher than the females. The tiger in the jungle rejoices in a spotted splendour, far greater in beauty than that which Nature has bestowed upon his spouse. The lion only wears the mane. Then look at the peacock, spreading his gorgeous plumage in the sun, whilst it has pleased Providence to make the peahen a very so-so affair. And amongst the less-civilized races, from the feathered and paint-daubed savage in his wigwam to the Grand Turk on his throne, it is the lords of creation for whom the tailors make the rich and showy robes. And now contrast your husbands, fathers, and brothers, with yourselves : and tell us, is all this to stand for nothing ?

It appears that the house Pope once lived in is to be shortly pulled down. This furnishes a daily newspaper with a peg upon which to hang an article on Pope's genius. His estimate of the value of the "little Papist's" writings is somewhat higher than our own. The writer of the article quotes Johnson's "Life of Pope" very freely. He concludes thus :—"He (Pope) never, to use his own (Johnson's) words, '*blundered round about a meaning*,' but rendered it plainly and adequately. Hence, his poetical works, which really occupy a distinguished place among those of poets of all but the first rank, are sure once again to come into prominent notice, when the moonstruck mysticism of certain pet poets will be handed over to cobwebs and the housemaid's commiserating brush." We have yet to learn that cultivated men and women have either forgotten or despised Pope's poetry, before we speculate upon the probability of its "coming once again into prominent notice" amongst the patrons of the "certain pet poets," whose "moonstruck mysticism" is so contemptible. We suppose this is meant for Mr. Alfred Tennyson and Mr. Robert Browning. We will quote the words of Johnson, too, on behalf of these two poets, and say "Gentlemen, are we alive after all this satire ?"

PROBABLY the three countries in which the populations, taken as a whole, are best grounded in the elements of knowledge, are the United States, Prussia, and Scotland. In the latter, schools are numerous and education cheap ; in Prussia education is compulsory ; in the States many of the schools are free. Education is not yet made compulsory there ; but an American friend of ours

informs us that public opinion tends in that direction. Many American children, after being at school for six hours in the day, are made by their parents to study their lessons for nearly as many hours at home. This is too much. We have no wish to see English children made weary and sleepless by overwork ; but the state of our schools, both for the working-classes and for the children of persons some removes from them in the social scale, demands the early attention of Parliament. Better schools for middle-classes we must have.

NONE BUT THE BLIND can be ignorant that the moon is one of the sources of our light : but it has only very lately been demonstrated, by means of a most delicate and sensitive heat-measure, called the *thermopile*, used in conjunction with the metallic mirror of Lord Rosse's great telescope at Parsonstown, that we actually receive an appreciable degree of heat from the moon's rays. This discovery is of great interest, and finally sets at rest a long debated question. How far this heat is the result of radiation or reflection remains to be shown : and if we receive heat as well as light from the moon, why not also from some of the planets ?

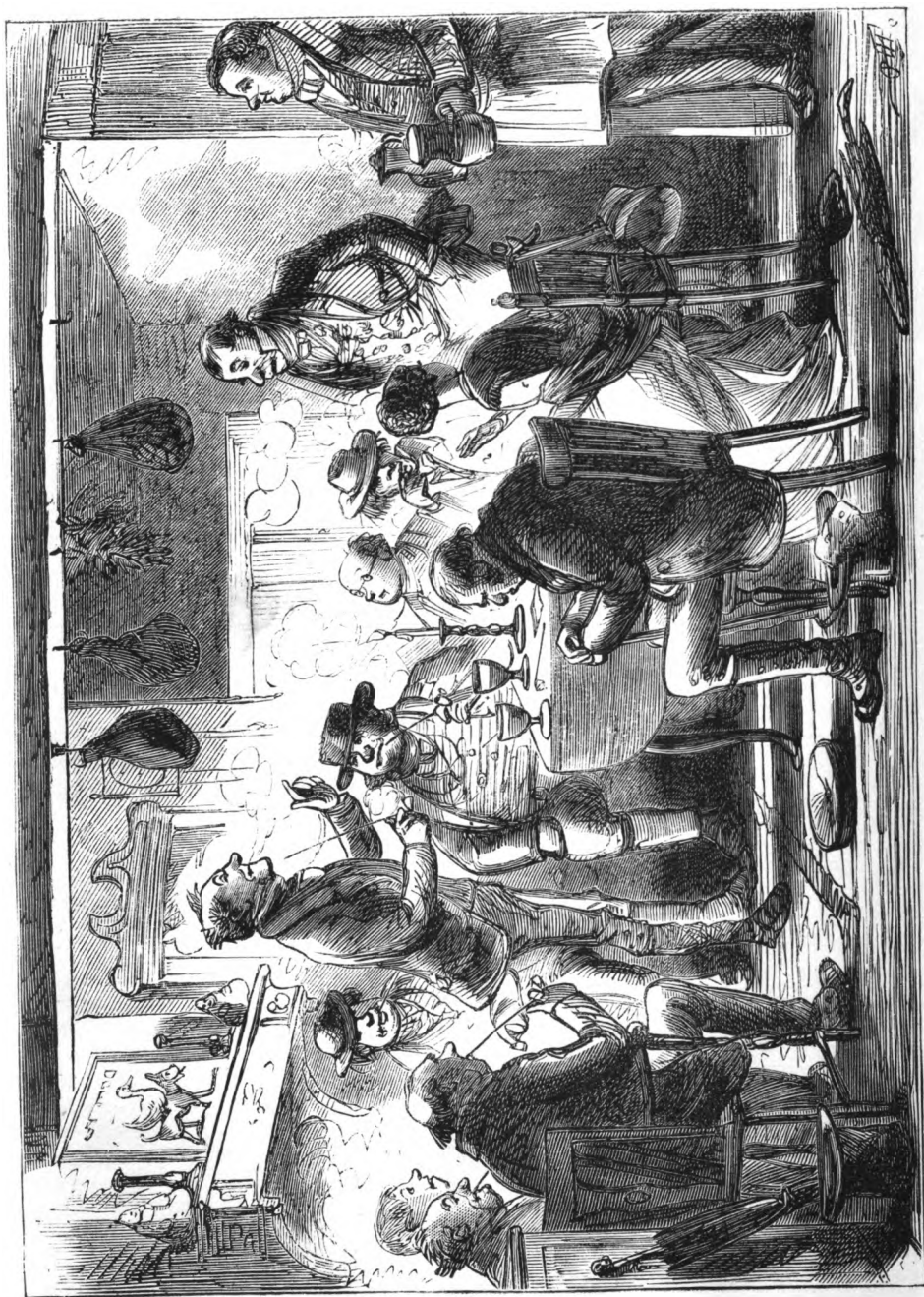
A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* has been converted to a belief in spiritualism, by the remarkable performances—not to say miracles—of a young lady, who is such a powerful medium that she makes trifling articles of furniture like dining tables, sideboards, and pianofortes, dance about the room like marionettes on a wire. We shall believe, too, when the media and their patrons succeed in making tables spin and sideboards dance in the presence of Mr. Huxley, Mr. Tyndall, or Professor Pepper. But they consistently refuse to confront incredulous men of science.

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[Oct. 9, 1869]

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL. ---See "RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN," page 111.

Once a Week.]

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### CHAPTER IX.

MARY entered the parlour, and had a kind greeting for each. She shook hands with Ike, for Ike and she were of an age—had danced and frolicked together in the meadow at the Links from infancy—and she had a sisterly love for the awkward youth who had developed into a sentimental swain. The lad's feelings burst all reasonable bounds, and he fairly sobbed; and had the villagers been less absorbed they might have noticed that he went through quite a pantomime as he sat in the corner wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and apparently preventing the escape of words from his mouth by the sheer physical power of his fist crammed into it.

Mary's entrance was quite a relief to the villagers, and Tigg, as chairman, was prompt to take advantage of the diversion and thus escape the odium of being non-plussed, and confessing himself unequal to the solution of a difficulty which had become painful to every one.

"Mary, my lass," said he, "we're right glad to see your dear face—eh, Ike? (Ike hid his eyes) for we know ye are as sensible as ye are fair, and as loving as ye are wise (Ike groaned), and that ye will give your good father there the best advice. Eh, Mary?"

Mary flushed slightly, and smiled at the sexton's gallantry.

"I always try to do that," she replied in her quiet way; "but father knows what is right, and will do it without my advice, Master Tigg."

"True, in a general way; but mark this, lassie,"—and Tigg took the pipe from his lips, and again described, with overpowering solemnity,

some eccentric orbits through space with the bowl, ultimately bringing the stem to bear on Mary's eyes—"mark this, Mary"—Mary laid her hands on her father's shoulder, and awaited the onslaught with great composure—"if your father does as he says he will, he'll be sold up!"

"If it must be, it must be."

"Ruined, lassie."

"Ruin is a cruel word, indeed. A bitter thing to say, and hard to bear; but father thinks 'twould be easier than dishonour. I think as he thinks, Master Tigg."

"But would it be dishonourable to use the money the strange man gave ye?"

"Father thinks it would; and I think as he thinks. Besides," she continued, after a pause, and the colour mounted to her cheek, which suddenly paled again, "besides—there—is—blood upon it!"

"Blood?"—and the company started in their seats a second time.

In a moment, before the villagers could say another word, a spasm seemed to seize the farmer's daughter, who, with bated breath and fixed eyes, pointed in vehement agony to a shadow on the wall, near the corner where Ike sat.

All eyes turned from her to the spot. A shadowy silhouette of a head was figured there. Still straining every nerve in her mental agony, Mary pointed with both hands to the fixed outline. "*His!*" This word alone escaped her.

Ike started in horror, and seemed about to speak, but the words were arrested by another vigorous application of fist. He moved; the shadow moved.

"See, all of ye, and tell me if I am mad, or in a dream!" cried Mary. "See!"

Ike raised his hand to his throbbing head; the shadow of a hand was depicted on the wall.

"Ha! and there is *the hand!*" As she thus said, Mary sank to the ground with a deep sigh.

Ike sprang forward, and the shadow

vanished. "Mary, Mary!" he cried, "oh, forgive me, forgive me, it was me!"

"Thou!" exclaimed the farmer, rushing at Ike, after he had placed his daughter in a chair—"Thou!"

"Thou!" roared the chairman, Tigg.

"Thou!" echoed the company, looking unutterable things at the youth, who stood like a condemned criminal.

"Was it you, Ike?" softly demanded Mary, recovering her composure.

"Ye-es, it was me," faltered the guilty lad.

"You who laid the money-bag on father's table?" continued Mary, rising and approaching Ike almost fiercely.

Words were about to escape his lips, but an application of fist drove them back down his throat.

"Speak, lad," said Dalton, "I'll forgive ye freely."

"Speak, Ike," said Tigg, "we'll all forgive ye!"

"Answer, dear Ike," said Mary, laying an encouraging hand upon his shoulder.

The obstructive fist gradually relaxed, and the distracted youth at length said—

"Yes, it was me who——"

"Go on, don't be afraid, lad."

"Who—made the shadow on the wall with my head; that's what I meant. But I didn't mean to do it!"

The whole company, disappointed of a solution to the riddle which Ike's ambiguous exclamation had led them to expect, turned upon him with something like indignation, but his manifest distress of mind disarmed rebuke, and wrath gave place to merriment, in which Dalton and his daughter joined. The landlord improved the occasion by bringing in a can of October, which was at once scored on the back of the door against Ike, who had rushed into the yard to cool himself.

#### CHAPTER X.

**P**RESENTLY Dalton, drawing Mary to his side tenderly, said, "Cheer up, my child, I'm thinking we'll put old Jack into the cart to-morrow, and go up town."

"Go up town, father?"

"Yes, to-morrow, betimes."

The bare idea of any one going to Brookside on any but market-day was such a novelty that this announcement gave a fresh fillip to the wonderment of the villagers, as it argued some momentous step on the part of Dalton. Riley gaped more widely than it seemed possible for him to do; Ike, who had re-entered, apostrophised with three "oh's!" instead of

one; Pimble muttered "Darn me! if this isn't a coorious business!" and Tigg laid down his pipe, put on his tortoiseshell specs, and looked hard at Dalton through them, which had a very impressive effect upon the company, for the reason that they were never worn save at a funeral, or when he read the responses in church on Sundays.

"You going up town to-morrow? Art serious, neighbour?" he asked with bated breath.

"Yes, Tigg, if I live as long."

"But—but what for?"

"To rid me of this money; 'tis irksome to me."

"To rid ye on't? But, if 'tis a fair question, Dalton, how are ye going to do it?"

"Why, by just taking it to the police-office, that's all."

The facility of this proceeding was palpable; but it was not so clear that any particularly good result would come of it.

"Well, neighbour, suppose you do, what then?" urged Tigg.

"I shall feel more like an honest man."

"Good. But stay a bit," exclaimed Holmes, as a bright idea flushed his radiant face to an apoplectic magenta, "stay a bit—I'm a-thinking!"

"Listen, listen, Holmes is a-thinking!" sarcastically cried Tigg, who, but for Holmes's intervention, was in danger of again drifting into the meshes of logic. "Silence! Holmes is a-thinking!"

"I'm a-thinking that, if Dalton is determined to get rid of the gold, instead of giving it to the police, which would do no morsel o' good, he had better return it to him as gave it!"

"Yes, yes!" ejaculated Mary, who caught at the prospect of atoning to the man she had injured, and imagined that Holmes knew who he was; "yes, yes, we will! Who is the man?—tell us, tell us!"

The whole party thronged round Holmes in a moment; and Tigg, who had returned his specs to their depository in his breeches-pocket, drew them out again, and, putting them on, now scrutinised Holmes, who was developing a deeper hue of red.

"What's his name? Out with it!"

"Speak! speak, man!"

"Darn'd if I know! I wish I did!" at length responded the rustic, overcome with confusion at having crushed their hopes. "But can't ye look for him?" he added, grasping at a straw.

A contemptuous guffaw burst from the villagers in chorus.

"Ah, neighbour," replied Dalton, "the world is wide! Besides, it is not an easy thing to find a man we have never distinctly seen."

Ike was on the point of giving utterance to something which appeared to burden his soul, but a vigorous taste of knuckles intercepted the words again.

Holmes saw the difficulty pointed out by Dalton, and sank back in his chair abashed.

"Uncommon clever, Holmes!" sneered Tigg—"uncommon clever, like everything that comes out of your pretty little mouth!"

A general burst of hilarity followed this sally at the expense of Holmes' mouth, which extended from ear to ear, and was the standing joke of Ivygreen. But in a moment the whole assembly was electrified by the undaunted Holmes, who jumped up and almost knocked Solomon off his stool with a tremendous thump on the shoulder, crying, "Darn it! I've got it at last!"

"Lor' a mercy!" exclaimed Tigg, reeling under the vehement salutation; "what have ye got, man alive?"

"The right idea! Let 'em look for the man at the —"

"Go on—out with it!"

"At the—doctor's!"

"At the doctor's! What on earth d'ye mean?"

"Why, didn't the lassie cut open the man's hand, and wouldn't he naturally go straight to the nearest doctor's to have it mended?" and Holmes became suddenly violet to the roots of his hair with satisfaction.

A round of applause followed this sagacious suggestion, and Mary laid a grateful hand upon the speaker's shoulder; even Tigg was impressed with the luminous idea; and the landlord thought it a fitting occasion to propose another jug of ale all round (at Holmes's expense), with a cheer for everybody, and success to the "Dog and Duck."

Dalton, after a few moments' cogitation, acquiesced in the suggestion. They would try the apothecary's first. That failing, they could then deposit the money at the police station. Agreed: and the jugs emptied accordingly. At that moment the venerable clock striking one (which meant nine), gave the signal for separation, and the simple villagers separated accordingly. Holmes's physiognomy gradually faded to its normal pink; Tigg mounted the belfry by moonlight to rake out another starling's nest, if possible, with a view to avoid future reproaches and to effect greater accuracy in the striking; Huggins counted the returns

of the evening with a chuckle of satisfaction; Dalton and Mary thoughtfully wended up the street to the Links; and Ike, relieving his bosom of a long pent-up "oh!" again put his head under the pump to cool.

## CHAPTER XI.

**S**HALL we follow Ike's movements after the revivifying ceremony just alluded to, and give him a short chapter all to himself?

The beneficent stream from the pump had a swift and tonic effect upon the nervous system of our gaunt rustic: he arose from the aqueous operation like a giant refreshed. He was himself again—or rather, he was apparently quite another person. The timidity, the characteristic awkwardness of the lad, had vanished, and given place to decision and firmness of purpose; and as he stood there erect and unbending as the pump itself, there could be no manner of doubt about it—Ike was a power for good or evil.

The last footfalls of the tardiest villager had died away, and very soon the last light in the hamlet was eclipsed; for it will be readily understood that the burning of midnight oil was not a vice of Ivygreen. If the unusual flicker of a light should by any chance be seen during the dark hours, you might with safety conjecture that some inhabitant was thoughtfully paying a last visit to a sick cow, or tending a new-born calf, or securing the hen-roost against fox or weazel, or personally satisfying himself that horse or ass had a comfortable shake-down, as he deserved to have, after the heat and burden of the day.

The last light, I say, had been extinguished, and then appeared to have arrived the moment for which Ike had waited. His cogitations had evidently led to a decision of some sort, for he said to himself, in a low undertone, "Yes, I'll do it?"

His cottage stood hard by, near Huggins' brewhouse, and due north of the pump. Consequently it is natural to surmise that he would move off due north, and make for his bed, like his honest and unsophisticated neighbours. I feel a compunction in averring that he did no such thing. He turned his back upon his lodgings and strode south, with as light a tread as if there were no mischief in his designs. A few yards brought him to the village school-and-pastry shop, and at the door he paused. There was not a sound within, though he listened with his ear to the keyhole. Polly Pattepan, the purveyor of knowledge and cakes, anticipating no marauders, was sound asleep.

"All quite still and quiet," muttered the

daring youth, "now's the time!" And Ike, drawing a long breath, which terminated in a sigh, stepped softly past the house and gained a bye-lane. There he could walk more at ease—he was quite beyond the keenest hearing in Ivygreen.

A bend in the lane brought our rustic suddenly face to face with a form, rendered dim beneath the thick overgrowth of foliage, and which in an instant dissipated all the firmness of purpose derived from the beneficial pump. Ike trembled, like a guilty thing as he was, from head to foot, and when the indefinable form (should I not rather write it *FORM*?) moved slowly towards him, his impulse was to fly for his life; but when it reached the moonlight his terrors subsided and composure returned, for he recognised no human witness of his purpose, whatever it might be, but only Zach, the superannuated old horse of the village, bequeathed to the community in general by Zachariah Mitchell, whose name he thenceforward bore; and who had on this occasion extended his evening stroll beyond his ordinary limits, with a view to satisfy himself as to the quality of Master Radford's bit of clover in the hollow yonder. In illustration of the Latin proverb, Zach found the descent to the pit easy; but being a martyr to rheumatism, and highly sensitive in the sciatic nerve, he had made many painful but ineffectual attempts to ascend the slope, until the cool night air, and the stamina derived from the excellent herb, braced him to a last and successful rush.

Ike exchanged civilities with Zach, and continued his expedition along the lane without further interruption, until he reached a stile. Clearing the stile at a bound he gained a covered stall for cattle. There he paused.

What brings him hither at such an hour of the night? There is no sick cow or creature of any kind needing kindly help. It is a deserted, dilapidated shed. What brings him hither?

The ground is paved with the red sandstone of the country, and Ike waited some minutes until a glimpse of moonlight should enable him to distinguish a particular slab. The fleeting clouds passed away, and Ike's foot was planted upon the object of his search. The tall youth looked wild, weird and wicked, as he stood there alone, erect, motionless, in the moonlight; and appeared altogether so to falsify the character and traditions of the Ivygreenites, that I am almost tempted to expunge and reverse the description I gave of them in Chapter I.

Presently he again uttered those pregnant

words "yes—I'll do it!" and so saying, he sank upon his knees. With no penitential purpose, however, and not in any way signifying contrition or self-abasement. He knelt down to raise the particular slab. As he did so a shrill cry overhead petrified him, as well it might at such a moment, in such a place, on such an errand as this! Oh, for the tonic virtues of the pump now! But again the witness was no human witness,—it was the screech-owl passing over, and Ike's terror was only momentary; but the pallor upon his face showed that he did not view these interruptions as good omens.

The big stone was quickly heaved aside, a lump of turf removed, and Ike's eyes rested with delight upon a bag—a leathern bag.

The bag contained money.

Though it is not my business at this stage of our chronicle to assist the intelligent reader towards his conclusions, I will frankly confess that the leathern bag in question was as like as could be to the bag found on farmer Dalton's table.

Ike took up the bag, drew the string, and emptied the contents into his gaberdine.

Gold!

Ike took the gold, bathed his hands in it, buried his hands in it, gloated over it, and counted it like a miser. A hundred guineas again! and he, Ike, the seeming simple, homespun, honest Ike, a miser, a secret, cunning hoarder, he!

Oh for the blameless annals of Ivygreen!

But hark! what is he muttering to himself, as he bathes his hands and buries them in the lustrous heap?

"Yes, it shall be done: I'll do it! Polly is poor; Polly is good and kind and hard-worked; oh, yes, so very, very hard-worked! I'll—I'll do it, and serve Polly the same as Dalton!"

Aha, Master Ike, 'twas thou, then, schemer? But thou hast let in a flood of light upon my riddle and spoilt it. Blunderer!

Ike gathered together the treasure, and thrust the bag into his pocket, retracing his steps toward the village. He overtook Zach, who pulled up and offered him a broad back. But Ike was too humane to avail himself of the friendly service, and pausing a moment to bestow a familiar salutation upon the animal's neck, he soon outstripped him and gained the hamlet.

He reached Polly Pattepan's cottage, and at once found that his intentions, whether benevolent or the reverse, to "serve Polly the same as Dalton," were doomed to be frustrated. Polly's chamber was in the attic: the window

consequently quite out of reach. So the baffled schemer had no choice but to retrace his steps to the deserted shed and redeposit the treasure beneath the big red stone, or to adopt the more attractive course of turning due north of the pump, after refreshing himself there, and making for his own roost.

He wisely decided upon the latter alternative.

His slumbers would not have been so tranquil as they were, had he known that, as he quitted the shed, a man of no very agreeable mien emerged from concealment, and stood precisely where Ike had knelt a few minutes before, steeping his hands in the golden bath.

### LITERARY SIMILARITIES.

IN our "Table Talk" (see No. 84) attention was called to "Macaulay's New Zealander," and several instances were given of the idea having been used long before the time of our brilliant historian. A most alarming influx of letters upon the subject has induced us to insert this article, giving the information so earnestly requested:—

Dryden, I believe, somewhere said that it is not unamusing to track a favourite author "in the snows of others." I remember, however, that Sir Walter Scott deprecated this species of research, and characterised it as the favourite theme of laborious dullness. Opposed to Scott is the authority of D'Israeli. In his chapter on "Poetical Imitations and Similarities," this well-known bibliopole says, "One of the most elegant of literary recreations is that of tracing poetical or prose imitations and similarities." Assuredly, among the curiosities of literature, few are more interesting than the coincidences which are to be found in the ideas of authors. "A book," says D'Israeli, "professedly on the History and Progress of Imitation in Poetry," (and prose, he might have added), "written by a man of perspicuity, and an adept in the art of discerning likenesses, even when minute, with examples properly selected and gradations duly marked, would make an impartial accession to the store of human literature, and furnish rational curiosity with a high regale." Our French neighbours seem to be more alive to this interest than we are, since the scholars of that nation have made volumes of such collections. The gatherings of Nodier and Querard are rich in the extreme, and their books are, as contributions to the library, quite without equal in this country.

It is not always, as Scott said, that the search is with the view to bring the author to a level with his critic. The cultivated man of letters knows that similarity is not always imitation, and he does not confound accidental likeness with studied resemblance. His distinctions are just, and the entertainment he affords cannot be deemed despicable.

It would be an interesting inquiry to ascertain how far the *electric genius* of thought will account for the curious similarities of ideas which are frequently met with in different authors whose honesty and originality cannot be questioned. The discoveries of modern science have brought much of the startling agency to light, and the speculations of Babbage and Hitchcock develop the theory of a telegraphic system through Cosmos. Their principle converts creation

Into a vast sounding gallery,  
Into a vast picture gallery,  
And into a universal telegraph.

It is told of the late Lord Macaulay that he had read everything, and that he forgot nothing he ever read. It is possible, therefore, that in his multifarious literary excursions he had more than once come upon the germ of the idea which he developed in the celebrated *New Zealander*, who, it has been well said, has certainly earned the privilege of a free seat on London Bridge, by the frequency with which he has "pointed a moral and adorned a tale."

M. Volney, in his "Ruins, or a Survey of Empires" [*Ruines ou Méditations sur les révolutions des Empires*], thus wrote:— . . . . "Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames, or the Zuyder Zee, where now, in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eyes are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations; who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep a people inurned, and their greatness changed into an empty name?" [pp. 7, 8, of the fifth edition, published in 1811.]

Gibbon, in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," before this, however, had written:—"If, in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow, a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate in the period of the Scottish history the opposite extremes of savage and civilised life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas, and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce



in some future age the Hume of the southern hemisphere." [Vol. iv. c. xxv., p. 298.]

Horace Walpole, in one of his celebrated letters to Mann [Nov. 11, 1774] thus wrote:—"For my part I take Europe to be worn out. When Voltaire dies we may say 'Good-night!' . . . . The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will perhaps be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, and in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra." [Vol. ii. pp. 297, 301.]

Henry Kirke White, in his poem "Time" [Poetical Works and Remains, 1837], pp. 83, 84, thus expresses the idea. . . . .

Where now is Britain? . . . . .

O'er her marts,

Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry  
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash  
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.  
Even as the savage sits upon the stone  
That marks where stood her capitol, and hears  
The bitterns booming in the weeds, he shrinks  
From the dismaying solitude. Her bards  
Sing in a language that hath perished;  
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves,  
Sigh to the desert with a dying strain.

Shelley, in his "Dedication of Peter Bell the Third" [Works vol. ii. p. 377], employs thus the idea. ". . . . In the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing it in the scales of some new and unimagined system of criticism."

Mrs. Barbauld in a poem [see the Works of Anna L. Barbauld, in 2 vols., 1825, vol. i., pp. 239, 240.] entitled, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," speaks of a time, when—

England, the seat of arts, be only known  
By the grey ruin and the mouldering stone.

When—

. . . . . the ingenuous youth whom fancy fires,  
With pictured glories of illustrious sires,  
With duteous zeal their pilgrimage shall take  
From the Blue Mountains, or Ontario's lake

To ask where Avon's winding waters stray, &c.

I have found the idea, I think, four times in

the productions of Macaulay. In "The Prophetic Account of a Grand National Epic Poem, to be written by Richard Quongti, and to be entitled 'The Wellingtoniad,' and to be published A.D., 2824," I believe we possess the crude embryo of the New Zealander. [See pp., 674 & 5, of the 7th vol. of his Works, edited by his sister.] This piece was one of his contributions to Knight's Quarterly Magazine, and appeared in November, 1824.

The first distinct sketch is in his eloquent description of the influence of Athenian literature. It is in these words:—"The Dervise in the Arabian tale did not hesitate to abandon to his comrade the camels with their load of jewels and gold, while he retained the casket of that mysterious juice which enabled him to behold at one glance all the hidden riches of the universe. Surely it is no exaggeration to say that no external advantage is to be compared with that purification of the intellectual eye, which gives us to contemplate the infinite wealth of the mental world; all the hoarded treasures of the primeval dynasties; all the shapeless ore of its yet unexplored mines: this is the gift of Athens to man. Her freedom and her power have for more than twenty centuries been annihilated. Her people have degenerated into timid slaves; her language into a barbarous jargon, her temples have been given up to the successive depredations of Romans, Turks, and Scotchmen; but her intellectual empire is imperishable. And, when those who have rivalled her greatness shall have shared her fate; when civilization and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some misshapen idol, over the ruined dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts;—her influence and her glory will still survive,—fresh in eternal youth, exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual principle from which they derive their origin, and over which they exercise their control." [See Article on Mitford's Greece; Works, edited by his Sister, vol. 7th, p. 703.]

He employs it again in his Review on "Mill's Essay on Government." Thus: "Is it possible that in two or three hundred years a few lean and half-naked fishermen may divide with owls and foxes the ruins of the greatest

European cities? may wash their nets amidst the relics of her gigantic docks, and build their huts out of the capitals of her stately cathedrals?" (*Ibid.*, vol. v., pp. 264, 265.) In his finished form the "New Zealander," busy at his melancholy work, appears in the article on "Ranke's History of the Popes" to illustrate the learned author's opinion of the perpetuity of the Roman Catholic Church. "She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand upon a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." (*Idem*, vol. vi., p. 455.)

Since Macaulay, several writers have appropriated the figure. Sir Archibald Alison, in the first volume of his "Principles of Population," worked it thus into his florid Appendix, No. III., p. 571: "A long decay is destined to precede the British empire . . . and at length the Queen of the Waves will sink into an eternal though not forgotten slumber. It is more likely than that these islands will ever contain human beings for whom sustenance cannot be obtained, that the fields will return in the revolutions of society to their pristine desolation, and the forest resume its wonted domain, and savage animals regain their long-lost habitations; that a few fishermen will spread their nets on the ruins of Plymouth, and the beaver construct his little dwelling under the arches of Waterloo Bridge; the towers of York arise in dark magnificence amid an aged forest; and the red deer sport in savage independence round the Athenian pillars of the Scottish metropolis." Mr. Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," thus introduces the idea: "The civilised American or Australian will curse these places," (Jedburgh and Hawick,) "of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands, planted from our blood." (Page 725 of New Edition in 1 vol.)

It would seem that we are indebted, after all, to a very ancient Hebrew writer for the germ of this thought. The prophet Ezekiel, who wrote B.C. 595, in the 26th and in the 47th chapters of his Book, undoubtedly furnishes the suggestion which Macaulay has so felicitously employed.

## NIN'S EXPERIENCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE immediate suburbs of an English country town are seldom of cheerful aspect. Those of Winton are no exception to the rule. Their effect is still further removed from liveliness when seen through the medium of a dull February afternoon, when the rain descends in a still, dull, pitiless drizzle, blurring out the horizon, and reducing everything, mental and material, to a dull level of mud colour. On such an afternoon do I see myself, Nin Stewart, seated, curled up on the window-sill of my cousin's solid red brick house—one of those red brick houses peculiar to the English provinces—clad in a violet velvet jacket, much rubbed at the elbows, and rapidly shortening in the sleeves, and an incongruous print skirt that had seen a hard summer's service, with both eyes fixed on the turnpike road which lay before the house. My cousin, Mrs. Gwyn, was working away at some garment; at least, I know the round table was drawn into the window for the benefit of light, and that the work entailed a great deal of snipping with a large pair of scissors; and my cousin Lilian, our visitor at the time, was sitting by the fire, doing nothing, and apparently enjoying the employment. When I say "doing nothing," let me at once state that my cousin Lilian inspired no notion of easy indolent repose; on the contrary, she was an exceedingly brisk, neat-looking young person, with sharp grey eyes, a trim, upright figure, and a style of conversation that might be likened to Mr. Pinnock's catechisms, seeing that it consisted chiefly, if not wholly, of interrogations.

"Do you mean to live in this state of stagnation for ever, Gwyn?" was the *first* question that broke the silence. "Does no variety ever happen by chance?"

"Well, dear Lilian, I don't see what there is to complain of. We are all well, thank God, and the house is comfortable enough, and the servants are no trouble just now; indeed, the new cook gives us a particularly good dinner, which passes an hour every day for us agreeably enough; and what more would you have?" answered the person addressed, in that soft monotonous tone of voice which, when combined with the above style of argument, is calculated to drive a moderately irritable mortal to the verge of frenzy. Lilian gave her shoulders a somewhat indignant shrug, but, after a few moments, fired off a fresh question.

"You'll have Nin grown up directly, what do you mean to do *then*?"

"Ah! poor Nin!" returned Mrs. Gwyn, with a deep sigh. "Well, there are the neighbours, you know, but you would not think much of them." Then, again, regarding me with a melancholy air, with her scissors poised in one hand, she added, for the second time, "Ah! poor Nin!" Now there was no particular reason why I should be pitied; but it was my cousin Gwyn's way thus to regard all young people entering life, although fate had, on the whole, given her a comfortable time of it.

All this conversation I heard with my bodily ears only, without its penetrating into my brain; for the excellent reason, that whenever Lilian stayed with us (which was often), I heard it repeated four out of five days on an average. Besides, at this moment, the object I was looking out for so intently appeared, rain-soaked, coming up the road, in the shape of a youth of some eighteen years old; and clearing the sofa behind me at a bound, and the remaining length of the drawing-room at another, I flung the hall door wide open in readiness to admit him.

The moment the individual was fairly on the threshold, I dragged him into the hall and began to rummage in the pocket of his Inverness cape, which he flung down on the nearest chair, while he pulled off his cap, which was well soaked through, and showed a round good-humoured face, with large, clear, brown eyes, open and intelligent, yet with a dreamy look about them when in repose. They would have been too dreamy, indeed, for his age and sex, had their sleepiness not been redeemed by the expression of the mouth, which was firm and determined enough, with a good deal of dry humour playing about the corners when lighted up, as it now was, with a smile that displayed two rows of brilliantly white teeth. A figure, tall to lankiness at present, but with much promise of strength in future. Such was Lancelot Gwyn, my cousin's only child, and my sole companion and playfellow from babyhood upwards. But to return to my search.

With some difficulty I extracted from the pocket a volume, in a new smart red and yellow cover—one of Mayne Reid's, if I remember rightly;—then Lancelot and I adjourned to a large upper room which was devoted to our use.

Lighting a candle at the fire, by the primitive process of thrusting it between the bars of the grate, and setting it on the table, we drew up our chairs to the light, opened our

book, and plunged into the world in which we passed our whole existence. What was it to *us* that the life of the house was stagnant? that money, which ought to have been laid out on my education, and Lancelot's advancement in life, was only frittered away? That cousin Gwyn's attempts at a counter-balancing economy, especially as developed in her toilette and mine, were a source of entertainment to half Winton? Had *we* not always the best of good company? We scoured the prairies with "Deer's Foot" and "Wasaw-misaw." We met there impossibly beautiful heroines who rode fiery mustangs, shot red Indians, and were capable, at the same time, of displaying all the accomplishments ever taught at an educational institute. "Sir Walter" was our special favourite. To us Ravenswood and Lucy, Nigel and Fenella, were actual living realities. We knew every Scotch and border ballad by heart, had wept over "the Fire-worshippers," and took Moore's description of the Vale of Cashmere, and the ways of its inhabitants, entirely upon trust. I believed firmly that the outer world, of which I heard occasional mention, was peopled by the heroes and heroines of my romances thrown into different combinations of circumstances,—and, in the meantime, we were both quite happy in our dreams. A bad thing for us, you will say; but nothing lasts for ever, even in the most uneventful life, and a chance, small in itself, brought before me, about this time, a glimpse of real life.

Levindon Park was the show-place of our neighbourhood, and Levindon the show-village; and both thoroughly deserved the title. The owner rarely visited his estate, except in the late summer, during which stay he received one afternoon in each week anyone who chose to call. It was a rendezvous for everybody in the county, the meeting being always graced and completed by the presence of a party of distinguished and fashionable guests from town.

The summer of this year brought the reception days with it as usual, and somewhat to my surprise, it was announced that Lancelot and I were to be of the party on the last of the series. My only whole gown was accordingly put in order; and two or three days before the important event, my cousin, in her walks through Winton, bought some pink crape, and proceeded to cover one of her own bonnets for my use. In those days, reader, bonnets *were* bonnets! They were furnished with crowns, and truth compels me to state, that a crown covered by amateur fingers was not un-

likely to develop sharp points where a smooth circle was intended ; but in those days, my ignorance on the subject of appearance was, indeed, bliss. Having completed her work with a high wreath of flowers across the top, and a pair of broad striped pink and white strings, which I was enjoined on no account to crush, my cousin surveyed me when ready dressed for the festivity, and as we were stepping into the carriage, said :

"Well, I think I have made you look very nice, Nin," and then, with her usual sigh, she added, "*God help you !*"

This was not encouraging, but as use is second nature, I took the sentiment as a matter of course, and started off with no misgivings. In due time, we arrived : passed into a large oak-panelled drawing-room, where our host received us with old-fashioned courtesy ; through that room into a long low library, where a tea table was laid out with delicacies such as I had never dreamt of ; and where a heterogeneous collection of people were all talking at once, and making a noise and buzz quite new and astounding to Lancelot and myself. We stood unnoticed by the door, shifting from one foot to the other, and feeling somewhat shy and awkward, till, my cousin becoming lost in the circle round the aforesaid table, we took our courage in both hands, and made a desperate plunge through a glass door, which stood invitingly open, to recover our bewildered faculties on the deserted lawn, over which the shades of a soft summer evening were beginning to steal. It was a lovely spot. The garden terrace blazing with flowers, to which the mossy turf, and large shady oak-trees, formed a refreshing contrast ; the stately old house overlooking the whole scene ; its grey walls covered with ivy and creepers, giving one the idea of calm, and also somewhat the impression of a good and complete life, that has worked its way through storm and sunshine, to a perfect rest, clothed with good deeds and loving and lovely thoughts. Flinging myself at the foot of one of the grandest trees, I fell, as usual, into a dream ; for was there not here a background for any picture of imagination ? One or two stray guests occasionally crossed the lawn ; and amongst them, my attention became fixed upon three, who kept together, and seemed inclined to linger awhile and enjoy the beauties of the sunset. Two were ladies elegantly dressed, the third was a gentleman, who walked beside them, and whose whole aspect, from the way the carnation was stuck in his button-hole, to the easy swing of his cane, had

that indescribable air of polish which betokens a thorough man of the world. The ladies seated themselves not far from my post of observation on two low garden chairs, and the gentleman stretched himself on the grass at their feet. The organ of veneration must have been strong in me, for I observed the proceedings of this trio with admiration mingled with awe. The artistic folds into which the ladies' beautiful gowns fell ; the ease and grace with which they appeared to converse with their attendant—whom I had already invested with the qualities of every hero I had ever read of :—all these combined, prompted me to exclaim :

"Oh, Lancy ! these people are different to anyone we have met with. I wonder if *ever* one could get to look at all like those two ladies ? I don't mean so beautiful, you know," I added apologetically, "but a little, ever so little, like." And here I stopped short, confounded at my own audacity.

"Well, I don't know. They're great swells, you see," replied Lancelot, with ready frankness ; "and I suppose it's a way they have, not to be so brown, and their hands so red ; it's different with them, I daresay. You can't help that, Nin, you know," he added, by way of consolation.

"Oh, of course not," said I, with a sigh of resignation, and a pull at my unlucky pink bonnet, which *would* always find a resting-place on the back of my neck.

This feeling was momentary, however. I soon became quite happy again as a looker-on. An exquisite moonlight night succeeded the lovely day ; and, as I rode home, quiet and unnoticed in my corner of the carriage, the peaceful beauty of the scene penetrated my whole being, and filled my mind with pleasant images and recollections enough to tinge with new colouring many weeks of our ordinary life.

During the rest of the summer, I saw from a distance a good deal of the objects of my admiration. The weather was fine, and the neighbourhood of Winton abounds in pretty drives, so that the elegant little pony-phæton from Levindon was in constant requisition for the two ladies ; and as the shooting season had not yet commenced, my hero seemed to have plenty of spare time for acting as their escort. I made the discovery that his name was Captain Lestrangle ; that one lady was his sister, Mrs. Anstead ; and that the other, whom I had set down in my own mind was to be the object of his devotion, and the bright star in his career, was Lady Alice Manners, a

distant cousin of his own. How I used to watch for the advent of these young people! How I surrounded them with a network of thoughts, ideas, and adventures, which would have astonished them considerably had they been aware of them! Lady Alice was tall and fair; and Captain Lestrangle was decidedly a handsome man, with expressive eyes, and a somewhat haughty cast of countenance, giving him an air of command that awakened interest. I had soon uninterrupted opportunity for making my reflections, for my only companion had left me, and in this wise: Lilian had been engaged for some time to marry a certain Mr. Ewan, a discreet and practical person like herself; and these two ardent young hearts had been quite content to wait until the gentleman should have realised a sufficiently large income in some commercial undertaking in Western America. Six years had now elapsed, and both parties seemed quite happy in their relative positions, heedless that the Atlantic rolled between them. However, now there appeared some prospect of the speedy return of the gentleman, to live in ease and rest in an English home, of which Lilian should be the presiding deity. In the meantime, Lancy was offered some employment on the American property; and he, poor boy, glad to exchange idle monotony for active life of any kind, especially abroad, started off, on the shortest notice, with all the rapture of a caged bird escaping to freedom. So I was left to absolute solitude, and summer wore away, and the party at Levindon dispersed their several ways; harvest was gathered in, the evenings began to shorten, the red and yellow splendour of the trees faded, and rain once more descended with its usual partiality to the old town of Winton.

Life in my home was conducted on the easy principle of eating when you were hungry, drinking when you were thirsty, and doing generally what seemed good in your own eyes. My taste led me to pass nearly my whole time out of doors; for, failing human society, I found that nature had the most variety and amusement to offer me. Few days passed that did not find me roaming for hours about the meadows and copses that lay between our house and the river, with some sort of solid refreshment in my pocket; for I had a Bohemian fashion of preferring irregular meals, taken when and where I liked, to the most elegant repasts ever set before the most select society. I had innumerable interests out in the country. The river was my great friend. There was fishing in the summer,—a sport

Lancy and I pursued with more ardour than success; there was a boat, too, of which I was allowed the use, and which was a sore trial to poor Mrs. Gwyn's feelings in two respects,—not from any fear that I might end my existence by drowning, for I knew every turn of the river as well as the most experienced boatman,—but, first, from the dreadful state of my hands and complexion, inseparable from the exercise of rowing; and, secondly, from a dim notion of what *people might say*.

One day in November it had been raining all the morning, till a brisk wind, like a merry spirit, sprang up and scattered the clouds, laying them aside in heavily piled masses, showing here and there gleams of pale opal-tinted sunshine, like the first faint smile of hope after sorrow. I had started off as usual, a roll and a paper of sugared almonds being presented to me at the last moment. I was in a great hurry to get down to Winton Weir, one of my favourite spots. When heavy rain had swollen it to the proportion of a waterfall, I could sit for hours listening to its rush and roar. So, wishing the good gift had not come then, I tied it carelessly up in the first handkerchief that came to hand, and started off to my pet haunt. The rush of water was finer than usual; and I relieved my mind from the weight of a wet morning spent within-doors by singing to it scraps of nearly every ballad, grave and gay, that I could remember. I then strolled along the field-path, buried in a reverie (I was personating Mary Stuart at Holyrood, I believe), when I was "brought-to," by a gust of wind seizing the loosely held handkerchief. Its contents fell right and left, the sugared almonds flying in all directions, and the roll alighting, not at *my* feet, but at those of an individual I had not observed approach along the narrow path. Quick as thought, he stooped to pick it up, and handed it to me with a polite bow, revealing to my astonished gaze the features of my unforgetten admiration, Captain Lestrangle. Now, it is one thing to be in imagination a fair young queen, quelling an assembly of tumultuous nobles in high-flown language, and by an improbable power of fascination; it is quite another to be brought unexpectedly into contact with a fashionable young gentleman of the nineteenth century! To feel intuitively that one's dress is old-fashioned and shabby, and one's boots clumsy and ill-made; that one is blushing, *not* a delicate and becoming rose-colour, but a furious crimson over face, neck, and hands, which latter members seem to grow unaccountably bigger and redder

every instant ! To know, too, that a packet of odious sugar-plums are rolling about the path with almost demoniacal persistence, making the situation in every way ridiculous; and when, to crown all, the eloquence one has expended in imaginary conversations, leaves one only the power to utter, in a stupid sort of style, the exclamation—

“Oh! I beg your pardon.”

“You haven’t hurt me,” replied Captain Lestrangle, regarding me with the most provoking little smile, and for some time making no attempt whatever to come to my rescue. How he was enjoying my shyness and confusion! I felt half crazy with mortification and anger. First with that ill-fated luncheon for bringing me into so ridiculous a position; then, with my companion, for being so much amused at my mishap; and lastly, with myself, for being angry at all about the matter. After a few moments’ pause, Captain Lestrangle broke the silence by saying—“I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Stewart, have I not? In which case I must introduce myself as a friend of your future cousin, Willie Ewan. He is a good fellow, though he took it into his head to waste the best years of his life in some frightful colony or other; but there is no accounting for what people will do!” (This with an air of immeasurable superiority.)

“However, he begged me when I passed through Winton to deliver personally some papers to Mrs. Gwyn. Perhaps you will kindly tell me when I may wait upon her, or, if you are on your way home now, will you allow me to have the honour of escorting you?”

Miss Stewart! the honour! It was very new, and certainly very delightful. Still, the idea of having to entertain this exceedingly fine gentleman during a whole half hour’s walk, to say nothing of my cousin’s probable horror at what she would consider the boldness of the proceeding, quite scattered my slowly returning senses, and I exclaimed, with great innocence—

“Oh no, please, not for the world!”

“Well then, I must take my chance of coming to-morrow; and, indeed, on second thoughts, I could hardly do so to-day. I find it is much later than I imagined, and I also remember an engagement in town.”

Thus politely covering my retreat, Captain Lestrangle bowed low, for the second time, and walked on; and, no sooner was he out of sight than I, stung with a sense of the silliness of my behaviour, was more than half inclined to cry, when I reflected what he, a stranger,

must think of me, took fairly to my heels, and never ceased running till I landed breathless at my own door. What relief does not the feeling bring, that what seems of immense importance from one’s own point of view, is in reality of none whatever from anyone else’s. When, half an hour later, I made my way into my cousin’s presence, and told her the history of the afternoon, and what manner of visitor she might expect on the morrow, I found she was quite too much engrossed in tracing out a delicate wreath of vine leaves and tendrils for her embroidery, to bestow a thought on any captain in the British army, or on the behaviour of any young lady in or out of her family. So I took heart of grace, and began to hope I had not acted so absurdly as I had feared. The result was, that when Captain Lestrangle did actually call, I was enabled to appear like the young lady I was, and not like the silly child I had shown myself. Our acquaintance, however, did not make very great advances towards intimacy. It consisted of an occasional polite call, and an habitual walk home from the Cathedral services. On these occasions Captain Lestrangle touched upon all topics with ease and fluency, and expressed his opinions on every conceivable subject with an air of authority that seemed to me the condensed wisdom of all ages. He found in me an appreciative auditor. Was he eloquent in praise of this or that? straightway did I endeavour to realize and adopt the idea, a work of some difficulty, as my mentor’s theories, in common with those of many other great minds, were often wildly contradictory. Music had, hitherto, been to me a simple expression of my feelings. I now heard of pitch and register, and chest-notes;—the pre-Raphaelite school of painting that was just beginning to make a noise in the world; and “aerial perspective,” “breadth,” and heaven knows what jargon besides, became familiar in my ears. So did new valtzes, new colours, new fashions, new people, and new notions generally. The result of all this was that after the lapse of a month, Captain Lestrangle left the neighbourhood, having contrived to throw for me the ashen hue of discontent over everything and everybody I was likely to encounter for the rest of the winter. Heartsore I was not, because, in the first place, I had in anticipation a visit to my cousin Lilian, now become Mrs. Ewan, in her home near the town where Captain Lestrangle’s regiment was quartered; and I had set my soul on working such a change in mind, manner, and appearance, as should show him how his slightest suggestions had become law to me.

## FAWDOUN.

## PART I.

A T Black Erne side the fight was fought,—  
Was fought the livelong day :  
“ Now haste, my Lord, the day is lost,  
Now haste, my Lord, away.”

Then Wallace turned his horse's head,  
And cursed that he was born ;  
But seventeen followed him at eve  
Of those he led at morn.

Some rode on steeds, some walked afoot,  
And most were wounded sore,  
The cruel stones did cut their feet,  
The sharp stones rent and tore ;

And some were faint and some were worn,  
But all kept on the way,  
Grim Fawdoun only sat him down  
And swore he there would stay.

Fawdoun, the wild and grisly man  
That came from o'er the sea,  
He cast him down upon the ground,  
And said he would not flee.

“ Up, up, I hear the sleuth-hound's bay  
That thirsteth for our blood.”

“ I cannot stir, so let me stay,  
And die within the wood.”

But Wallace drew his bright blade forth,  
And dark and grim looked he :

“ I'll leave no traitor in my track  
To tell which way we flee.

“ Up, up, Fawdoun, thou traitor bold.”

“ No traitor bold am I,  
But I have fought the livelong day,  
And have no strength to fly.”

Then Wallace griped his good sword fast  
And wiped it on his sleeve :

“ Die then, for whom I once condemn  
Need hope for no reprieve.”

And Fawdoun's head from Fawdoun's trunk,  
So strong of arm was he,  
He severed with one giant stroke,  
And there they let them be.

And when the sleuth-hound came to where  
The hot blood soaked the ground,  
No more would he the chase pursue,  
His quarry he had found.

They urged him on with hand and voice,  
They urged him, but in vain ;  
And thus the Wallace 'scaped away,  
And thus was Fawdoun slain.

## PART II.

The night was wild with angry wind,  
The scudding clouds drove fast,  
The screech-owl, in the ivied wall,  
Was hooting 'gainst the blast,—

The blast that roared, the blast that moaned,  
The blast that shrieked away,  
And in the lonely Tower of Gack  
The weary Wallace lay.

When suddenly three trumpet notes  
Rang out upon the night,  
That seemed blown from no mortal horn  
Nor yet by mortal wight.

Up started Wallace from his couch,  
His bold heart struck with fear :  
“ Go down, go down, see what doth mean  
The summons that I hear.”

Then hastily unto the gate  
Forth went two of his train ;  
Though Wallace waited in the hall,—  
The two came not again.

A second time the blast rang forth,  
Still louder than before :  
“ Go down, go down, some other two,  
Go down unto the door.”

Then hastily unto the door  
Went forth that other twain ;  
Though Wallace waited in the hall,—  
That two came not again.

Eight times two of the train went forth,  
Eight times they went in vain,  
Eight times did Wallace wait and wait,—  
They came not back again.

And when the ninth loud summons rang,  
Bold Wallace plucked up heart :  
“ If others fail I will not fail,—  
No man shall make me start.”

His coat of mail he hath laid on,  
His sword hath ta'en in hand—  
Hath crossed himself and blessed himself,  
The last of all his band.

Then down unto the outer gate  
Full speedily he ran,  
And there the headless Fawdoun stood  
Against the moonlight wan.

The warrior's blood ran curdling cold,  
His sword he down did fling,  
Then, with a cry, he turned and fled  
Away from that dread thing.

Fled up the stair, the shutter burst,  
And leapt into the night,  
And fled, and fled, and ever fled,  
To void him of the sight.

But once he turned, and then he saw  
A bloodstain on the sky,  
That o'er the flaming walls of Gack  
Hung like a canopy.

There 'mid the flames the headless form  
Stood threatening and dread.  
Then Wallace breathed a fervent prayer,  
And once more turned and fled.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

CHAPTER XVI.—*continued.*

IN the centre of one of the smaller courtyards of an ancient castle—the few desolate remains of which were heavily clad with ivy, whilst bushes, briars, and even trees grew in the gaps created by the ruthless action of time—eight of the youngest of the party were dancing a quadrille, whilst the elders looked on complacently, scattered in groups on moss-clad stones or grassy mounds. Alice, by a sort of impulse which she surely could not have accounted for to herself, cast one hasty glance in search of Lionel Seabright, and saw that he was seated apart, in earnest conversation with Grace Welby.

Appearing, however, not to observe them, Alice led the children to their mother, who was both glad to see them and proud of their good looks. The lady sitting next to her was also a parent, and at once commenced a discourse on her children. Alice, finding herself unnoticed, walked away to where, behind the old tower, she could once more enjoy the magnificent view from the old battlements, and at the same time be out of sight of the merry party, for she felt she should like to be out of the way of the whole selfish and miserable world.

The spot where she stood was over the old *fosse*, and the wall went down about thirty feet, then sloped off towards a thick growth of alders and other bushes. Standing on the extreme edge, and casting the eye far over the immediate landscape beneath, a charming view was discovered, embracing a portion of two counties. The girl's eye, however, fell with a kind of savage delight on one object to the left—the steeple of the church which rose beside Fairlawn Grange.

As she stood, and looked on much that had been so dear to her, unbidden tears filled her eyes. Dashing them away, after a moment's abandonment to her weakness, Alice turned to leave the spot in search of one more secluded, where she might remain in solitude until she was again required.

She appeared, being half-blinded by her tears, to have turned the wrong way, for her right foot met with nothing but vacuum; and she must have been inevitably precipitated below, had not a firm hold been taken of her arm, as she felt herself jerked back upon the

soft bed of thyme which grew at the foot of the tower.

"Pardon me, madam," said a cold, sarcastic voice; adding, "I hope I have not hurt you."

Alice looked, and saw both Lionel and Grace standing over her.

"If you are subject to such fits of dizziness," observed the latter, very stiffly, "you should not approach so near the summit of dangerous heights."

"Many times before, Miss Welby, have I gazed from this old battlement, and never felt any inconvenience," she answered, in a faint voice.

Then, rising, she moved away, without bestowing one glance upon the master of Fairlawn Grange. That evening she heard he had taken his leave, despite the most hospitable efforts to keep him. At all events, he did not wish to deprive her of the comforts of a home, where she was treated with respect and kindness. She little imagined how that departure would influence her fate in the future.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FURTHER TROUBLES.

IN the solitude of her chamber that night Alice had to pass through a severe mental struggle. Without abating her stolid and sullen prejudice against Lionel Seabright as the master of Fairlawn Grange and the antagonist of her father, she could hardly cherish a really bitter feeling against him.

He was brave and generous, no doubt, but she wished he would show these high qualities in any other way than in patronising and aiding her. His offer to compensate the injury done to her father, by making her his wife, was simply an insult. Had he loved her, there might have been the shred of an excuse, but not even then would she have accepted his condescending affection. It was quite unnecessary, however, to take that thought into consideration, as it was clear that his heart was wholly given to Grace Welby. Alice, since her sterner experiences of the world had hardened her original nature, ceased to believe in romance, and could not reflect without scorn upon the idea of a man preferring a humble governess to a rich and beautiful heiress. Such things, she had been told, commonly occurred on the stage, and in the pages of popular fiction—in real life never.

All these arguments were used in her own mind to harden herself more and more against Lionel Seabright; but there is in every human



being a power that no casuistry or sophistry can deceive—and that is conscience. The more Alice tried to reason with herself, the less she really believed in his perverseness. One sentiment alone sustained her in her inimical thought, and that was her thorough conviction of the injustice and unfairness of his claim to her father's estate. The bitter feeling rankled in her heart, that had her father retained his senses, he would have been able to hurl back scorn and defiance to the usurper. But this was over now, and all that she had to do in life, was to fight its battle bravely, and be to her unfortunate parent a mainstay and support.

In writing to London no mention was ever made of Lionel Seabright. She contented herself with describing rides and walks, and such little events as must be supposed would interest her aunt, while she invariably declared herself to be both happy and comfortable. Her aunt's letters were very brief and to the purpose, referring only to family affairs. Indeed, for some time their terseness rather surprised Alice—though she attempted to satisfy herself with the idea that Miss Morton was too occupied to find time for writing.

Nothing occurred to change the monotony of her calm and placid existence from the day of the picnic until September. Lionel Seabright was seen no more, while Alice was thrown almost wholly on her own resources, which, as the children occupied a goodly portion of her time, and walking and reading the rest, was not a very severe punishment. Of Miss Grace Welby, she scarcely saw anything—and when they were thrown into one another's society, the young lady of the house was distant and cold. Had the wondrous instinct of a woman revealed to her that they were to a certain extent rivals? However that may be, no more drives were proposed, and when Alice did go out it was in company with the children, and through the most secluded byways and lanes they could induce the coachman to select. To some natures this existence would have been intolerable; in the case of Alice, who loved solitude and reverie—it was happiness.

On the eve of the first of September, one of the warmest days of the year, Alice and the children were out in the carriage. Having found a road lined with splendid chesnut trees, a perfect avenue, the horses were checked and allowed to advance at the slowest walking pace. The children had alighted and were hunting along the hedges for scarlet hips, in defiance of pendent briars and the

thorns of the wild rose. Alice was wholly occupied in a book, her face concealed by a deeply fringed parasol, and the coachman dozed in perfect quietude.

Alice was aroused by the sound of a horse walking down the avenue. Mechanically she raised her eyes, and recognised Lionel Seabright looking very noble and handsome on his glossy animal, but with an appearance of singular gravity. He scarcely noticed the carriage, but suddenly recognising the children, he brightened up, and with an earnest animated look approached the vehicle. Alice felt her breath growing short, for she knew he was going to speak—and before the children, she was utterly unable to decide on any course of action.

"Pardon me, Miss Seabright," he began, lifting his hat, and bowing in quite an old-fashioned and stately style, more politely than he would have to a duchess, "I wish to say just one word to you."

She could only bend her head. Lionel glanced at the coachman: he was undoubtedly sound asleep.

"Referring to a promise I made to you a few days ago, it is absolutely necessary for me either to ask your permission to break it, or to leave the country," he said.

"What promise?" faltered from her pale and quivering lips.

"To keep away from Eden Lodge while you are there, under penalty of driving you from your pleasant home. Now, Sir George has been over to me with a pressing invitation, nay, a friendly command, to join the sporting party for a week. With difficulty I obtained a respite until to-day, before giving my reply; that reply depends on you, Miss Seabright. Command me, and the compact shall be fulfilled."

"I desire, sir, to put no restrictions on your visits to Sir George. Avoid me—that is all I ask—it is the only compact that can exist between us," was the cold and resolute answer.

Lionel bowed, and with a stern smile turned away. The children had noticed him, and were coming to speak. He was glad of this, as it removed all appearance of a clandestine interview from the short conference he had held with the governess. Even children are apt to notice and comment on such things. He dismounted, chatted freely for a moment with the little prattlers, so loudly, indeed, as to awaken the coachman, who, in so doing, made such desperate efforts to avoid the suspicion of having been to sleep, that the girls burst out laughing. Amid this chorus of merriment, Lionel Seabright took his leave.

Alice was roused beyond her usual tempest of indignation. Why should this man be for ever in her way, placing her in false positions, and compelling her to admire his tact and delicacy? Here was the man of large and independent fortune, the cynosure of all eyes, the envy of every youth and young lady in the county, humbly suing her for permission to visit his friend at Eden Lodge. And as she thought over this earnestly and moodily, she felt that he was winning *his* way to her heart. Not that if he conquered he should ever know it: she was far too true and real a woman for that. As this idea crossed her mind, a deep sense of utter loneliness and desperation took possession of her soul, and a vague, foolish thought of wishing herself dead invaded her heart. Alice Seabright, since her troubles, had not allowed religion and its soothing exercises to influence her so much as in the olden time.

As soon as the children were tired of their rambles in the sheltered avenue, which they enjoyed on that occasion without let or hindrance from their governess, Alice bade the coachman drive slowly home. She mentioned dinner as an excuse, but no such thought influenced her. It was her duty to see to the wants of her young pupils, after which she would be alone. Alice had come to a stern determination. She would write to her maiden aunt, explain the difficulties of her position; she would treat her as she might under other circumstances have treated her father confessor, and trust to her for a decision as to her future conduct.

This respite, as it truly was to her, gave some kind of consolation, and allowed her to cast off the immediate discomfort of feeling which had on the way home overwhelmed her. Her great object now was to be consistent; and consistency of character is the very key-stone of the arch, giving strength and vigour to all virtues. Was it an angel or a demon whispered, how can you hate and love at the same time? Alice could not answer this question.

When that evening she seated herself before her desk to write the promised letter to Miss Morton, she scarcely knew how to begin. Some months ago letters were her delight: she rejoiced in filling up page after page to her school-girl friend. Then she was a proud, happy, and dreamy girl: now she was an ardent, passionate, and injured woman. As she commenced the letter, a pang, acute and fierce, went to her very heart. She had not heard *once* from her sister Emily since the

evening when they had met under such peculiar circumstances.

Recovering herself, after a struggle, the long letter was penned. It was a confession of weakness, though in no one line did even the faintest hint of surrender peep forth. She owned herself weary of the contest. Either she or Lionel Seabright must succumb, and she earnestly and humbly asked her aunt for advice under the circumstances. To this letter she anxiously awaited an answer.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

IT HAS COME AT LAST.

WITH the buoyant enjoyment and exhilarating pleasure of an Englishman's first of September we have little to do. Our narrative is one of the affections rather than of incident. Of the sportsmen, of the dogs and guns, of the early breakfast, of the events of the day—happy and glorious though all the men declared it—we have nothing to say. Many of the ladies present took a deep interest in all that passed from sunny morn to dewy eve; but of these Alice was not. There had been a time when she had fancied she would have enjoyed a walk through the stubble; but the very memory of those hours was gone.

In the absence of the gentlemen, Lady Welby, who always had been a motherly woman, insisted upon a general family dinner, to which even the governess and the pupils were to be asked—asked in this case is of course a mild word—and Alice interpreted it as a command. She at once prepared to obey the summons, and at the appointed time appeared with the young girls in the drawing-room. There were only a few ladies present, as the sportsmen were chiefly bachelors, and the matronly visitors were not expected for a day or two. Grace Welby, however, was surrounded by a small number of friends of her own age, who were looking forward with special delight to the glories and pleasures of a month at Eden Lodge, one of the most enjoyable residences in the county.

The expectant pleasure of the visit was by no means destroyed by the presence of a young, unmarried, and handsome bachelor with twelve thousand a year.

As Alice glided into the room with the children, and advanced as usual to pay her respects to Lady Welby, one of the bevy of damsels, who stood in conversation with Grace, could not restrain a start. Grace looked at her inquiringly.

"Miss Seabright!" the other said, scarcely knowing whether to betray her knowledge.

"The children's governess," replied Grace, very tartly.

The very young lady who had known and looked up to Alice during her residence at Fairlawn Grange said no more, while all the others elevated their eyebrows and looked on in silent wonder. They had heard of Alice as the youngest and best beloved of the late master of Fairlawn Grange. Every one of them would have gladly asked innumerable questions, but the aspect of the heiress of Eden Lodge was undoubtedly inimical to any explanation.

The dinner, or, as it was called, the lunch took place in the grand room, and was prolonged as much as possible, in order to while away the day, which is always inexpressibly dull, when the gentlemen—are absent. Alice sat quite apart with her pupils and engaged in conversation with no one else. It was after all a very dull affair, and quite different from what Lady Welby expected. The real truth was, that everybody on this first day of the visit was stiff and out of place. No one exactly knew the others' character, or style of conversation or weak points. At last one young lady more strong-minded than the rest, brought up the subject of the gentlemen, and laughingly hoped Mr. Lionel Seabright would enjoy his first day's sport. She was given to understand, that gentlemen brought up and educated in France were generally very poor shots, in fact regarded field sports as fatiguing, a bore rather than otherwise.

This remark certainly enlivened the whole company, hitherto indulging in very small talk, and a sort of debate took place on the merits of the new master of Fairlawn. All spoke in his praise, some hoped he had imbibed no foreign habits, while several expressed a desire that he should keep to the county, select an English wife, and settle.

At this moment a shrill, merry childish voice, that of the eldest of Alice's pupils, was heard.

"He is going abroad," she remarked.

Everybody stared at the important face of the young girl; some felt inclined to smile, while Lady Welby looked curious, and Grace half angry and puzzled.

"My dear," said Lady Welby, laughing, "what can you know about the matter?"

"He told me so in the green lanes yesterday," the child continued with a grand air of importance.

"Mr. Lionel Seabright," said Alice in a quiet voice—what it cost her to speak calmly she only knew—"dismounted in the green lanes yesterday, while we were halting out of the

sun, and spoke to the children, but I did not hear his conversation."

Lady Welby felt chilled, she knew not why, while Grace laughingly continued her conversation with her immediate companions, and there the incident dropped. But every grown person present was thinking of the same thing. Why was Lionel Seabright in the green lanes at that particular time? Alice was perfectly calm to all appearance, but she knew as well as if people had been speaking aloud, that many were looking upon her as a mercenary adventurer, throwing out her toils to catch the great heir of the county—she who would have rather heralded the Dread Comer who one day must garner all flesh.

As soon as she could do so without exciting attention, Alice collected her little pupils around her, and glided from the room more annoyed and vexed than she liked to own to herself. No thought of reproaching the child entered her head, any more than she thought it necessary to have told of her meeting with the master of Fairlawn Grange. But everything went against her. The most trifling occurrences, which to any person placed in a less dependent position would have passed unremarked, were tortured into circumstances of import and moment.

The day passed somehow, between duties and reveries, and at last evening came. The children retired and Alice remained alone. Even in her distant retreat she became aware of the presence of the gentlemen. Sir George and one or two of his friends were indulging in boisterous laughter, and even when the wearied sportsmen adjourned to the drawing-room the conversation was of a louder character than usual. Music and singing were soon commingled, and the sound of harmless revelry, which in English homes is so genial and pleasant, was, in her sensitive mood of mind, quite painful.

To divert her thoughts, to get away as much as possible from all save her own individuality, Alice determined to stroll in the park. It was a lovely night. The moon had spent half its journey and illumined the summits of the half leafless trees with a perfect glamour of light. Alice felt ill. Sickness in youth is generally caused by over-strained nerves, by overwrought or stagnant life, by the cares of poverty, the luxuries of wealth, or causes generally more mental than physical: in the case of the governess it was the battle between Love and Hate. All that she should have encouraged, she subdued; all that she should have repelled, she invited to her heart. And in spite of her

native goodness, hatred and uncharitableness were gaining the upper hand.

There was a staircase, used by dependants chiefly, which led to the flower garden. By this Alice—the music still swelling high, and the merry conversation getting louder and louder—descended, and, to avoid being seen by the servants, passed through a narrow passage at the end of the conservatory—which she expected from the general sound of voices to find empty. Just, however, as she closed the stair-foot door she discovered her mistake. She would have hurried back, but the words that fell upon her ears seemed to scorch her very brain, to utterly enervate her whole frame, and she fell upon a seat helpless.

"I tell you, mamma, that Lionel Seabright recommended that designing creature, Alice, here to serve his own purposes," said Grace, pettishly.

"My dear, he asked me to take her out of kindness. She would not be befriended by him, and he was compelled to resort to this plan to serve her against her own consent," urged Lady Welby.

"Mamma, he is in love with her. I asked Amy all about it, and from what I can gather, the meeting in the green lanes was premeditated," urged the angry heiress.

"I assure you, my dear, that Mr. Lionel has nothing but cousinly affection for Alice Seabright. She may, though I think not, have some secret design upon him. At all events, my dear, if you wish to win so deserving a young man as a husband, you must not be jealous of his poor *protégé*. As far as I am concerned, I will have nothing to do with sending-her away. She is unfortunate, very clever, and the children love her like an elder sister. Your temper, Grace, my darling, overruns your discretion," was the grave and matronly reply.

"I hate her; there can be no happiness for me while she is in the house," urged the spoilt girl. "She has made up her mind to win him, and if not interfered with will do so."

At this moment the small door at the end of the conservatory was pushed open, and a pale, white figure tottered into where the mother and daughter were seated. They knew at once that it was Alice, but Alice beside herself and speechless. Lady Welby sprang up, and, with a glance of vexation, helped her to a seat. There was something in the eyes of Alice so appealing, so death-like, that she could not be angry. Grace was too irritated to move.

"My lady," gasped Alice, after a painful

pause, "I did not mean to listen. I was passing into the flower-garden, and when Miss Welby called me a designing creature, I nearly fainted. But no further words are necessary. Send me away to-night—I cannot stay here any longer. Believe me, madam, I have in every way acted for the best since I have been here. Heavens! had I only known that Mr. Seabright had obtained this place for me, I should have preferred starvation."

"Why?" said Lady Welby, mildly.

"Because I hate him. Because I would, under no circumstances whatever, be under an obligation to him," said Alice, now sobbing.

"Except as his wife," said Grace, cruelly.

Jealousy is a hard task-master, and makes the best of us but weak and wicked.

"Miss Grace Welby," replied Alice, all her cold reserve and bitterness welling up to her heart, and a keen sensation of gratified malice gaining the mastery over her for a moment, "Mr. Lionel Seabright asked me to be his wife, the mistress of Fairlawn Grange, and I indignantly refused him."

With which words she tried to gain her feet, but the sudden effort was too great for her. Lady Welby hurriedly rose, and was about to drop a heavy curtain between the drawing-room and the conservatory, when Lionel Seabright entered. His glance at Alice was quite enough for Grace, who glided past him unnoticed, and joined the general company.

"What is the matter?" he cried, as he stood with a very cold, white face fixed upon the unfortunate governess.

"Only that your unfortunate experiment has failed," said Lady Welby, rather sarcastically. "Leave us; the poor girl is very ill—your presence can only do harm."

"Is there nothing I can do?" he murmured.

"Nothing," was Alice's answer, as he turned away in obedience to a gesture from the mistress of the house, "but never to speak to or think of me again. Lady Welby," she added, when they were alone, "I will leave to-night."

"You are too ill, Miss Seabright. Let me see you to your room. As soon as you are well enough, of course for your own sake you shall go. But be persuaded of one thing—from me you will receive no blame. From first to last you have been the victim of circumstances, poor girl!"

And with these words the excellent woman, concealing wholly her own severe disappointment with regard to her own daughter, assisted Alice up-stairs to her room, where she left her with every mark of motherly affection. But

such is the prejudice of society and position, that the baronet's wife had no belief in the master of Fairlawn Grange having any serious intentions towards a governess. He would soon forget the wan, pale creature, and resume his allegiance to brilliance and beauty.

### READABLE BOOKS.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, the author of "*Greater Britain*,"\* has gone to pay the Russians a visit; and it is understood he intends to write an account of his experiences in that vast empire. Although his first book is not exactly now "bran new," still, as many of our readers may not have seen it for themselves, and as it abounds in matter of interest to every English-speaking person, we take this opportunity of saying something about it.

The author of "*Greater Britain*" made a rapid tour nearly round the world, visiting almost every country in which the English tongue is spoken, or which is swayed by English rule. He visited in turn America, Australia, New Zealand, India, and Ceylon; and although his observation of the habits and customs, laws, morals, and degrees of civilization of the races inhabiting these countries was necessarily cursory and hasty, and therefore not altogether satisfactory, still the author of "*Greater Britain*" possesses so much shrewdness, common sense, and observation, that his book is not only valuable as an addition to our knowledge of English-speaking countries, but a somewhat remarkable example of how much may be seen and learned by a traveller with his eyes about him, in an incredibly short time.

We have often been told of late that California is the finest country in the world for emigrants to settle in, that its fertility is marvellous, whilst its climate is perfect. From Sir Charles Dilke's account of it in his book, it must be little short of an earthly paradise. He tells us its area is little less than twice that of Great Britain; that it possesses a climate unsurpassed in the world for its salubrity; that its scenery is unrivalled; and its natural productions astounding in variety, quality and abundance. The very roadside inns put before the traveller a bill-of-fare containing luxuries the great hotels of New York cannot equal. Fruit of the choicest quality is so plentiful that it is not charged in the bills at all; and the *gourmet* may select from

various kinds of melons, grapes, pears, apples, apricots, peaches, and fresh almonds. The wine made in California is also very good in quality, and moderate in price. *Apropos* of the Chinese immigrants, against whom the Americans in the States are so violently prejudiced, the author says he found them very frugal, honest, and industrious men. "I soon grew," he says, "to think it a pleasure to meet a Chinese-American, so clean and happy is his look, not a speck is to be seen upon the blue cloth of his long coat or baggy trousers. His hair is combed with care; the bamboo on which he and his mate together carry their enormous load seems as though cleansed a dozen times a day." This account is very different from the tales about John Chinaman we have been wont to receive from American sources, in which he has mostly been represented as possessing every European vice, added to a collection of bad habits and propensities peculiarly his own. "*Greater Britain*" will be read in America, and the author's comments on the Chinese labourers may bear some practical fruit there. The policy of a large introduction of Chinese labourers into the Southern states for the purpose of supplying the place of the emancipated negroes, is being very warmly discussed. There is this to be said for the Chinese,—they are industrious to a marvel, saving, and can live on anything, and in any climate, and *are yellow*, which is probably why they are so much disliked by the whites wherever they appear. In Australia the author met with another testimony to the good conduct of the Chinese settlers: he was told by the chief of the police at Sandhurst that they were "the best of citizens:" and the Registrar-General told him that there was "less crime, great or small, among the Chinese than amongst any equal number of English in the colony."

Of the climate of India, Sir Charles Dilke takes a very much more cheerful view than we usually find people who have been there expressing. He thinks that their own habits, and not the climate of India, are to blame for the high rate of mortality amongst English residents in the Presidencies. He says, "if a man wears a flannel belt and thick clothes when he travels by night, and drinks hot tea, he need not fear India." There is no doubt that tea is a beverage possessing properties of the highest value, for the preservation of health. China, which is of course the greatest tea-drinking country, has enjoyed a remarkable immunity from the ravages of cholera.

The author's sketches of our colonies in

\* *Greater Britain*. By Sir C. W. Dilke. London: Macmillan & Co.

Australia and New Zealand are interesting and amusing. He had not much time for deep reflection, or any other than a superficial observation of society in those countries, but what he tells he tells very well, and he has added considerably to our knowledge of our fellow subjects on the other side of the globe.

We have no doubt from our knowledge of the thoroughly practical turn of Sir Charles Dilke's mind, that his book on Russia, when published, will be at least as readable as "Greater Britain" is, and that it will add to his reputation as a writer of travels, and as a useful M.P. we have likewise no doubt. We recommend "Greater Britain" to the perusal of such of our readers as have not already seen it, as an interesting and agreeable book of travel.

"*The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries*,"\* by Edward J. Wood, is another book that may be dipped into with pleasure, if not with profit. It gives an account of the marriage ceremonies of all nations, at all times, and constitutes a perfect fund of curious information on the subject of which it treats. It is to be lamented that there is no attempt at any arrangement of the contents. The effect of reading it is to produce upon the mind a sensation closely analogous to that which would be produced by carefully perusing a dozen pages of a dictionary. It is a very kaleidoscope of subjects, and must be picked up to while away a few spare minutes, rather than read through at one time.

The author has compiled a mass of facts, very creditable to his industry and research: and had he taken moderate pains to arrange his matter, his book would have been much more valuable for reference on the details which form its subject-matter. Mr. Wood tells a variety of tales about wedding ceremonies, wedding rings, and wedding garments; and admirers of such books as Mr. Timbs' "Things not Generally Known," will be repaid by devoting a little time to Mr. Wood's book about "weddings."

"*Mary Stanley; or, the Secret Ones*."†—The immense progress which Russia has achieved in the path of civilisation, and the important part she may be expected to play in the arena of European politics, give a peculiar interest to any work illustrative of her present condition or past history. As there

are but few persons who have access to other than the ordinary sources of information, it is a pleasing task to peruse the pages of a writer whose knowledge of Russia has evidently been acquired by a residence among her people, and by a careful study of her authors.

The work before us relates generally to the state of Russia during the latter part of the reign of Alexander I., and particularly to the transactions of the Secret Society entitled the "Union of the Public Good." This society, whose objects were the overthrow of imperialism, and the establishment of a constitutional or republican form of government, counted among its members many influential nobles and officers of high rank in the army. The rise, progress, and ultimate failure of the "Union" are carefully recounted in the biography of Mary Stanley, who is an English governess domesticated in the family of the chief of the secret police, the "terrible" Count Golovin, a man of iron will and indomitable energy, who, notwithstanding his loyalty to his sovereign, most heartily sympathises with the aspirations of the unionists. It is, in fact, his devotion to their cause that leads him so often to warn them of their danger, and ultimately, from principle, he resigns his office, to enrol himself as one of their staunchest adherents. Mary Stanley herself is a woman of singular firmness of character and high principle, and her conversation with the Count, in which she frankly avows her astonishment that a man of such innate nobleness of disposition should place himself at the head of a system of espionage, shows how, from a sense of duty, she boldly risks incurring the displeasure of her patron.

Dobrovitch is the *beau idéal* of a superintendent of secret police,—shrewd, self-possessed, thoroughly systematic in all his actions, and equally sparing of his words and time. Day after day he sits over his papers, and the silence which reigns in his office is broken only by occasional summonses to one of his subordinates, to whom he briefly communicates his orders. His appearance fails to afford the least indication of his thoughts, and no amount of skill on the part of his questioners can betray him into the slightest disclosure of his plans and intentions.

Though we have mentioned only the principal personages in this story, it must not be supposed that the minor characters are less skilfully drawn. We take, for example, that model of a faithful steward, the rough but noble-hearted Ivan, ready to sacrifice his life for his master, and to purchase with his

\* *The Wedding Day in all Ages and Countries*. By E. J. Wood. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

† *Mary Stanley; or, the Secret Ones*. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

hard-earned savings the freedom of his beloved ward, Maasha.

The style of the work is fluent and pleasing, though by no means exempt from those mannerisms and inelegancies of expression to which so many of our popular authors are addicted. The orthography of the Russian words is invariably correct, and the translations of poetry, which we have carefully compared with the Russian version, preserve much of the original spirit, although they are not always so elegantly expressed.

### TABLE TALK.

WE always thought the will, with the reading of which Lord Lytton's play of *Money* begins, was an admirable example of a testator's eccentricity; but the truism that fact is stranger than fiction has received a fresh illustration, in the will of a Dr. Dunlop, formerly a member of the legislature for Upper Canada. He commences his testament with the usual formula, and after disposing of his real estate in a very business-like way, he bequeaths "the property of Gairbread to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a minister, who (may God help him) she hen-pecks; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid, and not market-rife." Further on he leaves his "silver tankard to the oldest son of old John. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would have melted it down to make temperance medals, and that would have been a sacrilege. However, I leave him my big horn snuff-box—he can only make temperance horn spoons out of that. I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Betsey Hamilton, of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit as she does of the letter she will be a much better Christian than she is. I leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery and Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother-in-law, Allan, my punch-bowl, as he is a big gaucy man, and likely to do credit to it. I leave to Parson Chevassie my big silver snuff-box I got from the Simcoe Militia as a small token of my gratitude to him for taking my sister Maggie, whom no man of taste would have taken. I leave to John Caddell a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under

the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew because he has been jingling wally, that he may yet learn to read with them. I leave my silver cup, with the sovereign in the bottom of it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore necessarily given to horning; and also my grandmother's snuff-box, as it looks decent to see an old maid taking snuff." The extract is copied from the *Toronto Globe*. No doubt old Dr. Dunlop was a very sensible old fellow—and his relations think so.

IN AMERICA, our language sounds strange in our ears: it is, *we* should say, spoken very badly, in a monotonous, whining, drawl, most unmusical, and most offensive to cultivated ears. In the mouth of a pretty Boston girl, English so marred in the utterance is especially deplorable. An intelligent Bostonite has suggested the importation of a battalion of English governesses, to teach the girls of that city how to talk without drawling or whining. Certainly not a bad notion: though all his countrymen are not of his opinion, for Dean Alford tells us that an American gentleman, having met a company of literary people at his house, remarked after they were gone, that he "noticed they all spoke *with a strong English accent*." Doubtless he preferred his own mode of *pro-nun-cia-tion*.

WE are not without our own faults in the matter of grammar though. One mistake—an egregious one—is not uncommon at the Universities, and generally rife amongst people who certainly ought to know better. It consists in the use of the word *those* instead of *that*, with *kind* and *sort*; thus, "*all those sort of fellows I dislike*:" "*Do you like those kind of men*," are phrases of a kind we hear sadly too often, even in respectable company, and—we ought not.

WE said as much as we could about "Formosa" in our last number. The discussion of this play, and of the failure of the Albert Assurance Company, have furnished matter enough for our daily contemporaries to last them nine days, at least; and sadly they wanted something to enliven the dullness of the recess. From what has been said on the former subject, there seems little chance of a rehabilitation of the tragic drama in England. The lessee of that house, which has often been called the "natural home of the national drama," says that for him *Shakspeare spelt*

*ruin, and Byron bankruptcy.* "For seven years," he writes, "I have been the manager of this house. I have produced the best plays of Shakspeare, Byron, Milton, and Goethe. To illustrate these works I engaged Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Montgomery, and all the tragic talent to be obtained." And yet a discerning public failed to support the legitimate drama. In a word, it did not pay. On the contrary, however, Mr. Chatterton says Mr. Boucicault writes pieces that both draw and pay. If this is so, we cannot wonder at the course the lessee takes: he is, as he says, "neither a literary missionary nor a martyr, but simply the manager of a theatre." Quite so; we accept his explanation: but will he tell us why, out of seven or eight theatres now open in London, not one is performing the legitimate drama? whilst in Paris, at the Théâtre Français, during the dull season, a constant succession of classical plays is presented to the Parisian playgoers. The list includes plays of Racine, Corneille, Moliere, Regnard, and Balzac. We think the reason is here. The national drama lacks a fitting interpreter; we want another Garrick, Kemble, or Edmund Kean, and Shakspeare would draw once more at Drury Lane. At present there seems but a poor prospect of our finding one.

THERE is, amongst the poor, a growing feeling of aversion to having their children vaccinated. Several magistrates have lately been obliged to make compulsory orders upon refractory parents, for the vaccination of their children. The sooner it is made known to such persons that all the best medical testimony is unanimous in favour of the complete efficacy of vaccination, as a preventive against small-pox, the better for the community. By this means, much mischief may be prevented.

THEY were shrewd men who constituted the people known as the "bronze race," or the race of men who used bronze tools and implements of war. There are virtues in this alloy that we have not yet fully appreciated; we only know it as a material for ornament, but it has capabilities for higher purposes. We could have fine edge tools of it if we could discover the ancient method of hardening them. Chantrey, the sculptor, tried the experiment, and got so far as to make a bronze razor, with which he was wont to shave himself every morning. Of the durability of bronze we need say nothing;

but its property of conferring durability upon contiguous objects is not so well known. In fact, it has only just come out, in the course of an examination, by a French chemist, of the public statues in and about Paris. It was found that the stone pedestals of all those made of bronze were in perfect preservation, whereas all the supports of other figures had more or less decayed. It was clear that the bronze arrested decay; and when the rationale of its action was discussed, little doubt remained that the rain-water trickling from the bronze upon the stone contained a trace of copper in solution, and that this poisoned the cryptogamous plants, to which the disintegration of stone is probably due. Supposing this explanation correct, we are conducted to a practical consequence:—all stone monuments should have some portion of bronze or copper in their structure or ornamentation.

WOMAN'S CULTURE is just now receiving considerable attention at the hands of intellectual people of both sexes: they have discussed the rights, the duties, and the aims and aspirations of women; they have waxed eloquent over those social and political disabilities that constitute women's wrongs; and they have stoutly maintained the intellectual equality of the two sexes. Without expressing our own opinion upon the merits of the case, we recommend this to the consideration of Miss Cobbe and the authors of the "Essays on Woman's Culture." Doubtless girls enjoy few of the educational advantages that are afforded to boys, their training and instruction are both very defective, and to give the girls a fair chance they ought to have a precisely similar education in those branches of knowledge which are selected for a comparison of the respective and relative brain-power of the sexes. In music, painting, and sculpture, both boys and girls must always receive a tolerably equal education. More girls than boys are taught music, yet we have scarcely a female name in our lists of great composers; and in the sister art, when we have mentioned Rosa Bonheur and Angelica Kauffmann, possibly there are but one or two more ladies who can justly be said to rank as painters of note; and this is hardly the result of defective training.

A CORRESPONDENT—we presume connected with the Civil Service—writes to us about a more general application of the principle of co-operation, as a protection against the unfair charges of certain West-end tradesmen. The



grocery store in the Haymarket has been found in practice to work very satisfactorily. Our correspondent asks for a wider extension of the co-operative system, and gives the following instance of the various prices charged for the same article by different vendors:—He says, “Having occasion to use, for the purpose of a chemical experiment, some solution of the sulphate of zinc, I called at a shop and asked for it. I got a 4oz. bottle, for which I paid sixpence, though I knew the eight grains of sulphate of zinc it contained cost the seller an inappreciable sum, and of course he had only to go to the tap for the water. However, I was not dissatisfied, and I got a second bottle from him. On requiring a third 4oz. bottle of the solution, I sent a servant for it, to another shop, where a shilling was charged for the same quantity I got before for sixpence. Now, this I thought a little too strong, and the next time I determined to buy the sulphate and make the solution myself. I accordingly sent for eight grains of sulphate of zinc, and was charged twopence for the same. This was a great improvement upon paying a shilling for the same quantity with the addition of a tumblerful of water: but I had not yet learnt all, for the next time I sent a servant for a *pennyworth*, and got back from the same shop at which eight grains had been charged twopence a packet containing about as much of the powder as I had used altogether, and for which I had paid a total of two shillings and twopence.” This statement shows a very handsome profit to the credit of druggists with customers for solution of sulphate of zinc.

AN ARTICLE in *Macmillan*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the sister of the Rev. H. W. Beecher, of Brooklyn Chapel, and the well-known authoress of “*Uncle Tom’s Cabin*,” upon the differences that caused the separation of Lord Byron from his wife, is of so remarkable a character, and is exciting so much controversy in the world of letters, that we cannot help saying a word or two about it here. Mrs. Stowe’s article, published by our contemporary, is in her very worst style, verbose, ill-written, and ill-arranged; we gain from it, however, that Lady Byron sent for Mrs. Stowe on the occasion of her second visit to this country, which was in the year 1856, and told her she wished to make this extraordinary confession of the real reason of her separation from her husband to the impartial ear of an American lady, unprejudiced and unattached to either side in the affair. Mrs. Stowe assented, and

according to her version, received from Lady Byron a full account of Lord Byron’s perfidy and crime, which, after treasuring, we presume, in her breast for the space of thirteen years, she, upon the publication of the Countess Guiccioli’s memoirs, feels bound to make it public, in justice to Lady Byron’s fame. Mrs. Stowe speaks of Lord and Lady Byron living together as man and wife for *two years*, whereas every reader of Moore’s “*Life*” of the poet knew they lived together only for a year and a few days. Yet this remarkable error occurs twice in two separate passages of the paper, and has escaped the attention of the editor of Macmillan, of the authoress, and of a select circle of friends to whom she showed her manuscript before she thought fit to publish it. Mrs. Stowe having told us thus much, confers upon us the right of demanding more. We now ask her to publish the statement in Lady Byron’s own words, if such a document exists; to tell us, failing the production of such evidence, whether she now writes her account from memory or from notes made at the time; and how far such belief of Lady Byron’s rested on known facts, on hearsay, or on mere suspicions of her own. As the case stands, everybody of taste and feeling must regret the appearance of the article. Nobody thought Lady Byron to blame for the unhappy connubial differences between herself and her husband; and as for the poet himself, his reputation was sufficiently blackened before Mrs. Stowe made her contribution to his unfortunate biography. Not only is regret at the publication of this article expressed in England, but in America we learn that a precisely similar feeling exists. In justice both to us and to herself, Mrs. Stowe having told us thus much, must tell us more—for her story to be accepted as the whole truth.

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By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY,  
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### CHAPTER XII.

**N**O fresh event occurring during the night to disturb Dalton's rest or shake his resolution, he gave full effect to it next morning, and summoned Mary betimes to prepare for the novel expedition "up town." A hasty meal having been taken, the services of the steady old pony were again in request, much to his astonishment; and the pale autumn sun, rising over the hills, found them on the white high road.

The farmer's spirits, at first braced and refreshed by the keen air, ere long lost their cheeriness; and Mary remarked that he yielded to some painful thought, other than the event of the day.

"Father, there is a something more than I know of that troubles ye! Am I so poor a friend that ye will not let me share it with ye, father?"

The farmer pressed his daughter's hand. "I have no sorrows and no joys secret from you, Mary. The thing that grieves me now would grieve ye ten times more. That is why I had fain not tell it ye," he pursued affectionately, "therefore, my child, don't ask me."

"Nothing could trouble me half so much as to see you brooding over a sorrow which I am not allowed to share," she answered.

"All else but this, Mary, I freely tell you."

"And it is this beyond all else I ought to know!"

The farmer could not choose but smile, as his daughter confessed to this feminine weakness.

"Thou art a woman, thoroughly."

"Yes, if it is womanly to be curious about your troubles, I own I never felt such curiosity. If it is womanly to pity, I never was so womanly, dear! tell me; you shall see what self-command I have! I know I can comfort you."

"'Twill shock ye, child."

"I can bear the shock, but I cannot bear your silence," she remonstrated.

"Do you remember—the threat, Mary?"

Mary turned very pale and trembled in spite of her effort to control herself.

"Yes."

"The threat of vengeance. Do you remember the words, child?"

"Too well, father!"

"'Twas an awful thing for the guilty lad to utter; it has haunted me from that day to this; I have repented of my harshness to thee, child, and to him."

"Oh, you have no deed towards me to repent of, dear!"

"I did repent; and I hope he repented too. But vengeance is a terrible thing, and often returns terribly upon our own heads!"

"How strangely you talk, dear! Why shake your head so solemnly?"

There was a long pause.

"Yes; I hope he repented," continued the farmer, presently; "I hope he repented of that dreadful threat!"

Mary was sorely perplexed by her father's unwonted lamentations, and urged him to express his thoughts more freely.

"I'd fain say no more, child, out of pity to ye."

"You only torment me more, dear, by holding back your thoughts, and leaving me to guess them. Do you really think that Reuben Brice—"

"Well, Mary, don't be like me and afraid to speak out."

"That Reuben is at the bottom of Grey's proceedings against us?"

"If he was, it would pain me less than the thing that has happened."

"What has happened?" demanded Mary,

grasping her father's arm, and looking with eyes already filled with tears into his face.

"The lad Reuben Brice is dead."

"Dead !"

"Drowned at sea !"

Mary had miscalculated the powers of head and heart : she fell swooning into her father's arms.

The sagacious old pony stopped of his own accord the moment the reins were relaxed : he knew that some untoward circumstance was happening ; and as standing still was one of his little foibles, he indulged himself in that respect, seeking solace in the dainty clover which fringed the roadway ; while Dalton exhausted all the resources of his simple but gentle nature in administering comfort to his grief-stricken daughter.

This episode occurred at a spot where the road was intersected by a lane leading to some outlying farms in the neighbourhood of Ivygreen, and along this lane might have been heard the clatter of a horse's heels approaching ; but our friends were too occupied with their troubles to heed the circumstance, and a horseman had reached a point in view of the cart quite unobserved by them. At sight of the farmer's well-known trap the mounted rustic halted, and pulled his horse into a copse. Sliding from the saddle with remarkable agility, the individual crawled on hands and feet on the off-side of the hedge, close up to the cart.

Long and tenderly did Dalton support and soothe his daughter before she thoroughly recovered from the shock, and he now employed every device to divert her thoughts from the thing that distressed them both ; but Mary insisted on knowing every particular, and by degrees she elicited from her father the facts we have already learned.

"I am calm now, dear father, and feel thankful to you for having told me all."

"Why thankful, child?"

"Because my thoughts have been with him far too much. I felt as if I owed him duty—forgive me, dear, for saying so ; all my care is yours now !" and she hung about his neck.

"You loved the lad, Mary ? Nay, you need not answer me ; and now that he's gone, I find I loved him too !"

"Bless you for those words !"

"And yet yesterday I did him a wrong before I heard the bad news."

"How, father?"

"Just as you suspected a while ago ; I felt a'most certain that he had come back to carry out his threat, and had stirred up Grey to press

me hard. I thought all this until I hated Reuben for it. God forgive me !"

The genuine utterances of the old man were infectious, and not only agitated Mary, but operated upon the individual who had so reprehensibly concealed himself under the hedge, an unsuspected witness of the touching scene I have briefly described. The individual rose to his feet behind Dalton and Mary, and was upon the point of delivering himself of some avowal which sorely troubled him, when articulation was arrested by the spontaneous visitation of his fist to his lips. It was Ike.

The pony was absorbed in the investigation of a tuft of young grass, when his master's whip acquainted him with the fact, that the affair which had interrupted their journey was concluded, and that they must make up for lost time.

"Gee on, Jack, my lad ! Gee !" and Jack ambled along at his wonted leisure. "That pace won't do, Jack ; we must fetch up. Gee !" and Dalton gave Jack such a cut across the shoulders that his humane daughter remonstrated, but the pony took the hint ; indeed, there was no mistaking it, especially as, Mary's intercessions notwithstanding, it was followed by a second and a third, which so completely satisfied Jack as to his master's views, that he judiciously worked himself into a gallop for the first time in his life, and presently dashed into Brookside, to the wonderment of the inhabitants and great peril of peripatetic ducks and porkers. Ike, unobserved, had been left far behind.

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE pony pulled up of his own accord at the "King's Head," the familiar bating house for man and beast, much affected by both on market-days, as keeping the best brew and the sweetest hay in all the town.

Such an apparition as Dalton, or indeed any other Ivygreenite, in Brookside on any but market-day, would give rise to endless conjecture and interrogation amongst the townsfolk. But the farmer's disaster had been the topic of the day ; they were therefore not slow in rightly surmising that his advent at this early hour, and at full gallop, was in connection with that deplorable event. Presently, however, surmise gave place to assertion, and, in consequence of the unheard-of precipitation of his entry into town, it soon got whispered that poor Dalton had succumbed to his misfortune and gone daft. That condition of mind being known to lead to deeds of desperation, it was next averred that he might

wreak vengeance on Grey. The rumour ripened into the report that he was actually bent on doing so; and ere long it was proclaimed that he *had* committed the dreadful deed: that Grey was killed, and that the mill was in flames. There is no knowing what stringent measures the townspeople might have taken in regard to the desperado from Ivygreen, if it had not chanced that Grey himself was seen, alive and in a whole skin, deliberately crossing the road from shop to shop, making purchases, and settling the accounts of the previous market-day.

Meanwhile, Dalton and Mary had alighted, with melancholy deliberation, and when the loungers about the town saw them enter the inn from whence the coach to London started, there could be no two opinions as to his intentions—he was evidently going to “bolt!” to escape the consequences of the writ. The sagacious and sympathising throng approved the subtle scheme, and gave Dalton an encouraging cheer as he entered the King’s Head, which not a little astonished both him and Mary.

Mine host was sufficiently discreet to appear ignorant of the poor farmer’s misfortune, and gave the travellers a kindly welcome; while the old pony marched into his accustomed corner in the stable-yard, without awaiting the attentions of the ostler, just as he had been used to do on market-days for the last twenty years.

After very brief parley, Dalton and Mary sallied forth on their peculiar errand, their movements being watched by the curious loungers, who interpreted everything as a preliminary step towards the inevitable “bolt” which the farmer was bent upon making. Dejectedly, but with no shadow of confusion or shame, they directed their steps to the several surgeons and apothecaries of the town, in conformity with Holmes’s sagacious counsel. But their disappointment was great in proportion to their hopes; and the oddity of their inquiry, whether a man in a smock, with a wounded hand, had been there for advice and plaister, appeared certainly to justify the first conclusions of the townsfolk that the unhappy farmer was demented. At one druggist’s, however, had they been more observant, they might have noticed that their question, instead of being at once answered in the negative, was referred to an individual in an inner room, who dictated the answer, which was to the effect that an old way-worn tramp had indeed called there the previous day with a hand damaged, as he said, in a beer-house

broil, and had had it dressed, and then went his way towards the coast.

“Oh, describe him, sir!” interrupted Mary, “’tis doubtless him we seek!”

“Well, there was nothing very attractive about him,” at length replied the druggist, after again referring for inspiration to the oracle within, “for he looked more like a cut-throat than any one I ever saw; and had a great red beard, and a squint, which together with a patch over his nose and an Irish accent——”

“Stay!” cried Mary half-distracted, “the man we seek had not these disfigurements, he was old and had a grey beard!”

“Then your man and ours are evidently different people,” answered the apothecary, glancing towards the back room; “so I’m very sorry I can’t assist you, Master Dalton,” and he turned to his pestle and mortar.

The farmer, much disappointed, thanked him nevertheless, and led his daughter to the door, when a thought suddenly struck her, and she returned to the counter.

“Did the man *pay* you, sir, for what you gave him!”

The apothecary glanced at Mary as if he expected this uncalled-for question, and replied, “Yes, he paid me—sixpence—at least——”

“Go on, sir, pray!—the sixpence?”

“Is an old thing—crooked and battered—would you like to see it?” ’Tis several hundreds of years old,” and the chemist dived into the inner room to fetch the coin.

“Father,” whispered Mary, pressing her hand to her heart, “it must be he after all! Oh, had we but come here a day earlier!”

As the chemist emerged from the back room, an individual unseen by them passed out by the side door, and vanished round the house. It was Ike.

“This is the sixpence. Curious, isn’t it?” said the druggist, placing it in Mary’s palm. “The fellow said there was luck in it, but I don’t believe in such nonsense! if it pleases you, you may keep it, Miss Dalton, for I wouldn’t give a *good* sixpence for a dozen such!” and instead of turning again to his operations with the drugs, the man retreated to the inner room, with the view, apparently, to avoid witnessing the effect of his remarks upon Mary.

The young woman took the coin and examined it with emotion—it was, indeed, the identical sixpence she had given the tramp, and the loss of which she had since so regretted, for she had, in common with her simple-minded father, an element of superstition in

her nature, and had associated their late disaster with the surrender of the "lucky" sixpence. Its recovery in this curious manner from the eccentric tramp added another bewilderment to her already overcharged feelings; the more so when she reflected that her small gift of charity had been employed in the payment of surgical remedies to the hand she had ruthlessly wounded while it was engaged in an act of singular and doubtful benevolence; and her sorrow was extreme when she learned that the needy pilgrim had turned his back upon Brookside a full day before their arrival, and that all hope of making amends to him, restoring the gold, or otherwise throwing a light upon an act which, apparently well-meant, might yet have been devised with a view to their ultimate injury, must be abandoned.

The farmer was no optimist, and would not listen for a moment to the belief his daughter hazarded, that the gift *might* have been genuine, and the intention sincere;—that there *might* be individuals eccentric enough to roam about the world doing good by stealth, and seeking no reward but that of an approving conscience; that such saintly creatures were sometimes read of in books, and why should not this ragged wanderer be one of those moral prodigies?

"Tush! child; when thou art my age thou wilt doubt every one to be a knave, till thou has proved him to be honest. There is a deep plot in all this, Mary, and the police will perhaps ferret it out; I'm heartily glad you marked the villain."

"Oh, father dear, don't say that."

"Right heartily glad am I. But I think I'll be a match for him. The money was no doubt stolen, and his intention is for it to be found in my possession—then who's the thief?—why, Dalton, of course. But Dalton isn't to be disgraced in that fashion, though ruined he may be. No; so let's at once to the police-court."

Mary acquiesced; there was some ground for her father's notions, and she could not combat them. She felt very sick and weary, and begged him first to go and rest awhile at the King's Head, which lay between them and the station. In a few minutes they regained the quiet hostelry from which they had set out.

Passing from the bright sunlight into the shady parlour, they did not at first notice that it was already occupied.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

IN the early morning Polly Pattypan opened her shop and school at the same moment, necessarily. Her pupils usually trooped in

joyously at seven o'clock, after breakfast, and got their dismissal at eleven, that being the primitive hour of dinner in Ivygreen.

On the morning after the debate at the "Dog and Duck," at which we have assisted, her door and window standing open, Polly was seated at her lace-cushion, at the school end of the apartment, employing the interval profitably until her rough little mob should assemble, when the tall figure of Ike crossed the threshold.

Ike, like a good many other Ivygreenites, was a pretty frequent visitor there; but whether the attraction was the artificer or the art, I cannot pretend to say. Certain it is that either one or the other would bear investigation; and Ike, we know, was of an enlightened mind, and would be likely to appreciate beauty in any shape. So Ike entered the shop, and received a cordial welcome.

"Good morrow, and help yourself, Ike," said Polly, with a radiant face; "you are always my best customer,—till the children come! That dish to the right is cranberries; try them."

Ike stood a moment, thoughtfully, as if he had not quite made up his mind as to his errand; but, thanking Polly, he took a tart.

Polly hummed a ditty as the lively reels flew about under her dexterous fingers, which quite dissipated any remarks he might have been desirous of making. So Ike tried a turnover.

"Oh, Ike," began Polly, presently, "isn't this a strange, dreadful thing about the Dalton's? Do you know when I heard of it, it quite knocked me down!"

"Yes," responded the youth, "it is strange that one can't sign one's name but it may be the ruin of you!"

"Ah, yes; but I didn't mean that, though sure enough, it *is* strange, and such a sum of money, too! But I meant the tramp, the wicked, cruel, good-for-nothing tramp, to go and lay a snare to disgrace and ruin him! poor dear Isaac, and Mary too!"

In preference to arguing the matter or acquiescing in Polly's views, Ike ate another tart, voraciously.

"But it's my belief," continued Polly, "that that dreadful man was no more a tramp than you are, Ike!"

Ike started, and would perhaps have made an exclamation of some sort, but his mouth was full. Polly, bending over her lace-work, did not perceive the effect of her remark.

"A wicked, rich, prowling evildoer, such as we read of sometimes, that's what he is, in my

belief! else what business had he creeping about Ivygreen at night, like a fox!"

Ike felt these words were addressed to him, there couldn't be a doubt about it, and they pierced him like darts, through and through.

"And Isaac is quite right to go and give the money to the police at Brookside; eh? don't you think so, Ike?"

Ike's mouth was so full that he could only move his head.

"I'd ha' done the same thing!" continued the school-mistress, with emphasis, "that I would, if he had tried to tempt me with it! Why, how you seem to enjoy those turnovers!" said Polly, with a hearty laugh; "try the dough-nuts, Ike!"

"Thank'ee, Polly," replied Ike, a little confused at her good-humoured raillery, and thankful that her remarks had taken another turn, "but I didn't come to empty the plates; I forgot myself; I wanted—something else."

"Why, what else could you come here for?" drily inquired Polly.

"I want one of those things that you're working at."

"What, a collar?"

"Yes, a lace collar; the very best you have."

Polly burst into laughter. "A collar! why, what can the boy want with such things? Are you going to wear it, Ike?"

"No; but I want to give it to somebody as will; and you're the only person as makes 'em."

"Ho, ho! I begin to understand. I see what you are about," conjectured Polly, after a moment's pause, and a sadness flitted over her, but rapidly passed; "it is for—for Mary Dalton! and you wouldn't have come to me if you could have got one anywhere else."

Ike grinned and turned red. He didn't deny it.

"Tell me, Ike, if I am right," continued Polly, after some moments reflection, and her rosy cheeks turned pale as she put the direct question. "You are going to—to—marry her! Yes; I see it—I have seen it a long while—ever so long. Is it so? You can't deny it."

Ike hung his head abashed under the interrogatory.

"There! I knew it quite well, though you were both so sly and kept it so secret!" and a deep sigh escaped Polly, but she quickly recovered her composure, and gave her hand to Ike, saying, "I shall always be your friend, Ike, always; and I love Mary, she is a dear, good girl, and well deserves the best collar I have. I'll go and fetch it."

Polly rose and mounted the stairs to her bedroom; and as soon as she was out of sight,

Ike, too, rose from his seat, and stealthily crossed to the shop end of the room. Under the little counter was a tiny drawer: this was Polly Pattepan's till.

Ike opened the drawer.

Ike's hand glided into the till!

He had scarcely time to regain his stool when Polly re-entered, and spread a snow-white collar upon a sheet of blue paper.

"This is the very best I have, Ike; is it good enough for Mary? I made it for myself, thinking that, perhaps, some day——"

Ike remarked her hesitation, and thought he discerned a tear in Polly's eye, but her clear ringing laugh reassured him. "And to think that you are going to be married! and that I should never have heard of it until now! I never could have believed you could be so sly."

Ike could only hang his head again, like a doomed malefactor.

The collar was a masterpiece of handicraft, and had a sumptuous border of ivy-leaves, as a compliment due to the place, and in each corner was introduced an 'I.'

Ike noticed this, and asked if it meant anything.

"Yes, it was my fancy to put it there."

"What does it stand for?" asked the swain.

Polly was mute this time, and Ike repeated the question.

"Doesn't 'I' stand for 'Ivygreen'?" she replied, petulently.

"Of course, I never thought of that," responded the rustic, scratching his head.

"Or 'Isaac,' or—even 'Ike;' there are a many words it may stand for; take your choice."

Ike was greatly puzzled to penetrate her intention, but forbore to question further, so he fumbled the collar about.

"I want to see how it will look when a body wears it; let me see it on you, Polly."

Polly, somewhat reluctantly, assented; and he placed the delicate production on her white neck with all the gallantry he could command.

"Why, how well you look in it, Polly!" he ejaculated with enthusiasm.

"Do you think so?"

"Yes; and shall I tell you another thing I think?"

"Do."

"I think what every one in the village says is true: that, when Mary is at Brookside, you are the prettiest lass in Ivygreen!"

This oblique and awkward compliment gave Polly more pain than Ike could have supposed. She abruptly wrapped up the collar, and giving

it to Ike, said, "Go, go, I wish to be alone! Take it, and when you give it to Mary, tell her——"

"Speak up, Polly, what am I to say?"

"Tell her that I part with it freely, though I made it for myself; but I shall never want it now! And tell her that the 'I' in each corner was put there because my heart was very full of—no, don't tell her that! say I wish the wife who wears it every happiness. Yes—that I do! and say I—I—but go, Ike, go at once! I ask you to leave me!"

Ike was taken aback by this incoherent and passionate speech of the village schoolmistress, and would have tarried longer, but he saw her resolution, and hurriedly quitted the shop. Reaching his cottage, he quickly saddled his horse, and galloped towards Brookside. We have seen that he overtook Dalton on the road.

As soon as Polly was alone she buried her face in her hands, and wept freely for many minutes.

The astute reader will have divined that the object of Ike's visit was not to eat tarts or buy laces, but to give effect to his determination of the overnight, to "serve Polly the same as Dalton," and that he had succeeded in depositing the leathern bag in Polly's till.

As veracious historian of these momentous events, is my duty to correct the astute reader—Ike had no such intention, and did nothing of the kind.

### STONEHAVEN HERRINGS.

I HAVE just returned from a sight both quaint and beautiful—one that carried me far off into a bygone day, when men stood praising God, and wondering over a draught of fishes that nearly sank their weighted boats, by the Lake of Galilee.

The rock-bound narrow harbour of Stonehaven, out of which the herring boats had floated silently last night, and spread themselves, like russet birds over the quiet sea, is to-day all life and colour, sound and motion.

I could scarce believe myself in a sober Scottish village. It was more like a bit of southern life, to see the excitement of the people.

Since early in the day, the news had gone from mouth to mouth—"Gran' cast o' herring, the like hedna been seen this ten year."

There was something touching in the joy

which the weal of the fisher-folk communicated to high and low in the town.

Over three thousand pounds' worth of herrings had been taken in one night! There was hurry and confusion at first, and busy order following, to get the precious fish unladen, salted, and packed.

Deep in the empty basin of the harbour the boats lay huddled, with slender masts crossing each other from dusky nets, shaking the silver showers into the casks and tubs that lay by their side—on the pier, a crowd of helpers, with barrels and baskets. The fishermen, strong, stout-built, in dark-blue or shiny orange-coloured suits, and flecked with shining scales, walked to and fro, with glowing dark faces, casting a shy glance of well-content consciousness, as of successful men.

Rows of clean yellow barrels lined the paved roadstead, and lay piled against the houses. The women, each with her yearling child, sat waiting, with glad faces, or stood in groups, looking out for the men of their own boats. The chubby children—just stept out of the much-disputed Rembrandt at the National Gallery—with close quilted caps and blue stuff "coaties," crowd in sympathy. Old men, in scarlet caps, sat with the women, and wondered over the luck that had befallen. Here and there a grave official—men in authority—walked, note-book in hand, anxiously awaiting carts, and counting barrels, wherein to carry off his prize.

By the afternoon, hard work had begun. The jubilant sounds of the morning had ceased; all were too busy to talk now. The fish, flung straight from the net into great tubs, must be sorted and cleaned—the broken fish thrown into one, the whole, or perfect fish, as they are called, into another, by men in the employ of the purchaser, whose interests need that sharp watch be kept over the fisher folk, in whom a certain cunning and greed of gain mixes curiously with their simplicity.

When sorted, to open the fish is the work of women, who, in rows, either by side of huge wooden tables or boxes, stand bending over their unsavory occupation. Coarse salt is sprinkled over the herrings before they are cut, and again when thrown aside for the packer.

Girls, and even children, are busy carrying baskets full of the gutted herrings across the roadway to the packers, who, each before her cask, seize heaps of fish, and, with a quickness of wrist that is marvellous, lays them in rows—like silver plaiting—in the barrels. Between each layer a ladleful of salt is sprinkled; and the swiftness with which the soft pearly bodies

are laid in, and the barrels filled to the brim, is indescribable.

Carts carry them off as quickly as they are ready. Before midnight all this business must be over, and the harbour cleared for a fresh arrival.

There are great dealers in Aberdeen, who hire the boats, so to speak, to whom the best men are bound to sell all, up to a certain weight, that they bring home. The herrings are measured and paid by the cran—a measure containing about two hundred fish. Agents are on the spot to watch the weighing of the fish, and to hasten the packing. Before the season begins, these agents come to Stonehaven and hire the women and girls for the packing and salting. To each one the shilling is given as “arles,” without which they would not even come to work. The work itself is paid by the piece—not by the day—sevenpence a barrel. “Sevenpence and a bit piece,” they told me, which means, not an extra portion, but a certain amount of food. At six o’clock, jugs were handed to the workers, and huge hunches of buttered bread, which, with grimy fingers, they seized, and ate by the side of their barrels and tubs.

“It’s a’ a lottery,” the woman said. “There’s a man gets saxty pund work and anither no a bawbee; but it’s a gran’ cast o’ herrin’—a gran’ cast,” she added, thoughtfully.

For hours they had been working, and must still work. When the tide rose, the patient dusky boats began to draw apart and raise their slim masts. One by one, the oars falling with a gentle “flick” on the calm water, they drew out of the harbour. There was but little wind, but, in an hour or so, they scattered; the sails were set; and they grew slowly smaller, till, round the headland of Dunotter, we lost sight of them.

They are a handsome, well-built race, the fishers—the women, long featured, with grave, bright eyes, but, unlike the Newhaven and Granton fish-wives, they wear no costume; dark-blue or black stuff forms their clothing, with black stockings and felt shoes. The old women have spotless, clean, starched caps; but the bright striped skirt and high-heeled wooden shoes are unseen here; and the trade is too entirely taken up for foreign markets to give employment to itinerant fisher-women, as on the southern coast.

Oddly enough, in this old stronghold of the Covenanters, the population is chiefly Episcopalian—“cheapel folk,” as they are termed. The dean, who officiates in the damp, hideous little building, which is one of the very few

really old Episcopal churches in Scotland, is very good to the fisher folk; and, on Sunday, instead of the smart gentility that usually haunts such places of worship in the north, it was refreshing to see rows of dark-blue broad backs, and to hear the hearty responses of a bearded, weather-beaten congregation.

Alas! they are an improvident, heedless folk, and the benefit that will accrue from this great haul of herrings will be but transient. The fisher people will be ten or twelve pounds in debt before ever the season is over. “Great folk for tea and a’ that kind o’ groceries,” I was told they were—“not hard drinkers, but luxurious livers,” my informant added—an uncaredful, heedless race, but possessing a wealth of physique that may weigh well against the lack of intellectual element in their lives.

## NIN’S EXPERIENCE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

ALSO, (shall I own it?), that until this result should be quite effected, I experienced a sensation almost amounting to relief; for with all my admiration, I never felt free in my hero’s actual presence from an overpowering sense of inferiority, that kept me from ever being quite easy. So when, at rare intervals, my cousin took me into society, any amusement I might have derived from the change was crushed by the miserable feeling that somewhere else, in some unattainable paradise, where the men were all Captain Lestranges, and the women all Lady Alices, everything was brilliant and delightful, while everything I was condemned to appeared flat, stale, and uninteresting. Mrs. Gwyn most unintentionally deepened this impression, by observing, with her heavy sigh:

“Ah, Nin! if you went about as others do, I suppose you would be meeting fascinating people like that Captain Lestranger. How glad you ought to be to live in a quiet respectable circle; for, depend upon it, those very agreeable men are always thoroughly bad; it is impossible, quite impossible, for them to be anything else. Happily, you are never very likely to meet either this one again or anyone like him.”

This injudicious discourse had naturally the exactly opposite effect to that intended. I gave up any attempt at mixing with my fellow-creatures, so favourably mentioned by my cousin, and indeed felt a most unjust loathing at the very sound of their names. On their side, I was considered, and no



wonder, half-stupid, and utterly unpopular. So I fell back upon my imaginations, recollections, and vague anticipations of better things to come, and into as useless a life as could well be led by any human being calling itself rational!

My visit to Lilian was fixed for the early spring. Accordingly, one fine bright morning in March I started, incredible as it may sound to modern ears, for my first journey by railroad. The excitement and novelty were charming, albeit, I had to wait at a forsaken station, called a junction, for what seemed an endless period, with nothing better to look at than several nurses and children, and a farmer returning from market stiff and uncomfortable in his Sunday clothes, with a wife in a showy silk gown and the sulks! However, in due time, I and my box, anxiety for the safety of which had been on my mind all day, were safely landed at a fine square stone house, buried in the midst of a large park, and, in two minutes more, I found myself in a well appointed drawing-room, and in the presence of my perfectly appointed cousin. About Lilian there was not a fault to be found, from the coquettish *coiffure* of her neat little head, down to the tiny foot, in its dainty high-heeled shoe. I was next introduced to her husband, and he welcomed me at once in that genuine way which says,—“I *am* glad to see you,” and not “*look* how glad I am to see you”—an important distinction. After a few polite common-places, tea was served; and Lilian, I saw, was longing to be up and at me with questions, but I was in no mood to be confidential; so, after letting her remark—“How different you are?”—“What has altered you?”—“Who suggested your dressing like other people, and putting up your hair,”—&c., &c.—I broke in with—“Because, when you last saw me, I was still a child, and now I’m a woman quite; and I got tired one day—you may well look astonished—of shabby frocks and hideous colours, and of feeling my hair flying about my face like the mane of a colt. So it occurred to me to have a trial of looking, as you would say, like other people. So I’ve sat at home, and tried to work, and crossed my stitches the wrong way, and pricked my fingers; and I would have had music lessons and got the piano tuned, but it was too far gone for that; and I’ve been into society; yes, and been as much bored there as any young lady from London could possibly have been; and the new curtains for the drawing-room have not been bought, nor are they likely to be, as far as I can see; and Miss

Catherine has married an officer, and broken the hearts of all three curates; and old Mr. Brown has died; and Morgan is bankrupt; and the fogs have been thick; and the rains heavy; and Gwyn began a grand piece of embroidery at Christmas, and means to finish it by Easter; and I’ve taken a journey for the first time in my life, and I am very glad it has brought me to see you; and now, give me a kiss, and let us talk of something interesting.”

Lilian arched up her eyebrows and pouted her little red lips, with a charmingly acted air of surprise, and I glanced at Mr. Ewan, and, seeing a look of genuine amusement in his face, I laughed, and added—“Lilian is not one bit astonished, really, for she can always put down everything with her pet remark—‘How unlike other people!’”

It is not my intention to enter into a minute account of my visit, which was, on the whole, pleasant to me. The new look of everything somewhat oppressed my senses, and I longed for the period when the gilding should be less bright, and the pretty carpets mellowed by time. It also puzzled my mind how Lilian could be always ready to welcome and talk to perpetual relays of people; and I sometimes caught myself, with terrible self-reproach, sighing wistfully for the freedom of my old room at home, with its lame rocking-chair and tuneless piano, where visitors never could penetrate to waste time and energy in the perpetual elevation of molehills into mountains. For the entertainment of these numerous friends, something in the way of a dance was projected for the last evening of my stay. I had gone over that evening, in anticipation for days beforehand, not from any overpowering delight at the prospect of a ball. I had never learned to dance; the figures of a quadrille were as unknown to me as the solution of problems in algebra. No; the absorbing idea that rolled round and round my foolish mind was, that Captain Lestrangle was coming, and would he be pleased, ever so little pleased, with my attempts at improvement? First I buoyed myself up with the notion that he would surely notice me, to fall back upon the argument that he certainly would not; how should he? he who saw so many people. So, by the time the day arrived, I had worked myself up to a most absurd pitch of excitement, outwardly preserving a calmness of aspect most trying to poor Lilian; for though I did my best to take a real interest in her plans and arrangements, I frequently gave the most nonsensical and inappropriate opinions and answers. The day arrived, and

I, in due time, delivered myself unresistingly into the hands of Mdlle. Julie, her maid, a desperately great lady, of whom I stood in no little awe. But when I caught sight of myself in the glass, with my hair tortured into a fearful complication, and in a blue silk gown, all furbelows and trimmings, supposed to be a triumph of the Winton dressmaker's art, I hardly waited till her back was turned before I proceeded, slowly and deliberately, to let the one fabric down and take the other off, and, remembering that Captain Lestrangle had once made honourable mention of a white dress, without a single ornament, I slipped into a fresh muslin, twisted my many elf-locks round a tortoiseshell comb, and descended to the drawing-room in a state of great excitement. Here a soothing, not to say sedative, sight presented itself. Eight or ten people were seated about the fireplace drinking coffee, and discussing the future of the crops and the opinions expressed at the last turnpike meeting. "Gracious Heaven!" thought I, "crops and turnpike meetings! Is it possible people can be interested in such things?" while my hands felt as if converted into ice, and my eyes into literal globes of fire. Presently more company poured in—fathers, mothers and daughters; of these some were vapid, some pert; all had a strong resemblance to one another, except as regarded the colour of their wreaths; for there were pink wreaths, and blue wreaths, and green wreaths, and even one yellow wreath (she was the Doctor's daughter). The sons, youthful and red about the ears, mostly shy, too, and awkward, as if their new gloves sat heavily on their minds, till dancing began and relieved them a little from their embarrassment. Till this period I had managed to secure a seat, commanding a full, though distant, view of the door by which the guests entered; but, in the confusion occasioned by the general move, I found my vista blocked up. I rose to find another position, but the ice of formality was beginning to melt under the influence of a waltz, and the youths and maidens aforesaid not being used up by a course of three balls a night, went at it with a will that swept me right out of the drawing-room into a large conservatory at the end of it. Here, among the flowers and shrubs, Lilian, with her usual perfect taste, had placed only light enough to give a mellow, fairy-like look to the place, and at the end further removed from the noisy world had left grouped, as if by accident, a low sofa and a chair or two, beyond which the conservatory reopened into the entrance hall. I should explain that from my enforced retreat,

a large palm concealed any one whom the tempting coolness should induce to enter from the hall and occupy the seats, and I had not been in my position five minutes before I heard a movement in that direction.

"Yes, if you like," said a silvery voice, "it will be far more pleasant not to penetrate into the crowd just yet. Alas! that the pleasant thing should never be the right thing! One ought to do the popular, I suppose, and one's tiresome duty."

"Oh! leave duty to take care of itself. Why should you depart from that usual good habit of yours. I have been doing duty enough in that abomination of desolation, Winton, to last me for the next dozen years!" was the reply, in a well-known voice, that sent all the blood flying from my heart, and absolutely rooted me to the spot where I stood.

"My poor dear cousin, how I pity you!"

"Indeed you may! It will be months before I get over even the recollections of that time of unmitigated boredom; there was positively *no one* to speak to."

"Not even the smallest flirtation to pass the time? Well, I should have thought that might have been compassed, even at Winton. Why, for instance, did you not make the acquaintance of that tall girl, all eyes, teeth, and dark hair, who looked as if she had stepped out of a picture. Don't you remember her at Levindon, one day, flung gracefully under an oak tree, in—oh, such a queer pink bonnet! but, poor thing, perhaps, you might have disturbed the peace of her little rustic mind, or her innocent simplicity might even have gone so far as to have believed in you!"

"Innocent simplicity, in this century! you may believe in it, my dear Alice, but I don't. I *did* make the acquaintance of your Miss Stewart, and she didn't act the part half-badly: shyness and pretty confusion, and I'll-take-your-advice-and-act-upon-it sort of game, but one gets sick of that after a time or two; and, besides, the bore of taking up these young country acquaintances is, one doesn't know how to drop them gracefully; if ever one has the ill-luck to meet them again, one must notice them a little, out of kindness."

A burst of laughter greeted this sentiment, and then I waited to hear no more. There was a general move in the doorway. I darted through—nearly precipitating the squire's daughter and the clergyman's son into a tray of ices on my way—dashed up to my room, flung the volume of poetry Captain Lestrangle had once given me, and which I had been studying all day, up at the ceiling, whence it

alighted, I remember, on the tip of Mdle. Julie's nose, she having incautiously followed me up-stairs, and threw myself on my bed, in a perfect storm of miserable angry tears.

This, then, was the end of it all; to be wounded in this way after all my efforts, all my dreams, to be so utterly despised, to be so horribly misunderstood and misinterpreted. "I cannot bear it!" and I sobbed the night through, in my unreasoning childish pain.

Towards morning I got some troubled sleep, and with the early dawn I rose, and immediately fell to packing my box, energetically stamping down the contents, to stop the great choking sobs that, in spite of my efforts, would rise now and again in my throat.

Before Lillian had even thought of awakening, my train departed; so nothing remained but to take a cordial farewell of Mr. Ewan over an early breakfast.

"I hope you thoroughly enjoyed your first ball," were his parting words.

"I learnt a great deal there I never thought of before, thank you," was my reply, as the carriage whirled me off, on my journey to my dear ugly old home, which I reached at dusk, to find a substantial tea laid out for me, and my cousin busy lining a blue cloth winter cloak with the remains of a light-green summer silk.

Wounded pride, though an excessively bitter tonic, proved, in my case, a most effectual one. True to my resolution of not giving in, I set to the first piece of work that suggested itself—a crusade, namely, against our chronic state of dinginess. I persuaded Mrs. Gwyn to let me make up fresh muslin curtains for the windows and smart new covers for the chairs, and to plant a flower-border in the garden, after the pattern of one I had seen while away; and I even succeeded in the far more difficult task of persuading her that these improvements might be effected without bringing us a bit nearer bankruptcy! I never gave myself an odd ten minutes to get dreary in; never indulged in a novel for nine whole months, or opened a book of poetry for a year. I ceased to avoid my fellow-creatures, and found, in consequence, much that was amiable and even something interesting in the very individuals I had stigmatised as hopelessly dull. In time, I found myself actually feeling an interest in hearing of Tom's broken leg and Sue's broken engagement, of son Willie farming in Australia, and son Jack fighting in India. There were, of course, many spots I could not pass without a sharp stab at the heart, but I kept my own counsel, and stamped down the pain resolutely;

and folks began to say there was nothing like going about to improve young people, it had changed even that odd girl Anna Stewart for the better.

By-and-bye came most happy letters from over the sea. Lancy had prospered, bought land, built a house, and now sent home so extensive an order for all sorts of things, from farm implements to house furniture, as necessitated my cousin and myself actually going up to London, where we went to the theatres, and gazed at the smart people in the park, and into the shop windows, like the raw country cousins we were.

Said Mrs. Gwyn to me, with her heavy sigh:

"Now Lancy has built a house, he'll be wanting a wife to put into it!"

"Well and good," answered I. "If she has fair hair we'll send out blue chintzes, and pink ones if she is dark."

\* \* \* \* \*

One, two, three years fled by. It was a glorious evening in June, and I was busy watering my pet border. I had been weeding, too, and my hands were covered with damp mould, when Bella, our little parlour maid, ran out to say, a gentleman wished to see me. She was closely followed by some one so tall, so big, so bearded, that he seemed to fill up the whole of my little garden. I had barely time to observe that the apparition had most smiling and kind eyes, when it exclaimed, with a bright ringing laugh:

"Why, Nin! don't you know me?"

"My dear, *dear* old boy! why, you don't mean to say this is you? and" (forgetting the state of my hands, I fairly flung both arms round his neck) "why, how big you've grown, and how brown, and how improved!"

"And how you've grown! and, though still brown, I may add, how improved!" laughed he, swinging me round by both shoulders so as to inspect me on every side. "I meant to have written and prepared you for my arrival, but we landed sooner than I expected, so I came on at once."

"Never mind *how* you came, now you *are* come," said I, dragging him in triumph into the house, and executing a small dance of delight around him, much in the way in which you may see a toy terrier frisk round a large Newfoundland.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another year has come and gone, and it is June again. The sun is setting in golden splendour in the smooth sea, and a great ship is cutting through the water straight towards

its resting-place. A man and a woman lean against the vessel's side. *She* keeps her lace veil tight over her face, for she has made her mind up to leave, and she does not want her companion to see how her eyes *will* moisten and her lips tremble as Old England fades out of sight.

"It is a lovely spot, and I've made the place look as like home as possible. You'll never regret coming, Nin, my child; will you?" says he, kindly.

And I answer in the sentiment of the old Scotch ballad: "*Never*; for myself is dead, and has rung its own knell, and lives only in *you*!"

### THE GHOST STORY OF PLINY THE YOUNGER.

WHEN was the first ghost story told? At what period in the world's infancy did the minds of man first feel the dread delight, the awful attraction, which modern scepticism has deprived us all of, except children and village lasses? We confess we cannot tell. And instead of collecting scattered fragments from antiquity, we subjoin a translation of a ghost story, perfect and complete, of the respectable age of eighteen centuries, which so terrified the calm philosopher Pliny, of Christian-hating reputation, that he wrote to his friend Sura, the consul, to ask whether it could be true. So exactly does this story correspond in all the ghostly elements to authentic narratives, which inundate the waste-paper baskets of magazine editors every Christmas, that we cannot think it the first attempt of the invention in this direction. Poets must have lived before Homer, and dealers in the supernatural must have traded on man's love for the marvellous long before the time of Pliny's informant. We meet with ghosts in the "*Iliad*," and Æschylus twice introduces them on the stage. Indeed, the belief in their appearance naturally arose from the idea that, until a man was decently buried, old Charon would not convey his soul across the slimy Styx, but left it to squeak and gibber on this side the stream. Hence it was considered a greater crime at Athens to leave a parent unburied than to allow him to starve to death. And that beautiful play of Sophocles, in which Antigone suffers death rather than leave her brother's corpse unburied, had a far greater charm in Pagan Athens than it can have in Christian England. But we are digressing. Here is the promised story, from

the twenty-seventh epistle of the seventh book of Pliny, the younger:—

There was, at Athens, a house, large and spacious, but with a bad name. In the silence of the night, there was wont to be heard in it the rattling of iron, and, if you listened more attentively, the clash of chains, first at a distance, then hard-by. Presently there appeared a ghost—an old man, lean and squalid, with long beard and rough hair. He carried fetters on his legs and gyves on his wrists, shaking them as he walked. Hence every night was spent in wakeful terror by the inhabitants. Sickness followed vigils, and death sickness. For even during the day-time, though the phantom had departed, the recollection of it clung to them, and the terror lasted longer than that which caused it. Accordingly the house was deserted, condemned to solitude, and entirely given up to the spectre. It was advertised, nevertheless, to be let or sold, in case anyone, not knowing the circumstances, should be willing to purchase.

Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens, read the notice, asked the terms, and, having his suspicions roused by the low price, made inquiries, and heard the whole story. So far from shrinking, he took the house all the more eagerly.

When evening drew near, he orders his couch to be placed in the front room, calls for a writing-tablet, a style,\* and a light, dismisses all his attendants, and devotes his attention—eyes, head, and hands—to writing, lest his mind, being unemployed, should conjure up fancied sights and sounds.

At first there was the silence of night, deep as elsewhere; then the clash of iron and the rattling of chains. He neither raised his eyes nor relaxed his style, but fixed his attention upon his work. The clink grew louder, came nearer, and sounded, now at the door, now within the room. He looks up, sees and recognises the spectre described. It stood and beckoned with its hand, as if calling him. He made a sign with his finger for it to wait a little, and again settled down to his tablets and style. It rattled its chains at his head as he wrote. He looked up again, making the same sign as before, and without further delay took the candle and followed. It walked with slow step, as if weighted with the chains. After turning

\* A style was a substitute for a pen; it was used to write on a wooden tablet, covered with a thin coating of wax, and therefore had only one sharp point.

into the courtyard of the house, it suddenly slipped into the earth and disappeared. He piled some weeds and leaves to mark the spot, and, the next day, going to the magistrates, advised them to order the place to be excavated.

A skeleton was found, the flesh all wasted away by putrefaction, and the bare bones bound in fetters and chains. It was taken up and publicly buried; and after that the house was no more troubled.



### WINGED SEEDS.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY THE AUTHOR.

**L**IGHTLY floats the feathered seed  
Over wood and meadow;  
Whither summer breezes lead  
Airily we see it speed—  
Vanish like a shadow.  
Certain course it seems to follow  
To the hill-top or the hollow.

Why, 'tis like a sentient thing,  
Gifted with volition;  
Like a bird upon the wing,  
Swiftly, softly travelling  
Upon a special mission;  
And, the special mission ending,  
Wearily to earth descending.

Like a spirit of the air  
With the zephyrs playing;

Like a vapour, orb'd and rare,  
Viewless in the noonday glare,  
Feeble flights essaying;  
Till to Chance its fate confiding,  
Far away we see it gliding.

Is it merely Chance that sways  
The order of its going?  
Chance that pilots it to ways  
Where the genial sunbeam strays,  
Propitious for its growing?  
Chance that drives it hither, thither,  
Safe from evil wind and weather?

Nay, I rather love to limn  
Elves and fays attending;  
Swift its ruffled sails to trim,  
Sporting, poising, all a-swim,  
Through the ether wending;  
Daintily and deftly guiding  
To the place of its abiding.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

## CHAPTER XIX.

A WOMAN'S AFFLICTION.

GRACE WELBY had not irrevocably fixed her affections upon Lionel Seabright. In some casual and accidental way she had discovered that her friends wished her to marry him; and, liking him very much, as well as his position in society, his magnificent estate, and handsome person, the idea of becoming his wife had fixed itself upon her mind. A very large proportion of women marry in this state of feeling, and prove not only excellent wives and mothers, but happy ones. Grace was bitterly indignant on discovering, first, that the master of Fairlawn Grange and Alice had met in secret, and then that, according to her own boast, he had offered her marriage. Still, on entering the drawing-room, she contrived to conceal all sign of anger and mortification. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The apothegm is true and philosophical.

When Lionel Seabright re-entered the drawing-room and looked around, he saw Grace conversing merrily, not to say flippantly, with two officers from a neighbouring garrison town, who had driven over to dinner, and who were, of course, delighted with the honour. He bit his lip. From her, at all events, it might be possible to obtain an explanation of the scene he had witnessed. Not a suspicion of the truth entered his mind. Not having himself ever cast one thought upon Grace except as the pleasant daughter of a pleasant host, any idea even of flirtation was out of the question. If he regarded her in one light more than another it was as Alice Seabright's friend.

He watched his opportunity for a long time before he obtained it. When he did, however, he went quietly up to the daughter of the host, and requested to speak with her alone. Grace winced, but she resolved to be firm, and by no means to betray her own secret, slight as it was.

"If I am not asking too much, Miss Welby, would you explain for me the cause of my cousin's sudden illness?" he said.

"Mr. Seabright, I will be candid with you

and say, that what I can tell you is very little. She overheard, I believe accidentally, a rather ill-natured remark of mine, which brought on a violent fit of hysterics," replied Grace with infantine candour.

"I suppose the nature of the remark is a secret?"

"I wish it to be so. But as, on reflection, it is quite probable I misjudged her, it is best for me to say nothing," was the quiet reply.

"Life is short, Miss Welby, and its joys and sorrows should not be lightly played with. The question I have to ask is to me a momentous one. Did any remark of yours refer to my wish to make Alice Seabright my wife?" said Lionel gravely, almost sternly.

Grace coloured, bit her lip, and appeared to be about to say something harsh and disagreeable. Her better nature prevailed, and holding out her hand to Lionel Seabright she took his.

"I am afraid I was very unjust to her," she said frankly; "my supposition and accusation lay the other way."

"Heaven forgive you, as I do," replied Lionel, in a low tone; "you have undone the work of months. It is useless, however, discussing the matter farther."

With which he left Grace Welby more astonished than ever she had been in her life before, and with a vague idea that there must be a taint of madness in the family. However this might be, her admiration and respect for Lionel was largely increased, though all idea of him as a husband was at an end.

When everybody else had retired she had an interview with her mother, who heard her story with very little remark. She was too experienced in the world's ways to interfere or suggest any future prospects to her daughter. She spoke only of Alice.

"I think Miss Seabright decided on common sense grounds when she made up her mind to leave," was her quiet remark. "As she is ill her time must be her own."

Grace merely kissed her mother and went to bed, more displeased with herself than she had felt for some time past, and resolved—as most people would have done under the same circumstances—not to come to conclusions so rashly for the future. Another resolution she made, and that was, to have a meeting with Alice and induce her to stop. It was the least compensation she could make for her unjustness.

Alice meanwhile, ignorant of all that had happened, went to bed, angry with nearly all the world, and more deeply grounded in her

general misanthropy than ever. Had her strength been equal to her will, that night would have been her last at Eden Lodge. She knew, however, that to go out, alone and unprepared as she was, to bear fatigue and excitement was folly. She therefore, as advised by Lady Welby, went to bed, and slept the strange leaden sleep of one on whom a heavy sorrow rests. She awoke, cold, resolved, and yet ill. By the hostess' command she was waited on with great care, and thus the day passed.

Miss Grace Welby would gladly have paid her a visit, but the baronet's wife firmly forbade her to do so. Poor Alice had expressed her wishes to this effect in such an earnest and determined manner, that the mother feared it would have caused an unpleasant scene between one whom she loved and another whom she respected and pitied. Grace was obliged, therefore, to appear unheard, when she was not only repentant and sorry, but eager to repair as far as possible any mischief she might have done. Like many other impulsive and quick-tempered young ladies, she had done the mischief, and it was too late to repair it.

As soon as night set in, Alice, whose scant luggage was to be sent after her to the station, slipped out of the house. She would not have a carriage for fear of being stopped, as also from an earnest desire to avoid attracting attention. There was a path she knew well that led to the village and the small station. She contrived to escape all notice, as well as to gain her journey's end in ample time. The box containing her worldly wealth was brought in due course, and then once again Alice Seabright was alone. About half-an-hour later she was once more on her way to the metropolis.

It was so late, and she was so fatigued when London was reached, that, acting on the advice of an experienced and good-natured porter, who read her dilemma in her face, she determined to accept his offer of a bed at a respectable house close to the terminus. It was quite as good as she had any right to expect; but when in the morning her expenses were paid, she found herself with only a few shillings in her pocket. This decided her on leaving her box in the cloak-room, and walking. Whither, was the next question.

Her aunt had not answered her long letter. This appeared in her mind to indicate Miss Morton's disapproval of her conduct, while it appeared hard for her to return penniless to that struggling home. Still there remained her

sisters. Her severe notions of independence did not go quite so far as to prevent her accepting a night's hospitality and such advice as they would be able to give her. One counsel they would surely be ready to offer unasked, and that was to marry Lionel Seabright. On this point, therefore, she would not even speak.

While dwelling on these ideas, and on other thoughts more or less gloomy, Alice found herself slowly walking towards a street in the neighbourhood of Eaton Square, the abode of Mr. Harcourt, the banker. She instinctively selected this visit as the first, though half-ashamed to have treated her sister's former offer with such scant courtesy. At length the house was reached: she well remembered the number, and gave a timid knock at the door. If she had not been utterly pre-occupied, she would have remarked that the shutters were closed; while, after some delay, her appeal was answered from the area. It was a middle-aged woman who asked her business.

"I wished to see Mrs. Harcourt," said Alice, rather surprised at this mode of being accosted.

"One moment, miss," cried the other, and, diving back into the kitchen, she speedily re-appeared at the hall-door, "you were pleased to say—"

"I wish to see Mrs. Harcourt. I am her sister," replied Alice, almost fearful that there was some mistake.

"Law, miss!" they've been gone to Russia this month: quite sudden, ma'am. Won't be back all the winter. Master had sudden business. There's only me and my husband in the house. But come in and rest, miss. Mrs. Harcourt, the best and kindest of mistresses, often spoke of you, miss."

Alice was glad of this humble and kindly sympathy, and accepted her offer to enter and be seated; nor did she leave until she obtained her sister's address, and had taken some refreshment which the other forced upon her. When sufficiently reposed, she again trod the weary pavement in the direction of the house lately inhabited by Sir Charles and Lady Fleming. Here she was rudely told that they had gone away, nobody knew where; adding, that it would give eminent satisfaction to several aggrieved people if their address on the continent were known. Fleming-place, the woman added, with an angry toss of the head, was shut up. This statement having been made with great volubility, the door was vigorously closed, the speaker retiring within the walls of her dingy mansion, with a sense

of deep relief at having insulted a young, handsome, and helpless female.

There remained but her own home. Heaven knows with what rapturous delight she would have gone thither, with what pleasure she would have clasped her beloved and aged father to her heart, with what keen satisfaction she would have embraced her generous single-minded and worthy aunt, but for one withering reflection,—they were poor, and she was one too many.

At all events there she must go, as to all intents and purposes she was houseless and homeless in London streets, with but three shillings in her pocket. Even with this small portion of the world's wealth at her command, she was compelled to ride, as exhaustion was overcoming her. The ride having given her some rest, she hurried on, alighting at the end of the street in Islington. The pleasant looking house was soon in sight, with Mrs. Langley actually standing on the door-step. She literally turned white when she saw the weary and exhausted figure of Alice before her.

"My dear, where have you come from?" she stammered.

"I have come home," said Alice, looking strangely in her face, "where is father?—nothing is the matter?"

"No miss—only they are all at the sea-side. You know your papa was not very well—and Mr. Gregory, he was going to Ramsgate—your papa would'n't think of being left behind. Bless you, Miss Seabright, he can't do anything without Mr. Gregory—and so they are all gone together."

"Why was I not told of this?" asked Alice, hoarsely.

"For fear you would fret about your father, my dear," replied Mrs. Langley, leading her in, "your aunt has your letters sent down, and last night I posted one to you."

Alice made no reply, but followed the worthy landlady into her private room. A wild thought was flashing through her mind. How could they afford to go to the sea-side—why should they go with James Gregory—why was there concealment from her? In all this she thoroughly believed that the hand of Lionel Seabright was plainly visible.

## CHAPTER XX.

### ALONE IN LONDON.

**A**LICE was resolute on one point. She would not remain with her worthy landlady more than that one night. She was far too ill to go away at once and face the cold world, but to accept her hospitality for more

than a few hours was impossible. Once her suspicions aroused, she was determined to have them cleared up. This could only be done by seeing her aunt, for which purpose she must in some way get to Ramsgate. Money—so often the soul-crusher of humanity—alone stood in her way. Little of it remained to her, and everybody of whom she could ask any favour by right was absent. Rather than remain in ignorance of the true state of affairs she would borrow of Sir Charles Fleming. With these wild and angry fancies she went to bed, to rise pale, dejected, and unrefreshed.

Mrs. Langley, in the most kind and motherly way, asked her to stop, offering to share her bed until she obtained an answer from Ramsgate. Alice resolutely refused. Do something for herself she must and would; to remain eternally indebted to others, was gall and wormwood to her soul. A refusal to accept breakfast would have evinced such thorough ill-nature that Alice schooled herself to eat the simple meal. She then took down the address at Ramsgate, and went out. Her first task was to find the smallest and most humble lodging available to a single woman. A deposit was required here, while the transfer of her boxes from the cloak-room to her new home completely exhausted her funds—left her penniless.

Alice, however, with that cruel delight which she seemed to take in torturing herself, closing her door, began to examine the contents. She had good clothes, and some ornamental jewellery, of which the most valuable was a watch set with some small diamonds. Poverty, with its withering experiences, and cold logic, had not taught her to know the ordinary means of raising money on such commodities; she simply knew they had a commercial value, and selecting the watch as her first sacrifice, she went forth in search of some one to whom to sell it.

Her lodging was in Clerkenwell, so that she had no great difficulty in finding the kind of tradesman she required. When, however, she finally selected a shop, her courage almost failed her. Angry at her own weakness, she hastily opened the shop door, and entered. A man of somewhat venerable appearance, rather fatherly and consequential, rose from a sort of counting-house to receive her. The first impulse of the jeweller was to think the lady a customer, but a second glance at her timid and retreating form at once dispelled the illusion. Her manner betrayed that she came to sell, not to buy. As men of business go now-a-days, he was not hard-hearted, and knowing



the class of person he had to deal with, was scrupulously polite.

"Can I do anything for you, miss?" he said, motioning with his hand to a tall chair on the opposite side of the counter.

"I wish to sell this watch," she replied, laying it on the counter.

The man took it up quietly, examined it keenly, and laid it down again.

"What value do you set upon it?" he asked.

"I have no recollection of how much it cost," she answered in an impatient kind of way, "give me what it is worth—to you."

The man hesitated. This was not business-like, and looked, indeed, suspicious. He scarcely liked, however, to hint his suspicions.

"Of course," he said, in a hesitating kind of way, "it is your own."

Alice turned deadly white, and for a moment felt inclined to be angry with the honest trader. Reflection, however, came to her assistance.

"It is mine—given me by my father in happier days," was her half-choked reply.

"Pardon me, miss—if I appear impertinent. In our business we are compelled to be careful. I do not doubt your word for one moment now—I can only give you twenty pounds for it."

"I should have taken half the money," replied Alice, with a sickly smile.

The jeweller was again inclined to ask further questions, but his better feelings prevailing, he went to his desk and slowly wrote out an invoice and a receipt, which, with three notes and some gold, he handed to the young girl. Alice wrote the receipt in a firm clear hand, thanked the jeweller, and went out with her treasure, delighted that, at all events for the present, she had to feel no dependence upon others. As she hastened to her new home eagerly and almost proudly, she never once raised her eyes from the ground. Had she done so, and seen what happened immediately after her departure from the jeweller's shop—her satisfaction would have been changed to feelings of a very different kind.

No sooner was she out of the premises than a gentleman, who had for some time been standing opposite the shop, wrapped in an Inverness cape, and his face concealed by a wide-awake, crossed over and hurriedly entered the shop. The jeweller was still looking at the watch, which was really of an expensive character.

"A friend of mine, a relative in fact," said the gentleman, in an eager tone, "has just sold you something—I see—a watch."

The jeweller looked at him in unfeigned

surprise. A simple transaction was becoming puzzling in the extreme.

"I have just bought a watch of a young lady, and have her receipt here," said the tradesman rather haughtily; "but really I do not see——"

"My good sir, all I want is to buy it back; and as the lady will probably come again, anything else of the same kind she may offer you," continued the stranger.

"You are quite welcome to purchase anything in my shop," said the jeweller with a smile, and handed him the watch to look at.

The stranger snatched the small timepiece eagerly, gave one glance at it as of recognition, and asked the price. The other fixed the sum, which was paid at once. A conversation then ensued, which is not essential to our narrative at present, after which they parted, mutually satisfied one with the other.

Poor Alice, utterly ignorant of what had happened, went home to her humble residence, and made instant preparations for a journey to Ramsgate. She did not intend to go straight to where her father was staying, but to visit the place secretly, in order, before she accepted once more the hospitality of her aunt, to discover if Lionel Seabright was assisting her father in secret.

Her first act was to purchase some faded mourning, which should give her the appearance of a widow. An old-fashioned bonnet and veil would prove, with this other costume, a perfect disguise. Her lodging she determined to keep on, as no doubt her great struggle with the world would be in London. As the landlady saw every evidence of her new tenant having property and means, she made no difficulty about the matter. This important preliminary settled, Alice Seabright went to bed early, intending to rise so as to reach the celebrated watering-place in the morning.

As sleep did not, in the young girl's state of mind, very easily visit her eyes, she was up betimes and on her way by one of the first trains that started.

She was very plainly dressed, and rendered by her disguise utterly unlikely to be recognised even by her aunt or James Gregory. The seaside was reached without any adventure, and Alice once more found herself in the same town with her aunt and father. Though the place was strange to her, their residence was easily found. Selwyn Seabright was residing at a cottage of humble appearance, with no other companions save those whom Mrs. Langley had indicated. This was something, and served to disarm suspicion.

Having contrived lodgings at a small hotel at no great distance from the residence of her father, Alice, still animated by the same sore and unpleasant feelings, began to watch. The day was warm and balmy, and the late visitors to the watering-place crowded down about twelve in the direction of the sea. From the window Alice watched them listlessly, as they sauntered along in search of health and amusement. Of a character easily amused, the varied common-place incidents of the hour might have amused her in former days. Now nothing even roused her, except what referred to those she loved or hated.

Suddenly a Bath chair was wheeled to the door of the cottage, and in a few minutes more Selwyn Seabright came forth, leaning heavily on the arm of James Gregory. Miss Morton came behind with an umbrella and some wrappers, and everything being ready, a kind of procession was organised. The hired man drew the Bath chair along, the maiden aunt took up her post beside her brother-in-law on the right, while the artist stood close to the old man on the left. The late owner of Fairlawn Grange looked thin and wan, but it was quite evident he was mentally better. Though, as they passed the window, Alice could hear nothing that was said, she knew that her father was conversing in something of the old way when he was poor and happy.

Alice knew neither what to think or do. The artist to her was an inexplicable being. Women are rarely wrong when the affections are concerned, and Alice was well aware that James Gregory was actuated by no passion for her. What then was the motive of this singular conduct on his part, and why was he so devoted to an old man of whom he knew nothing? That some mystery underlaid all this she was quite certain.

As soon as the chair had passed, she went down and followed at a distance, uncertain what to do, totally unable to decide on any course of action. She appeared to steal about like a guilty being. Conscience was busy and not to her own advantage. The chair containing her father advanced very slowly, so that Alice easily kept it in sight, until a pleasant spot near the sea being reached they halted, and the old man looked out upon the splashing waves with childish delight.

Alice stood a long way off, shut out as it were, from Paradise, by her own suspicion and folly.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## STRICKEN DOWN.

AFTER some time the same party returned to their residence, and Alice, gloomy and thoughtful, retired to her hotel to muse on the proper course of action to be adopted. Remain wholly aloof from the father she so much loved, she could not, and yet endure the favours of this intrusive artist she felt to be intolerable. Besides, she must explain all that had occurred, and even the idea was intolerable. Life appeared a burden that she would gladly lay down.

There was nothing for her to do but return to London and seek employment. Never being in the habit of adjourning anything on which she had once decided, she left her inn in the dark of the evening, carrying her own small bag, and took her way to the station. To do this, she necessarily passed the house where her father lived, and involuntarily halted before the door. The little house was very calm and still; there was a light in a small parlour, where probably the two were seated, playing, reading or talking.

Suddenly the door opened with a crash, and James Gregory appeared, followed by a strange woman.

"Yonder, sir, is the doctor's," she said, pointing to a house at no great distance.

"Thanks, I will be back with him directly," replied the other.

He hustled through the garden, and was about to pass that black shrinking figure, when Alice laid her hand upon his arm.

"Who is ill?" she asked, in a low husky voice.

"Heavens! Miss Seabright. Why are you here? why have you not come in?" he cried, looking gently and tenderly at her.

"You have not answered my question," she continued earnestly.

"Your father is ill. Go in. I will not be gone a moment," was his answer.

Alice passed through the garden gate in a state of mind impossible to be described. The woman was on the threshold. She had seen the interview and probably guessed the truth.

"You wish to speak to me?" she said.

"I wish to see my father," Alice replied.

"He is very ill," urged the woman; "they have laid him on the sofa: shall I call Miss Morton?" the other went on, evidently wishing to save her a shock.

Alice sat down nodding assent, and the woman of the house soon brought out Miss

Morton, who pressed her weeping darling to her heart.

"Is he very bad?" she murmured.

"It is impossible to say," replied the maiden aunt, quietly. "The doctor will be here directly. He was never better in his life than to-day. It was very sudden."

"What was sudden?"

"A stroke of some kind. Here comes the doctor—sit you still, my dear, and when he is gone you shall know all," urged the kindly little woman.

Alice was too overcome, too overwhelmed to make any resistance. The thought of what might have been, the suddenness of the attack, acted upon her sensitive nerves too keenly. Though she fought manfully against the insidious feeling, it appeared impossible not to faint. James Gregory remained with her, but did not speak. He had too much respect for her suffering, in the first place, and then was so utterly and genuinely astonished at her presence, as to be lost in a wilderness of reflection. He had every reason to believe her many hundred miles off in a luxurious and happy home.

He was summoned presently to the sick room. Like one in a dream, Alice followed in time to hear the doctor's fiat.

"We can't say," the medical man said, "at his age these attacks are dangerous. Get him to bed as soon as possible. I will send something and call to-morrow. Then we shall know better what to think."

"Will he die?" asked Alice, advancing to his side.

"It is impossible to say," replied the startled surgeon, "let us hope for the best. He has nurses enough, I see. Good evening."

And the man bowed himself out, leaving the three in presence of the inanimate form of Selwyn Seabright. He had been struck with a second stroke of paralysis—one which left him helpless, senseless, speechless. It had come without warning, and while the old man was apparently enjoying a retrospect of his day's pleasures.

"Did he speak of me," asked Alice, passionately, "was I wholly forgotten?"

"I fear you were spoken of too often," said James Gregory, gravely, "your father rarely allowed an hour in the day to pass without bringing up your name."

"Heaven bless him, and be thanked, too, for bringing me here at this time! How shall we get him to bed?" she continued.

James Gregory took the weak body in his arms and carried him to a large and airy bed-

room at the back of the house. The women then contrived to undress him and get him to his sleeping couch. He neither spoke, nor moaned, nor showed the slightest sign of consciousness. The voice of Alice passed unnoticed, and it was impossible to tell whether he were asleep or awake.

"I will sit with him," said Alice.

"No," replied Miss Morton, looking at her white yet resolute face; "there will be no necessity to-night. Come and rest yourself at all events."

"I will go for a walk," remarked James Gregory, who knew they must want to be alone.

Miss Morton nodded approval, and thus the two were left.

"What brought you here so unexpectedly, and so oddly dressed?" asked the maiden aunt quite abruptly.

"I have left my place," replied Alice, blushing in genuine confusion.

"So I suppose, but why?" asked Miss Morton, drily.

"I must tell you all," said Alice sadly; "do not be too hard upon me. Indeed I could not help it."

And the poor girl, very sincerely, with much blame to herself, told her story, to which Miss Morton listened in silent amazement. To her it was like a life romance. The refusal of the master of Fairlawn Grange amazed her, while it also made her angry.

"Refuse him! why, do you know what my opinion of him is?" she cried.

"I don't know, aunt."

"That he is a noble fellow, generous to a fault, and that his whole heart is devoted to you and your interests," she continued, resolutely.

"And you would have had me accept him, stoop to him, the hand that has stricken me and mine down," she exclaimed, in a voice of wonder.

"You blame the man for what was no fault of his," replied Miss Morton; "his conduct was justified by reason and common sense. The estate never was your father's—it was his, and he took it. Because he offers it you back with a condition, you spurn him as if he were insulting you. Alice, the day will come, probably too late, when you will understand and appreciate this man. The delicate way in which he contrived to serve you without your knowing it should disarm your resentment."

"It augments it. I hate him," was the cold reply; "let us drop the subject. Has father been well until now?"

"Quite well, and thanks to Mr. Gregory, has enjoyed himself very much.

"But why are we to be always obliged to other people," she cried, "can we never suffice unto ourselves?"

"Never. It is not the lot of humanity. I could not manage Selwyn Seabright without the assistance of our worthy friend. I hope you have no prejudice against him," replied Miss Morton; "he is a good and excellent young man; your father loves him like a son."

Alice knew that it was useless to contend against such deep-rooted conviction, and held her tongue.

Shortly after some medicine came with full directions, and they were too occupied with the sick man to think or speak about anything else. Soon after the physic was given, Miss Morton hurried Alice to bed, with a promise that on the morrow she should nurse her father as much as ever she liked.

#### THE RIPPLES' REQUEST.

THROW us a sunbeam to play with !  
We'll break it and shiver it,  
Shake it and quiver it,  
All to the tune that the noon-breezes sing.  
The wild rose that blushes  
'Mid green stalks and rushes,  
The sky-gazing lily our coming that fears,  
In vain try to catch it ;  
We waters will snatch it,  
And break it in sparkles of diamonds and tears.

Throw us a flow'ret to play with !  
We'll twist it and twirl it,  
And spin it and whirl it,  
Giddily toss it and float it along.  
Vainly it cleaves  
To the half-drowning leaves  
That stoop'd from the banks and are prisoners too.

Green weeds cannot save it,  
The breeze pluck'd and gave it  
To us, and we'll play with it all the day through.

Send us, oh ! send us a moonbeam !  
No longer we'll riot,  
But quiet, so quiet,  
Deep sleep we will feign, lest it leave us again ;  
For the silvery beam  
Loves to lie on the stream,  
And to stir not but dream, while the night-breezes sigh ;  
And we scarce dare to creep  
Round the lilies asleep,  
For fear it should hide once again in the sky.

#### PIES AND TARTS.

WHEN we were boys there was a clear distinction between a tart and a pie. A pie was a pie and a tart was a tart. But now, alas, the terms are interchanged without sense or reason. *O tempora ! O mores !* Apple-pie we know, and jam-tart we know, and both we appreciate. But what is apple-tart ? Oh pie ! oh pie ! wherefore art thou tart ? What says the commentator of the *striblita* at Trimalchio's splendid feast ? "That they derived their name from *streblein*, to twist ; and that our word *tart* was originally *tort*, from the Latin *tortus* (twisted), the distinctive feature of things so-called, being the well-known lattice-work of strips of pastry twisted like ropes." And what is a pie ? Skinner suggests the A.S. *Bycgan* to build (sc) of paste ; whilst Richardson says it may be contracted from the Fr. *Pâte*, or perhaps from our good old mediæval pasties, as Junius suggests. Dr. Johnson says, "if pasties doubled together without walls were the first pies, the derivation is easy from *pie*, a foot, as in some provinces an apple pasty is still called an apple foot." This, we believe, is still the case in some old country houses in Staffordshire, the county the lexicographer probably thought of when he wrote. He broadly defines a pie to be "any crust with something baked in it," and misses the true meaning of *tart* altogether, but then the only pastry he cared for was a veal pie with plums in it. It is quite clear that a tart is an open structure in confectionery, whilst a pie is a closed one ; and to confound the two shows lack of wit, and you do not deserve so doing, even if you

Choose your materials right ;  
that

From thence, of course, the figure will arise,  
And elegance adorn the surface of your pies.

We hope not again to hear fruit baked in a dish beneath a covering of delicate paste called a tart, at our table at least. If so, we must needs sternly answer our guests in Shakspeare's words—

By cock and pie, you shall not chuse  
Sir—come.  
*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

OUR COUNTRY COUSIN, who is staying with us, says their new cook made them some potted beef, which, she said, "would keep any length of time : " but the family found it rather salt for present eating.

## TABLE TALK.

MAN has been defined as a "cooking animal!" If put to this test, I fear the Englishman must be placed rather low in the scale. When thrown entirely on his own resources he is deplorably helpless, and has hardly any better idea than his poor relation, the monkey, of utilising what comes to his hand, except by devouring it raw. As he is thus deficient in the instinct, it ought, surely, to be the aim of our teachers to supplement it by education—more especially in the case of the man most likely to be in need of such knowledge—the soldier. During the Crimean war, in 1853-5, among the many complaints made against the Commissariat was that of coffee and other supplies being served to the men *raw*, and that they "did not know what to do with it!" Is not this latter fact a crying shame on their commanders. Forty years before, the Duke of Wellington, writing to officers commanding divisions (Despatches, No. 704) in Spain, says:—"In regard to the food of the soldier, I have frequently observed and lamented in the late campaign the facility and celerity with which the French soldiers cooked in comparison with those of our army." The General here points more especially to the superior *organization* of the French; but give almost any Frenchman, Spaniard, or Italian a pipkin and a few sticks and he will make a savoury pottage out of the herbs and roots of the field. A few bones added will render it an absolute feast. If he has good material he will make the most of it—which cannot be said of the average Englishman. More disasters have happened from a deficient commissariat than from almost any other cause in a lengthened campaign. Hear our great commander again: "No troops can serve to any good purpose unless they are well fed. No man or animal can make an exertion without food." They may be patient under privations, "but men cannot perform the labour of soldiers without food." He returns again and again to this test (Despatch *passim*): "After all, I believe if attention be paid by the officers to the food of the soldiers, it will be found that but few are so young, and fewer so old and infirm, that they cannot make those marches and perform those duties which the service requires."

Their conquests half are to the victualler due.

It is not sufficient, however, to have the materials; the great necessity is to make them fit

food for men, which is done by cookery. Now in time of peace let the men be taught. They will learn little or nothing while gas stoves and steam kitchens, and every sort of appliance, is ready at their hands. They should be put to shifts, as they would be often in the course of a campaign, and shown how to make the best of a bad job. Children, too, should be taught cooking in schools. There is nothing derogatory to the dignity of man in knowing how to dress his dinner. "Old Homer" (a poet tells us)

. . . . . if we search his books  
Will show us that his heroes all were cooks,  
How loved Patroclus with Achilles joins  
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.

MOST of our readers have read for themselves Mr. Charles Dickens' novel "Our Mutual Friend"—our "Common Friend" it should be—and all will recollect the powerful opening chapter entitled, "*On the look out*," in which, with a passing skill of graphic description which the author possesses almost alone amongst novelists, he describes the moonlight conference on the river between the quondam "pardners," Gaffer Hexam and Rogue Riderhood; all will remember their awful trade, their silent cruise, their ghastly *find*; the man who searches the muddy tide for corpses, and, "like the vulturs," "scents 'em out." We have been asked how far this is a sketch from life? Do men live by finding the bodies of the drowned, and landing them ashore "with their pockets allus inside out" for the sake of the reward offered for their recovery? As far as we can make out, no. We have been at some trouble to inquire from men who should know; watermen, who have lived on the river nigh all their lives, if they have seen late at night a dark boat with a solitary occupant, drifting down the river on the "look out," plying his frightful trade? The answer has uniformly been "No, we have never seen such men," and more, they do not believe in their existence; as a boatman put it to us the other day, "to make the game pay they must drown more." "But suppose they rob the dead as Rogue Riderhood did?" "They don't; his"—pointing to the man at the rudder—"his father was found arter bein' in the water nine weeks, he had his watch and money; everythink all right as the day he were capsized." We do not say positively that Rogue Riderhood and his "pardner," Gaffer Hexam, had no living originals, but our inquiries go far to support such a belief.

IN reply to a correspondent in Bombay, we may say, that the illustrations published in some back numbers of our magazine, in which are grouped together a series of sketches, representing the leading scenes and features of the month, the portraits have no political significance; are in no way intended as caricatures of prominent statesmen, but are purely fanciful portraits.

IN the *Table Talk*, published in our number for August 21st, we mentioned that the Thames Tunnel was about to be used by the East London Railway Company, and we raised a query concerning the earlier and ill-fated tunnel, projected and partially constructed by Trevethick. A correspondent furnishes us with the following particulars concerning it. He says "the Thames Tunnel was commenced in the year 1809, by Trevethick; he having raised a large sum by subscription for the purpose. The place where he first commenced his operations was Rotherhithe. When the water broke in, he had tunnelled 1011 feet; or within 100 feet of the proposed terminus. To the best of my knowledge no attempts were subsequently made to recover the inundated subway." The Thames Tunnel afterwards successfully carried under the bed of the river, and known to every visitor from the country as one of the sights of London, was never of much advantage as a thoroughfare, and now seems likely to be made practically useful for a purpose its projectors never dreamt of, viz., an underground railway.

WHAT is the true interpretation of these two musical lines, familiar to us all, in Milton's "Penseroso?"

While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

I believe a great many persons have, like myself, frequently read and repeated these ear-pleasing syllables without ever troubling themselves to find out their meaning. During the last full moon an observant friend, with whom I happened to be walking in a forest, pointed out, that while we watched the moon in the open she seemed, as Wordsworth describes it, to "sail across the sky," the fleeting clouds lending to the bright orb the appearance of rapid motion. But when, as at that moment resting under a tree, we looked up at her through a space between two of the branches, she appeared absolutely stationary. Of course, if we had stayed long enough the motion of the earth would have carried the moon out of

the field of vision, but for a few minutes this was the effect most happily described as a *gentle checking* of her steeds. The "accustomed oak" I suppose to be one under which the poet was wont to sit while he watched the beautiful satellite. Can any lover of Milton give us a better explanation?

MOTHERS! a hint for you. A French doctor, M. Bourgeois, would reform the present system of making babies' beds. No more mattresses and blankets are to be used, but a few gallons of bran are to serve for both; so that the little one is preserved from injury with the jealous care accorded to the most fragile of wax dolls. The treatment is simple, at all events; the cradle, or *berceau*, is half filled with bran; a little nest, as it were, is scooped out with the hand, and the little cherub is placed in it with its head upon a pillow, and with little or no clothing on. A coverlet is laid over the bran to prevent its too great dispersion, if the infant is inclined to kick or plunge. Of course, the propounder of this system sees in it many virtues and no defects. He declares it to be convenient and cleanly, since the bran can be partly or wholly removed frequently at very little cost; and it is good in so far as it preserves the body at an equable temperature. But, to my view, it has a dangerous fault; for if the youngster by any means got its head among the bran, or tossed any over its face, it would run great risk of being either blinded or choked.

IN noticing, in a recent number, the uncovering of the statue erected in the City to perpetuate the memory of the good deeds done there by that princely American philanthropist, George Peabody, we quoted the epitaph on the "good Earl of Devon" thus: "*What I spent, that I had; what I saved, that I lost; that which I gave away remains with me.*" We are now indebted to many correspondents for some further information respecting this Earl's epitaph. This is another version of it:—

What I spent, I had;  
What I lent, I lost;  
What I gave, I have.

The following lines, which may be new to our readers, may serve to illustrate, quaintly enough, the meaning of the second line in the above triplet:—

I had both money and a friend; of neither I  
set store.  
I lent my money to my friend, and took his  
word therefore.

I asked my money of my friend, but nought  
but words I got.  
I lost my money and my friend, for sue him  
I would not.

## MORAL.

If I'd my money and my friend, as I had  
once before,  
I'd keep my money and my friend, and play  
the fool no more.

Here is another epitaph, said to be on a tomb,  
in Beverley Minster, which is so like the "good  
Earl's" in sentiment and language, that one  
must have been the original of the other; but  
which is the older we cannot say:—

"Ho! whom have we here?"  
"I, Robin of Doncastere,  
And Margaret my fere.  
What I spent, that I had;  
What I gave, that I have;  
What I saved, that I lost."

Thus it will be seen the "good Earl of  
Devon's" epitaph and Robin's, of Doncastere,  
are almost identical, and if they are not taken  
one from the other, this forms one of the most  
remarkable coincidences of thought and lan-  
guage to be found in the curiosities of litera-  
ture. Our readers will, doubtless, think with  
us that one is the prototype to the other.

I THINK three-fourths of our young men  
now wear the moustache, if they can grow it.  
The introduction of the fashion does not date  
further back than about twenty years ago.  
Before that, for a man to be seen with a  
moustache stamped him a captain at least.  
It was at Lisbon, in 1847, that Admiral Sir  
William Parker, having noticed some of these  
hirsute ornaments among the officers of the  
fleet, issued his remarkable order to them to  
remove their moustaches, and "not make  
themselves look like brutes, beasts, and  
foreigners"—a choice little relic of the old  
insular Philistinism on Sir William's part,  
"brutes, beasts, and foreigners." There was  
a strong connection between the three, in  
many a gallant commander's mind, a quarter  
of a century ago. Then came the moustache  
aggression, and even the clergy have not  
escaped its seductive influence, many a parson  
now wears his hair, eschewing the use of the  
razor; the clerkly order, however, withstood  
its attacks on English society longest. Only a  
few years since I was present at a great  
meeting of the clergy, in Peterborough Cathed-  
ral, during the episcopate of the late Dr.  
Davys, and of all the long file of clergymen  
who were present and walked in the procession  
up the nave, only one—a fine, tall man—

appeared amongst them with "a moustache;  
now, I suppose, out of the same number of  
clergy there would be fifty with their upper  
lips covered with hair.

NOT the least beautiful amongst the many  
admirable prayers of our English liturgy, is  
that commonly offered up to the throne of  
Divine Grace for fair weather; "that we may  
enjoy the fruits of the earth in due season."  
How various the meanings of this prayer in  
the mouths of different men. For the arch-  
bishops and bishops it must signify melons  
and pines, with the accompaniment of the  
very driest clicquot and moët; for the deans,  
prebendaries, and rectors, at least filberts,  
cobnuts, and pippins, moistened with sips  
of port of respectable antiquity; for poor Mr.  
Rabbits, the curate, with his six or seven  
little mouths to fill, who in these days can  
scarcely be said to be "passing rich on forty  
pounds a year," or eighty either, it can mean  
little more than sound potatoes, and whole-  
some dumplings, washed down with draughts  
of honest ale or cider. Heartily do we wish  
the fullest measure of success to the society  
for augmenting poor Mr. Rabbits' too, too  
low stipend.

AT BERLIN, the Prussians are to employ  
tricycles, or three-wheeled velocipedes, instead  
of their droschkas or cabs. Everybody who  
has visited Berlin in the hot weather has had  
his olfactory nerves offended by the dirty  
gutters that run on each side of many of the  
streets: it is now proposed to cover these in  
with strong deal boards, and along this wooden  
road the tricycles are to ply for hire. Cabby  
is to sit in front and propel his fare, who  
is to be perched up on a seat behind him.  
We are curious to learn how the plan will  
succeed.

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

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## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A STORY.

By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY,  
AGATHA, &c.

### CHAPTER XV.

POLLY PATTIPAN had her cry, and it lasted a good half-hour. Rarely did she indulge in this luxurious diversion of her sex; for, in the first place, she was one of the most contented persons possible; and in the second place, she really hadn't the time for it. But to-day she made ample amends for all arrears, and wept for a good half-hour. A hope which she had long nursed until its fruition had grown to be as an assured thing had evidently sustained a rude blow.

"Well, well," she reflected, as she dried her eyes and re-arranged the disordered reels upon her cushion, "crying won't mend matters; but, oh, to think I should have been so foolish as to imagine that he ever came here after anything but my junkets! and how unkind of him to tell me that, when Mary is at Brookside, I am the prettiest girl in Ivygreen! He might have told me he admired and loved Mary without saying *that*, I think! But how sly, how dreadfully sly of them to keep it such a secret! Mary is a deceitful thing, that she is; and as for Ike, he's quite wicked. I wonder I ever allowed myself to—to like him! But why should I fret? 'Tis no business of mine! Let them go and get married—they're welcome; but, oh, how foolish of me to part with that collar which I made for my own self, and invented the pattern and all, thinking that he used to come here to see me,—how mad of me! and that the end of it would be, he would offer to—to—fauh! I might have seen that he only came here for the sake of my turn-overs!—But stay a bit, Polly," she continued, introspectively, "is this *quite* the right spirit

for you to show? Is this *quite* what you would teach the dear children, and is it what his Reverence bids you bear in mind when trial and temptation come, as come they will some day? Nay, Polly," and the gentle maiden patted her erring bosom admonishingly, as though she were her own pupil, "dismiss these feelings, and remember the text in the copybook—'Jealousy is hateful;' there! now I can go on with my work, and feel all the better for a good cry. They'll make a handsome couple, that they will; Mary's tall, and Ike, if he would only shorten his hair, would look quite nice; I always—"

"Good morrow, to ye, Polly," said Tidmass, entering the door; "how be ye, my lass?"

"Good morrow, Master Tidmass," she replied, with her wonted gaiety; "I haven't seen you to thank you for the lift you so kindly gave me on market-day; but I was so grateful!"

"Bless your pretty heart," responded the farmer with paternal admiration; "why, it was kind o' ye to ride along with an old man like me. It made me feel quite young again, that it did, to have ye in the cart; and if I was only thirty years younger, or you was thirty years older, you shouldn't be slaving as you do from morning to night, I promise ye!"

Polly laughed coquettishly at the farmer's gallantry, which she thoroughly appreciated, and offered him a stool. "And what brings ye here so early, Master Tidmass; do you too come for my pastry?" she ventured.

"Bless ye, no! I just stepped in to ask ye if you could give me a shilling's worth of coppers; I want to pay the lads this morning."

"No doubt I can manage that for you," she replied, and crossed the room to the till. As she opened the drawer, an exclamation of surprise escaped her. In the saucer containing her little hoard lay a letter, curtly addressed—"To Polly."

"What's the matter, child?" demanded Tidmass, perceiving her gesture. "Is it a rat?"

"No, a letter."

"A letter; well, there's nothing very dreadful in a letter, is there?"



"No, but how did it get here?" she retorted with timidity.

"Well, now-a-days things do get into houses so mysterious-like, that there's no accounting. After Dalton's money-bag, I shouldn't be surprised at anything! Perhaps the tramp put it there!"

Polly shuddered.

"But open and read it," urged the farmer, "why d ye hesitate?" and he leant across the counter and took up the letter. "Sure enough, and a good big one. P'raps 'tis a love-letter?"

"A love-letter as large as that! Why, I never saw such a thing!"

"Nor me neither," responded Tidmass, "shall I open and read it?"

"Do, please, I'm rather frightened of it." And Polly turned very pale.

So Tidmass opened the letter. It was written on a sheet of paper nearly as big as a newspaper, and in characters an inch high. Having perused it to the end, he folded it up with ominous solemnity, and put it into his pocket without a word.

"But you're pocketing my letter, Master Tidmass," remonstrated Polly, arresting his hand.

"Why, I thought you said you was frightened?"

"So I was, but I am better now. I want my letter!"

"There's something dreadful in it. Don't!" remonstrated the farmer. "Do'st know who it's from?"

"Not the least bit in the world!"

"From Ike!" whispered Tidmass in her ear, as though the very walls ought not to hear the name.

"From Ike!" and Polly's knees trembled with her agitation; "Why, he was here this morning!"

"And put it here secretly, eh?" asked the farmer, incredulously.

"I suppose so," and Polly looked quite bewildered.

"Dreadful, dreadful!" continued Tidmass, shaking his head, "I never should ha' thought it of Ike! And poor Dalton's gone all the way to Brookside on that fool's errand of Holmes', to look for the man as did it, when here he is all the time in our village—the very last I should have suspected! Oh, these are awful times, Polly!"

"What! Master Tidmass, do you mean to tell me it was Ike all the time?"

"Yes, it grieves me to say so, for I always thought so well o' the lad!"

"But—but—who says it was Ike?" demanded the maiden with undisguised pain.

"He says so himself. See." And Tidmass drew forth the extensive document, and placed it in Polly's hand. "There, child, there; it cuts me to the quick—but we be living in awful times, and what's coming to Ivygreen I don't know! I'll leave you now, Polly, for I can't a-bear to see ye so sad! Good-bye!" and the hearty yeoman smoothed her hair as if she were his own young child.

"I've one thing to ask you, dear Master Tidmass," said Polly, pleadingly, as he turned to quit, "please not say a word about this in the village yet, everybody is already so upset."

"You've a very poor knowledge of Abram Tidmass if you think he doesn't know when to keep his mouth shut, my lass," replied he, "'specially in such awful times!" And the burly farmer left the shop.

Polly sat down to recover herself from the shock, and to gain sufficient energy to support the impending trial. Presently she unfolded the majestic sheet and spread it out upon the table; and with a heart sinking within her, she read this astounding avowal:—

i can't abide another hour without telling you what a willain i am for to go as i didn't ought last night to try and serve you the same as dalton who takes on so about the money which i never expected and what a world of misery it do cause which it is the root of all evil but good intentions is so often the cause of untold miseries which ike never would if he had known and he hopes you believe him that he repents of wanting to serve her the same as dalton which it was wicked when he always was fond of you and i would no more harm polly than i would mary dalton which i love and always did believe me for years as true as my name is ike and always will love her for ever in the hope of the wedding shortly for which he is getting all sorts of pretty things but can't rest another hour till i've confessed my willany which i did and hadn't ought the lord knows to bring such misery upon friends and i humbly beg your pardon which otherwise i cant live in ivygreen any longer and will go for a sodger or some other crime which ike can't think of at this moment but he will unless her he loves says she will and make him happy ever after so to conclude i am yours affectionate ike.

please excuse this speciment of his writing i can write larger if i try.

Polly Patipan rubbed her eyes in thorough bewilderment, and read and re-read the slightly confused epistle, and could only so far make out the entanglement of ideas as to satisfy herself that Ike was the mysterious delinquent

who had laid this abominable snare for Dalton at the moment of his trouble, with the view, evidently, of turning the circumstance to account in gaining his ends and prevailing upon Mary to marry him—a depth of infamy which Polly conceived to be beyond humanity; and for such a character to be developed in Ivygreen, and in the person of the one young man she had allowed herself to think of tenderly! Alas for the depravity of the human heart!

Polly's first impulse was to rush over to the Links and betray him to the Daltons; but they were off to Brookside. Her next idea was to summon all the neighbours, and solve the mystery that had perplexed them from the oldest to the youngest; but she remembered her injunction to Tidmass, and how foolish she would look making it public, after having enjoined him to secrecy for the present! Her next idea was to indulge again in the favourite recreation of her sex, and have a good cry. This she did to the best of her ability; and it must have suited her condition remarkably well, for she resorted to that molifying expedient at intervals for more than two hours; and so wrapt was she in the pursuit of it that she failed to heed a footstep in the shop.

Taking her kerchief from her eyes presently, she started in her seat, and very nearly fainted, which no native of Ivygreen had ever been known to do.

The monster Ike stood before her.

## CHAPTER XVI.

THE Farmer and his daughter had been seated in the parlour of the "King's Head," some minutes before the rustling of a newspaper drew their attention to a gentleman in the shadiest corner of the room, who appeared to be deeply absorbed in the journal, and quite ignorant of their presence. Dalton and Mary, unwilling to disturb him, drew close together and conversed in a low tone. With the diffidence of people unused to strange faces, and more especially to persons of a higher grade than themselves, as the gentleman evidently was, they scanned him narrowly, as well as the journal interposed between them would allow. He had the nondescript air of a traveller; an ample cloak enveloped him, despite the season, and a good beaver covered his head. His upright figure showed him unused to labour, and a black moustache and beard gave him a foreign look.

"He's a furriner, Mary--French, no doubt

--so he won't understand you; speak up, and don't be so frightened, child."

Mary wasn't a bit frightened; she was only modest, and had been talking in whispers. Her father's blunt remark quite confused her, and she urged her father to hasten his departure.

"As soon as I've rested a bit, and finished this mug o' cider; but I feel all of a shake yet. I almost wish we had never stirred out of Ivygreen. Drat the money. I shall be glad enough when we are rid on't. What arrant knaves there be in the world!"

"Hush! dear," ejaculated Mary, clapping her hand to his lips, "don't say such dreadful things for everybody to hear;" and she glanced uneasily at the stranger, whose eyes were riveted upon her. In a moment they were averted, and he appeared more than ever intent upon the local paper.

"I didn't mean yonder Frenchman, child, so don't turn so red!"

"Oh, father, how cruel you are to me. Why, don't you see he's reading the *Chronicle*?"

"Yes; but I can see another thing, which convinces me he's a furriner."

"What's that?"

"Why, the paper's upside down. Ha, ha!" and Dalton laughed with surprise at his own penetration. "Englishmen don't usually read upside down, eh?"

"Nor do foreigners, I suppose," retorted Mary.

"No, that's true. But if he was English he would understand what I've been a saying, and would ha' turned the paper right side atop, wouldn't he?"

The Frenchman bore this crucial test, and continued his perusal of the journal still topsyturvy.

Even Mary was now satisfied that if he were not deaf he must be a stranger to their particular dialect at all events, and she conversed freely with her father upon the late events, and the probable or possible result of their visit to the police-court.

Presently the foreign gentleman drew from his pocket a cigar case, and, preparing to smoke, turned to Dalton and Mary, and said in excellent English, "I hope neither of you have any objection to my lighting a cigar?"

The farmer was overcome with confusion, and his daughter flushed to a deep crimson. The gentleman awaited their permission before striking a match.

Dalton, in his thorough honesty, gave words to the feeling that was uppermost. "Why, zounds! I thought you was a furriner, sir."

"Travellers are of all countries," replied the gentleman, applying the match to his cigar.

"But when you're at home," faltered Dalton, "it isn't in England, I fancy?"

"My home is Toronto, in North America, where the English tongue is well understood, I assure you;" and the gentleman, having administered this good-humoured rebuke to the farmer, resumed his seat; while Dalton, feeling his disadvantage, begged pardon.

"Not a word, my good sir," replied the stranger, cheerily; "I admire your blunt honesty, and am rather glad than otherwise that you really did mistake me for a foreigner."

"Why so?" demanded the farmer.

"Because, under that impression, you have spoken freely and aloud to the lady——"

"My daughter," interrupted Dalton.

"Ah! your daughter," continued the gentleman, with a complimentary inclination of the head; and I have thus gathered, without designing to do so, that you are on your way to the police-office up the town. I hope, sir, it is no disagreeable errand that takes you thither?"

"Thank'ee, sir, for your kind wish. Our errand is certainly not a pleasant one."

"Perhaps more strange than pleasant?"

"Yes; very strange."

"Ah! I feared from your manner that it was so. You are in some trouble, if I judge rightly?"

"Well, to tell the truth, sir," replied Mary, seeing the hesitation of her father, "we are in trouble—great trouble."

"I thought I could not be mistaken. Might I venture to ask the nature of your trouble?" he continued, motioning them to a seat, and drawing nearer to them. "I have seen much of life, and know the ways of the world. I have had my full portion of trials and adversity, toil and suffering—from which, I imagine, you have been tolerably free—and I might possibly be able to advise you how to act."

The stranger's voice trembled unaccountably; and he spoke indistinctly, which caused Dalton and Mary to hesitate and scrutinize his features, upon which were unmistakably stamped the impress of the trials he had undergone. His respectful demeanour and becoming carriage, however, dispelled the mistrust the farmer at first felt; and, perceiving that Mary shared his confidence, he at once answered his question:

"To tell truth, sir, I've got here a bag of sovereigns which isn't my own; so I be

going to give it up to the police, for I'll none on 't."

"Indeed! But how came it into your possession?" demanded the stranger, incredulously.

"Oh, very mysterious-like, sir. But, Mary, child, do you tell the gentleman all about it; you're better spoken than I be, and have had more schooling."

Without reservation, Mary related the circumstance of her father having signed his name at the back of Barnett's bill, as a matter of form; of its having been dishonoured; of Grey's resolution to press hard upon them; and their consequent embarrassment. She then referred to the visit of the tramp at the gate, describing his age, costume, and features; her midnight attendance at her father's bed-side, and the apparition of the man at the window; "the tramp again," she continued, with emotion, "who, for some unknown and unaccountable reason, has, my father thinks, under the disguise of a benefactor, laid a snare to add disgrace to the ruin which has overtaken him." As she related, in her simple, homespun way, these perplexing events, and the terrible blow she had dealt the hand—which she averred she could not believe was bent on mischief, as her father supposed—tears stood in her eyes; and her face, hitherto pallid with anxiety, glowed with the earnestness of her feelings.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE gentleman listened to Mary's recital with deep interest, and evinced a greater sympathy than his position appeared to justify; but the momentary weakness was quickly suppressed. "I vow 'tis a perfect romance! Why, one only meets with such things in books! and I confess I agree with your father, it is beyond belief that a tramp should so munificently return the gift of a sixpenny piece as to restore it four thousand-fold, unless there were some deep scheme in connection with it."

"I cannot bring myself to believe in so needless and fruitless a plot," abruptly interposed Mary, with decision.

"Well, yes," replied the gentleman, after a moment's reflection, "it would seem incredible, unless the man had some private wrong to avenge."

Mary and her father started at these words, but the gentleman did not notice the effect of his chance remark.

"You, madam, cannot believe in anything

so monstrous, because you are young and guileless. When you are as old as your good sire and I," he added, stroking his beard, "you will have less faith in the goodness of human nature."

"True, sir," Mary replied, with a sigh, "I am not learned in the ways of the world, nor in the devices of men, as you say you are; but I cannot—I *will* not—doubt the faith of any one who could pen such words as these!" and she drew from her bosom the slip of paper that was concealed in the money-bag, and handed it to her interlocutor.

"I own it reads genuine," he answered, indifferently, "but that only proves the more consummate knave, in my humble opinion."

"Them's my sentiments," interposed Dalton, who had hitherto allowed Mary to monopolise the conversation with the stranger, "else, why did he come like a thief in the night? Why didn't he come and give me the money, if he meant well, like an honest man? Come, Mary, we'll be off, and talk to the mayor about it. Come; though I own I'd rather go anywhere than to that dismal court."

"May I ask why?" said the gentleman, with increased interest, again arresting their steps.

"Because, sir, I've never been inside the place since I appeared against—an unhappy young man!"

"Ah, then you have other painful reminiscences?"

"Yes, sir, I'm sorry to say I have. 'Tis ten years ago now."

"And, if I may be so inquisitive, what happened then?" urged the traveller.

Dalton was in a confidential mood, for the stranger had won his good-will by the kindly interest he evinced in their affairs.

"Why, sir, I took up one Reuben Brice, of the mill yonder, for firing my rick. That was the first and only time I ever set foot in the police court."

"Firing your rick—a cruel act indeed, and a dastardly!—but stay, the name you mentioned doesn't appear altogether unknown to me, Reu—ben—Br—r—"

"Brice, sir."

"Aye, Brice. That's the name. Strangely enough, I knew a youth so called."

"Indeed, sir!" exclaimed Mary, with ill-concealed agitation, "you knew Reuben?"

"Nay, I said I knew a youth of the same name, though probably not the person you refer to."

## A SAVILE ROW CELEBRITY.

IT was during the last birthday illuminations while sauntering with an Oxford friend, that, turning into Savile Row, my attention was arrested by a device of the most gorgeous character. The royal arms and the three ostrich plumes were sufficient evidence of the conspicuous *status* of the owner of the place.

"Some royal tradesman?" said I, interrogatively. "Royal tradesman!" replied my friend, with a pitying smile. "It is the business palace of the King of Tailor-dom—the renowned Waters. 'Not to know him argues'—as the poet says—'yourself unknown.' He is the man crowned heads delight to honour—with their custom—and I am one of his humblest subjects whose loyalty is guaranteed by a row of ominous figures placed beneath christian and surname in one of his ponderous ledgers—a terrible book to many."

"Crowned heads, I presume, is a figure of speech."

"A literal fact. The Emperor Napoleon bows his neck to Waters' measuring-tape. The Emperor of Russia closes the arrangements for the nuptials of his heir by despatching a telegram to Savile Row, and straightway the king—not of 'shreds and patches,' but of acres of broad cloth, starts with courier and foreman to Berlin, where, by appointment, he meets a bevy of royal personages on business, not of barren diplomacy, but of a more profitable character. Nor is this all, his foreman—quite a character himself—has only lately returned from Egypt, sent for expressly by the Khedive to array him in the latest fashions of Europe."

"I should take your tailor-king to be a rather uncommon kind of personage."

"I believe yer, my buoy,—as Paul Bedford would say. Had Waters been as well known to fame when Carlyle wrote his 'Philosophy of Clothes'—as now, Professor Teufelsdröckh might have furnished himself with many a valuable hint."

"I presume so great a man as you have described, hardly condescends to the common details of his business?"

"Perhaps not generally, but in exceptional cases, certainly. A select few of the Upper Ten, or one or two of the 'Lord's special,' alone enjoy the honour of having the dimensions of their noble and royal persons taken scientifically by the *facile princeps*, who reserves to himself exclusively the right of seeing that the 'fit' is *comme il faut*. I tell you, for a fact, that at the Tuileries his card takes pre-

cedence of ambassadors and field-m Marshals. Their business may be deferred, but not *his*. The emperor and he are old acquaintances: they know each other, and respect each other's power. The arbiter of the destinies of Europe feels, no doubt, small enough while being inspected with critical eyes. If the 'fit' is pronounced faultless, the interview ends. The 'further orders' are left to the foreman. The emperor is then, and not till then, again 'every inch a king'—his commands are quietly and briefly announced, and at a sign the audience terminates."

"How comes it that Waters is in such high favour with the emperor?"

"Louis Napoleon, when living in London—so the story goes—and when his access to the Parisian Treasury was among the unrealised *idées Napoléoniennes*, was not always well supplied with sterling coin. Waters, it is said, was his banker, and Louis Napoleon, who never forgets an obligation, when he became emperor gave him his custom."

"That, no doubt, accounts for his rise to his present eminence."

"By no means: he is master of his craft—the prince of tailors. Years ago, when 'tight-dressing' was in vogue, other tailors reigned supreme. This was in the time of the First Gentleman in Europe—George IV., of well-dressed memory,—of Petersham, of Brummell, of Wombwell, and other bygone celebrities. Waters, with the instinct of true genius, saw that the days of 'tight fits' were numbered. He introduced the loose and easy style; his cut and fit may be distinguished anywhere by the educated eye—the envy and despair of foreign artistes. He is a business epicure in his way. Only to a select few of the leaders of fashion will he condescend to measure at their mansions. His carriage—a splendid turn-out—is then put into requisition; and that customer must be somebody before whose door it stops. There is an anecdote afloat that a noble earl—we will say Earl S—, for example—whose pride is greater than his acres, asked, with an air of chilling reproof: 'Is that *your* carriage, Mr. Waters, at *my* door?' 'It is, my lord, for the *last* time,' said the tailor, bowing himself out."

"You appear to be well posted up in this great man's doings."

"Most men who aspire to dress well are—they are pretty well all, that is, all that are worth having—on his books. The most gentlemanlike of men Mr. Waters is; no dunning for overdue accounts; no writs or ugly proceedings in a time of temporary impecuniosity.

A hint of such an uncomfortable condition of things is more likely to be met with a welcome advance on a bit of stiff, than a demand for a settlement of the account. He is in high feather with gold-tufts, men of fashion, and heirs to ancestral estates. To all these the doors of Savile Row are thrown wide open."

"I should uncommonly like to survey the territories of this great man. Could you manage it for me?"

"I can. Come with me to-morrow. I want a deer-stalking suit for the Scotch moors. I think I can promise you a civil reception, a cigar, and a glass of capital sherry."

The next morning I accompanied my friend to Savile Row.

On mentioning my wishes, the most courteous permission was accorded, and the services of a special *cicerone* immediately enlisted in our behalf.

The great man himself, I learned, was at Brighton; the key of the sherry-waggon had accompanied him—my usual luck.

The very entrance to this sartorian temple strikes you as something out of the common. Solid mahogany doors, desks, and counters—the latter covered with patterns, or pieces of the very latest novelties; pier glasses from floor to ceiling, introductory to a handsome suite of measuring rooms, are what the visitor takes in at a glance. The "cutting" department is next shown. A long, well-lighted room, every inch of wall thickly crowded with garments progressing towards completion—uniforms, hunting-suits, walking-suits, travelling-suits, court-suits, dress-coats—all docketed with the name of their future wearers, and in sufficient quantities, you fancy, to clothe a whole population.

"This is our slack time," said the *cicerone*. "You only see two or three cutters employed. When the season sets in, every cutter—we have eight—will be hard at work from morning to night. Here is the workman's place," throwing open a door, which gave access to a gallery running round a large room, the floor of which presented a singular scene.

A strong smell of perspiring humanity—a close atmosphere, heat and discomfort are the essentials of a journeyman tailor's workroom; seated cross-legged—not on the board, but on the floor itself—like so many Turks, you note about a hundred men, all as busy as bees—some stitching, some basting, some closing seams, some finishing off, some elaborating button-holes, and others wielding with ingenious arm the featherless professional goose. The majority of the workers appeared to be

strong, healthy-looking, middle-aged men, certainly giving no currency to the traditional belief that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man.

"In the season, all these galleries are filled with workmen, not a square-yard of room to spare—indeed, we could do with double the space. Every one you see is a first-class hand, earning two or three pounds, and even more, if they choose to work extra hours, per week. Months ago the place was deserted; all the men went on 'strike,' except the old man in the corner, who was wise enough to like to see his family well-fed on his wages, rather than half-starved on the allowance from the society. The journeymen have, in most cases, gone back to their old employers, after spending more than fifty thousand pounds, and losing a much larger sum in wages."

"They will hardly be inclined to repeat the piece of folly of throwing themselves out of work, in the hopeless attempt to gain the upper hand of their employers."

"I don't think they will strike again in a hurry, now that they begin to fancy they have been made tools of by two or three of the leaders, who appear to have made a good thing out of the strike."

"I suppose masters and men are on the old terms with each other?"

"In some cases, where masters gave first-rate wages, and the men themselves owned they had nothing to strike for, but were compelled to do so by the unionists, the masters don't entirely forget the way they were served. However, the men were glad to return, and we were glad to have them back. They know what our customers want, and new hands don't. You see before you none but first-class workmen. Some are best at dress-coats; some are collar and front men—a good collar and front man earns the highest wages; the 'fit' of a collar, and the 'sit' of the front of a coat are the most difficult parts of our business. I served my time with a master who made his fortune at collars. He was called *Collar Smith*; nobody could hold a candle to him at working up and putting on coat collars as formerly worn—high in the neck, curved round so as to give fulness to the chest, and a wasp-like proportion to the waist—not a wrinkle to be seen in coat, vest, or pants. Gentlemen begin to dress a little tighter now; but the skin-fit will never drive out the easy and elegant style of the present day. Come this way, sir, and I will show you the pattern-room."

Descending a flight of stone steps into the regions below, I found myself in a room hung

round with piles of brown paper patterns, all duly ticketed with the names of customers. I read, at least, a score or two of the highest in the land, and not a few continental notabilities.

"We keep the measures of our customers here; there is an order clerk, whose business is to attend to this department. A customer in the country wants a dress-coat—a hunting suit—a court suit; he sends a letter, his number is referred to, the pattern is given out to the cutter, and the order is executed without delay or trouble. Now, if you please, this way, and I will take you to the ladies' department."

Upstairs, into a lobby luxuriously fitted, and you come upon a life-size bust of Louis Napoleon at one end, at the other the bust of the Princess of Wales. This lobby gives access to what might be taken for a range of rooms in an Englishman's mansion. There is the Blue-room, the Amber-room, tastefully decorated, where ladies can try on their riding-habits, and their—what I will term—*continuations*. The *salon* is called the Prince of Wales room, from the circumstance, I presume, of the future heir of the British crown making use of it when on business visits.

Down-stairs again, into the counting-house—you might very easily suppose you were in a banking establishment. Ranges of mahogany desks, tenanted by numerous clerks poring over the mysteries of a library of ponderous ledgers. The civil head clerk invites you to inspect the strong-room. This is underground and fire-proof. A piece of machinery is used to raise the ledgers by day and let them down at night. Here, in this strong room, you find long shelves crammed with well-thumbed ledgers, sufficient, you would think, to contain the accounts of a whole nation.

Up again, to glance into the sanctum of the principal—a small comfortable room, with nothing but a desk and a chair or two.

This is where the principal holds his levee when in town, an invitation to which is tolerably well understood as tantamount to a delicate hint to "pay up."

Thanking my very intelligent conductor, I took my friend's arm and left.

"Well," said my friend, "have you found anything to amuse you?"

"Abundance," said I. "I confess to have added a few notions to my moderate stock."

My friend was going one way, and I another, so we shook hands and bade each other good bye.

## CAPTURED BY BRIGANDS.

“AT ten sharp, and mind you're punctual,” was the parting injunction of my friend, as we separated at the door of the Casino Inglese, in Rome, during the month of April, 1869. Expeditions to various parts of the Campagna are among the chief attractions of the Holy City, when the mind has become, as it were, satiated and almost harassed by a continual round of sight-seeing. And very pleasant are these riding parties, consisting, as they do generally, of some seven or eight young people, with two or three married men to leaven the lump, the most important member being some *habitué* well acquainted with the turns of the Campagna. The morning of our expedition broke one of those lovely days that seem inseparable from a southern climate, and that positively shame the most determined sluggard from his bed to enjoy the morning air. At a few minutes before ten I was at the Porta del Popolo, inspecting my horse, and making sure that a small supply of corn had been sent for him in the carriage that was to accompany us. This carriage was occupied by three ladies, the mothers of the young girls on horseback, and by an English artist, who was in too delicate health to attempt the long ride to Galera. All told, our riding party consisted of eight; three ladies and five men, the extra one being Mr. Rivers, the well-known guide over the Campagna, to whom every wood and turn on its broad expanse is as familiar as the shops in Piccadilly are to a Londoner. With the arrival of the ladies began a long argument as to the hour the helpers were to meet the horses; which horse was the property of which lady; and a host of various trifles that eventually delayed our departure till 10.30, and would probably have kept us much longer had not Mr. Rivers, being a little deaf and very determined, quietly trotted off up the road, leaving us all to follow as best we could. After about half-an-hour's quiet riding we branched out on to the Campagna, and were soon merrily galloping along its enormous enclosures, our horses' heads set straight for Galera. In about four hours' time we were stabling our quadrupeds in a farmhouse that lies half-a-mile from the deserted town itself, and helping each other to take off the saddles and bridles. We all then proceeded to walk down the hill to the spot chosen for our pic-nic. Imagine, reader, a spreading walnut tree by the banks of a noisy stream, a large cave in the background, and

behind that a high precipice covered with brambles and shrubs; on the right, the ruins of Galera, now covered with ivy and weeds, on the left, a lovely valley running into the broad Campagna. This was the place we had chosen, and I think I may fairly say a fitter or lovelier spot could not have been fixed upon. “Ho! Ludovico! bring out the *mayonnaise*, now the bread, plates, knives, and glasses, and let us set to work at once, for Galera is no place to tarry in”—malaria and other noisome diseases attack the loiterer in this pleasant valley, and cause him to rue the day he sojourned here too long. Luncheon over, we young ones wandered round the ruins, while the artist, Mr. Rivers, and the two other occupants of the carriage, took an elevated position to enjoy the view. For two hours we clambered over the stones, peered into roofless houses, admired ruined churches, and tumbled into holes craftily concealed by overhanging branches, until, at last, we arrived at the conclusion that the time had come to return for our horses. It was then four o'clock, and we dawdled so long on our road up to the farm, picking the violets that covered the banks on our way, that it was past five when we filed out of the yard on our road homewards. I never yet saw a riding party, especially a Roman riding party, on a fine spring evening that did not divide itself into pairs, and, strange to say, those pairs are generally very much engrossed by each other's conversation: far be it from me to say they flirt. Birds fly in pairs very often, and as Harold Skimpole would say, “Mankind will not surely deny to young people what it concedes to birds;” and during this eventful ride mankind, represented by Mr. Rivers, had been gracious towards the young, never once interfering with their conversation or suggesting the presence of a gooseberry picker, as a third person is sometimes not inaptly styled. Now it happened that I, the writer of this narrative, had taken up my position as a member of the last pair, the second person being one of Columbia's fair daughters. I hope it does not sound conceited to say that she was sufficiently interested in my conversation to lag behind the rest with me, and to trust to my knowledge of the Campagna to bring her eventually in safety to the Porta del Popolo; at all events such was the case, and as such I relate it. The sun was now fast setting, and those in front of us were urging their horses into a gallop wishing to reach home before darkness came on. By this time Miss K. and myself were some distance behind our party,

and whilst entering a wood that lies about half-way between Galera and Rome, I mentioned to her that when once clear of the trees it would be better for us to push on and join the main body of the party, as I thought that our horses were getting tired and that they would go better in company. The path through the wood was narrow and Miss K. preferred leading, so that when about half-way through she was ahead by perhaps a hundred yards. Suddenly I found my horse's bridle seized and myself roughly dragged from the saddle by a man who had started from the bushes. Before I could open my lips to shriek a word of warning to Miss K., I had a dirty rag stuffed into my mouth, and found myself in danger of speedy suffocation. However, I had the satisfaction of seeing Miss K. look round, and taking in at a glance the state of affairs, whip her horse into a canter that soon enabled her to outstrip the ruffian, who had started in pursuit of her. My own horse too had escaped and rushed wildly through the bushes in the direction of Rome. The man who had attempted to seize my companion, finding his chase a fruitless one, now returned, and aided brigand No. 1 in the pleasing and lucrative pursuit of rifling my pockets, which they soon eased of the few coins I had with me, my pocket-book, and handkerchief, but a glad smile came over their faces as they drew out of my inside pocket a small silver mounted pistol that I always carried with me, fondly imagining that it might some day prove useful: foolish hope, and vain precaution! I had been dragged off my horse, and pinioned before I could get my hand near it; so much then for the utility of a pistol. As soon as the sound of horses' hoofs had died away in the distance, my captor roughly jerked me to my feet, and proceeded to drag me through the bushes in the direction of Galera, he still kept the filthy rag over my mouth, and I was well nigh sick from the odour of the garlic it exhaled. I had now sufficiently recovered from my surprise to examine the looks and dress of my captors. They were both dark, strong looking men of middle stature, not at all of a bad cast of countenance, and clothed in the regular Campagna peasants' dress, with a sheepskin sort of jacket. Guns they had none, but each man wielded a thick stick, and I shrewdly suspected carried in his pocket the invariable stiletto of the Roman peasant. I was not much of an Italian scholar, and these men talked in a very different Italian from mine, but still I managed to catch a few words of their conversation, from which I made out that they were calcu-

lating on the chance of reaching Galera, before the gendarmes, that were sure to be sent out by the riding party immediately on their arrival in Rome, could overtake us. After about half-an-hour's walk, the rag was removed from my mouth, but I had a strong hint given me as to preserving silence, by seeing my own pistol at full cock pointed in a line with my ear, and a sign given me by the man on my right that I should receive the contents of it if I attempted to call for help. After an hour's hard walking, I became so exhausted that I felt hardly able to proceed. I had been in delicate health during part of my stay in Rome, and I had not yet recovered my strength; besides, walking through bushes in boots and spurs is no light task. At last, totally exhausted, I threw myself on the ground, and showed by signs that I could not move on. After some hesitation, the man who had pulled me from my horse, proceeded to pull off my boots and spurs. "Well," thought I, "better to walk without them on this smooth grass where there are no stones." But I soon discovered my error, for I found that there were innumerable little hard lumps of earth and brambles that caused me the most fearful agony, and I was again obliged to throw myself down. My strength was now exhausted, and I signalled that if they wished me to proceed they must carry me. I closed my eyes and throwing my head back begged earnestly that I might be allowed some, if only ten minutes, repose. I had just begun to think they had granted me this petition when I was suddenly made to start up by the most fearful dart of pain through my feet; to my rage and horror I saw that the ruffians had lighted a match and were carefully applying it to the soles of my feet. They now explained to me by signs that unless I went on they would continue their pleasing operation till I did. For a moment I tried to bear the pain and to lie still, but the agony became too intense and I was forced to stand up; once fairly upright, they passed a rope round my waist and actually dragged me along. I felt that I was gradually losing consciousness, my eyelids closed, my head swam, a sort of buzzing noise filled my ears, and I became indifferent as to what was happening; I only felt an occasional pang of pain from my feet, now naked and bleeding. Suddenly I became alive to the fact that we were among the ruins of Galera, and by a great effort I sufficiently recovered myself to notice that we were entering a cave, formed by the fall of some large stones from the wall of the town that looked over the



valley. Once inside this place my captors tied my legs and arms and threw me on a rough couch of fern that was strewn near the entrance of the cave, and then left me to rest, while they earnestly conversed at the other end. I tried hard to listen, but exhausted nature overpowered me directly, and I fell into a deep feverish sleep. I must have slept about four hours when I was awakened by a terrible thirst, my eyes were burning and my head throbbed with such intensity as to be almost unbearable. The two men were sitting wrapped in their cloaks about five yards from my bed, and when I begged for some water one of them stretched out his arm and handed me a small jugful. Having slaked my thirst I fell back again and soon slept. I was rudely awakened by a feeling of suffocation and of intense heat about my head and neck. Alarmed at what I concluded was some new device of the enemy, I felt about with my hands, and found that one of the men was holding his cloak over my head and neck. At first I thought he meant to suffocate me, but soon the sound of men's voices came confusedly to my ear through the cloak, and I immediately guessed at what was really the case, that a party sent from Rome were searching the ruins in quest of me. My first impulse was to sing out for help; but I speedily subsided when I felt the pistol pressing against my temple. I then felt that my only chance was to lie still, and trust that one of the party, more minute and careful than the rest, would, during the search, discover the mouth of the cave and proceed to explore it; but the hope was very faint, for I remembered that the entrance was nearly concealed by hanging bushes and ivy, and it was almost impossible for anyone not knowing of the cave to suspect its existence; evidently, then, I must arrange some plan to attract the attention of the searchers, and that quickly. I do not think I mentioned that the floor of the cave was a steep incline, the lower end being the entrance; there was then a drop of some nine feet from the cave to the ground. We had climbed up this by means of some projecting stones. During my restless sleep I remembered having struck my feet against a small barrel at the end of my bed of fern. I now determined, if possible, to give this a kick, trusting to the velocity it would acquire in running down so steep an incline to carry it out of the cave before it could be stopped, and hoping that the noise of its fall would attract the attention of some of the police. So gathering up my feet as far and as quickly as I could,

I gave the barrel a most energetic kick, which, though it had the effect of almost breaking my bare toes, sent the cask spinning down the incline, and out of the mouth of the cave. For a moment it hung in the ivy, and great was my fear that it would stick there, but it was too heavy, and finally fell with a crash, that made my heart glad, into the valley beneath. When the ruffian who was keeping my head covered felt the sort of jump I gave in order to effect my kick, he at first imagined that I was attempting to break my cords and escape, he bent down, therefore, to hold my head the tighter, and, consequently, the rolling barrel did not catch his eye; it was only when the noise of its fall came upon his ear that he suspected the real reason of my movement. As quickly as he could he pulled me from my couch, and tried to drag me to the other end of the cave, but seeing that he did not intend to use his pistol, I gathered courage, and wriggled and struggled to such purpose, that before he could drag me very far, the cavern was filled with my friends, and my captors became in their turn prisoners. Luckily for me, the barrel that I had dispatched so vigorously had almost fallen on the cocked hat of a gendarme below, and this worthy naturally looking up, his practised eye at once caught sight of the projecting stones, and discovered their use; in less time than it takes me to write this, he had clambered up, calling as he went to his companions to follow him. Among the police I saw two of my English friends who had been of our riding party, and from them I learned, that when Miss K— had caught them up—which, owing to their having increased their pace, she did not do for some time—and had communicated my capture to them, they decided to make all haste for Rome, and then to send out a party of police in search of me. Their reason for not returning themselves at once was, that they did not know how many brigands there were, and they naturally did not wish to imperil the safety of three ladies in a probably useless search after one unlucky cavalier. We soon formed a cavalcade, and having borrowed a horse from the farm where, on the previous day we had stabled our beasts, we again set out for Rome, arriving there in safety at eleven o'clock on the day following that on which we had started for our picnic. My narrative is only the plain truth, and may serve neither "to point a moral nor adorn a tale," but it will prove to my readers, that in the present condition of affairs in and about the patrimony of St. Peter, picnic-ing in the

Campagna, though very pleasant, has just a dash of danger in it which will make my adventurous countrymen relish the sport all the more, whilst the timorous may take warning at my having been "captured by brigands."

### THE DEVIL'S RAFTER.

A LEGEND OF APPLEBY.

SCENE.—The village church of Appleby, A.D. 1483.

**F**ATHER Ambrose  
Slowly arose,  
Adjusted his clothes

(He was six feet two from his crown to his toes),  
And his sermon began—very much through his nose.

Now, whether it was that the sermon was dry,  
Or pitched slightly too high

For the minds of those 'mongst whom his mission  
did lie,

Or whether the labours of cattle and tillage

So wearied the folk of this pastoral village,

That on the seventh day

They scarce were so gay

As if they were sitting beholding a play ;

Or if on the Saturday they had a jolly day,

Being charmed with the newly-invented half-holiday,\*

And at half-past one turned into their beds,

With some quarts of "Burton" high up in their heads,

And their eyes rather red, and their voices thick,

With the "goes" of gin they'd swallow'd on tick ;

Be that as it may,

I only say

That I don't believe in all the nation

You'd have found a sleeper congregation !

There was Dame Aldred,

In her cloak of red,

Nodding her head,

In seeming assent to each word that was said,

But sleeping as soundly as if safe in bed ;

Old Squire Killigrew,

In his high-backed pew,

Dozing, as elderly people do,

Leant back in his chair

- With his nose in the air,

While it played a tune

Like a sulky bassoon,

Or a trumpet-note,

Or a basso's B flat deep down in his throat ;

While the younger portion of the community,

Seeing they had such a fine opportunity,

Without fear of detection

In any direction,

Of exchanging small pledges of mutual affection,

Such as pressing of hands beneath their books,  
Squeezing of waists, and tender looks ;

In short, as they say,

"When the cat's away

The mice seize their time for a sly bit of play,"

They were all going on in a sad naughty way ;

And for all the attention

This wicked convention

Paid to good Father Ambrose's sermon,

He might just as well have preached it in German !

\* \* \* \* \*

There's a good old saying that's pretty well known,

"*The Devil takes very good care of his own ;*"

The truth of which proverb was presently shown.

\* \* \* \* \*

In a neat little pew at the end of the chancel,

A little boy sat on a hard-bottomed chair ;

He'd light-blue eyes and curly hair,

Apple-cheeks and complexion fair,

Pants (for a wonder) without a tear,

(Supposed from this fact to have been his best pair)

And you've a good idea of young Timothy Hansil ;

He sat upright on the old oak seat,

Swinging his feet

In a reverie sweet

Of his Sunday treat,

It happened that day to be turkey and sausages ;

Shifting his seat from side to side,

Like an elderly gentleman after a ride,

Or a boating-man after a pull against tide,

For the parish oak,

Without a joke,

Felt cruelly hard to his little "os coccygis."

He sits very contented there, poor little dunce,

But, stop ! what's come to him all at once ?

What fixes his eye, with a glassy stare,

On a point in the chancel-roof up in the air,

Raises on end that curly hair,

Blanches to white that complexion fair,

While his red lips turn to the hue of death,

He can only whisper, under his breath,

"Up in the roof ! look there ! look there !"

From a sort of recess in the roughly-carved roof,

Where the old bells hung,

While their sides still rung

With the glorious notes,

They had vomited forth from their rusty old throats,

Projected a curious, strangely-shaped hoof,

Who sat up there 'mid the rafters dim ?

What shape was the form of that demon grim ?

Hideously made in each evil limb,

That writhed at the sound of holy hymn ?

I'm sure I can't say ;

There's Gustave Doré

Illustrates Milton—you'd better ask him !

But all that the little boy clearly saw,

Was the under-line of a hideous jaw,

And two horrid eyes, each a burning coal,

That seemed to eat into his very soul,

From which terrible parts one may guess at the whole ;

\* Our contributor is rather premature ; but history always repeats itself.—ED.

But in after-life he used to say,  
That the being he saw on that Sabbath-day  
Was no underling imp, or subordinate elf,  
    Diablotin,  
    Or hobgoblin,  
But the Prince of Darkness, Sathanus himself.  
But what was his Majesty doing up there?  
    Perched up in the air,  
    In his cobwebby lair,  
When he might have been safe in his easy arm-chair,  
In a well-heated mansion of noble dimensions,  
All over carpeted with good intentions?  
Business matters had called him away  
From the glowing hearths of his happy retreat!  
(Excuse this un-Anglican rhyme, *si vous plait*),  
    Perched up there, quite cosy and warm,  
With a great piece of parchment as long as your arm,  
Like a barrister's brief, or an old lady's will,  
A tailor's account, or a proctor's bill;  
    He was neatly inditing,  
    In good lawyer-like writing  
    (The old fellow, they say,  
    Had a *taste that way*),  
With every man's name in a goodly row  
The sins that were going on down below;  
Adding them up in all their amounts,  
And putting them down in his private accounts.  
While his eye-balls roll, and his horse-lips smack,  
And the pen speeds on in its fiery track,  
And he's perched up there, with a beam at his back,  
Like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft  
To watch over the fate of poor Jack!  
Down go the sins in that writing neat,  
But see! he stops,  
And his countenance drops,  
Deuce take the parchment,—he's filled up the sheet!  
And there go the crimes he can never put down;  
He grinds his teeth, with an awful frown,  
When he thinks of how many he'll have to let  
Escape, like small fry through the holes in a net;  
But see, he mutters, "I'll manage it yet!"  
With one end of the piece in his horny claws,  
And the other held tight 'twixt his grewsome jaws,  
    After a pause,  
    While his breath he draws,  
And maketh quite sure he's got hold of it tight,  
He tugs at the parchment with all his might;  
To gain a little more space, the old wretch  
Is determined to try if the sheepskin will stretch;  
    Now, though parchment's a stuff  
    That's rather tough,  
    It's quite inelastic,  
    And not at all plastic,  
Though 'twill bear a great portion of handling  
rough.  
It's like one of those people we designate "muff,"  
Who are apt, after all, to go off in a huff,  
(When they've more than they'll bear of jeer, insult  
and cuff),  
Like a hair-trigger pistol, or gunpowder-puff,  
And shatter the rod they have formerly kissed,  
*Vide* Thackeray's "Old Dob," or "Oliver Twist."

And so it now happened, for, as he leant back,  
It parted in two with a sounding crack,  
And, striking his head a terrible whack,  
    Down he fell,  
    But into a well,  
'Twas a holy spring, which, that very week, in,  
They had christened six babies, all squalling and  
squeaking.

    Splash! Smash!  
    How the water did dash!  
    How the sparks did flash!  
    With an awful crash,  
    Up he flew,  
    Fifty feet two,  
Right through the roof,—disappearing from view,  
And I think 'twas the very best thing he could do!  
And since that day it is always said,  
He has never dared to poke his head  
    Into the holy place  
    Where he met his disgrace,  
But is always ashamed to show his face;  
For, though the old gentleman's fond of laughing,  
    In a cynical fashion,  
    At human passion,  
He's a touchy old fellow and cannot stand chaffing.  
But the congregation—  
    Their situation  
    Was not so pleasant,  
    From squire to peasant,  
They all got a taste of the holy water,  
Mother, father, son and daughter,  
Loutish ploughboy, and sleepy sot,  
All got a drop, and 'twas hissing hot!

And, ever since that eventful day,  
They've never indulged in unseemly play,  
Or slumbered or slept in their former bad way,  
In that little chapel such order they keep,  
You might sooner catch some old weasel asleep  
Than one of those people. And so, ever after  
They called that old cross-beam the Devil's Rafter!

## MORAL.

## I.

Don't slumber in church, or you'll find, if you do,  
That there's some one that's not quite as sleepy as  
you!

## II.

Don't stare at the ladies in church you may meet;  
Though their faces be fair and their looks *very*  
sweet,  
Though their hands may be small, and their ankles  
be neat,  
Though their chignons be faultless, their figures be  
fine,  
Pray keep your eyes off them, at Service Divine,  
(In truth, I confess it, I can't *always* keep mine).  
Shun the soft pleasing glances of every Eve's  
daughter,  
Or you'll find (like old Nick) *you'll get into hot*  
*water!*



"THE DEVIL'S RAFTER."—(See POEM.)

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

## CHAPTER XXII.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE next day Alice took up her post beside the bed of her sick father as nurse. It was a simple and easy duty enough—merely to give him a potion at stated times, and pour a little nourishing broth into his mouth. He was utterly helpless and unconscious, and showed no sign of recognition. The doctor said very little, but his manner was very significant. Alice prepared for the worst, but strove to be calm and resigned. Miss Morton, who had heard her story, told so fiercely and angrily, with deep sorrow, made no attempt to renew the conversation. When, however, she sent into the sick room some well-selected religious works, Alice knew that her aunt believed she wanted to learn both charity and humility.

She certainly did, for under the influence, even of this great sorrow, she could not subdue her dislike to any one thing, even to consolation from James Gregory. Making her father the excuse, she had her meals sent into her room. Miss Morton, with that influence and dignity of character which so often belongs to the quiet and inobtrusive, insisted on her going out a little in the evening. The artist, as a matter of course, accompanied her. He would not have thought of her going out alone.

He did not, however, fatigue her by too much conversation. When he did speak it was of her father and their pleasant rambles together, or of the general benefits of sea-side existence. He never in any way approached the subject of her sorrows and trials. He had shown so little curiosity about her, as not even to ask Miss Morton for an explanation of her presence in Ramsgate. Alice was thankful to him for this, as, above all, she liked to avoid speaking of herself.

"But," she at last said, interrupting him in the middle of a sentence, "what think you of my father now?"

"I am scarcely able to give an opinion," replied James; "he was quite strong before this attack. It is certainly a very bad one; but the doctor assures me people have recovered from worse."

Alice was silent. The tone and look of the speaker chilled her to the very heart. She

knew that while he loved to cheer her, in his heart he had little or no hope. This dreadful conviction only soured her all the more, and carried her back to the first cause of his illness. Could Lionel Seabright have been able to read her feelings at that moment, he would have been a sad man indeed. But Alice kept this state of mind to herself. She was well aware that no one sympathised with her on that point, and had no doubt her aunt had won James Gregory over to her way of thinking. She never suspected how much the artist had done to bring Miss Morton to this state of mind.

Thus passed many weary days and nights without any perceptible change. Selwyn Seabright hovered between life and death, neither apparently able to gain the victory. Alice, with her own money, took a room in the house, giving some also to her aunt to aid in the household expenses. The aunt smiled at her proud independence, but made no remark. It was the quality of all others she admired in her niece.

James was as little obtrusive as possible. He kept out a great deal, and even dined away from home often, thus leaving the two women to themselves. He would gladly have watched by the bedside of Selwyn Seabright, but Alice would delegate this duty to no one. He wanted little nursing, but what he did want she chose to do herself. She was a light sleeper, and found sufficient repose in a large arm chair.

Long and gloomy nights they were for a young girl, and made longer and gloomier by her own sad thoughts. This state of things lasted three weeks, and then one evening, when they were alone, the old man opened his eyes and looked inquiringly at her, she thought.

"Papa," she whispered, clasping her hands in the full tide of hope, "do you know your Alice?"

He looked "yes." He could not speak, but the eye has an eloquence of its own.

She hurriedly gave him a spoonful of medicine which was at hand, smoothed his pillow, and tried to make him comfortable and easy. She then again spoke to him, bending her ear close to his lips for a reply.

"Are you better, my own papa?" she said.

"No," was wafted to her ears, in a faint whisper; "I am going! Where is James?"

Alice started back, awed by his manner, and secretly angry at this demand for a stranger. In that perilous hour, when death was hovering over his head, another must come between her and his love. Resolved in no way to show the wound of her heart, Alice poured out some

wine and gave it him. This revived him, and brought a faint brilliance to his eyes, reminding her of the olden time.

"Shall I fetch Mr. Gregory?" she said, schooling herself to speak quietly of him.

"Yes."

Alice went out of the room to where Miss Morton and the artist were seated beside a small fire, conversing in a low tone. They saw at once that there was some change, and rose eagerly.

"Papa has spoken," she said in a low tone, "and wishes to see Mr. Gregory."

Without another word, she turned back and preceded them both into the sick room. Miss Morton shivered all over as her eyes fell upon her brother's face. She saw in it, the unmistakable hue of death, that mysterious grey tint which speaks trumpet-tongued of approaching dissolution.

"Well, sir," said James Gregory, who, though alarmed, was conscious of no immediate danger, "so you are well enough to see me again."

"For the last time," faintly ejaculated the old man. "I have not been quite—quite—so senseless as you thought. But I could not speak. Your hand my friend."

James gave it. He could not have spoken for the world's ransom. He looked his feelings.

"I am going," he continued, "my race is run. Look at my darling. When I am no more—she will want a friend—be one to her."

"I want no friend but you, pa; do not talk so sadly—you are better," she cried.

"Heaven willed not I should die and make no sign, my child," was the feeble response.

"Kiss me, dearest—you have been a good daughter, I hope—someday—you will be a happy wife and mother. Bless you all."

The eyes were again closed, but not in death. They could hear his laboured respiration. At a whispered request from Miss Morton, James Gregory went out, and soon returned with the doctor. Alice was seated by the bedside, with her father's right hand in hers. Her eyes were cast upon the ground, she sobbed inwardly, allowing no sound to reach his fast failing ears.

"The young lady had better go to bed," he said, gently disengaging her hand, after he had been in the room ten minutes, "she can do no good here."

Selwyn Seabright was dead; had passed away so calmly and silently that none but the doctor knew when the spirit and the clay were separated. Alice heard his word, felt his action, but for a moment did not realise his meaning.

Then, with a passionate cry, she cast herself on the inanimate form of her father, and a few minutes after was carried away in a happy state of insensibility. Her over-wrought sensibilities and her weary frame at last had given way, and once more she was very ill.

This illness, however, did not last long. Yet she was not able to get up to the funeral, much as she wished. It was as well she did not, for many things in connection with it would have grated upon her feelings. In the first place the ceremony was more in keeping with the temporary position in society he had enjoyed as master of Fairlawn Grange than that of a poor clergyman. There were several carriages, and, worse than all, Lionel Seabright was chief mourner. He did not go to the house, so fearful was he of offending the poor bereaved girl, but he joined the procession at a little distance, and drew general attention by his earnest solemnity of manner and genuine sorrow.

Miss Morton felt both gratified and thankful. It was a mark of respect to her brother-in-law which she estimated at its true value. He made no attempt, however, to intrude even on her. When all was over he retired to an hotel, where, shortly after, James Gregory joined him.

"How is she," asked Lionel, eagerly.

"Ill—very ill. It was an awful shock to her, poor thing," answered the artist. "What will she do now?"

"Heaven knows! I fear she is all the more embittered against me since her heavy misfortune. If I could only be allowed to console her," said the master of Fairlawn Grange. "She is incomprehensible to me."

"She is an angel," cried James.

"I am not prepared to dispute that with you one moment," replied Lionel, "but I wish she would not look upon me as something the very opposite."

"Time works wonders," philosophically remarked James Gregory. "I shall see a good deal of her now, I suppose. Perhaps I may be able to dissolve her prejudice against you."

"You will do a good action then, James," continued Lionel, earnestly. "If once she could have her eyes opened, and see me as I think I am, she might be led to believe in my earnest and sincere devotion. Every hour of my life she becomes dearer to me, and yet as she advances in my estimation, I sink in hers. Her discovery of my having proposed her as governess to Lady Welby's children has closed all chance of my serving her again."

"You are serving her every day," said James, drily.

"Heavens! never let her know or suspect it. You will return to London soon, I suppose."

"As soon as Alice can travel," answered the artist.

Alice was, however, longer than they expected, and it was nearly Christmas when they were able to prepare for departure. The young girl regained her strength but slowly. As soon as she could go out she did so, wrapped up and protected in every way against the inclemency of the season, and took her way leaning on James Gregory's arm to her father's grave. A plain stone giving simply his name and age, had been erected over the spot where he lay. She was grateful to the young man for this, but said nothing. Her heart was too full for words.

Shortly after they left Ramsgate. James had run up to town and prepared the old home. It was not, however, the same now *he* was gone, and so all seemed to feel, on the first miserable evening they spent at home. All were sad and thoughtful, and gladly separated early to their own chambers. Next day Alice went round and found her little lodging long since let. She paid what was demanded and took away her box. Though she knew not exactly what to do, she felt that she must do something. Her place was not in the idle ranks of the army of life. Work was necessary, in every way, to her existence.

A conference was held that evening, and it was finally decided that Alice should advertise to give lessons in music, drawing, and French at home, and at pupils' houses. It was not a very hopeful prospect, but it was at all events an attempt, a trial, and Alice wished if possible to avoid going into another family, the more that she could not give any satisfactory explanation as to her leaving Lady Welby.

The advertisement brought, in two days, an answer in the shape of a visit from her sister, Emily, who had returned from Russia, and heard with dismay and deep grief of her father's death. She had mislaid her sister's address, and only recollected it when she saw it attached to an advertisement.

Alice was glad to see Emily, though it reopened her sorrow. It was impossible to speak at first of anything but their poor father. After a time, however, they turned to the future prospects of the younger sister. Mrs. Harcourt wished her to live in her splendid home, as a friend and companion. Alice resolutely declined, and finding her firm

on this point, Emily declared that she would find her some excellent and wealthy pupils.

"At all events, you will spend Christmas with us? We shall be very quiet, of course. My husband was very much shaken, but must keep an old engagement. We shall be entirely by ourselves."

To this no objection could be urged, and so next day good, homely Emily Harcourt took her sister to her house, leaving Miss Morton and James Gregory very solitary without their darling. It was doubtful who loved her best, her aunt or the wandering Bohemian from the artistic purlieus of Paris. If they could not have her with them, they could talk of her bright and beautiful face—which they did in company with a third, the knowledge of whose presence at her work table would have marred what little enjoyment Alice could find, on that first Christmas since her melancholy orphanage.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

TO Alice a home like that of her sister Emily would have been under ordinary circumstances simply an earthly paradise, but influenced as she was by feelings which she could not communicate with others, it was really a kind of purgatory. The banker's wife deeply felt her father's death, and regretting the isolation in which Alice was cast by the course of events would gladly have made her a companion, and have shared her home with her. When, however, she found her mind clearly in a distempered state, she scarcely knew what to do. Sympathise with her theories with regard to Lionel Seabright she could not. The young man in her opinion had behaved admirably; his offer of marriage was, she thought, more romantic and generous than sensible. Alice had treated him far more as a bitter enemy than a friendly well-meaning person, and the breach between them was now insurmountable.

The subject was not broached often between the sisters. Emily showed her dissatisfaction with Alice too clearly to admit of much confidence, while the younger sister remained firm at her post as an injured individual.

On Christmas-day they were quite alone, it was scarcely possible to avoid talking of the past, when in a humble way the three sisters were in company with their father, so simply happy.

"Such pleasant hours can never be again," said Alice, sharply; "why picture them?"

Emily smiled almost pityingly.

"Such pleasant hours most probably will be again," she said. "It is sadly true that of those we love and loved, some may, some will be absent; but my dear girl, time casts its soothing influence over all sorrows, and will over ours. Do you think that I shall not be a happy wife and mother?"

Alice stared. This was philosophy with a vengeance, and philosophy which she did not understand. The young girl was petulant to the last degree, and withdrew as soon as possible from the subject. Emily readily changed it by alluding to the fortunes of their sister Jane.

"She is to be pitied," she observed, gravely, "because she is without love in the world. Her husband married her for the money which was expected; this proving an illusion, it is easy to predict the result."

"I don't think much of men at all," said the younger sister, tartly, "and Sir Charles is only a little worse than others."

"Alice, you libel our father and my husband," replied Emily, and the subject dropped.

Had our young and inexperienced traveller through the highways and byeways of life been more reasonable and less wayward, a residence with her sister might have done good; as it was, she was only exasperated and confirmed in her hard way of viewing things. Except James Gregory she had found no friend, and even he could not sympathise with her great and crying injury—the injustice of the law. Vernon, as soon as he reported that Lionel Seabright's case was indisputable, passed from her thoughts. She knew him, and cared to know him no more.

Nothing lay before her now, on the wide plain of the world, but work. With her father's death her mission appeared to have ended. Right him she could not; as for herself, she had no care but to pass through existence in a kind of dream, and die when the time came unknown and obscure. So passed the time away until the banker's return from the north, when with many thanks, but a resolution unchanged, she bade them adieu to return to her desolate home, and begin once more her cold and unnecessary struggle with the world.

"A perverse little jade," said the banker, when she had really gone; "one cannot help liking her, and yet she is as obstinate and obtuse to reason as human being can be. Heaven help her husband!"

"My dear, if ever Alice does marry, and most likely she never will, the man who wins

her will find a treasure. The same obstinacy which leads her astray now, on the wrong road, would lead her to be a giant in love and devotion. The only thing wanting is to light the torch," she gravely added.

"Well, my dear," said the good-tempered and good-natured banker, "heaven defend me from such heroines! Give me a woman ever like yourself."

"Of course," replied the matronly little dame, laughing, and the subject was changed.

Alice had sent her slender stock of luggage on by some carrier-like conveyance, in order to be at liberty herself to walk. In her peculiar state of mind, London, cold, cheerless, and dark, amused her. She was sufficiently alone in its great wilderness to fear no greeting from friend or acquaintance. Emily offered her the carriage, which was refused, and then sent for a cab. This the young girl was compelled to accept, though, as soon as an opportunity offered, she discharged it. This was at the end of Piccadilly. Dressed in deep mourning, with a veil drawn down to her mouth, she passed along sufficiently quietly to avoid notice. Everybody seemed intent on their own business. It was a time of revelry and amusement: some were hurrying to parties, to dinners, to music-halls, to theatres; some in search of the means of existence. At all events, no one noticed Alice Seabright.

In this way she reached about half-way down the well-known thoroughfare, and was hurrying even faster than usual, when she was arrested, struck dumb, as it were, by a voice which fell with deadening influence upon her ear. But for her usual self-command, she must have tottered and betrayed herself. As it was, she contrived to keep firm, and even to continue on her way, though not so rapidly. Two persons were in front of her, so intent upon their own conversation and thoughts, that the proximity of the girl in black was not even noticed.

"I hate, I despise Sir Charles," had said a passionate voice, too well-known to Alice; "but, at all events, he gives me a home and respectability."

"A home," replied an insidious voice wholly unknown to Alice, "without love: a home in which you are at one time a slave, at another a cypher. Come, my darling Jane, have I your promise? To-night, outside the hotel, at ten, in time to catch the night mail. Remember—Italy, love, happiness, joy—instead of a miserable and wretched existence with a man you have no affection for. But why need I repeat all that I have said already.



Jane, my own sweet darling—will you be there?"

"You will never," (Alice almost touched her to catch her low, nervous reply,) "you will never reproach me, never turn against me, never desert the poor girl whose only fault is believing too readily in your promises."

If you, reader, have any experience of the bad side of human nature, either in books, or from actual contact with its erring characters, you will know, without my telling you, what was the reply. It was given earnestly, warmly, and, as is often the case under such circumstances, truthfully. But then such unhallowed vows fortunately are never kept, or the world would be a great deal worse than it is. A rendezvous was then given, for that very night, outside *the* hotel, in time to catch the express for Dover. Then they parted.

Alice never knew by what prodigious exertions she supported herself under this trial, to her the worst, except her father's death, she had ever known. Not only pure to a degree rare even in women, but believing her sex doomed to a life of trial and bitter struggle with the world, she could not comprehend for a moment the animus which could induce a wife, under any circumstances whatever, to leave her husband, much less to leave him for another. All thought, even of the disgrace, was swallowed up in the reflection, that a sister of hers was about to commit this degrading action—this crime against the laws of heaven and society.

Where the man disappeared to she knew not; but her sister was kept in sight, though she herself almost tottered as she walked. Jane was perhaps not much less overcome by her fatal resolution, for she did not hurry very fast. Neither had she very far to go: an hotel soon came in sight, and into this she turned. The coldness of the night caused the glass-door to be closed, but it pushed open easily, and, the hall being empty, Lady Fleming went up-stairs wholly unnoticed. Alice was thus able to follow her unquestioned, and even to keep her in sight. She entered a kind of drawing-room, such as are found in hotels, and, apparently overwhelmed by conflicting emotions, threw herself into an arm-chair, her face concealed by her hands.

"Jane," said her sister, putting her hand gently on her shoulder, "I want to speak with you."

Lady Fleming started, not so much surprised and alarmed as terrified. What, just in this critical emergency, had brought her sister there?

"Alice!" she cried, in a tone which was meant to be cheerful, but which was simply agonising to listen to, "why, how did you find me out? We have only come over from Baden-Baden for a few days. Sir Charles," her lips quivered convulsively as she forced the name forth, "has spent all his money, and his lawyers won't advance him any more without seeing him."

"I have not come hither to speak of Sir Charles," replied Alice, in a low tone; "at all events not at present."

"Of whom, then—of yourself?" said Jane, a little nervously.

"No. Jane, Jane, who was that gentleman you left just now in Piccadilly?"

Jane turned very white, but affected to laugh.

"Captain Kelly—oh yes, I had been out shopping—and he saw me part of the way home. He is a friend of Sir Charles," she nervously added.

"My dear sister," said Alice, gravely, "do not attempt any evasions with me; you intend flying from your husband and your home with this man; or rather you intended—for surely reason will assert its sway—and my Jane will not commit so terrible a crime!"

Jane fell back in her chair, humbled, crushed, but not convinced.

"Home!" she exclaimed, fiercely, after a few moments of silence, "I have none—never had one. Sir Charles Fleming married me for my money. He never had one atom of affection for me, and now that poor papa is ruined, he takes care to let me know his feelings. I am wretched, mad, driven to think of things unwomanly and monstrous. If I live with him I shall kill him. The man is without heart or soul, a gamester, and a profligate."

"Jane, all this may probably be true. How will it mend matters if you become worse than he is? My sister, I have seen but little of the world, but yet I know that such revenge as you meditate—for revenge it is and nothing else—recoils upon the weak. Sir Charles may be a bad selfish husband, but should you leave him in this way—the world will take his part; will ascribe his follies to your want of wifely qualities. Besides, think of the disgrace: Father would moan in his grave."

"Papa dead!" cried Jane, staring for the first time at her sister's mourning. "I never heard a word of it."

"Dead and buried a month," said Alice, tenderly but not mournfully.

"How did it happen? when? where?" the impetuous woman asked.

## NATIONALITY.

THE Lord Chief Justice of England—whose rumoured resignation we are happy to see, is contradicted—has made an important contribution to our knowledge of the law of aliens, and the principles upon which future legislation should proceed as regards them. His book is entitled,\* “Nationality: or, The Law relating to Subjects and Aliens, considered with a view to future Legislation.” The subject of nationality is one of considerable importance; and we think Sir Alexander Cockburn has shown that our laws relating to naturalization required amendment: his book is based upon the Report of a Royal Commission appointed in May, 1868, to inquire into and report on the laws of naturalization and allegiance. The Commissioners supply a large amount of information on the subjects handled by them; but with the Lord Chief Justice's book to refer to, the public will have little necessity for reading their Report. The subject is treated, as we might reasonably expect of its distinguished author, in a very clear, comprehensive, and masterly manner: the matter is well classified and arranged; and we may fairly say Sir Alexander Cockburn has exhausted the subject on which he writes. The question of nationality, and the various and often conflicting claims of allegiance or protection arising out of it, are frequently a source of much trouble to the government. By the common law of England, every individual born within the dominions of the Crown, whether the child of English or foreign parents, and whether such parents are domiciled or merely sojourning in the country, was an English subject, and could claim protection of, and owed allegiance to, the Crown of England. It appears from the Parliamentary Rolls of the reign of Edward III., that as early as the year 1343 a ruling was made by the Lords, on the motion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the sons of the king, wherever born, were English subjects, and could inherit lands as such; and in 1350, it was enacted, by a statute of Edward III., that the children of English parents born “without the legiance of the king of England” should enjoy the benefits and advantages of being regarded as English subjects. The state of our law at present is, that all persons who are born within the dominions of the

Crown (excepting only children of outlaws, &c.), whether they are the offspring of British or foreign parents, shall be British subjects; and also that all the children and grand-children of British parents, though born within the dominions of foreign states, are, to all intents and purposes, British subjects, and owe allegiance to the Crown of England, and are entitled to claim its protection. Thus it will be seen that there is a double nationality recognised by the English law: first, nationality derived from the place of birth; and secondly, that which is derived from parentage. This system gives rise to confusion, and Sir Alexander Cockburn proposed to amend the law in this respect. He says, “That under a sound system, nationality of origin should be derived from descent alone, except in the case of children born of foreigners domiciled in the country of such children's birth.” These persons should make a claim, however, to be made English citizens, within a certain period after the attainment of their majority. The law of France differs from our own materially upon this point. The Code Napoleon directs that parentage, to the exclusion of the place of birth, shall determine nationality; but it permits, to persons born on French soil, of alien parents, the right of claiming French nationality upon the attainment of full age.

Various other European nations have followed the example set by the framers of the Code Napoleon, and the result has been that, throughout Europe generally, descent from parents, and not the place of birth, is adopted as the first criterion of nationality. But in many of these countries, whilst parentage is the source of citizenship, children born of alien parents, within the territories of such states, are permitted to claim admission to the status of natural subjects on the attainment of their majority. It is thus very easy for a double nationality to arise. Suppose, for instance, that an English family settles in France; all the children born after their settlement are still, by the English law, *jure sanguinis*, subjects of the Crown of Great Britain, but on attaining full age they can, *jure soli*, become subjects of the Crown of France. Clearly, then, in the present state of international law they owe a double allegiance, first through their parentage to the Crown of England, and secondly through their birth on French soil to the Crown of France. They have the privilege of claiming the protection of either government as subjects, and are capacitated for the enjoyment of all the privileges of citizenship

\* *Nationality: or, The Law relating to Subjects and Aliens, &c.* London William Ridgway, 169, Piccadilly. 1869.

in both countries. The question then arises, ought a twofold nationality to exist?

"No man," says Chief Justice Cockburn, "can satisfy a double claim on his allegiance made by two nations that are in conflict. So long as the two nations are at peace, the man of two nations, by obeying the laws of the country in which he happens to be, may find himself in no difficulty." But suppose a dispute to arise between the two nations; whose subject is he? to whom does he owe service and allegiance? whose protection shall he claim? The inconvenience of such a state of the law is magnified by the emigration, constantly taking place, among the subjects of Great Britain and the German states to America and other countries. The children of all these settlers acquire, of course, a double nationality. Sir Alexander Cockburn comes to the conclusion, that under a sound system of international law such a thing as a double nationality should not be suffered to exist; and in this conclusion we entirely coincide. He proposes to meet the case of persons who involuntarily acquire a double nationality by giving them the power of denationalizing themselves, and of transferring their allegiance to another country. He proposes, also, that the effect of naturalization in one country should, *ipso facto*, do away with the prior nationality, and he would admit to be naturalized only such persons as intended to settle permanently in the country of their naturalization; such naturalized subjects to enjoy all the political privileges, as well as the civil rights which are accorded to natural subjects.

By this arrangement aliens would after naturalization be placed upon a footing of perfect equality with their fellow subjects: they would, from having no double nationality, have no conflicting claims upon their allegiance; and would know at once to whom their service and loyalty were due.

"Everyone," says Sir Alexander, "would be at liberty to act on the maxim *ubi bene ibi patria*, and to seek fortune and happiness where he thought he was most likely to find it; and governments might receive eligible citizens into the community without the fear of troublesome disputes or collision with other powers."

This is, indeed, the common sense view of the case: the author has exhibited in his book very clearly and perspicuously the endless confusion and difficulties arising out of the existing state of international law upon the important question of nationality, citing various cases in which disputes have arisen as to

which of two governments possessed the right to the allegiance or were liable to claims for the protection of persons possessed of a double nationality. We hope soon to see the law of nations settled in conformity with the principles the Lord Chief Justice has propounded: at all events, it is the duty of the government at once to amend the law of England upon the matter by passing a statute embodying the recommendations of the Royal Commission.

## TABLE TALK.

AMONGST many sensible remarks of the late Lord Palmerston, his suggestions on the subject of legible handwriting are well worthy of attention. His lordship, who wrote a very plain, clear hand himself, thought everybody ought to be able to write in characters easily decipherable. We think so, too; the object of all writing is that it may be read. Many of our eminent men write a most abominable scrawl. It is not very long since a learned judge on the Northern Circuit threatened to inflict a heavy fine for contempt upon a functionary of the court, if he sent in such illegible documents again. Everybody knows Mr. Dickens's sketch of a learned serjeant, whose opinions all the solicitors sought on the most abstruse points of law, and whose old clerk was the only person in the world who could decipher them when the counsel had written them out. The great humourist himself is an offender; and of the manuscript that passes through our hands, at least one-third is not easily legible.

EVERY now and then the Londoners agitate for road-bridges across their crowded carriageways. Of course, such viaducts find plenty of advocates; but it is worth while to listen to what disinterested people, who have tried the experiment have to say against them. New York has had street-bridges, and has given them up as a bad job; and an American engineering journal advises London to have nothing of the sort, neither bridges nor tunnels. The only class that would use them would be the timid who are agile: those who are not agile, however timid, could not mount thirty steps and down again whenever they want to cross a road. In summer, the ascent is hot and tiring; in winter, very dangerous, from snow or ice; in wet weather the bridges and their approaches are sloppy and slushy, and females would shun them. Says our adviser,

take a leaf of American experience, and drop all further consideration of bridge crossings. Yet we want something to avert the dangers of the streets. Cannot our engineers devise a lift, or a crane, or a swing, or anything else, that will safely convey half-a-dozen human bodies over a string of carriages and carts?

WHY should we deal with our criminals as we do? "The Habitual Criminals Act," which has just come into operation, is certainly a step in the right direction. It gives the judge a power of placing a known criminal under police surveillance, for a term of years, after the expiration of his term of imprisonment. The effect of this will be to strike a blow at a very old-standing evil, in the very heart of our social system. There are thousands of persons of known criminal propensities in the country—old offenders carrying on their trade under the very noses of the police, but for whom the evil day of detection is as yet postponed. They are not yet, as Thackeray ingeniously put it, in one of his exquisite little *Roundabout Papers*, *found out*. They have been, and they will be again; the police know they have only to wait, but whilst the guardians or the public peace are waiting, what mischief the drepredators are doing! What light-handed little larcenies, what clever burglaries, what frightful robberies from the person, with violence and foul play, they are planning at their ease in their dens of habitations! And all the while conscious justice must sit with folded hands and wait for their success and our detection. But under the new act, the habitual thief will, after paying the penalty of his detected crime, be for some seven years a marked man, bound to report himself, discover his residence and means of living to the police, and so afford us some adequate protection against his relapse into the dark deeds of his wicked past.

CONCERNING our criminals, another question may be raised. Do we treat them fairly, and do we do justice to ourselves? We have—except in a few rare cases—given up whipping, we simply confine with or without labour; or we sentence our felons to penal servitude, in which they break stones and pick oakum. They are better housed, better cared for, and better fed, than our honest paupers; they cost us large sums to maintain during the period of their incarceration; and when they leave the jail, they, likely enough, know no trade or handicraft by which they can get an honest living—they are without capital and without

character. And "what can a convict find to do?" He will return to his old habits and his old associates; he must live; to live he must steal, and steal till he is once more an inmate of a convict prison; and, we must admit it, society forces this fate upon him. Now, cannot we do something to mend this? Let all our convicts be taught some useful handicraft, during their confinement within the prison walls. In Massachusetts, in the State Prison, £5,000 a year profit is made by the produce of the inmates' labour; they are employed in foundry work, in making iron bedsteads, brushes, lamps, whips, etc. Why cannot this system be successfully employed in England, and the cost of their incarceration be defrayed by the prisoners themselves? In addition to the advantage the state would derive from such a method of treatment, the prisoners, when liberated, would be able to support themselves in an honest calling. It would be easy to supply some ready market for their labour, and to continue a surveillance over every habitual criminal, for a term of years, long enough to secure us against his return to his old habits.

We publish in our present number an interesting and authentic account of the dangers to which travellers about the Campagna are liable from the attacks of the brigands. To our narrative may be added the following communication recently published in the *Monde*:—"An incident took place on August 30, causing much trouble and apprehension to those who are ruralising at Albano. The Duke Grazioli, on horseback, accompanied by his daughter, was returning at about seven in the evening from an excursion, and was taking, to shorten his route, the grand road di Sopra, which leads from Ariccia to Castel-Gandolfo, when, at a turn of the way, near the Chigi park, he suddenly saw three bandits, armed with carbines, start out of a thicket where they had been concealed, bar his passage, and point their pieces at him, with an order to deliver up at once all the property he had about him. The Duke, seeing the impossibility of resistance, was obliged to comply, and abandoned to the robbers his purse, containing a roof. note of the Bank of France and about 40*s*. in small money. His watch and that of his daughter also passed into the hands of the brigands." Really the pitch to which brigandage has been suffered to grow in the south of Italy, and in certain districts in Greece, is disgraceful to the government and police of those countries. Such places can hardly be

called civilised, until something like order is restored amongst these vagrant and piratical bands, with whom, we are sorry to say, the peasantry are, from sheer dread, almost always in league. At present, except in rare instances, anything like justice or satisfaction at the hands of the authorities is out of the question.

EVERYBODY who has thought at all upon the subject of female beauty, must have observed that we have a much stricter law in judging of what constitutes good looks, and symmetrical proportion of the limbs, in woman than in man. Most people will have observed, too, that a much larger proportion of youths—boys at Eton, and young men at Oxford, for example—are possessed of good looks, than would be the case amongst a like number of girls. I suppose it is because we are more nicely critical concerning the beautiful in woman. No ancient statue is more celebrated than the Venus de Medici, indeed it is looked on by connoisseurs as a perfect model of female loveliness. M. Bonomi has been taking the measure of this statue. He finds that, allowance being made for her stooping position, her height is about 5 feet 2 inches. This is rather below the middle height. The foot of the Venus is exactly 9 inches in length, rather more than one-seventh of the whole height. The greatest width of the foot is  $3\frac{1}{8}$  inches, equal to one-eighteenth of her height. Her waist is of course uncompressed, and of its natural size, and does not look either too slender or too stout to be in perfect harmony with the figure of this famous goddess. The Venus de Medici was discovered in the villa of Hadriana, at Tivoli.

THE TRAGIC DEATH of the lovers at Stanningley, in Yorkshire, recalls a singularly like case in Oxfordshire, related by Pope in a letter addressed to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in 1718, in which he says:—"Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood. It was but this very morning he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps, this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July) a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the

trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock; and John, who never separated from her, sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another; those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay. They first saw a little smoke, and after, the faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave." Pope wrote three epitaphs for these lovers, one of which runs thus:—

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,  
On the same pile the faithful pair expire;  
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pleased,  
Sent His own lightning and the victims seized.

If, as is suggested, a monument be raised to the memory of the lovers at Stanningley, the above epitaph might be adopted.

THAT LADIES are getting their fair share, at least, of literary work, will be seen from the fact that four magazines are now edited by ladies; and also that three or four of the best known writers of magazine fictions are of the gentler sex. It is stated, too, that a man of eminence in the scientific world—Sir Charles Lyell—and a well-known Member of Parliament—Sir Francis Goldsmid—employ ladies in the capacity of private secretaries.

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## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A STORY.

By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY,  
AGATHA, &c.

### CHAPTER XVII.—*Continued.*

“**W**AS he fair, sir?” demanded the maiden, eagerly.  
“Yes; fair—very fair.”  
“Ruddy?”

“His face was once round and rosy as a peach.”

“Tall?”

“Well, he was somewhere about my stature, I should imagine.”

“And his eye, his eye?”

“Bright as a star!”

“Blue?”

“Wonderfully blue.”

“And how old, sir, should you have called him?”

“Ah, there you ask me a difficult question. Toil and thought had aged him beyond belief; but I should reckon him to be about eight-and-twenty now, if he yet lives.”

“If he lives, sir!” cried Mary, with anguish, while Dalton’s face evinced the same emotion, “then you have not heard of his dreadful fate?”

“Assuredly no,” responded the stranger, while a nervous agitation betrayed the curiosity and apprehension that Mary’s remark had excited.

“He was to have left Canada for England in August. Did he not do so?” he asked.

“Alas, he did! In the *Nova Scotia*.”

“Ah! In the *Nova Scotia*! Why, she was lost!” ejaculated the gentleman, with a start.

“Too true, sir!”

“And Reuben Brice—?”

“Was lost too!” and Mary’s suppressed grief burst all bonds of restraint, and she surrendered herself to it utterly.

The stranger’s emotion was hardly less, and he buried his face in his wrapper and sobbed audibly—“Poor young man!”

“Mary, my child, if *you* give way like this how can *I* keep up!” whispered the farmer tenderly as he supported her drooping figure; “there, there, my darling, dry your tears, else how shall I get through this trying day amid the troubles that are in store for us? Besides, your grief is catching,—see, the gentleman can’t stand it.”

“Nay, sir,” interposed the latter, recovering himself with a great effort, “let her sorrow have its way, ’twill pass presently;—tears are a wonderful relief—I have found it so very often. Oh, so often! And I have even gained courage from despair. Moreover, it is beautiful to witness such intensity of sympathy. Surely,” he resumed, drawing Dalton aside, “surely there is more than common friendship at the bottom of all this emotion of your child’s?”

“Aye, aye,” replied Dalton, with a sigh.

“Love?”

“Hush, sir, lest she hear you.”

“Tell me,” insisted the stranger. “I am so romantic, so curious in these affairs! Is it love? I’ll be sworn it is.”

The farmer nodded dolefully.

“Ah, well, I’ve heard that young Reuben stole the hearts of half the maidens in Brookside. He was a sad scapegrace.”

“There we differ, sir,” retorted the farmer decidedly, “I should be sorry to believe that of the poor lad.”

“Rest his bones where they lie!” pathetically apostrophised the gentleman, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, “and let us remember nothing but good of the dead!”

Mary, perceiving that her father and the traveller were conversing, rose from her seat and approached them. The spasm of grief had passed: she was quite composed.

“Your good daughter has courage as well as filial piety, sir,” observed the stranger, rising and placing a chair for her by her father. “She knows that if she falters in

these trying days you too must fail. Methinks that with such a stay and comfort a man should be able to face a world of troubles calmly! Either as child or—wife,” continued the traveller meditatively, “such support is only second to religion here on earth. I have felt the need of both. Both. Had religion always swayed my steps, and had love smoothed the way, my peace would not have suffered shipwreck!”

“Shipwreck!” exclaimed Dalton, who was thoroughly adrift in his efforts to follow the stranger’s apothegm, but had managed to catch the last words,—“have you, too, been shipwrecked, sir?”

“Morally, yes, good sir; you misunderstood me,” rejoined the stranger, reassuring the farmer and Mary, “unless religion is at the helm and love at the prow, a man can scarcely escape the moral and mortal shoals of life!”

The farmer had the sagacity to see that the traveller was lapsing into a vein which was not calculated to cheer, so, to create a diversion, he struck in:

“Pray, sir, tell us more of Reuben—*your* Reuben, for doubtless he was the same we knew. How and where did you know him?”

“In North America, where I used to trade.”

“And what was he doing there?”

“He dealt in furs.”

“Was he successful?”

“Yes; he realised a fair fortune, and talked of coming home—”

“Home!” interposed Mary; “to what home, sir?”

“He never said; no one ever asked him. Doubtless home was to him as it is to most of us—where our hearts are.” And the gentleman seemed to relapse into a meditative mood, and presently shook his head as some reminiscence unfavourable to the good repute of the young man in question crossed his mind. Mary perceived the gesture, and almost fiercely challenged an explanation. The stranger hesitated to reply, and mused in silence for some minutes, muttering to himself, “’twas a pity, ’twas a grievous pity!” Mary repeated her interrogation, and leaned towards the gentleman in earnest suspense.

“Oh, pray, sir, tell us the thoughts that are in your mind!”

“Good sir,” he presently remarked, turning to the farmer, and disregarding the direct question of the daughter, “you, like me, have lived long enough to learn that the best and worst of us have more good and more evil in us than the world credits us with.”

Dalton was rather posed with this dogmatic

proposition, and scratching his head he could only reply, “That’s very true, p’raps.”

“And good and bad are alike in this respect: there is one thing no man ever forgets.”

“What is that, sir?”

“An injury.”

“True, quite true,” responded the farmer, shaking his head, and thinking of his own pecuniary troubles.

“And another thing which most men love.”

“And that is—?”

“*Revenge!*”

Mary and her father started and turned pale, as the gentleman pronounced this word with striking emphasis, and both looked at him in blank confusion; but the speaker sat with his back to the light, and they scanned his features in vain.

“Revenge,” he continued, regardless of the effect of the iteration, “and Reuben’s one fixed idea was—revenge,”—and again the sombre man relapsed for some moments into a reverie, taxing his recollections. “Yes, I have it all before me now, fresh and vivid. He used to talk of it, and dream of it, and write of it, without ceasing. ’Twas a dreadful thing to indulge in, ’tis a painful thing to relate!—I had better say no more?”

“Oh, sir!” sobbed Mary, “go on, tell us all! It cannot injure Reuben now!”

Dalton signified the same wish.

“Well, this dire thought haunted young Reuben incessantly, at all hours and in all seasons; and the object of this unflagging, diabolical idea of revenge was—if I mistake not—a farmer of a village hereabout, who had a daughter, and whose name was—let me think a moment,” and the gentleman again closed his eyes, cudgelling his memory; “I have it! The man’s name was Isaac—Dutton—Dixon—Denton—Dal—ah, yes, Dalton, Isaac Dalton! I’m a poor hand at remembering names!”

The farmer was violently agitated as his name was uttered; and he was about to start to his feet, and in his honest fashion to declare himself to be the very individual in question, when he was restrained by his daughter, who implored him with a sign to be prudent.

“Is there such a person in the neighbourhood, to your knowledge, sir?” quietly asked the gentleman, stroking his beard, and looking full at Dalton.

“Yes, there is.”

“A hard, stubborn, old curmudgeon, eh?”

The farmer clutched his stout staff of hazel, and bit his lip, but was spell-bound by Mary’s eye.

"Honest enough, I dare say, but obstinate as a mule! There's no dealing with people of that stamp!"

Dalton trembled with indignation, but the stranger gave him no time to reply.

"This young Reuben loved this old flint-hearted fellow's daughter; and for aught I knew to the contrary, loved her to the last—for he was not a likely lad to change. He never swerved from an idea, and that made his threat of vengeance the more dreadful to hear!" And the stranger again shook his head in condemnation of such sentiments, and continued: "But let us say nothing but good of the dead! He was sound as a bell in his fidelity, and when the story reached him out yonder in America that the young woman—isn't her name Mary?"

"Yes!"

"I thought so. When somebody wrote out to him that Mary had forgotten her plighted troth to him, and had given her love and her hand to another man, young Reuben's heart was well-nigh broken; the colour forsook his cheek, never to return; his gaiety fled, and he suddenly became a blighted man."

Mary's pent-up feelings burst forth in a wild cry, which appalled the stranger, who trembled in every limb.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "did Reuben believe *this*?"

"If he were alive now, he would himself have told you so."

"'Tis false! oh, cruelly false! Poor Reuben was deceived!"

"Then she remained true to him?"

"True even to death; Mary will never change, I will answer for that! Sir, I am Mary!" and a momentary stupor overcoming her, she dropped into a chair.

While Dalton, with fatherly tenderness, hung over her, he interposed himself between Mary and the gentleman, when this latter effected a singular transformation. Snatching up a common gaberдинe from beside him, he quickly slipped it over his shoulders, then pulling off the black beard and moustache which he wore, he substituted grey ones, and placed on his head a slouch hat.

As Mary recovered from her agitation her eye fell upon a hand which rested on the corner of the table. She started to her feet at the sight: the hand was wounded and had been dressed by a surgeon. From the hand her eye passed to the individual, and in an agony of emotion she grasped her father's arm, whispering with intense feeling: "*The tramp! the tramp!*" Dalton turned round. The stranger was hardly to be recognized as the

person, seemingly a gentleman, with whom they had conversed, as he now stood calmly in their presence a grey-bearded mendicant.

"Yes, I cannot deny it. 'Twas I who craved alms at your gate. I am the tramp."

"And your stricken hand," said Mary, "proves you to be the ——"

Before Mary could conclude, or Dalton find words to express his bewilderment, the tramp executed a fresh transfiguration. Flinging aside the slouch hat, and tearing off the false beard, he exposed to their astonished eyes a familiar face.

"Reuben!"

"Reuben Brice!"

And as the maiden staggered in a swoon, Reuben said,—

"Mary, rest here on my breast awhile, it is a fitting place for your head," and she threw herself into his open arms.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

WITH a view to accomplish his projects with greater security, and to avoid recognition, Reuben had assumed the disguise of a needy countryman, and was reconnoitring the neighbourhood of Ivygreen at the moment my story commenced, when he encountered Ike ruminating under the dilapidated shed. Now Ike, boor as he seemed, possessed remarkable penetration, and the unexpected appearance of a strange man in the place, without any ostensible calling, and on no apparent errand, aroused his curiosity, if not his suspicions; and with instinctive acuteness, veiling his surprise, he glanced at the man's hands. That glance sufficed for Ike; the hands were not horny, or hard, or soiled, or trenched by toil: they were not the hands of a labourer, still less of a needy wayfarer. Satisfied on this point, he met the man face to face without flinching.

"Friend," said the strange man, who had scanned Ike with great interest, "do'st live hereabout?"

"Sooth, yes," replied Ike, "and was born here, and know every honest face for miles round."

This reply disconcerted the man a little; but he continued:—

"'Tis a small place, eh?"

"There be larger places and smaller places," replied Ike; "this is big enough for all our wants."

"Doubtless; and you've hands enough to do the labour?"

"Plenty; but not a hand to spare, and none



too many. Did you want work?" and Ike looked into the man's eyes like a hawk.

The man bore the scrutiny with difficulty, and replied that he was hardly in condition to work.

"So I thought," retorted the lad, sharply.

"Why so?" uneasily demanded the strange man.

"Ye don't look it; that's why. D'ye come from foreign parts?"

This direct question didn't appear to increase the man's confidence. "What makes ye think that, friend?"

"Your beard; that's all. We don't wear them things in this country."

The strange man acknowledged that Ike was right: he had been in foreign parts.

"But ye're English-born, eh?"

This persistence on Ike's part almost irritated the man, who again owned that Ike was right.

"And I'd wager ye wer'n't born fur from Brookside, eh?"

"Upon my word you're a 'cute lad!" replied the stranger, in surprise, shrinking under Ike's searching eye. "I suppose the next thing will be, that you will tell me who I am?" and the man laughed ironically.

During this brief colloquy, Ike had scrutinized the man's features attentively. He had seen that face before. That beard was false. That voice was a familiar voice, deepened by years, and changed by means of a pebble in the mouth. Those worn and coarse clothes covered fine linen. That eye he knew—that bright blue eye assisted his memory; the curling hair, the straight nose, the white teeth, the stature, all these points flashed across his memory while the man made the retort above quoted, and awaited Ike's reply somewhat uneasily.

Ike advanced a step towards the man, and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Reuben Brice!" he said, in an earnest, anxious tone.

Reuben, finding that all disguise was useless, uncovered his head, removed the beard, and confirmed Ike's challenge, grasping his hand warmly. "Ike, my old companion and friend! I should have known that I lay too near your kind heart to deceive you easily! Why, how you're grown! you were but a young lad when I left, but I find the same open face I recollect of yore. I perceive by your look that you are wondering what it is that brings me hither, and in such a guise, eh?"

"Truth to tell, I am sorely puzzled, as well as pleased to see ye!" replied Ike, without circumlocution.

"Then hark ye, dear Ike, I'll tell you all;" and the friends sat together on the trunk of a tree, while Reuben drew a rapid sketch of the past, of his return to England, and burning desire to revisit these familiar scenes. He related the fact that, reaching Brookside on the market-day, and hearing of Dalton's misfortune, he had resolved to befriend him; but remembering the obstinacy and obduracy of his character, and the bitter resentment he naturally felt towards one who had so wickedly avenged his repulse at the Links by firing the rick, he felt satisfied the farmer would accept no aid at his hands, but would meet his advances with the unbending resolution of former days. In his perplexity he thought the best thing would be for him to reconnoitre the neighbourhood, gather information, and trust to accidents. His fortuitous encounter with Ike he viewed as the most lucky circumstance that could have happened.

"I have here a hundred pounds, honestly got, and this I desire to give the old man as a small set-off against the wrong I did him—you understand; advise me, Ike," continued Reuben, pressing his friend's hand.

In former days Reuben had been as an elder brother to Ike; had fought his battles at Brookside, taught him to ride, and shoot, and swim, and had won his esteem and love in many ways. His ascendancy over him had remained unimpaired, and Ike at once entered heartily into his schemes.

After many suggestions proposed, adopted, and abandoned, the luminous idea occurred to Ike of placing the money on the old man's bedroom table at night. We know that this sagacious counsel was acted upon, and we have witnessed the consequences. A pledge of absolute secrecy was given by Ike; and we have seen how conscientiously he maintained the point of honour under the most trying circumstances, with the aid of his metacarpals.

Reuben's countenance betrayed a great conflict of feeling, as he continued thus: "There is something else I wish to learn, dear Ike, and you can satisfy me. Is my name ever mentioned at—the Links?"

"I have never once heard it."

"I know Dalton never would be likely to speak of me; but—does she, does—Mary never breathe it?" he faltered.

Ike drew a deep breath: he had a cruel blow to give his friend; and not until the question had been thrice repeated could he find words to reply, "I am sorry—oh, so sorry to say I have never heard her breathe it once!"

"Enough!" said Reuben, stricken to the

heart, "enough! what right had I to expect otherwise?" Then recovering some degree of composure, he turned to his friend again.

"I have yet another kindness to ask of you, Ike; will you grant it?"

"I hope I may be able. If I can, trust me, I will."

"I shall leave this country, and return to Canada, speedily—we may never meet again."

## THE SCIENCE OF NAUSCOPIA.

IN March, 1785, there appeared in Paris, a man, by name Bottineau, with a grand discovery. He announced that he had found out means of perceiving the approach, or the passage, of ships at distances extending as far as even two hundred and fifty leagues. According to his own account, he had accidentally perceived, some twenty years before, being then employed in some civil capacity at the Isle of France, that certain phenomena in the heavens indicated the approach of ships; after an immense number of observations, failures, and uncertainties, he had arrived at a method of reading these indications (of what kind he declined to state), which, though from the nature of the case it was not quite certain, was yet so nearly correct as that, out of one hundred and fifty-five predictions of the arrival of ships, more than half, as he asserted, were absolutely correct, while a large part of the remainder were subsequently proved to be correct, so far as the passage of the ships, on the days, and at the distances stated, was concerned.

In one of these observations, says the writer of the "Memoires Secrets," M. Bottineau announced several vessels in succession, which, he felt sure, were an English fleet. They equipped a frigate and sent her out to observe. Two days after leaving Port Louis, the frigate actually fell in with the English fleet. "But," the writer continues, "the suspicious thing is, that M. Bottineau, like all charlatans, requires a large sum of money for his secret."

Three months later on, in the same year, we hear more of him. The government, struck by the pretensions of the man, investigated their correspondence with the Isle of France, and discovered that so far back as 1782, the governor of the island had written on the subject, speaking of him as a man who certainly possessed some part of the power which he professed.

M. Bottineau, meantime, was not idle. He published a long letter on his discovery, inviting *savants* to furnish him with a name.

"In order," he says, "to enable them to do

this for me, I must commence by giving some idea of the new science. It consists in perceiving at sea the approach of land, five or six days before it is visible even to the most powerful telescope—that is, at a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues. Further, the science may be used for the observation of ships from the land, at the same distance, and it furnishes principles for estimating the distance, and for announcing, therefore, the time of arrival of the ship, or the touching at the harbour. It can also be employed for distinguishing if there are several vessels or only one; if they number, for instance, five or six, or if they form a fleet. It shows the distance between ships invisible to the eye; their rate of speed, their stations, and many other circumstances interesting for war or commerce.

"Marvellous as this science may appear, it requires neither a special organisation nor superior talents. All that is wanted is a knowledge of a certain physical phenomenon which circumstances have led me to discover.

"Being in the Isle of France, twenty years ago, and having the sea always before my eyes, I perceived that the arrival of ships was always preceded by a certain phenomenon of nature, and the recurrence of this singularity made me suspect that there might exist a correspondence between the phenomenon in question and the passage of ships. Following up this idea, I succeeded in discovering:—

"1. That this phenomenon was incontestably the result of the passage of a ship.

"2. That it began to manifest itself five or six days before the arrival of the ship.

"3. That certain variations were caused by the rate at which the ship moved.

"4. That other variations were caused by the number of the ships.

"5. That the same principles which showed to the observer on land the approach of ships were applicable to observers at sea.

"6. That the phenomenon, with certain changes, served to point out to one ship the approach of another.

"7. That the different variations were perceived by day or by night, in fair weather and foul.

"After passing twenty years in studying these modifications, I was enabled to classify and arrange them in an infallible manner, and to compose on this subject a set of principles and instructions which, increasing the sphere of human knowledge, must produce a science altogether new, and never before suspected by physicists, and calculated to bring safety to thousands of men."

He got the name he asked for—a very good name—*nauscopie* (from *ναῦς* and *σκοπέω*), and thus prepared—what did he do next? From that moment, M. Bottineau and his invention disappear from history; so far, at least, as I have been able to discover. He got no money from the government, *et pour cause*—the luckless government being then on its last legs. Came the great wave of Revolution, and poor Bottineau's twenty years of patient labour were wasted—the edifice of so much ingenuity was swept away, and the science of *nauscopie* for ever lost to the human race. Nor will it ever be discovered whether the man was a mistaken enthusiast or an impudent impostor, or whether he had really been able to perceive, in that bright Mauritian sky, evidences, by reflection or otherwise, of approaching ships. There is, at least, no doubt that his pretensions were tested by the governor, and that, out of a great many announcements, a large proportion were correct. On the other hand, there was then a large and regular trade between the Isle of France, India, and Europe, and anybody might safely venture to predict the arrival of ships for any day, and generally be right.

He left, however, one disciple, follower, or imitator. Within the last thirty years there used to hang about the harbour-master's office, in Port Louis, an old Frenchman, named Feillaffé, who made it his business to go down every morning to the harbour, and report the approach of ships before they came within telescopic range. It is said that he was nearly always right, and that in cases where he was apparently wrong, it was afterwards found, as Bottineau boasted, that ships had actually passed.

Feillaffé first came into notice, in 1810, by going to the governor, then M. Decaen, and informing him that a number of ships, presumably an English fleet, were assembling in the direction of Rodrigues, an island three hundred miles from Mauritius. It is even stated that he gave the number. The governor threatened to send him to prison as an alarmist, unless he held his tongue. But he was perfectly right, the fleet was at the moment actually assembling there, and a few days afterwards arrived off Mauritius.

It does not appear that Feillaffé ever made much fuss about his powers, or that he tried to make money. Nor did he, on the other hand, ever set forth publicly the nature of the phenomena on which he worked. It is recorded that he had one pupil, a lady, who failed to attain any eminence in the science;

perhaps for want of skill in tuition on the part of M. Feillaffé, perhaps from her own stupidity, or perhaps, as the scoffer pretends, because there was no science at all to teach. There is absolutely no doubt whatever about the Rodrigues fleet, though it may be explained by supposing that the colonists were in daily expectation of being attacked, and that Rodrigues was the only place where the enemy could possibly rendezvous, there being no harbour in Bourbon, which was, besides, still in French hands.

Another thing is curious, that is, it is difficult to see how Feillaffé could have learned anything from Bottineau. Twenty-five years elapsed between Bottineau's departure and Feillaffé's announcement of the Rodrigues fleet. The latter, too, lived to within twenty years of the present time, and must therefore have been a tolerably young man in 1810, certainly not old enough to have been a disciple of Bottineau. On the supposition of imposture, therefore, he must have got hold of Bottineau's pamphlet. But, on the other hand, a charlatan generally tries to make money for himself, which Feillaffé never did.

In either case, the science of *nauscopie*, the beholding of invisible ships far below the horizon, seems hopelessly lost. Like Mr. Weller's prophet—the red-faced Nixon—M. Feillaffé has died and left the business to nobody.

It is a curious paragraph in the history of the eighteenth century. The achievements of science of the following age were heralded by the pretensions of charlatanism in every form. Cagliostro was not alone. It is as if the anticipation of great things to come threw men's heads off their balance. Change was in the air. Poor M. Bottineau, whose solitary trumpet is so ominously drowned by the roll of the drums and the thunder of the cannons, may have been an enthusiast, whose brain was turned by an idea likely enough to occur to any man who had witnessed some of the freaks of nature in a "reflective" mood, or he may have been an impostor. Very little heed would be paid to his entreaties for an audience, when Mirabeau was declaiming in the National Assembly, and Paris ringing with the daily slanders of the Queen.

As for M. Feillaffé, all that can be added about him is, that Mauritians believe in him even more firmly than they do in Paul and Virginia, though the cenotaphs of this hapless pair still stand a testimony of their fates, and a lasting monument in brick of the fame of St. Pierre. The prophet who told of the English fleet, who can still be remembered by men not

yet old, is dear to Creole hearts. And in witness that the narrative lieth not, still stands the signal mountain where the gifted man was wont to take his place, piercing, with more than eagle eye, far beyond the range of the telescope which the English soldier wields now. For him the solid earth was transparent, and the blue sky pictured with the ships that sailed beneath.

## CHRONICLES OF PITSVILLE.

### NO. I.—AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

THE following anecdote is one of the "Chronicles of Pitsville," narrated by an Old Boy, who had recently been enrolled a member of the "Junior Travellers":—

Cupid was the centre of a select circle of friends, to which also Poltittle and the present chronicler belonged, in the great school at Pitsville. Between Poltittle and this chronicler a certain coolness existed, arising out of a certain geometrical expression applied by the too ingenuous Poltittle to a noble quadruped, in point of fact to a horse, upon which this chronicler used to disport himself, *Consule Planco*, i.e., when Doctor Plunkett was head master of the Pitsville school. The term to which I allude was made use of under peculiar circumstances, it is true; and this chronicler may have been at fault in arousing that indignation which loosened the unruly member of Poltittle; but "for a' that, and a' that," an equestrian resents the compound participle "three-cornered," when applied to his gallant steed, especially in connection with the epithet "old," and the equivocal noun, "beast." If it should have occurred to the reader that "three-cornered" is hardly a geometrical expression, may not this chronicler have similarly taken exception to an "old beast" as scarcely zoological? Poltittle was *Ingenuus puer, ingenuique pudoris*; and may now be a highly respectable member of society; [MAY be, I repeat. I have not met with his patronymic in the muster roll of fame;] but "a three-cornered old beast" is a wound that rankles in an equestrian bosom.

On the other hand, between Cupid and this sensitive chronicler existed one of those close and satisfying worldly attachments which prove that mere human nature is not altogether unlovely or unloveable. Dr. Francis, the great Pitsville divine, now Bishop of Caerleon-upon-Usk, stoutly resisted this theory. Cupid and I used to "sit under" him on Sunday nights. In impassioned language he

urged us to renounce such carnal alliances, and denounced our love. But with guilty consciences we pursued the even tenor of our way: *Facilis descensus Averni*. Indeed, our friendship was founded mainly in resistance to authority, or at best in a fellowship in certain pursuits which brought us into conflict with the powers that were.

Old Pitsvillians, those at least who were our contemporaries, will remember Cupid—Ellice—and the Homeric combat which I am about to relate. Perchance, some one of the heroes of my unpublished Pitsvilliad, [a poem which my publishers assert to be too statuesque for the frothy taste of the present day, and suggest my favouring another firm with a perusal of it,] may see this record, and find therein a flaw. If so, let that hero notify me thereof through the Editor, that a second edition may set the gem more truly; for is it not the triumph of right over might?—even the humble and corner-huddled right of caring for the outward boy, of being at all points a little gentleman—*Puer ad unguem*. If "the college," as we called our school, had a merit to balance its defects, over and above that of scholarship, in which it has successfully encountered the older foundations, it is that it turns out "gentlemen:" some dandies, I fear; some thriftless young prodigals, I fear; many egotists, I admit; but "gentlemen," I assert.

At a certain epoch in the history of the school, old traditions were threatened. Socialist theories stole in among us. Depreciation of good breeding, and all its attributes, had for some time been secretly gaining ground, working its hidden path, mole-like, only briefly and furtively emerging in the upper air, soon to be suspended therein *ludibrium ventis*, deserted by its own abettors. This conspiracy was headed by a burly, though ungainly, giant, who had reached the sixth form by geological upheaval. That is to say, certain underlying strata being raised from beneath had lifted him on their surface to the level above his own; and this process having been frequently repeated he had at length come to the airy summits of the school, while still retaining his subterranean propensities. To such a one naturally fell the leadership of the reaction, and having fallen into his hands it was naturally conducted with consummate clumsiness. The giant's name was Marwit. As he was now our colleague in the sixth, so he had been with Cupid, Poltittle, and myself, in the fifth form, under the great classic, Oldboy. There, an awkward facetiousness had urged him on several occasions to excite merriment

on the subject of Cupid's curls, or his tight little jackets. Oldboy had proscribed shooting coats, and tail-coats or jackets were the only alternative. He liked Cupid's dapper little figure and elegant manners; moreover Mr. Oldboy liked his accurate scholarship and nice appreciation of fine points; and gravely requested Marwit to devote more serious attention to his own studies, and to "restrain that ponderous merriment which threatened to carry him beyond the limits of propriety." More than once, in the crowding out of school, at noon, did this chronicler detect the great reactionist, lipbiting, dividing the swift mind, in act to pull Cupid by the curls, yet not pulling. At length, one fiery summer noon-tide, shortly after our elevation to the sixth, Marwit bursting from the restraint of Dr. Plunkett's presence, followed closely in the steps of Cupid, collected his manful energies, and—O fatal day for the reaction!—pulled: pulled Cupid by the glossy curls.

Then did Cupid turn upon his supple heel, confronting the enemy with a subtle smile. And "All you fellows," he cried, "who' are coming out of school, gentleman all, both great and small, I call you to witness," (meanwhile the great entrance-hall was thronged with boys) "I call you to witness that I proclaim Marwit a COWARD."

A second time he rang out the biting taunt, still smiling most sweetly, and fixing upon Marwit a quaint regard: "A COWARD, to his most noble countenance. And I believe him to be no gentleman."

"Pup—up—up—prove it!" stammered Marwit.

"On *your* vast person?" Cupid asked, with the same provoking smile, "Where should my demonstration lie? But come, sir, on Wednesday I'll prove it, in the sand-pit, with fists or single-stick, which you will."

Again he turned on his heel, and, refusing my proffered arm, walked home alone, a majestic little dandy; wounded, but too proud to show it; defiant, and scorning even friendly sympathy. But this chronicler, lingering on the spot, overheard the leaders of reaction in angry conclave. Graves, their other champion, said, "Fists." Confiding in brute force, and somewhat irritated at the turn which hostilities had just taken, Mr. Graves added that if the matter rested with him he'd "smash the little beggar," adding an expletive less chaste than vigorous. But Marwit, during that very term, was studying the noble art of self-defence, practically and theoretically, under the auspices of "The Spider." That

professional person, who was sojourning in Pitsville for the purpose of instructing youth in the rudiments of science, had not sufficiently subdued a native candour to compliment Marwit on his progress. On the other hand, he openly declared that Mr. Cupid was his pet pupil, and that the latter would do him (the Spider) credit when put to proof. So the great reactionist decided in favour of single-stick, not having heard a whisper of Cupid's secret devotion in that quarter, and little imagining that his wily foe practised the use of that weapon daily with an excellent swordsman, his father's old army-servant. On the contrary, Marwit believed that in skill as well as in strength he should be the superior in this encounter, and trusted to his great length of arm for a cruel vantage, and the means of amply requiting the public insult which he had received. With a fictitious show of generosity he sent a formal notice to Cupid at his father's house, saying, that, "Owing to his superior weight and length of reach he forebore Mr. Ellice's offer of a pugilistic meeting; and under the impression that a single-stick would secure his antagonist the fairest conditions, he begged him to get his hand into a facility with that weapon by next Wednesday at noon." This was Marwit's highest flight of irony. "To get his hand into a facility with" a weapon which he had, in all probability, never handled before, would be a charming and exhilarating occupation for Mr. Ellice's leisure hours between Saturday afternoon and the following Wednesday morning.

Doubtless many an old Pitsvillian shares with this chronicler a recollection of the scene, in a corner of our grand old playground, at noon, on the fatal Wednesday. The sand-pit formed a natural centre to a vast throng of boys and men, who buzzed and murmured about its borders with varied and tumultuous emotion. The party of "swells," or "gentlemen," mustered hard upon four hundred, pervaded by an excitement and interest in the duel about to be fought, which, as the usual fifteen minutes' law expired, imposed upon all an eloquent silence. The principle at stake was something; but the general conviction on our side that Ellice, though a *preux chevalier* in gentility and honour, was, in mere brute force, a feeble representative of our cause, intensified and refined the eagerness with which we accepted him. Of course some ardent spirits among us wished, in case of Cupid's defeat, to join issue with the heroes of reaction; but these were depressed for the time by public opinion, which bound us and our cause

up in the person and prowess of our little champion. The enemy mustered some two hundred, many of whom were induced to proclaim themselves on this occasion from the certainty that their side was about to secure a great moral, as well as physical, advantage. When silence fell upon us, they grew more clamorous. Marwit was at his post with his instructor, the drill-sergeant. Cupid had not yet appeared on the ground; but a keen grey-eyed trooper, with a short silvery moustache, was in attendance with his basket-guard, and two arrow-like ash sticks, which he measured carefully with Marwit's, exchanging brief courtesies with the sergeant, and looking quite like business. It is likely that Poltittle and this chronicler were the only boys in the school who knew that Ellice was peculiarly skilled in the use of single-sticks. We closed the lip of silence on what we knew, being, indeed, ourselves afraid that he was overmatched. But the business-like appearance of the grim old trooper, and the tough, well-worn sticks and basket-hilt inspired our ranks with hope.

It has been said that, towards the expiration of the usual fifteen minutes' grace, the reaction became clamorous; but that modest adjective scarcely does justice to the manifestations of their wrath, when the time expired and no Cupid appeared. Graves even suggested to Siphthorp, Cupid's second, that we should change our man. The latter apologised gravely for the delay, and said that at such an important moment he was sure he might rely upon their party to overlook an unintentional affront. Scarcely was this overture disposed of when the multitude, parting right and left, opened a narrow lane through which Cupid passed quickly, still smiling, and took his ground with the utmost composure. A few reactionists got up a hiss, which died out with a splutter, not being taken up by their leaders. Our side still maintained an anxious silence. I was surprised to see no anxiety in Cupid's face, which I had occasionally observed to settle into a fixed intensity of expression when we were riding together at a difficult jump. Now I could detect nothing but a galling look of pleasant scorn for his adversary, which seemed to repeat, as plain as a look could speak—"Gentlemen all, both great and small, I proclaim Marwit a COWARD, a COWARD!" This look, added to his tardy arrival and deliberate movements, evidently kindled Marwit's wrath.

Both the champions were dressed in a simple white jersey and white flannel trousers. Their heads were uncovered, and Cupid's fair locks, the very source and origin of the combat, were

thrust back and bound round with a light blue ribbon. He fought with the left hand, which gave him some advantage, for, whereas he was accustomed (in the sturdy trooper) to a right-handed antagonist, Marwit had probably never before encountered a left-handed one. Moreover, Ellice had a most perplexing way of continually changing his guard from the usual form to a hanging guard, which it would be useless for me to try to explain to the uninitiated. On the part of a clumsy swordsman this would have been fatal; but it was done so rapidly, and maintained while in use with such perfect aptitude, that, without weakening Cupid's defence, it greatly increased the difficulty of Marwit's assault.

Despite these clever tactics, many assaults had taken place, and many minutes elapsed before our side breathed freely. There was such a disparity in stature and strength between the man and the boy; and the admirable *sang froid* of the latter was pitted against such resolute anger, and such persistent vigour in the former, that victory seemed to us impossible of achievement. During this part of the contest the trooper's face was a tower of strength to us. Never once did that cold grey eye quaver, or the faintest expression of distrust or apprehension visit that face; whereas, more than once a fleeting furtive smile played over it. Then the warrior would stand a little more "at ease," and in the midst of our qualms his whole manner betokened consummate satisfaction; so that a discerning eye could perceive that the pupil was carrying out exactly his master's instructions, and that the master already foresaw the result.

We soon partook of his assurance, for to our great delight it became manifest that our champion fought entirely on the defensive, and, with apparent ease and almost unerring certainty, baffled the furious and persistent attacks of his foe. At length Marwit made one stroke tell, and applied it with such vigour that Cupid winced perceptibly. But the scornful expression only deepened on his handsome face. A twinkle of merriment flashed in the trooper's eye, and this chronicler noted a distinct projection of the bristling silver moustache.

As the fight progressed, Marwit, feeling the pressure of his party's expectation, and beginning to fancy that his opponent was resolved to tire him out, became more and more furious and rapid in his assault, Cupid no less accurate or certain in his defence. But the work was telling upon the aggressor. Streams of perspiration poured down his face and neck, which

had become suffused with a deep carmine flush, while Cupid was pale as a marble statue, and his action became more graceful and easy, as that of his opponent became more ponderous and laboured. At length our champion began, and having begun continued, to show that he could do more than hold his own. Again and again, having allowed Marwit to weary himself by attacking, Cupid slept under his guard, and inflicted a sharp cut on the elbow of the sword arm. At first many on our side were unable to see the stroke, so quickly was it dealt. But presently it became evident enough, and we began to listen for the dull "thud," as the invariable climax of the "click, click, click" of the sticks rattling against each other.

Under this cruel and excruciating punishment, Marwit became transported with rage, and making the wildest and most unheard-of assaults upon Cupid, exposed himself several times to a varied attack. Of these indiscretions Cupid took little notice, delivering his cruel elbow cut whenever the guard of his opponent was open, and for the rest merely repeating with absolute precision his policy of defence. At the close of every passage of arms, the murmur of applause on our side swelled and rose; while the clamour of our enemies subsided into the fascination of despair. Marwit's head drooped as he fought, and his second had frequently to sponge away the white foam which collected at the corners of his mouth. He stared about him pitifully in the last interval, with an expression of baffled and broken rage. Then he rushed in upon his foe, resolved to cut down his guard at any risk, and inflict some punishment upon him before all his own strength was gone. Cupid appeared for a moment at a loss. The giant's friends cheered him vociferously. He cut and slashed with such amazing rapidity that for a few moments no one could tell what was about to happen, when suddenly a stick and basket flew up in the air, whirled round and round, and fell amongst the crowd. Cupid stood in his place, unmoved, at ease. Marwit disarmed, followed the strange meteor with haggard eyes, and as it fell uttered a groan of anguish. Then such a roar as the distant hills of Cleve, and the nearer bluff of Leckhampton, had never reverberated before rose from six hundred throats at once; for the reaction, moved with us by a common impulse of generosity, joined in the tumult of applause. Cupid, handing his stick to the trooper, offered his hand to Marwit; and that worsted champion took it, somewhat modestly.

But this chronicler saw a sight at that moment which he verily believes no other boy or man saw save himself. From that eye of the sturdy trooper which was next to the chronicler there leapt a tear, which bounding over his bronzed cheek bone lost itself in the silvery moustache which fringed his lip.

"Give me a minute's silence, if you please, gentlemen," cried Cupid.

They did so.

Then the small champion lifted up his voice and said:—

"I thank Marwit before you all for generously letting me take his hand before I speak. I most sincerely retract both those offensive terms which I applied to him unpremeditatedly, in a moment of anger. I apologise to him, as in duty bound, for letting him, my senior, wait five minutes for me 'pon the ground. Shall I tell you all why I was so late?"

"Tell us," they all shouted.

"I was discussing with myself whether I ought to fight with a gentleman in proof of an assertion which I was only too anxious to withdraw. I should have retracted it beforehand if my party had not been expecting me to fight."

Then Marwit offered his hand voluntarily, and wrung Cupid's as warmly as his wounded elbow would permit.

Again the shout of applause went up from twice six hundred lips, and rolled in one sonorous diapason to the lofty barrier of the Cotswold hills, whence it was rolled back in an echoing wave of sound which told that nature was one with us, and we with one another in a common cause; that henceforth the boys of Pitsville should be gentlemen, dandies, or not, *selon goût*, and that hereafter no Pitsvillian should sneer at or persecute another for any foible of gentility.

#### MAHOMEDAN WEDDING FESTIVITIES.

OWING to my being a married man I was enabled, through my wife, to learn a good deal of the private life of Mahomedan women. In India it is considered a great compliment for an English lady to visit the wives of the natives. When she does so, she is generally subjected to a good deal of staring at from the assembled women, who, not always satisfied by simply staring, will sometimes come up to her and touch her, or her dress, then shrink back again timidly as if conscious of having profaned the sacred person of their visitor. If they can induce her to partake of

any refreshment requiring, according to European custom, the use of knife and fork, it is a matter of great wonderment among them to see how she will use those domestic requirements of ours, which they so easily dispense with by the free use of their fingers.

Among other visits which my wife made, was one in which she was informed she would have an opportunity of seeing something of wedding festivities among the Mahomedan women, and as the wedding in question was among the wealthy members of the Memon caste, the principal Mahomedan caste in Bombay, she anticipated a favourable opportunity of seeing how such affairs were carried on.

Threading her way, in a palki shigram, through the massy labyrinths of Memon Wada, the native quarter of the Mussulmans of Bombay, she was borne to the residence of the bride elect. Her romantic ideas were considerably disturbed by the narrow and dirty thoroughfares through which she passed, and still more so by the uninviting exterior of the dwelling of the bride when she reached it, which, according to oriental ideas of taste and harmony of colours, was rudely painted in tawdry colours of yellow and blue, and staring red, all of which had grown considerably dingy and dirty for want of proper renovation.

She was at first half-disposed to think there was some mistake, but was soon reassured by the shrill sound of native music attending such festivals which fell upon her ears, and evidently proceeded from the upper rooms of the bungalow.

Stepping from her palki shigram, she looked up at the building somewhat suspiciously, as if her mind were filled with reminiscences of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," and ascended the few steps into the open court which usually forms the basement of a native bungalow. Entering the doorway she immediately found herself in a dark narrow passage leading to a flight of stairs ascending to the first story of the building. She groped her way up this as best she could, amidst dust and dirt, which were rather felt than seen, and pushing open a door at the top found herself in a large room, where about fifty females of every age were assembled. At the time she entered, some were sitting in a circle on the floor in Eastern fashion at one end of the room, some were grouped round the female musicians who were sitting at the window that the passers by, outside the bungalow, as well as the company within, might have the full benefit of their vocal and instrumental per-

formances, then proceeding with deafening and bewildering energy.

Directly my wife appeared, the violent tomtom and tambourining, together with the nasal intonations which pass among the natives for vocal harmony, ceased; and the entire assembly, after a moment of hesitation and surprise, sprang to their feet and gathered in a circle round her, some staring at her rudely, some timidly from under their silk or satin sarrees, which were only partially thrown back from their faces so as to reveal their piercing black eyes, in all of which there was a merry twinkle of delight at her appearance among them. My wife was accompanied on this visit by a country-born English lady, who was thoroughly familiar with all the manners and customs and peculiar characteristics of these people, or she might have felt ill at her ease among them. As it was, she smiled at the childlike curiosity with which they eyed her from head to foot; and afterwards, when she drew off her gloves, which also were objects of great curiosity among them, they at first timidly touched, and then affectionately stroked her hands and admired their whiteness.

When their first surprise was over there was a general excitement to obtain a seat for the "Madam Sahib," which, as the room was perfectly denuded of furniture, was not at once obtained.

As they dropped from her one by one, and, in their native repose, squatted again on the floor, my wife had an opportunity of observing their dress and general appearance. They were mostly dressed in the richest style, and in the gayest and brightest colours. There were silk and satin sarrees of sky-blue or rose colour, and the loose flowing trowsers drawn in at the ankle, of the same materials, in amber and pink, with the picturesque jacket, and vest beneath, of scarlet or crimson, all richly and elaborately embroidered in gold or silver. They were mostly loaded with jewelry, consisting of nose-rings and ear-rings, with costly jewels suspended from them; armlets and bracelets of Indian workmanship; and heavy bangles clasped their ankles, attracting attention to their small naked feet.

The day of my wife's visit was the day which immediately preceded the consummation of the marriage, and the bride, therefore, according to custom, was strictly secluded. She did not in consequence enjoy the pleasure of seeing her on this occasion; she knew her, however, to be a blooming bride of some twelve summers, who had been won, in the



usual way, to the equally blooming bridegroom, a widower of thirty-five, by overtures made in the first instance by an elderly male relative to the bride's grandmother, who, after many days of negotiation, at length having settled the preliminaries to her satisfaction, announced to the mother that a suitable offer had been made for the hand of her daughter: the suitability consisting of a guarantee on the part of the elderly go-between that the daughter should not be ill-used, and that the presumptive bridegroom should properly supply her with jewels and silk sarrees. The affectionate candidate for the hand of the daughter had himself little to do in the matter beyond announcing the fact that he wanted a wife because he was without children, and desired the girl in question—whom of course he had never seen—to fill that position in his household; and the girl, who according to Mussulman ideas was the least concerned in such a case, had never been consulted at all; the whole affair being conducted by the relatives, and the agreement testified by the acceptance of a dish of sweatmeats, the wedding festivities now in progress followed in due course.

Although the bride was not visible on the present occasion, her wedding *trousseau* was, including the bridal dress and jewels in which her slender figure would be arrayed on the morrow. The dresses were folded up neatly in a silk wrapper, and the jewels were arranged in a basket; and as each visitor arrived, the dresses were unfolded for inspection, then neatly folded up again, and the jewels were brought forward and displayed. That the dresses were costly and magnificent, and that the jewels and ornaments were rich and brilliant, may easily be taken for granted; and that the bridal-dress and jewels were the principal objects of attraction among them may be equally understood.

This exhibition, together with the perpetual tom-tomming, with vocal accompaniments, seemed to constitute the whole of the festivities, unless an unlimited supply of betel-nut and snuff might be considered also a part of them; for when each successive visitor had feasted her eyes with an inspection of all these valuables, which always seemed to call forth renewed admiration from the previous visitors, who had, therefore, in all probability seen them many times over, the whole assembly relapsed into betel-nut eating and snuff-taking, and spitting about on the floor, or into small vessels placed for that purpose; during which elegant occupation they gathered into small groups in different parts of the room, and

sprawled themselves on the floor on the flat of their backs, often, according to their eccentric notions of comfort, lifting their feet high up in the air, and resting them against the wall. Snuff-eating, as as well as snuff-taking in the ordinary form, seemed also not to be uncommon among them.

Among other things which my wife was shown were large quantities of khichrie and pillau, peculiar preparations of edibles, which had been prepared for distribution on this festive occasion. She was also shown the bridal couch, adorned with pink mosquito curtains, and pink silk coverlet with costly hangings; and having seen everything that was to be seen, she was not sorry to take her departure.

### NEW MUSIC.

A SACRED song by Henry Smart—*The White Dove*—(London: Metzler and Co.), is a graceful composition, replete with original melody, and characterized by a perfect adaptation of the music to the sense. It is admirably suited for a soprano voice, and will doubtless obtain the popularity it deserves.

*Finette*, is a ballad, published by Messrs. Metzler and Co.; the words by Saidé, and the music by Henry Smart. Though not remarkable for originality, the melody is very expressive, and enhanced by a well-written and striking accompaniment.

*Fra Diavolo, transcription opératic pour piano, par E. L. Henri*, is a very effective arrangement of some of the most popular airs in Auber's favourite opera, and, being but moderately difficult, will be found to be within the reach of most amateur performers.

*The Venetian Ballad Singer*, composed by Ricci, the words by Henry Hersee (Duff and Stewart), is a light, sparkling melody, perfectly Italian in character. It is easy of execution, and is likely to become a favourite.

*Wishes*, by W. H. Holmes—(Duff and Co.)—is another flowing and sprightly melody, well adapted to the sentiment expressed by the words.

*L' écho du Tyrol*, a fantasia by Boyton Smith (Duff and Co.), is thoroughly characteristic and very effective for the pianoforte. It is founded on Tyrolese themes, which are well accompanied and embellished by simple and pleasing variations.

*My Secret*, by Berthold Tours (Metzler and Co.), is an attractive song, plaintive, full of feeling, and melodious.

## WAITING TO WIN:

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

CHAPTER XXIII.—*Continued.*

"I WILL tell you all. Of course you will not even see this person to-night?" urged Alice.

"He will be waiting with a carriage, will perhaps come or send here," continued Jane.

"I will see him, then," replied Alice, firmly; "one word from me will be quite enough."

Jane was vain, ambitious, covetous of admiration, and above all, of the consideration which money can give in this world, but she was not innately bad. She had passed through a severe quarrel with her husband about her seclusion, her diamonds—long since gone—and the utter abolition of her allowance. While the effect of the fierce passion he had aroused was still raging in her bosom, she met Captain Kelly, a dashing officer, with ample means, who had been hanging about her for months, and in an unguarded moment opened her lips to speak ill of her husband. The wily soldier, who had been waiting for this opportunity, at once unmasked his batteries, and after pitying the lady, poured his insidious poison in her ears. Jane listened more to her picture of what his wealth could do for her in a foreign land, than to any of his base professions of love; he was, however, a master-actor, and in a moment of folly and passion, her husband's harsh words ringing in her ears, she consented to fly and face the scorn and contempt of the world.

In a short time she became calmer. Alice told her story of sorrow and grief, leaving out many things individual to herself, and avoiding all further allusion to her sister's mad resolution, keeping up the conversation for nearly an hour. Jane listened in mute wonderment. Her sister's character was to her a sealed book. Such calm resolution, such determination to face the world, was to her incomprehensible. The picture of Emily's calm happiness surprised and amazed her.

"Emily is very fortunate," she said, presently; "you I do not understand. What hope can you have in the world? Without money, unwilling to be helped by friends—with poor auntie only to lean on."

"I shall win my way, to all I care for now—content. Work will surely be found, enough for me to do. I have some hope of making a living by my pen—at all events, I shall try

everything that comes in my way, teaching, keeping school, writing, until something succeeds."

"Why did you leave Lady Welby?" asked Jane, forgetting her own troubles in new found subjects of thought.

"Because I was persecuted there by the attentions of the master of Fairlawn Grange," said Alice, bitterly and coldly.

"Persecuted by the attentions of—the master of Fairlawn Grange!" gasped Jane, "you don't mean to say he would have married you?"

"He honoured me so far," replied Alice, coldly; "of course I refused him."

"Alice!" cried Lady Fleming, with a face that was no longer white but crimson, "you have done a very foolish and very cruel act. If he would have married a poor girl like you, he must be a generous, noble fellow, and would have paid the marriage portions. Your conduct is sheer madness."

"I could not, never will marry the master of Fairlawn Grange," continued Alice, quietly, "so on that subject let us say no more. What do you intend doing?"

The clock was almost on the stroke of ten.

"Do—am I not in your power?" asked Jane, rather pettishly.

"My dear sister, believe me that my meeting with you was providential. You may chafe now, you may look with horror to a long life of misery with Sir Charles, but could the future be unveiled to you, what have you not escaped from. Promise me, darling, that you will never allow such mad thoughts to assail you again. Think of our dear departed father, think of good sister Emily, think a little of Alice."

"I have already given way," half sobbed Jane, "but what will become of me? My life is a burthen."

"Separate from your husband, if it be necessary; but do so in a way that shall secure you from the censure, not of the world—that, when one is right, is not of the least consequence—but of your own conscience," said Alice, gently.

"On what am I to live? I cannot work—it is beyond me to be a drudge. Work, you know, is a thing I never could do," urged poor weak Jane.

"Sir Charles must make you some allowance, even if it be ever so little; and then fancy how happy we could be with dear auntie," said Alice, coaxingly.

Jane fairly laughed out.

"You silly goose," she said, "to imagine

that I could for one day put up with her jog-trot ways. When we were at home it was bad enough, but to go back from the world to school is beyond me. No, I must bear with my fate, and submit, as long as he does not beat me, to live with Sir Charles."

"Beat you, Jane!" surely even such a thought never entered his head!" cried Alice.

"My dear girl," said Jane, speaking now from the pedestal of marriage, "my husband drinks. I believe it is said that some men never forget that they are gentlemen, even under the influence of wine; for my part, I think a man who gives way periodically to intoxication, is not able to know the difference between a baronet and a coal porter. Sir Charles is one of the latter."

Alice listened with open eyes. This was a phase in human nature utterly new to her. James Gregory was fond of his glass, and it made him merry, comic, and caused him to talk a little faster than usual. But he never by any chance allowed himself to forget those in whose company he was. The man was by birth and education a Bohemian—in heart a gentleman.

"Marriage is a sad lottery," observed the young girl. "Sir Charles seemed such a thorough gentleman."

"He is weak and easily led away. Were we richer, were he not in debt, could he live in his own country, surrounded by his own people—he would be a different man. But for this money must be found."

"My fifty thousand a year ago would have done it," insidiously urged Jane.

Alice, to avoid an unpleasant discussion, arose, and began to prepare for departure.

"You must not leave me!" cried Jane; "no—no—if I am to keep to my good resolutions—stay with me for some time—all night."

Alice, under the circumstances, could not refuse. As she reseated herself, a domestic entered with a note directed to Lady Fleming. Her younger sister looked keenly at her, but said nothing until the servant had retired. It was, as she expected, a few hurried words from Captain Kelly, words which made Jane herself blush with shame at the pit into which she had been about to fall. Captain Kelly was waiting close at hand, Sir Charles was safe at his club for hours—he must have seen him to know this—and there was barely time to catch the train. Jane looked at Alice.

"May I answer?" said the guardian angel.

"Yes," was the almost inarticulate reply.

"Lady Fleming's compliments to Captain Kelly, and begs to express her wonder at his

taking her very silly joke seriously. Under the circumstances Sir Charles and Lady Fleming must decline the honour of Captain Kelly's future visits."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### HER OWN TROUBLES.

Alice SEABRIGHT humbly thanked heaven in her heart for placing her in a position to save her sister from ignominy and shame. It was one of those happy occurrences which may truly be characterised as providential, and she went home next day satisfied that the terrible danger was over. Sir Charles appeared at breakfast rather nervous and without manly appetite, but perfectly serene and gentleman-like; he was excessively civil to Alice, whose character as it projected itself into persons' ideality—as it made itself partially understood—was always admired and respected.

He deplored the fact of their living at an hotel, but explained the circumstance by his being solely in town on business, while the hall had really no accommodation for them, there being no servants to speak of. He was sorry they would see less of Miss Alice than, otherwise, he might have hoped to have been the case. He then politely withdrew on the usual plea of important business.

"You see," said Jane, despondingly, "you see how it is. Now I may mope here all day."

"Have you no friends to call upon," replied Alice, kindly.

"At Christmas-time in London—without a carriage, too!" cried Jane. "I must get mourning though," she added, as if the idea of this petty excitement were something; and ringing the bell she summoned a fashionable milliner with whom, on the strength of a heavy bill already owing, she had credit.

Before the arrival of this important personage Alice left. She knew how much anxiety her absence was causing to her friends in Islington, and she was anxious to relieve their minds. She accordingly took an omnibus, and was soon walking up the garden to be received with tender warmth by her aunt, with foreign enthusiasm by James Gregory. That worthy was hard at work. Somehow or other his introductions proved remarkably lucrative, and the house at Islington was in the enjoyment of plenty. Alice, of course, had nothing to say to the household arrangements, as, as yet, having no part in the income, she could not control the expenditure. It however annoyed her much to find the landlady, her aunt, and James Gregory living as it were in common. The meals were all laid out in the breakfast-parlour.

and the four sat down as a matter of course together. Alice could not help thinking the artist must find more than his share of the expenses; but to suggest the circumstance appeared so ill-natured that the young girl remained silent, spending her whole time in preparing herself for the ordeal of life.

No answer being received to one or two advertisements, Alice again placed herself once more on the books of an office, with a view to private pupils and to teach in schools. She obtained two of the latter—ill-paid, with plenty of work—but for this she cared not. Experience is obtained in no profession or occupation without serving a hard apprenticeship. Youthful phenomena are fortunately rare, and man and woman too should as early as possible know that there is no royal road to learning or success. Alice had in one school to teach French and drawing. This circumstance brought her in close contact with James Gregory. She wanted instruction in both, and he gave it freely. The language he knew like a native; and when he liked he could avoid all slang, and speak it with the purity of Tours and Paris. His drawing powers were also very great.

To study properly, Alice was compelled to make use of his studio, and soon hours were spent in that room. It came like a revelation upon the girl. She had an innate and genuine taste for the fine arts—she was born to be a painter. James Gregory was amazed, and gave her every assistance in his power. At last Alice Seabright had found her vocation, and she would soon stand independent of the world, winning her way to fame and fortune. Did she ever think of happiness, of home joys, of those dreams which generally occupy the thoughts of the true woman? It would be difficult to analyse her thoughts at home; but if such considerations ever did occupy her mind, she trampled them at once under her feet.

Without neglecting any duties, without once missing a lesson, or such items of home work as she thought she should perform, Alice's whole soul was now given to the study of one of the noblest of creative arts, second only to the divine and rare power of real poetry. To her surprise, and a little to the disappointment of our somewhat jaundiced heroine, she found happiness in this new labour of love: her eyes became brighter, her form more round and developed, and her cheeks less pallid. James Gregory was her doctor; and when he thought that she had worked at the easel enough, would get her out to Hampstead

or Highgate under pretence of sketching, in reality to give her wholesome and healthy exercise.

He himself worked hard. His work was, however, done chiefly away from home. Portrait-painting he found to be the most profitable occupation, and once introduced into a certain circle, he found plenty of sitters. They were executed, however, almost always at the home of the persons painted. Still James was not wholly idle in Islington. He rose mysteriously early to work; but Alice, who was not by nature very curious, never thought of asking what he was painting. She did notice that an easel at the end of the room was always half-concealed by a curtain, as if the picture were unfinished. As, however, from some motive or other, James did not show off this specimen of his talent, she forbore to look at it.

One morning, however, entering the studio earlier than usual, she found James Gregory hard at work. Involuntarily glancing at his subject, she found he was adding a rich dress to an admirable life-like portrait of herself. She stood stunned with amazement. James Gregory had surpassed himself. With all his talents she had not thought him capable of this—nothing so original, bold and ideal had she seen from his brush before.

"James Gregory," she said, in a bantering way, that became her smiling, healthy face, "why do you waste your time and talents on a picture that can never be paid for?"

The poor artist turned slowly round. His secret was partially found out, but he resolved to do battle for all that was worth preserving.

"Do you not think it like?" he asked, in as calm accents as he could.

"Like! I never saw anything so admirable. It is too ideal, and very highly flattered, but it is the genius of the thing which amazes me. I must buy it of you—and pay you by hard work."

"It is not for sale," stammered James Gregory.

"What *do* you mean?" she asked, in a strange tone, looking in his face to trace any sign of an odd suspicion which entered her head. Surely, plain James Gregory had not been so absurd as to fall in love with his pupil. If he had it was a great pity for their future relations.

"It is not mine for sale," replied James, coughing very guiltily. "It is bought and paid for."

Alice trembled so, she had to retreat to a chair.

"Bought and paid for!—by whom?" she asked, in a low, hushed, hollow tone.

"What matters—it is going away to-morrow," he urged, plaintively. "I never meant you to see it, and have always locked my door hitherto, when at work on the picture."

"James Gregory," she said, harshly, "you are a traitor!"

"How so?" was his feeble reply.

"You are the friend of my enemy. That picture is for Lionel Seabright, the master of Fairlawn Grange," she continued, more coldly than ever.

"Then it is. He paid me a thousand pounds to paint it without betraying him to you. I have been at work at it almost since I have known you. Lionel Seabright has seen it only twice, not daring to venture when you were at home. He will never come here again—the noble fellow! The picture goes to Fairlawn Grange to-morrow."

A hard, cold, almost wicked expression came over the young girl's face. She stepped half-way to the picture.

"Never! I will destroy it first," she cried.

"Alice Seabright," he said, severely, "that picture is sold and paid for. I have spent the thousand pounds."

"On me and on my father," she exclaimed, in perfect agony. "Heaven forgive you, James Gregory—I cannot; my belief in man is at an end."

She left the room without another word.

Next day the picture was removed, and with it the unfortunate artist. He intimated to Miss Morton his intention to travel; having fallen under the displeasure of Miss Alice Seabright, that house to him could no longer be a home. Alice, however, never made the slightest allusion to his name, and, after a time, continued her studies, with an ardour that began to tell upon her health.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### FORTUNE SMILES.

**A**LICE SEABRIGHT endeavoured to persuade herself that she was glad of the sudden departure of her worthy and devoted teacher, James Gregory. It was, she declared to her aunt, a great and satisfactory relief. She had always suspected him of connivance with Lionel Seabright, but not exactly of this; and now that evidence had proved her in the right, his absence was a source of unmixed joy. Thus she argued with herself, and these kind of statements she endeavoured to induce

Miss Morton to accept. Her aunt, however, coolly told her that to her the absence of the Bohemian *artiste* was a matter of deep and constant regret; he was a good man and a true, devotedly attached to them all, and worthy of far better treatment than he had ever received. The young man had sacrificed a great deal to be useful to her father, and just as he was happy, sociable, and satisfied with his new position, Alice had driven him away.

"He deceived me cruelly," was the girl's answer. "He knew my antipathy to Lionel Seabright—I mean, to the master of Fairlawn Grange; and he was, if not his friend, his confederate. How dared he to sell my portrait without my consent?"

"He had your father's consent and mine," said Miss Morton, coolly.

"You know this man?" gasped Alice.

"Yes. He dined with us on Christmas-day," was her aunt's provoking rejoinder.

Alice could not speak. There are some surprises which leave us without the power of words. This poor girl, who believed she was playing a great and heroic part, who had something in her of the martyr, who had refused wealth and station, because her belief was sincere that her father had been wronged, found the whole world conspiring against her. Unfortunately, in the present case she was powerless. Her aunt was too good, too much like a mother, for her to give way in her presence to the fierce tide of passion which swelled within her heart. She did what was quite as bad, she rose and left the room without a word.

It was a matter of shame and regret to her above all that, in her own heart of hearts, her conscience began to condemn her. What was she that her opinion should be set up against that of all the world. This, however, was weakness. She must not give way—she must work. In labour, stern and continual, was her only consolation. She had very many pupils now, and what with her visits to them and her assiduous devotion to painting, she contrived to kill time, which appeared her only occupation. Lady Fleming went abroad with her husband, acknowledging in secret her deep obligation to Alice. Reflection soon told her from the brink of what a horrible precipice she had been drawn back. Emily often called and expressed great delight at her sister's new profession, while Mr. Harcourt insisted on being the purchaser of her first picture.

Alice was now placed in a position of tolerable independence, and saw before her a pleasant and profitable career, one which

leads sooner than any other to fame, fortune, and eminence. She loved her art thoroughly, as only the naturally gifted can.

Time passed; Alice's picture was accepted at the exhibition, and after being very highly spoken of, was purchased by Mr. Harcourt. Through his influence and that of some flattering encomiums in the press, her time was fully occupied, and teaching was given up. Alice Seabright found herself, to avoid the penalty of being thought churlish, drawn into society; and, what is more, enjoying it very much. The clever and beautiful artist was welcome everywhere, and nowhere more so than in the house of her sister's husband. No dinner party, no entertainment of any kind was complete without her. This great change in her life brought about a corresponding change in her character; the gloom which, since her loss of station and wealth, had settled on her character, wore off, and she became the bright, warm-hearted creature nature intended her for.

By the time her mourning season was over, she was a superb and lovely woman. But though shining in society, fond of conversation, and sought everywhere by the brightest intellects of art, science, and literature, she became cold, stern, repellant, if any one in the faintest way made any allusion to the tender passion. Art was her world, and must be to her, father, mother, brother, husband. This kind of understood resolution became so well known in her circle of acquaintance, that some of the younger members of her own profession, with that happy knack at nicknames which appertains to all Bohemian society, called her the Ice-maiden. They little knew Alice. Her heart was as warm and as real as that of any other true woman, but the electric spark had not as yet fired her soul.

Among the silent watchers who appeared—without making any open demonstration—to be keenly alive to the good qualities of Alice Seabright, was a nephew of the banker's. He was a young man of moderate but independent fortune, who—not content with the ordinary avocations of an unemployed member of society—had travelled much, visited the Pyramids, penetrated some distance into the interior of Africa, sailed up the Amazon, and, in fact, visited many places out of the beaten track. His conversation was, as a natural consequence, very interesting. In Alice's eyes he had two great recommendations. He did not make love to her, and was enthusiastic about artistic Rome. He had made a long stay there, and the budding painter listened with enthusiasm

to his glowing descriptions of Italian statuary and pictures.

This brought them in constant contact, to their mutual satisfaction. But though Alice suspected it not, George Aylmer was fast losing his heart. Emily looked on with silent satisfaction, though, partially understanding her sister's character, she forbore to make any remarks. The young man, however, was clear-sighted enough to be well aware that he had no victory to boast of, and wisely forbore to press matters, hoping that time, familiarity, and his own devotion would ultimately touch her heart.

His relationship gave him the free *entrée* of the house, and not many days passed when Alice was paying one of her now lengthy visits but he was at dinner there, or looked in of an evening. Alice had so far yielded to the exigencies of her new position as to go occasionally to the opera, accompanied either by Miss Morton or by Mrs. Harcourt. On all such occasions the banker and his nephew were sure to drop in and make up a pleasant quartette.

One day at dinner—there were none present but the banker, his wife, Alice, Miss Morton, and George Aylmer—the latter became suddenly thoughtful.

"Strange," he said, suddenly, "that I should not have seen it before. Your face, Miss Alice Seabright is singularly familiar to me. Is Mr. Lionel Seabright any relative of yours?"

A dead ominous silence prevailed round the table. All save the two speakers exchanged looks.

"He is my cousin—why," said Alice, coldly, "why do you ask?"

"I thought so," cried Aylmer, in his surprise, noticing nothing of what others felt. "He is like you and yet unlike—but no matter, I owe him a deep and lasting debt of gratitude. He is a right noble fellow."

Alice turned white and then red, but made no reply.

"Just before I left Rome, about a week, I made his acquaintance," went on the young man warmly, "and we took to one another at once. One day a ride was proposed in the Campagna: it was not very safe, as thanks to the culpable neglect of the Papal authorities, brigandage was on the increase, and haunted even the gates of Rome. Still we were six well armed men, and, what was better, all admirably mounted. The robbers never ride, in fact riding is not much of a Roman accomplishment: so we went, spent a very pleasant day, dined at some abominable inn,

dear and dirty, and then turned merrily to regain Rome. We followed a well-known path, and the time passed happily enough, until reaching a cross-road, we were suddenly surrounded by about twenty of the most truculent ruffians I ever had the pleasure of seeing. In a picture by Salvator Rosa, they might have looked picturesque enough."

"Alice should paint the scene," said the banker, laughingly.

"It is quite at her service," continued Aylmer; "well—as had been agreed on before in case of any such attack—we drew forth our pistols, but forbearing to fire, rode hard at the brigands. Surprised at such unusual conduct, they gave way—and five passed through. I was the exception. My horse stumbled and while in the act of recovering itself, my bridle was seized and myself a prisoner.

"He shall pay for the rest," they cried, 'away with him to the mountains.'

"Resistance seemed useless, and I was about to succumb, when like an avalanche, Lionel Seabright, who was mounted on a very powerful animal, came down upon them, fired right and left his six-barrelled pistols, and then began laying about with his riding whip. The robbers with hideous yells, drew back and unsling their carbines. I was free.

"Ride for your life!" cried Lionel.

"I, however, determined to disable one or two of the ruffians, so fired rapidly, and then at a fierce gallop obeyed his injunctions. A volley followed. I was not hit, but Lionel Seabright almost reeled and fell back. He was severely wounded, but still, like the gallant fellow he was, held on until we were rejoined by our companions, who suddenly missing us were coming back, with little hope of our escaping from the villains. We bandaged up the wound in the best way we could: fortunately it was a flesh wound, and Lionel was soon well. Anyhow, but for him I should either be a prisoner in some wretched mountain cave, or my bones would lie bleaching on some picturesque hillside."

"Bravo," cried the banker, with an odd look at Alice, "quite an adventure. What became of your new friend?"

"There you puzzle me. As soon as he was recovered enough to move, he, and a wild artistic friend of his, James Gregory, left Rome without wishing any of their acquaintance adieu. Ah! he was a noble fellow; suffering, I fancy, from some secret sorrow. I shall be glad to meet him again."

"I dare say he will turn up," said the banker; "and now after that long-winded story, fill

your glass and let us discuss the momentous question of opera or no opera to-night."

"No opera for me," replied Alice, in an unusually low and soft tone for her, "but you are four. I am not very well."

But it was settled to have a quiet evening at home. As soon as was possible the ladies retired. Both Emily and Miss Morton saw that Alice was deeply moved, and were afraid she would faint. But she resisted with all the force of her womanhood.

As soon as the two men were alone the banker filled his glass, and pushed the bottle over to George Aylmer, his sister's son.

"Unfortunate allusion that of yours to Lionel Seabright," he said, drily.

"Why so, uncle; the story redounds only to his credit?" cried the other.

"So much the worse," continued Mr. Harcourt; "if you could have said anything disagreeable about him it might have passed off. The young man is, I believe, very much attached to my sister-in-law, but she does him the honour to hate him. But not to keep you in suspense I will tell the whole story."

George Aylmer replied that he should be most happy to listen, which was true. The narrative did not damage Alice in his opinion, but it did not elevate her. At the same time he was satisfied to find that she was wholly heart free. He would bide his time a little longer, and then speak out and ask Alice Seabright to be his wife.

## THE FOX AND THE HARE :

A LYRIC.

FROM THE NORWEGIAN OF BJ BJÖRNSON.

THE fox he lay at the birch-tree root,  
Along by the heather.  
The hare she capered with lightsome foot  
Over the heather.  
The sun he seems in gladsome mind!  
It glitters in front and it glitters behind,  
Over the heather.

The fox he laughed at the root of the tree,  
Along by the heather.  
The hare she capered in wildest glee  
Over the heather.

I am so pleased with everything!  
Ho! ho! could you so craftily spring  
Over the heather?

The fox at the root in ambush lay,  
Along by the heather.  
The hare she tumbled right into his way,  
Over the heather.

Why, bless my heart, and are you there!  
My dear, how could you be dancing here,  
Over the heather?

## OLD JOKES.

ARE there any wits and humourists now in society?—of course, I mean in private society. If there are, I am sorry to say I am not admitted to their intimacy, though I frequently meet authors known and deservedly admired by the public in that capacity. I believe the fact to be that they are like the country squires, who used, in the merry days when I was young, to send us game! What a flavour there was in those hares and partridges! How juicy were the pheasants! how aromatic the grouse and black-cocks! They send us none now. *They* say, because we can buy it; *we* say, because they can sell it. There is such a ready market now-a-days craving for every little chip and rag of pleasantry, that no proprietor thinks of parting with it for nothing, or what is next to nothing, merely for a dinner! Lady Morgan used to say, "I consider it is cheating a man who gives me his best dinner and company, if I don't give him my best talk in return." She was one whose wit and gaiety were a fountain, not a tank. These were the delight of society; the spontaneous, who joked because they could not help it, and said what came uppermost, without waiting for a pause, in which they might be heard by all the company. What came uppermost was generally worth hearing, because of their original and humorous way of looking at things. The most trivial subjects reflected from their minds sparkled in a new light. Their wit was like the many facet-ed mirrors by means of which French *sportsmen* attract larks, and such small game, within reach of their guns. This kind of fun is as evanescent as it is charming. It is like *mousseux* wine, which should be drunk as soon as it is poured out, and so it is difficult to chronicle their sayings. In my childhood and early youth it was my good fortune frequently to be in company with the great diners-out of the day; and I have a vivid recollection of the difference between the talkers for fame and the talkers for their own pleasure. For one thing, these latter enjoyed and laughed heartily at their own jokes, which the former threw to their audience, "as in scorn," implying, as C. Lamb says, that they are weak and foolish enough to be moved and tickled by what stirs not its author at all! In the wit and jest of Theodore Hook and James Smith, for example (his brother Horace had more spontaneity) there was apt to be a sort of professional flavour. It was to the rollicking fun of

Sydney Smith, Lord Chancellor Plunket, Sir G. Rose, or the charming Countess of Morley, as a pottle of gooseberries from the market is to the fruit we pluck in a garden, fresh and sweet. "Illustrious diner-out," as he called himself, the fat canon of St. Paul's never bottled up his jokes. He threw them about with lavish hands, like halfpence among children and servants. I remember one day, we young ones were showing him with pride a stuffed pelican which had just been given to us by a young sailor friend. "Bless me, what an odd bird! What a bill! It is as long as a coach-maker's." Dining at our house one day in February, a month he was always in residence at St. Pauls, some fruit tart was offered him. "What is it?" "Rhubarb, sir," said the servant. "Rhubarb—a very good thing. I'll take some; and this (as another man followed with pounded sugar) is the magnesia, I suppose." When Macaulay was ill of a quinsy, and some anxiety felt by his friends, a dinner guest brought to my father's the intelligence that he was much better. Everyone expressed satisfaction, as he had been considered in some danger. "So I heard," said Sydney Smith, "but as I understood, less from the quinsy than from the effects of *suppressed conversation*. He has suffered sadly from that hitherto, but I was glad to learn to-day that the patient had talked for three-quarters of an hour, and was much relieved." Sir G. Rose's jests, excellent fooling in their way, turned more upon plays on words; but he never, one felt, tried to palm off a yesterday's pun as a fresh one. They were served hot and hot. A smash of crockery being heard behind the scenes at a dinner party in his own house, and Lady Rose looking startled, he kindly set her mind at rest. "It is nothing, my love. Only the coachman going out with a *break*." At a meeting of Benchers of the Inner Temple one day, a proposal was made to commute the serving of the loving-cup to the students on gaudy days, for a fixed allowance of wine. The custom was for the cup to be filled and handed in turn to each, who took as much as he could drink at one swig. It was represented that this led to excess, as the young men took a boyish pride in their powers, and vied with each other who could swallow most. Sir George was opposed to the innovation. "But, my dear Rose," said one, "some of them make a point of emptying it, and it holds a quart." "What of that? don't you tell me yourself that they make a *pint* of drinking it?" Perhaps I am wrong to try and cage these fugitive trifles. To those of my readers



who cannot, like myself, recall the surrounding adjuncts, the voice and manner, and the beaming smile spreading over the pleasant faces, the light and air which gild such bubbles are wanting. At best I can offer them but dried violets. I will, however, give in conclusion one impromptu epigram, which, as far as I know, has not been printed before. When Pepys, Master of the Rolls, was made Lord Chancellor and a peer, a bencher coming into the Temple dinner, said:—"Have you heard the title the new Chancellor has chosen? Cottenham!" "A very appropriate one," said Sir G. Rose—

*Bred at the bar, and Rolls then by degrees  
No wonder that at last he looks to cheese.*

### A SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY THE "TRUE STORY OF LADY  
BYRON'S LIFE."

AND now the veil is lifted from the shrine  
Whereon thy heart was offered; all is known;  
No idle waiting o'er young hopes o'erthrown;  
No craving for the world's vain tears was thine.  
Thou knewest of a duty more divine,  
And therefore, through the weary years alone,  
Save with thy grief, which others could not own,  
Thy life went on. Oh! noblest of thy line—  
With titles that the world could never sound—  
While the full blaze of that disastrous star  
Which rose upon thy bridal shone around,  
Thy one poor lamp of love burned faint and far;  
But now his splendour passes into shame,  
And thy sweet faith is more than all his fame.

### TABLE TALK.

WE ought to be thankful to the philosophers for correcting our popular errors; but we don't always profit by their teaching, for we have a sort of filial affection for inherited notions, be they right or wrong. Here is Professor Tomlinson going out of his way to prove to us that the sun's rays will not put out a fire, contrary to the teachings of our grandmothers. He has not exactly tried upon a coal fire, but he has upon another form of combustion, to wit, candles of various descriptions. The reason for selecting candles is, that they can be weighed periodically, to see exactly how much of them has been consumed in a given space of time. The professor went to Price's famous factory, and, with the help of the chemist there, burnt candles of the sperm and composite class, first for an hour in the sunshine, then in a dark

room for the same period; the loss by combustion, in each case, being accurately ascertained by exact weighings. If the sun arrests the combination of oxygen with fuel in the case of fire, it ought to do the same thing with candles, and the candle burnt in the sun ought to lose less per hour than that burnt in a dark chamber. Four trials were made, and in two of them the amount of wax burnt was *greater* in the sun than in the dark. In the other two, it was rather less, but only by a very few grains, such an insignificant quantity that it might well be ascribed to accident—such as difference of temperature, slight currents of air, little variations in the composition of the candles. The final conclusion arrived at was, that the sun has no effect upon the burning of wax and kindred materials. Why, then, should it have any upon fire? The truth is that the bright sun makes the fire look dull by contrast: darken the room, and the coal *appears* to rekindle. It is all a matter of appearance. *Prima facie* judging is at the bottom of all popular errors.

WHETHER we consider the loss sustained by the discontinuance of the annual exhibitions of the British Institution, from the artists' or from the visitors' point of view, we cannot but lament it more and more, as a national loss. We are, however, this year to have two winter exhibitions of oil paintings. Encouraged, we suppose, by their success, the committee of the Supplementary Exhibition have issued a notice of an exhibition to open in November, at the Old Bond Street Gallery. The Dudley Gallery exhibition of cabinet pictures in oil colours will also open to the public at about the same time. It would be premature, at present to make any remarks about these exhibitions; we have, however, a word or two to say to people with money in their pockets for the purchase of works of art. The exhibitions, whether at the Academy or elsewhere, afford to persons desirous of decorating their walls with "things of beauty," an opportunity of purchasing pictures directly of the artists, without the intervention of the dealers. They may thus secure an undoubtedly genuine picture, and put all the purchase-money into the pockets of the right man—the artist who painted it. And how much better it is for a man of taste to hang his walls with the productions of modern painters,—selected with judgment, of course,—than to go to the dealers and be induced to purchase spurious "works of the old masters," as they are called. We shall have something to say shortly about the

way in which Sir Joshuas and Gainsboroughs are made by the dozen in London, toned, varnished, lined, cracked, and disposed of to would-be connoisseurs as genuine pictures. In the meantime, let us call attention to two recent instances of how art is neglected in England. The other day, in the county of Sussex, a water-colour painter, named Baldey, committed suicide. He had practised his profession all his life; he had lived, or rather starved on it, till he was seventy years of age. Then, being without money, without friends, without hope of success in the future, or pleasure from the recollection of the past, he closed his long and weary struggle against poverty and wretchedness by the rash act of taking his own life. But a few weeks earlier, the world was startled with the painful life-story of another painter, a Frenchman named Isidore Magnes, who died of starvation, at his lodgings in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. He was engaged upon a picture which was to be his great work—"L'Entente Cordiale: an episode of the Crimean War." He had spent upon it the labour of months; he had exhausted his little funds in supplying himself with the necessities of life, and sank gradually lower and lower into the depths of poverty and distress. His friends assisted him for some time; but at last, the only being he could call a friend was the little servant at his lodgings; she lent him some money to buy bread and milk, which were his principal means of sustaining life. He sank under his difficulties, and was found dead in his bed. At the inquest, the coroner remarked, he had known several artists "whose minds had given way under the anxiety and excitement of waiting for the decision of the committee of the Royal Academy upon their pictures." To get a picture hung is often the engrossing desire of an artist; to get it sold, means for him bread in plenty, and happiness; power to conceive and skill to execute works of higher merit; energy and spirit to press on towards the goal of artistic perfection. Our galleries bring the works of our painters directly before the public, and to the public the artists look, not only for praise but sustenance. The greatest encouragement its patrons can give to British art is, in buying the works of living British artists. Like the quality of mercy, such action is twice blessed—it blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

AMERICA has just put forth a claim to the honour of inventing the Fell system of railway traction, which is now transporting people over

Mont Cenis. A Missouri doctor declares that he patented a locomotive with horizontal wheels gripping a central rail, as far back as 1835; and the editor of a New York scientific journal, says, that no doubt Mr. Fell is well aware that the invention is American, for he has never claimed credit for anything more than successfully applying it in a grand work! This is all very fine; but, the fact is, the appliance belongs to an earlier date than 1835. While the famous Liverpool and Manchester line was being laid, in 1828-29, there was much discussion upon the tractive power to be employed upon it—whether horses or steam engines, fixed or travelling. And among the proposals there was one identical with that which Fell has so successfully employed, and its authors were Messrs. Vignoles and Ericsson. So the invention is very far from home in America. The last-named engineer subsequently went to the States: did he make his suggestion known there; and did the doctor hear of it, and forget it, and remembering it some years after, think it was his own? Such things often happen. A thought in the brain, like a book on a shelf, may hold its place so long that you think it is your own, while all the while it belongs to another of whom you have no remembrance.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY, some time since, had the rare luck to find an unpublished poem by "Mr. John Milton." He found it in the British Museum, in a copy of the edition of Milton's English and Latin poems, printed in 1645. The attention of the literary world is now called to another discovery at the British Museum, namely, a poem supposed to have been written by "Mr. William Shakespeare." It is in a translation of Montaigne's Essays, by John Florio, dated 1603. In accordance with the usual custom of that time, verses in praise of the book are prefixed, of these there are about ninety written by the poet, Samuel Daniel, who signs himself "One of the Gentlemen Extraordinaire of her Majesties Most Royall Privie Chamber." Following these verses of Daniel's is a sonnet, without signature or other mark, entitled, "Concerning the Honour of Books," and is as follows:—

Since Honor from the Honorer proceeds,  
How well do they deserve that memorie  
And leave in bookes for all posterities  
The names of worthyes, and their vertuous deedes  
When all their glorie els, like water weedes  
Without their element, presently dyes,  
And all their greatnes quite forgotten lyes:

And when, and how they florisht no man heedes.  
How poor remembrances are Statutes Toomes  
And other monuments that men erect  
To Princes, which remaine in closed roomes  
Where but a few behold them; in respect  
Of Bookes, that to the Universall eye  
Shew how they liv'd, the other where they lye.

This is assumed by the discoverer to be from the pen of the great Bard of Avon. We, however, take a different view from that held by Mr. O'Connell. There is no direct evidence that Shakspeare wrote this sonnet, whilst internal evidence would point to some other author; there is nothing particular in the sonnet—the language and versification are inelegant and clumsy, and what is a still stronger argument against its genuineness is, that it is written in a metre and style different from those of Shakspeare's other sonnets. We conclude, therefore, that it is not, as Mr. O'Connell thinks, the production of the great poet, but is the work of some other and inferior hand.

CAN ANY ONE TELL why the name John and its diminutives should be used as a term of contempt? We find it is so in almost all modern languages, though it was borne by two of the men most revered by Christendom—the Baptist and the Evangelist. The Italian *Gianni* (pronounced by the Venetians and other provincials *Zanni*) has passed into our language as synonymous with a fool—*Zany*; and in our vernacular we have *Jack*-of-all-trades, *Cheap Jack*, *Jack*-pudding, and *Jack*-ass—none of these titles being conferred as marks of respect. In German folk-lore it is always a *Hans* who is the model of folly or stupidity. The Spanish, similarly, have the phrase, a *Bobo-Juan*; and *Jean-qui-pleure*, and *Jean-qui-rit*, may be cited among many other instances in French. Is it that John is taken for the name of mankind in general, as we say, *John Bull*? If so, the deduction is cynical enough, and about as flattering to the race as the remark of Lewes in his "Life of Goethe." Speaking of a German town famed for its men of distinction in letters, he says: "To say that the great majority of the inhabitants were stupid and ignorant, is merely to say they were men and women!"

OUR CONTEMPORARY, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, lately devoted considerable space to an article on "Hazard," describing at length the way to play the English and the French games of hazard. Incidentally the writer re-

marks:—"There is no game which has so completely passed out of use, and almost out of memory, as that of hazard; for a lengthened period it was the favourite pastime indulged in by gamblers of every degree, partly because it was protected by certain rules so mathematically precise as to enable the veriest tyro to contend on equal terms with the veteran punter." We are very sorry to have to correct the *Pall Mall*, and to assure the author that his memory is the only one from which all recollection of this noble game is rased. A hazard table, kept by Mr. M—, follows the aristocratic patrons of the turf to every meeting of any importance. Two or three permanent hazard rooms are to be found at Newmarket, and at this game the late Marquis of H—, the Duke of N—, and Lord W—, whose affairs are now public, lost a large part of their fortune, and did much towards consummating their ruin. We sincerely wish the statement of the *Pall Mall* was true, and that the game of hazard had "completely passed out of use and out of memory."

THE GREAT HOSPITALITY, kindness, and attention the Belgians are showing our volunteers, who are paying them a visit at Liege, reminds us of the different treatment they met with themselves, at the hands of some London characters, when they came to shoot at Wimbledon. Here is one instance. Belgian volunteer, with great politeness, to "bus conductor at Putney—bus driving towards London. "You go to Charain Cross? Eh?" Slight delay whilst conductor explains to volunteer that he does. Driver, in a very loud growl: "Stoopid ass; now where *does* he think we *are* a goin' to, if we *ain't* a goin' to Charin' Cross." Politeness and civility are not the distinctive features of our London drivers of public vehicles.

*With our next Number will be issued the Second Full-page Illustration by PHIZ.*

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 93.

October 9, 1869.

Price 2d.

## THE RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN.

A STORY.

By the Author of SIR GUY DE GUY,  
AGATHA, &c.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—*Continued.*

IKE fairly wept, and threw his arms round Reuben's neck like a girl. "Oh no, oh no!" he interposed, in broken words.

"And I should be happier if I could take with me the knowledge that I had mended the fortunes of another person in Ivygreen whom I love, and had given him a little start in life."

Ike looked with admiration into the frank and glowing face of his old friend.

"I wish to bestow another sum of a hundred pounds upon one whom I have always cherished as a brother, and whom I find still a faithful friend. Take it, dear Ike—'tis for you."

Ike's earnest face was suddenly overcast.

"Oh! I cannot, I cannot! No, Reuben, I cannot take it!" and the poor distressed lad thrust the proffered gift aside, and hid his face in his hands.

"Nay, Ike, do not shed such tears, or you will unman me too!" There was a long pause; both were deeply moved.

"I honour and admire you, Ike, for your self-denial. I see you are firm in your resolution now, and I will not offend your scruples. But you must not thwart me, dear friend! Here is a stone under our feet; beneath it I will conceal the money. In calmer moments you will remember my wish, and what my parting injunction is; and you will feel that the last wish of a friend is a sacred thing; and you will do it for my sake. Use the money in any way you think fit—'tis yours; but, whether in respect of this, or of the other, which I shall place to-night in Isaac Dalton's house, remember that I am nameless! And now, dear Ike,

leave me, and God bless you. It is hardly safe for us to be longer together, for I find my firmness forsaking me."

Reuben pressed Ike to his breast.

"You are quite, quite sure that *she* has forgotten me?" he asked, returning to the subject close to his heart, as they prepared to part.

"Nay," replied Ike, earnestly catching at a kind evasion, "I said she never mentioned your name."

"Proof sufficient. I am not even a memory to Mary now! Farewell, Ike; we have been too long together. Stay: if it should chance that you require to see me before I quit Brookside, I am lodging for a day at Dickson's, the druggist."

The friends parted.

We saw Ike faithfully accomplishing Reuben's wish, and removing the money with a view to bestow it upon Polly Pattipan. Reflection, however, led him to hesitate to pursue a course towards her, which had proved so disastrous to Dalton's peace of mind, until he viewed himself as nothing less than a monster for designing such a cruel infliction upon Polly. Hence his remorse and the letter consequent thereon; and his rapid expedition to Brookside to see Reuben, and resolutely to return the dangerous gift. Overtaking Dalton on the road, and being the unintentional witness of a distressing scene, he was upon the point of showing himself, and divulging the whole matter, when the pledge of secrecy recurred to him and sealed his lips, as it had done before, with the aid of a resolute fist thereto applied. Finding Reuben at the druggist's, Ike relieved his pockets and his mind, for Reuben was of too delicate and enlightened a nature to force upon his friend a gift which proved irksome, and hoped to find some other means of benefiting him. As it chanced, Dalton and Mary applied for information to the druggist, while Ike and Reuben were in conference. The evasive replies were, of course, dictated by Reuben, who, through Dickson, returned to Mary the "lucky" six-penny piece, which he learnt from Ike she so

regretted. Ike, released from his pledge of secrecy, hurried from the house, and galloped back as hard as the horse could carry him, to Polly, whom, as we remember, he discovered in tears. Ike found means to console her; made a clean breast of the whole matter, and soon saw upon her fair face her wonted smile. The moment was now opportune for his grand coup. Taking from his pocket the unique collar, he spread it open, and said, "Polly, I wanted this beautiful thing for the lass I love; and I didn't deny it, when you guessed I wanted to marry her as was going to wear it. It looked so well on you, Polly, that I haven't the heart to offer it to anybody else; so, darling Polly, I must put it round your neck again; and will you give me a kiss, Polly?"

And trembling with joy, Ike placed the collar round her pretty white neck once more, as she held up her joyous face to him, and he planted his first kiss upon her ruby lips; and thus they were betrothed.

As soon as Dalton and Mary had quitted the druggist's shop, Reuben stole round by a back way to the "King's Head," where, as I have related, he was found by them, in the guise of a foreigner.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

THE trusty old pony was not a little discomfited when the nosebag was abruptly pulled off his head before he had got through half his feed, by the enthusiastic hands of the loungers about the inn, who, made acquainted with the event that had just occurred, at once led Dalton's cart to the door to receive its freight, cheering heartily.

Dalton and Mary were too much overpowered and dazed to respond to the congratulations of the townsfolk in any phrases beyond the curtest "thank'ee;" and Reuben, seeing the old man's pre-occupation, thoughtfully took the reins, and waved an adieu to the sympathizing crowd.

The sagacious Jack, recognizing his driver's voice, pricked up his ears and fairly galloped without the whip, his loose shoe clanking gaily as a castanet. The trees shot past, and the bushes danced; the birds carolled and the sun shone; the cottagers ran to their gates fairly puzzled at the unprecedented pace of the well-known vehicle; and the field labourers stood gaping as his wheels rattled, and they sped along the white high road to the lively measure of the castanet. And the travellers, though supremely content after their mutual explanations and confidences, were quiet and thoughtful. There was no hilariousness in

their happiness. The late events had been too momentous. It was like a wild dream with a delicious surprise; a turbulent, agonizing episode in a quiet life, and a peaceful ending; and the trio were only aroused from their soothing reveries by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle at the door of the hospitable "Dog-and-Duck."

The apparition of Dalton's cart in the distance brought the Ivygreenites in a troop to the common rendezvous; and when a third party was discerned ensconced in it, and even driving, great fears were entertained that the worst had happened, and that the individual was a hateful myrmidon of the law, and already in possession of Dalton's body.

"Told you 'twould be so!" exclaimed Tigg; "I knew there wasn't a chance for him! So much for *your* wonderful notion, Holmes, about looking for the tramp in the doctors' shops! Why, it was the very thing to bring suspicion upon them, as I well knew; and here they come, you see, in custody."

Holmes was too abashed to reply. He could only turn pink, and pass through all the gradations from that hue to crimson.

"You always was a wisionary, Holmes," continued Tigg, seeing his advantage, and pitilessly driving the point of his satire through and through his victim. "Perhaps you won't be so mighty forward with your advice in future, seeing what a mess you've led poor Dalton into!"

"I'm truly sorry," meekly answered the delinquent; "but, I'm a-thinking——"

"Ha, ha! Holmes is a-thinking agen! Silence!" shouted the Lycurgus of the village; "What on earth will happen to us all? Holmes a-thinking twice within twenty-four hours!"

"I was only going to say that perhaps Dalton's case is not so bad as Tigg makes out."

Before Tigg could crush him, or the other villagers express any opinion in favour of the hypothesis of either speaker, the cart drove up, and they were mute with amazement when they saw the dreaded myrmidon of justice jump out, help the old man to alight, and, having done that, instead of at once fettering him with handcuffs, he turned round and lifted Mary tenderly in his arms, oh, so tenderly! and placed her beside her father. Dalton and Mary spoke not a word, but silently enjoyed the astonishment of their friends, when the gentleman, taking a smock and a felt hat from the back of the cart, slipped them on once more in the twinkling of an eye; whereupon one concerted shout arose from

the assembled villagers, "Reuben! why, 'tis young Reuben, and God bless him!" which was followed by a hearty shaking of brawny fists all round, a double shuffle and a sentimental sob on the part of Ike, who threatened to go and cool his head under the pump again, and a general hysteria of joy amongst the female population there congregated.

An adjournment to the parlour was presently proposed, and Ivygreen adjourned accordingly; when Master Huggins having suggested a foaming jug of brown October all round (at Reuben's expense), they listened with open mouths to the recital of the morning's expedition.

"Your hand, good neighbour Holmes," exclaimed Dalton; "and a thousand thanks for recommending me to enquire at the doctors' shops. We should never have met with Reuben but for that!"

Holmes first turned pale and then purple with pride and satisfaction, and grinned at Tigg triumphantly. Tigg treated him with the contempt he deserved.

All eyes were fixed on Reuben, and awaited his explanation, whereupon, starting without reserve from the day when he figured at the "sises," he related his adventures during those ten dreary years; and when he told them of his successes and his failures, his hopes and disappointments, and his ultimate large gains as a trader; of the shipwreck on the voyage home, and of his miraculous rescue by a passing vessel, the wonderment of the bucolic mind could only find utterance in the indefinite prolongation of the monosyllable "Oh!" His opportune return to Brookside at the moment of Dalton's distress; his earnest desire to aid him; his doubts as to Mary's fidelity; his visit to Ivygreen in disguise, to baffle identification; his encounter with Ike at the shed; Ike's sagacious recognition of him, and his felicitous suggestion as to a means of effecting his object; his subsequent execution of it, and the blow he got for his pains (which drew from Mary a flood of tears and a sweet caress, which had a most healing effect upon what proved to be merely a superficial wound); his second visit on the following night to the neighbourhood and the shed, previous to his intended final departure from the country; his second interview with Ike at Brookside, who acquainted him with the progress of events; and, lastly, his discovery of Mary's fidelity from her own lips; all these matters were touched upon with the graphic power of one who has seen and learnt much. And when, after a while, Reuben drew from his pocket

a roll of bank notes of incalculable value, and rising from his chair, laid them all at Mary's feet, saying,—

"Dear friends and fellow labourers, I call upon you to witness that I value as nothing the riches I have gathered together during these years of honest toil, in comparison with the love I left behind me, young and green, and find again on my return, ripe, pure and perfect! and that here before God, and before ye all, I henceforth dedicate myself, my money, my life to Mary!"—there was a burst of rapture that shook the "Dog-and-Duck" to its foundation. But when, a moment after, Reuben turned to the old farmer, who was bowed down to the very earth with joy and gratitude, and said, "Father, I have kept my vow, and this"—there was a breathless silence (Ike in tears)—"and this is—MY REVENGE!" and kissed the old man on the cheek, no sound but the beating of hearts and irrepressible sobs followed; and there is no knowing where or how this pathetic scene would have ended if the whole company had not been thrown into fresh convulsions by such a peal in the old church belfry as almost brought it down, and scattered to the winds the whole remaining colony of rooks and starlings, with nests and cobwebs which had been located there from time immemorial. This appropriate diversion had been suggested by the fertile Holmes, who had again been a-thinking, and had developed new and unsuspected powers of mind and fresh hues of crimson, and was incontinently acted upon by Tigg and another, who quietly slipped out of the room while the *dénouement* was being enacted, and thus gave Reuben a public ovation in the form of a triple bob-major of Tigg's own devising, from which the old clock never recovered, for it took to fresh eccentricities, sometimes striking twice in ten minutes, and sometimes once in a fortnight. The last I heard of it was, that it had got into its dotage, and obstinately refused to strike for anybody under any circumstances whatever.

"Friends," said Reuben, as soon as a moderate degree of composure was restored, "I have yet another word to say; you will bear with me, and, I hope, aid me with your approval. My dear old mate, Ike, has been my right hand in this matter. Our meeting was providential, for without it none of these things would have been. I desired to mark my esteem for Ike, and gratitude for his sympathy, by a gift of money. He nobly refused it. But I was resolute to leave him a token of my affection for him, and placing the money

in a secure spot, I indicated it to him, and prayed him use it in his own good time and discretion. This morning he brought me the money to Brookside, firmly returning it. I cannot affront so honourable a self-denial, and therefore will not offer it to him again; but, my friends, I propose to employ it in a manner which will, I think, rejoice every soul in Ivygreen. There is a school here, kept by one of the fairest, busiest, and best of women; can I do better than bestow this bag of gold upon the mistress of that school?" This speech elicited such a round of applause from the villagers as was never heard in the hostelry before; and Ike, who appreciated the delicate intention of his old friend, hid his face in his hat.

"I perceive you are all of my mind," continued Reuben, "and it rejoices me exceedingly. Would Ike confer one more favour upon me, and fetch Polly Pattipan at once, that I may place this little dowry in her hands?"

Ike staggered out of the room and proceeded to the pump, where he had instant recourse to its restorative virtues. Presently he returned radiant and self-possessed, with the blushing Polly leaning upon his arm, and wearing the elaborate lace collar round her neck.

The gift was as graciously accepted as it was nobly and delicately proffered.

#### CHAPTER XX.

OF course the double wedding was soon to take place, and quite a cavalcade of matrons and maids accompanied the future brides to Brookside, on the next market-day, to select frocks and fit the rings. On the happy morning Ivygreen arrayed itself in bunting; and festoons of fresh flowers and ivy graced every window and door.

The chronicles of the village are very precise in describing this interesting episode in its otherwise uneventful annals. Every soul in the place assembled within the sacred edifice; and even Jack, the superannuated old horse, whose acquaintance we have made, put his head inside the church door, and witnessed the proceedings with evident satisfaction. Holmes was in great feather on the occasion, for he felt that he had established his intellectual superiority to Tigg; and feeling called upon to take a leading part in the ceremony, he insisted upon officiating as one of Mary's bridesmaids, and bore an enormous nosegay in his hand in that capacity. Tidmass, too, made a great figure there, standing *in loco parentis* to Polly; and when the minister put the solemn question—"Who giveth this wo-

man to be married to this man?" Tidmass promptly replied—"I do; but if I'd ha' been thirty year younger, he wouldn't ha' had a chance, I promise him!" which addition to the ceremonial in the rubric, amazed the parson not a little, as may be imagined, and caused Solomon Tigg to draw forth his tortoiseshell spectacles and view the innovator with crushing severity, while the company generally looked in their prayer-books in vain for the remarkable passage.

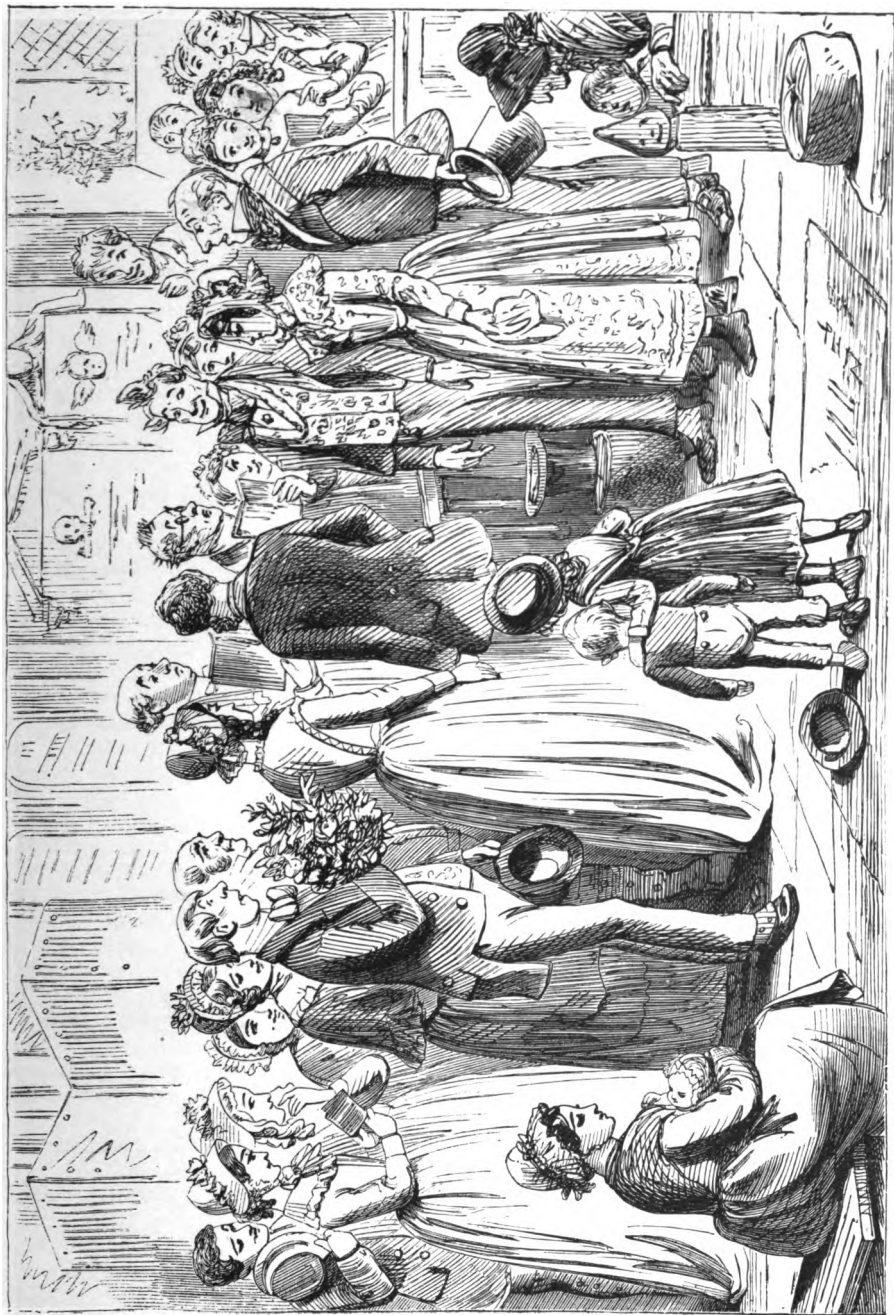
As the brides and bridegrooms moved down the aisle, Tigg reasserted his right to pre-eminence in native genius by producing the fiddle, with which he always led the choir on Sundays, and extemporising a voluntary on the illused and overtaxed instrument, which had a powerful effect, particularly the high notes, in which he prided himself, and which caused everybody to plug their ears with their thumbs to mitigate the nervous torture for which they were unprepared; while it drove the parson behind the dwarf screen in the corner, which served the purposes of a vestry, with almost unbecoming precipitancy; and moved the sensitive Ike to tears.

His Reverence delivered an oration after the ceremony, making great use of the main events I have narrated, extracting wholesome morals and maxims therefrom. The good housewives had likewise improved the occasion, for when his Reverence had bidden them one and all God-speed and regained his gig, he found it stuffed with the homely delicacies of the various dairies and larders.

The company, which comprised the whole village, then repaired to the Links which had been painted and polished up to a dazzling brightness for the great occasion, and presently all Ivygreen was regaled sumptuously; while relays of ringers kept up such a clatter at the church that credible witnesses aver that the bells got red hot. At any rate, if the bells didn't reach that condition the ringers did, much, apparently, to the alarm of Huggins, the landlord, who found repeated libations of October (at the bridegrooms' expense) absolutely necessary to prevent the most disastrous consequences.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the reader visits IVYGREEN (as, of course, he will, if he can discover it), I recommend him to try the famous brew at the "Dog-and-Duck;" and beg him on no account to quit the village without mounting the belfry of the dear old church, in order to verify my statements as to starlings' nests among the machinery of the venerable clock.



Once a Week.]

THE DOUBLE WEDDING.—(See "RIDDLE OF IVYGREEN," page 202.)

[November, 1869]





## LITTLE CHARLIE, AND PET MARJORIE.

STORIES OF CHILD LIFE, AS TOLD BY THEMSELVES.

"LITTLE CHARLIE'S LIFE," written, and, we may add, copiously illustrated by himself, is, as it professes to be, "The Autobiography of a Child between six and seven years of age, written with his own hand, and without any assistance whatever." It was at the urgent request of the Rev. W. R. Clark, of Taunton, who has acted as Editor, and has contributed a very interesting Preface, that the parents of the author reluctantly consented to the publication of this most fascinating little work, which so strongly reminds us of Dr. John Brown's "Pet Marjorie,"\* that we have associated the names of the two young autobiographers at the head of this article.

The following details regarding Little Charlie's early life are drawn partly from the editor's preface, but chiefly from his own pages. "My name is Charles John Young, and I was born at Amfort, a pretty village in Hampshire, 1833, in July, that pleasant time when the birds sing merrily and flowers bloom sweetly. My father and mother are the kindest in the world, and I love them dearly and both alike. I shall give a description of them by-and-bye. In the meantime I shall just say that my papa is a clergyman." Those who take the trouble of following out the various migrations of the family from one parish to another, described in Charlie's earlier chapters, will have no difficulty in recognising in his "papa" the Rev. Julian Young, who possesses no small share of the power of expression and language that preeminently distinguished his father, Charles Young, the celebrated tragedian. From the date of his birth, Charlie must have composed his *opus magnum* about thirty years ago. How long he was engaged in its composition is not stated, but from the internal evidence yielded by the spelling and the handwriting (for the work is lithographed in exact imitation of the MS.), we should infer that it occupied two or three years: the first seven chapters being written in imitation of ordinary printing, while the nine remaining ones appear in an ordinary round schoolboy's hand. Charlie, we are happy

to be able to state is still alive, and is, we believe, serving his country in India.

Marjorie Fleming—the Pet Marjorie, or Maidie, of Sir Walter Scott—lived out her brief existence a generation earlier than Charlie. She was born on January 15th, 1803, and died December 18th, 1811. Whether, like Charlie, she composed a complete history of certain years of her life, we do not know. Dr. John Brown, who has rescued her name from comparative oblivion and made her famous amongst children, has merely given us extracts from her diary and letters in his charming essay, "Pet Marjorie: a Story of Child Life Fifty Years ago." She seems to have belonged to a respectable middle-class Scottish family, with one branch of which, the Keiths, Sir W. Scott was connected. The first glimpse that we get at her early life is in connection with the great novelist. His favourite dog, Camp, died in January, 1809, and after its burial he sat down at his writing-table, and took out his paper, but starting up, angrily exclaimed, "No, it won't do. I can make nothing of 'Waverley' to-day; I'll awa' to Marjorie." With his remaining dog, Maida, by his side, he strode through the thick snow to 1, North Charlotte Street, to the house of Mrs. Keith. While he and the dog were shaking themselves in the lobby, he shouted, "Marjorie! Marjorie! where are ye, my bonnie wee croodlin doo?" In a moment a bright, cager child of seven was in his arms, and he was kissing her all over. "Tak' Marjorie, and it *on-ding o' snaw!*" said Mrs. Keith. For a description of how Sir Walter settled this difficulty by carrying her off in the poke of his shepherds' plaid (which is especially planned for holding lambs), how he set her down in his chair, and, standing before her, said his lessons to her as if she were his schoolmistress and he was a child, of how she scolded him for his mistakes and stupidity, of his "reading ballads in his own glorious way," and of his "making her repeat *Constance's* speeches in 'King John' till he swayed to and fro, sobbing his fill," we must refer our readers to Dr. John Brown's delightful sketch.

The influence that this child exerted over Scott seems to have amounted to a fascination. He used to say that he was amazed at her power over him. "She's the most extraordinary creature I ever met with," he observed to Mrs. Keith; "and her repeating of Shakespeare overpowers me as nothing else does." The warm attachment of this singularly gifted pair lasted throughout Pet Marjorie's life. "The year before she died," says Dr. Brown,

\* "Pet Marjorie," originally appeared (about five years ago) in an article in the *North British Review*, and has since been reprinted in the form of a pamphlet.

"when in Edinburgh, she was at a Twelfth Night supper at Scott's, in Castle Street. The company had all come—all but Marjorie. Scott's familiars, whom we all know, were there—all but Marjorie; and all were dull because Scott was dull. 'Where's that bairn? What can have come over her? I'll go myself and see.' And he was getting up, and would have gone; when the bell rang, and in came Duncan Roy and his henchman, Tougald, with the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby and its top raised, and there, in its darkness and dingy old cloth, sat Maidie, in white, her eye gleaming, and Scott bending over her in ecstacy—'hung over her, enamoured.' 'Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you,' and forthwith he brought them all. You can fancy the scene. And he lifted her up and marched to his seat with her on his shoulder, and set her down beside him; and then began the night—and such a night! Those who knew Scott best, said that night was never equalled; Maidie and he were the stars; and she gave them *Constance's* speeches, and 'Helvellyn,' the ballad then much in vogue, and all her *répertoire*—Scott showing her off, and being oft-times rebuked by her for his intentional blunders."

Having thus personally introduced our two young authors to our readers, we proceed to compare and contrast their views and opinions on various points discussed in their respective journals.

There is abundant evidence that both of these children were strongly influenced by religious feelings; but, as might be expected from the different conditions of their positions in life, and their surroundings generally, their religious views were by no means identical. Charlie's is, in our opinion, the better—it is certainly the pleasanter—creed of the two. "There never was a time," says his editor, "when he had not a sense of things unseen; a realisation of God's presence, and of the need of speaking to Him as to one who could always hear and help." When he was about three years old, he was often heard offering up his little petitions for the supply of his child-like wants. On one occasion, when his nurse had left him to fetch some more milk, his father overheard him saying, "O God, please let there be enough milk in the jug for me to have some more, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Many quaint little religious reflections and scriptural allusions are interspersed throughout his book: in one chapter he declares that, "without papa and mamma the garden would be to me what the wilderness

was to John the Baptist;" while in another he offers up a prayer for a baby brother. While Charlie's religion is purely a religion of love, Pet Marjorie's is of a more gloomy character. The devil and everlasting fire preponderate sadly in the poor child's creed; nor can we wonder at this, when we learn how she imbibed her theological views. "Isabella went up-stairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good." As we are told, a little further on, "the horrible and wretched plaeg (plague) that my multiplication gives me you cant conceive it the most devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure." We can easily conceive that the poor child learned her religion in a less agreeable manner than little Charlie. There is something very striking to the reader of the present day in the intensity of Pet Marjorie's belief in the personality of the devil. "Yesterday," she writes, "I behaved extremely ill in God's most holy church . . . and it was the same very Divil that tempted Job tempted me, I am sure; but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many other misfortunes which I have escaped." We cannot resist giving one or two more very brief extracts, bearing on her religious views. "Isa has giving me advice, which is, that when I feel Satan beginning to tempt me, that I flea him, and he would flea me. . . . The Divil is cursed, and all his works. 'Tis a fine work, 'Newton on the Prophecies.' I wonder if there is another book of poems comes near the Bible. The Divil always gins at the sight of the Bible. . . . I never read sermons of any kind; but I read novelettes and my Bible, and I never forget it, or my prayers. . . . Isabella says, when we pray we should pray fervently, and not rattel over a prayer, for that we are kneeling at the footstool of our Lord and Creator, who saves us from eternal damnation and unquestionable fire and brimstone." Her views on church government, with which we shall conclude this part of our subject, are sadly lax. "An Annibabtist is a thing I am not a member of; I am a Pislekan just now, and a Prisbeteran at Kirkaldy, my native town."

Charlie doubtless enjoyed greater educational advantages than Marjorie but was incomparably her inferior in originality and genius. He refers in a simple matter-of-fact way to his early studies, in his 9th chapter. "Mama devotes her time in teaching me and in reading instructive books with me. Papa tells me about the productions of the earth—rivers mountains valleys mines, and most wonderful of all the formation of the human body." Five chap-

ters on, we read thus: "Nothing of any great importance occurred now for some time. My life was spent quietly in the country, as the child of a Wiltshire clergyman ought, mama devoting her time to teaching me, and my daily play going on the same, till at last papa and mama took me to the splendid capital of England." Charlie had clearly none of those school-room troubles which poor Marjorie so piteously complains of, when Isa attempted to teach her "religion and multiplication and how to be good," and when as she tells us, "I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat on the ground and was sulky and was dreadfully passionate, but she never whiped me, though I think I would be the better of it." It is no wonder that she enjoyed her half-holidays, even when she was depressed with pecuniary embarrassments. "This is Saturday and I am very glad of it because I have play half the Day and I get money too but alas, I owe Isabella 4 pence, for I am finned 2 pence whenever I bite my nails. Isabella is teaching me to make simme colings nots of interrigations peorids commoes, etc." Spelling does not seem to be one of the subjects included in Isabella's course of study.

In their love of nature, and especially of the animal creation, these two children resemble each other, but they express their admiration in very different styles. Charlie's style is almost absurdly pompous, with occasionally a terrible break-down, while Marjorie's is beautifully natural. Charlie describes "the wide ocean which when angry roars and dashes over the beach but when calm crabs are seen crawling on the shore and the sun shines bright over the waves," and "the billows rolling over each other and foaming over the rough stones." In the chapter in which he draws a contrast between London and his country home, he becomes almost sentimental.

"As to living there [in London] I should not like it. The reason why—because its noisy riots in the streets suit not my mood like the tranquil streams and the waving trees I love in England's country! . . . 'Tis true, oh! how true, in the poetic words of Mr. Shakspeare, 'man made the town, God made the country.'" With this remarkable quotation, which would have made his distinguished grandsire's hair stand on end, we conclude our extracts illustrative of Charlie's æsthetic tendencies; although, had space permitted it, we should have made a few gleanings from his marvellous description of the wild beasts in the Clifton Zoological Garden.

There is something very quaint and, at the

same time, refreshing and natural in the following quotations from Marjorie's diary:—

"I am at Ravelston enjoying nature's fresh air. The birds are singing sweetly—the calf doth frisk and nature shows her glorious face. . . . I am going to-morrow to a delightful place, Braehead by name, belonging to Mrs. Crraford, where there is ducks cocks hens bubbly-jocks 2 dogs 2 cats and swine which is delightful." She proceeds to sympathise with puppies and kittens. "I think it is shocking to think that the dog and the cat should bear them, and they are drowned after all. I would rather have a man-dog than a woman-dog because they do not bear like women-dogs; it is a hard case—it is shocking." Her physiological ideas—poor innocent child—are a shade clearer than Charlie's, whose speculations regarding the origin of a baby brother are so beautifully and simply described, that we cannot forbear quoting them:—

"One day I was told that a baby was born [this was when he was three years and a half old], and upon going into mamma's bedroom I saw a red baby lying in an arm-chair wrapped in swaddling clothes. It puzzled me very much to think how he came into the world; it was mysterious, very; and I cannot make it out now. My first thought was, that he must have had airy wings, and after he had come they had disappeared. My second thought was, that he was so very little as to be able to come through the keyhole, and increased rapidly in size, just as it says in the Bible that a grain of mustard-seed springs to be so large a tree that the fowls of the air can roost upon it."

From the negative evidence afforded by his autobiography, we infer that Charlie reached his seventh year without any experience of the tender passion. Marjorie, on the other hand, frankly admits that she has lost her heart to "a delightful young man, beloved by all his friends, and especially by me, his loveress;" and tells us of "the offers of marage" she got from a handsome lad, named Charles Balfour, Esq.; and that (shocking to relate), "yesterday a marrade man, named Mr. John Balfour, Esq., offered to kiss me, and offered to marry me, though the man was espused and his wife was present." Truly may the poor little maiden exclaim—"Love is a very papithatick thing, as well as troublesome and tiresome."

Both of our young friends when about six years old evinced poetic tendencies. We have only one of Charlie's poems—a description of his grandpapa, "a venerable old gentleman with dark eyes grey hair noble features and

altogether very generous aspect." Here is "a song appropriate to him :"—

O venerable is our old Ancestor—  
 Cloud on his brow  
 Lighting in his eyes  
 His grey hair streaming in the wind  
 To children ever kind  
 To merit never blind  
 O such is our old Ancestor  
 With hair that streameth wild.

At the head of this song is a picture of him, which we regret that we cannot transfer to these pages. He consists, if this picture be correct, of a hat, head, walking-stick, one arm, and two legs, one of which (but whether the right or left is doubtful, as their origin is concealed by the aforesaid arm) is much longer than the other, and walking in a contrary direction. The most remarkable feature of the sketch is the "hair streaming in the wind"—the distance from the tip of his nose to the end of the flowing locks being precisely equal to the length of his longest leg.

Marjorie's poems, of which Dr. John Brown has given us several specimens, are far less ambitious in their style than Charlie's song; and some of them indicate considerable power of simple versification. The following lines are from a "Sonnet to a Monkey :"—

O lively, O most charming pug,  
 Thy graceful air, and heavenly mug,  
 The beauties of his mind do shine,  
 And every bit is shaped and fine.

Your cheek is like the rose's blume,  
 Your hair is like the raven's plume;  
 His nose's cast is of the Roman,  
 He is a very pretty woman.  
 I could not find a rhyme for Roman,  
 So was obliged to call him woman.

What her political teachings must have been is tolerably clear from certain lines in a long poem on Mary, Queen of Scots :—

Queen Mary was much loved by all,  
 Both by the great and by the small,  
 I do think she would not go  
 Into the awful place below.

We shall conclude this article, which has already exceeded its assigned limits, with an extract from Charlie's biography, describing a "dreadful accident" which happened to him, "perhaps," as he says, "for a punishment of my sins, or to show me that death stands ready at the door to snatch my life away."

"One night papa had been conjuring a penny, and I thought I should like to conjure, so I took a

round brass thing with a verse out of the bible upon it, that I brought into bed with me. I thought it went down papa's throat, so I put it down *my* throat, and I was pretty near choked. I called my nurse, who was in the next room. She fetched up papa, and then my nurse brought the basin. Papa beat my back, and I was sick. *Lo! there was the counter!* Papa said, "Good God!" and my nurse fainted, but soon recovered. Don't you think papa was very clever when he beat my back? Papa then had a long talk afterwards with me about it—a very serious one."

The illustrations appended to this pathetic story are worth the price of the whole book.

### THE COMET OF A SEASON.

BY the grave of Charles Churchill—the half-forgotten satirist, who died in 1764 at Boulogne, and was, after some difficulty, brought by his associates for Christian burial to Dover—Byron wrote some touching lines, which commence,—

I stood beside the grave of him, who blazed  
 The comet of a season. . . . .

The second half-line seems so apposite, that we choose it for the title of this article, in which we are about to consider some passages in the life of that Philip, Duke of Wharton, who was born in 1699, and, who, to quote a bygone humourist, speaking of another person entirely, "went up like a sky-rocket, and came down like the stick."

The advantages of high birth are obviously many. It may advertise courteous mediocrity, or may smooth the way to power for titled men of strong, if erratic, brains. A duke is not necessarily a cultured person: a duke is not necessarily a genius: but he has many advantages over a commoner of equal merit, if his Grace can only start in life without making an egregious ass of himself. What might in the commoner be easy, self-complacent, shrewd common sense, in the duke, by the vote of society, ever lord-loving, will be genius; or, at any rate, that kind of available so-called originality which society, in his case, fawns upon and appreciates.

Philip, Duke of Wharton, had what we moderns call, many "pulls" at the outset. He was well-born, and he had the benefit of living in a time when the fact of his being the son of a prominent nobleman of Hanoverian sympathies would probably bring him, if he cared for the notoriety, the extra advertisement of his likelihood by blood and inclina-

tion to help the reigning cause. We who live in an age such as the present, can form but a very thin, pulseless notion of the fierce feelings of men whose minds were overwrought with ideas of the indefeasible divine right of kings, as expounded by Jacobite sympathisers, on the one hand, or of the doctrine of resistance to an anti-constitutional stretch of the regal prerogative, as inculcated by the party who hated the Stuarts and championed the Hanoverian succession, on the other.

The subject of this brief memoir was born in that troubled time. From his father—whom George the First raised to the rank of a marquis, and who strenuously opposed the Court party in the reigns of Charles the Second and James the Second—the Duke of Wharton inherited a strong prejudice in favour of liberal opinions. At a very early age he showed signs of a bright intellect, which his father, then Earl of Wharton, was not slow to appreciate and improve. When a mere boy—thanks to his father's watchful fostering of his budding talents—he acquired a considerable knowledge of England's past and passing politics; and, all his education being conducted at home under the paternal eye, he also, while in his teens, gathered from his father's experience at second hand an acquaintance with men and things which, but for his own wilful misuse of all his chances, must have stood him in good stead for the rest of his life.

But from his very boyhood this comet of a season was one of those persons who seem destined by fate to show us of how little use are brilliant abilities unaccompanied by honest fixity of purpose. To him, quite as justly as to Richard Savage, we may apply Dr. Johnson's noteworthy words which close the biography of that ill-fated poet: "Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence; and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Young Philip Wharton, by his brains and reputation for dangerous energy, earned very early in his life a lurid sort of reputation. He died, broken down in the prime of manhood, a wretched outcast, with no friend but a barefooted monk to close his eyes, in a foreign land. From straggling materials, all too indifferent,—from a forgotten hack-author's remarks of some hundred years ago,—we have

collected what follows. To those who are not acquainted with such matters, we shall make no apology for trying to resuscitate the memory of one who at once extorted the admiration, and earned the deathless satire, of Pope.

Virtue, we are told, is more pleasing when it comes in a comely form; and even vice will often for a time be half pardoned if set off by charming manners and a fine face and figure. Wharton was one of the most distinguished young men of his day in personal appearance. To a marvellous memory, a ready wit, and a rare reasoning power, in him were super-added the charms of a cultivated elocution and a mastery of every manly accomplishment. But fate, which gave him genius, denied him common sense; and with all his unenviable notoriety, his life was a conspicuous failure. He was little more than fifteen when he allowed his heart to run away with his head. By a private marriage with a young lady in every way his inferior, he thwarted his father's ambitious schemes for a darling son's welfare, and the discovery of this marriage was soon followed by the doting parent's death.

The first down of manhood had hardly darkened on his chin ere young Wharton had steeped himself to the lips in all kinds of reckless profligacy, oddly interspersed with fits of study. When he was seventeen we find him travelling on the continent—always more or less in debt or difficulties; for, as he was a minor, his trustees stinted him in his allowance, and he had recourse to usurers, with the natural results of such conduct.

It may seem strange that such a mere boy in years as the Marquis of Wharton—his dukedom was yet to come—even though the son of a great public man, should have attracted so much political interest wherever his roving steps took him. There must have been something more than a mere strange precocity about this clever youngster, when we find exiled Jacobites courting him, and the Chevalier de St. George—otherwise "the Old Pretender,"—loading him with compliments. Louis the Fourteenth had acknowledged the chevalier's claim to be James the Third of England, and in his capacity of sovereign the titular monarch bestowed upon the boy Wharton a dukedom—that of Northumberland. About this time, Wharton and his tutor, or rather governor, who accompanied him on his continental tour, quarrelled. The brilliant, passionate, wayward youth and the overbearing pedant could have no sympathies in

common. When they parted, the duke left behind him a young bear, which had been one of his suite, with a note to his tutor to this effect—that being no longer able to stand his tutor's ill-usage, the duke had made up his mind to leave that gentleman. "However," added the nobleman, "that you may not want company, I have left you the bear, as the most suitable companion that could be picked out for you."

In spite of the empty title of Duke of Northumberland, and other more solid honours paid him by the "Old Pretender," Wharton soon grew sick of the sham court of the exiled Stuarts, and ere the close of 1716, we find him in Paris, sought after by British residents there of both shades of politics. His rare genius and wonderful fascination of manner induced the English ambassador, the Earl of Stair, specially to cultivate, as a matter of great importance, the acquaintance of the boy-politician of seventeen. Lord Stair was never weary of praising the character of the duke's father, who had been such a staunch friend to the Brunswick dynasty, and of urging the young man to abandon the Pretender's interest, and tread in his father's steps. Very bitter in its shrewdness was Wharton's sneering *tu quoque*. The father of the Earl of Stair had been one of those who first urged the hapless James the Second to unconstitutional acts, and then heartlessly deserted him in his direst need of friends. "I thank your excellency," said Wharton, "for your very kind advice, and, as your excellency had also a worthy and deserving father, let me hope *you* yourself will likewise copy so bright an original, and tread in all his steps."

Mr. Burke said politics seemed to him, after all, but as "an enlarged morality." What he would have thought of young Wharton's is another matter. As shamelessly venal as unhappy Chatterton—who wrote from London to his sister that "he is but a poor author who cannot write on both sides"—Wharton had the impudence to say to an English gentleman in Paris who blamed him for his desertion of his father's beloved cause and the Hanoverian dynasty: "I have pawned my principles to Gordon, the Pretender's banker, for a large sum; and, till I can repay him, I must be a Jacobite. When I have paid him, I will return to the Whigs."

In a very short time, however, he turned his coat. Though some years under age he had—so contemporary history says—"the honour, on account of his extraordinary quali-

ties, of being admitted to take his seat in that august assembly the (Irish) House of Peers, to which he had a right as Earl of Rathfarnham"—one of his secondary titles. And now we find him, this boy-senator of seventeen, thundering away on behalf of the ministry, carrying that grave assembly along with him in his fiery flow of eloquence, now pointed with epigram, and now convincing in its pitiless logical deductions. No nobleman, we have read, either in that or the English House of Lords, "ever acquitted himself with greater reputation." His reward soon came. The king made him a duke, accompanying the creation by words which, at this time of day, seem to us somewhat fulsome when applied to such a youth. "When we consider the eloquence he has exerted with so much applause in the parliament of Ireland, and his application, even in early youth, to the serious and weighty affairs of the public, we willingly decree him honours which are neither superior to his merits nor earlier than the expectation of our good subjects."

"To one thing constant never." It was now almost time for him to turn his coat once more. On coming of age he entered the English House of Lords as Duke of Wharton, and soon afterwards violently opposed the government, a line to which henceforth to his death he adhered. Now his fortunes begin to fail. Up to the ears in debt, his estates vested by the Court of Chancery in the hands of trustees for the payment of his liabilities, he went abroad, as he said, to retrench—a thing he never in his life could accomplish. How he went to Spain, where his coming excited the alarm of the English ambassador at Madrid; how he was specially ordered home by the Privy Council; how he scorned the summons, and pursued a career of political intrigue in alternation with the wildest debauchery; how his wife died, and how he married a young maid of honour at the Spanish court contrary to the advice of his and her friends; how he went to Rome, accepted orders and decorations from the exiled Stuart prince, swaggered, rioted, and finally was turned out of the Eternal City; how he thence went to Spain, offered his services to the king of that country, who just then was besieging Gibraltar; how he fought as a dare-devil volunteer against the English forces, for which he was made a colonel; how he next wrote to the Pretender at Rome expressing a wish to join the Stuart party there; and how the Pretender snubbed his firebrand admirer, who forthwith went to France; all

these things, if told in detail, would take a volume's space.

Meanwhile Wharton was in desperate straits. He had not more than £600 when he reached Rouen with his retinue, and he was soon penniless. Still he gratified his heart's darling vanity—the love of making a stir and getting talked about. A bill of indictment for high treason was preferred against him in England. This stopped the receipt of his income from his estates, and he and his wife were starving. He had to fly from Rouen from his creditors, leaving his carriages and horses to be sold. The man to whom, even in his teens, powerful ministers had “kotued ;” the orator, the pink of fashion, the airy wit, the popular pamphleteer, the gay, the admired, the gallant Duke of Wharton was now simply a wretched runaway, almost driven to swindle for a dinner.

Next we find him actually going into a convent “in order to prepare for Easter.” There, as everywhere else, he excited admiration ; so apt was he to be all things to be all men. He soon came out again, and “ran” a desperate “muck” against all propriety as before, till we hear of him in Paris, often forced to sponge for a night's lodging, and even losing the regard of a low Jew, who befriended him, by his drunken violence. At last a friend started him off for Spain with one shirt, one cravat, his Duchess, 500 livres, and one servant.

He went to Nantz, in Brittany, and there waited for further funds, which he spent as soon as they were received. He sailed for Bilboa with a regular ragged regiment of hangers on and servants. Arrived in Spain he had no friends, no credit, no money except what he got for pay as a colonel in the Spanish service. His wife went home to her friends in Madrid, and the Duke to Barcelona, where he speedily got into “hot water” again. He thrashed the valét of the Governor of Catalonia for impertinence, and was sent to prison for it. Told that he might come out ; he refused, unless an apology was tendered to him. He complained to the Court, and received a palpable snub, and was ordered to return to his military duties.

In the beginning of 1731 he was in a consumption—could not move without assistance ; went to Terragona to drink the waters ; got a little better, and was soon as witty and delightful a boon-companion as ever, so long as locomotion was not required of him. Ere summer came he was lying friendless, helpless, and destitute of common necessities, in a wretched little village, where he must have died, had not some St. Bernard's monks taken him into their monastery. There, a

week after, in the garb of a poor friar, died at the age of 31, the wild, witty, profigate, brilliant Philip, Duke of Wharton, who had exhausted life's enjoyments and was grey at heart long ere middle age. The unquiet spirit was thus at last at rest. It is a tearful history, and the best of it is but bad. And yet might we not well ask ourselves, had we shared this poor Duke of Wharton's glittering temptations, might not some of us have been perchance as bad as he ?

“*Ma foi, Monsieur,*” said a Turkish lady, educated in France, to Boswell, “*notre bonheur dépend de la façon que notre sang circule.*” If you believe her, you may the better make allowances even for Wharton's broken life.

Pope's lines on him—in “Moral Essays,” Epistle I.—are possibly so well known as to render a quotation superfluous. Nevertheless, the temptation to garnish our own dull prose with some of Pope's polished couplets is too great for us. Assuming that Wharton's ruling passion was the love of praise, the poet tells us, “this clue, once found, unravels all the rest.” The portrait is a ghastly one,—but so sadly like !

Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,  
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise.  
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,  
Women and fools must like him, or he dies :  
Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,  
The club must hail him master of the joke.  
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?  
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :

\* \* \* \* \*

Enough, if all around him but admire,  
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.  
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,  
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;  
Grown all to all—from no one vice exempt ;  
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;  
His passion still to covet general praise ;  
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;  
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;  
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;  
A fool with more of wit than half mankind ;  
Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;  
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;  
A rebel to the very king he loves ;  
He dies—sad outcast of each church and state,  
And, harder still, flagitious, yet not great.  
Ask you, why Wharton broke through every rule ?  
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain—  
Comets are regular and Wharton plain.

*Priez pour les malheureux.* Standing in fancy by his lonely grave, what forbids us to shed one tear, even over the dust of what was once the wild, witty, wicked Wharton ?



## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

WHEN James Gregory removed the portrait of Alice Seabright from his studio, and gave it up into the possession of the master of Fairlawn Grange, they both went down and placed it in the picture gallery of the old mansion, where it stood out in rich refulgence from amidst the dingy and partially faded portraits of the elder branches. After spending a few quiet days the two held council, and it was finally resolved to shut up the house for a time and travel. All servants necessary to keep the place ready for occupation at a short notice were reserved; the others were discharged.

Lionel Seabright was convinced from his friend's report, that all expectation of winning Alice was at an end, at all events for the present. His determination was soon come to; he would travel far and wide, for the space of one year, after which he would return to England, when, if she remained free he would make one more effort, and in case of failure would go down to his estate, and there settle as a confirmed bachelor, until the hour came to have done with the world and its vanities. James Gregory, who, in his way, almost worshipped Alice, and who believed there was no man the equal of Lionel, at once approved of the idea, and willingly agreed to accompany him. They accordingly went up to London, stayed there a few days settling matters of business with the family solicitors, and then crossed the channel.

With their peregrinations, far and wide, through the south of France, through Switzerland and Italy, we have nothing to do. They travelled incessantly, staying but a short time in any one place. Lionel required to be in a continual state of excitement. He made few acquaintances, and his meeting with George Aylmer was purely accidental. As to the rescue, with him such an act was simply a matter of course, and it was to escape expressions of gratitude and the applause of the English colony that he so suddenly left Rome for Naples, whence, after a short residence, the two made their way to Greece. Here they found enough to occupy them until Lionel Seabright felt a sudden desire to revisit Paris, the scene of his youthful trials; the scene,

too, of his youthful pleasures, and doubtless the happiest time of his life.

They passed through Switzerland, and, more to please James Gregory than anything else, stopped at a celebrated hotel well-known to Alpine climbers, and which was now tolerably full. James Gregory wished to sketch and prepare some materials for a great picture, which he was always going to paint, only you see the worries and cares of life intervene, especially portrait-painting, which is so very popular and remunerative. But Lionel Seabright thoroughly believed in him, and in every way encouraged his efforts to produce something great. There is something so inexpressibly sweet in being the protector of a worthy and good man, and no one felt it more than Lionel Seabright. But for one feeling which prevailed over every other, he would have taken James Gregory by the hand, endowed him with half his worldly goods, and made him in truth his brother.

They took the best rooms they could get, and were apparently disposed to make themselves comfortable. James Gregory sat in a huge balcony, such as are only to be found in Swiss inns, looking out upon the rare landscape, pencil in hand; while Lionel, who had lost all taste for the profession which he had once so much loved, smoked a cigar in a listless kind of way, his thoughts, no doubt, being far distant.

Suddenly he seemed interested, and, leaning over the great wooden balcony, roofed over heavily as a protection from snow during winter, watched a party of English who were coming down from the ascent of some fashionable Alpine peak or other, accompanied by three guides. The weather was closing in, and ascents would soon be over. Already they were becoming dangerous.

"James," suddenly said Lionel, "shall you have finished to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't know. Why?"

"If you are to be sketching all day, I have a great mind to charter one of the guides and have a climb. It will amuse me."

James Gregory looked rather rueful. Climbing was not his forte, and yet he did not like to lose sight of Lionel Seabright.

"What pleasure can you find in clambering over ice and snow?" he asked, testily.

"Something to do. Anything is better than idling here. If you like to start for Paris to-night, well and good. You will then never finish your sketches—and you know another failure——"

"Ah!" said James, who could not bear

allusions to his many pictures commenced but never finished: "a wilful man will have his way. I will watch you from here; and your ascent of the peak shall be the subject of my picture. Come, that is a bargain; and I will paint it for Fairlawn picture-gallery."

"Agreed," said Lionel, in his quiet way, and went out to settle with the guides.

Next morning, at an early hour, Lionel Seabright was on foot. The days were shortening, and the contemplated ascent would occupy eight hours. Lionel had secured two of the very best guides, one of whom was to act as a pioneer; while the other, whose practice was very great, was to be fastened to the traveller by a rope, and thus prevent his swerving from the right path. All three carried the usual light knapsack and pole, with such necessities as are required under the circumstances.

James Gregory looked grim enough when he saw that his friend was in earnest. It was too late, however, to change his mind. Lionel Seabright, by living the life almost of an anchorite, by eating and drinking only what was strictly necessary, by constant exercise, and early rising, had acquired an elasticity of body which prepared him for any emergency. James Gregory was fond of good living, of good cheer of all kinds, and the mere physical exertion of the journey was too much for him.

Lionel Seabright and his guides, then, started alone, some hours before any of the other inmates of the hotel were astir. James consumed his solitary breakfast in silence, and then, with his huge pipe in his mouth, went to his balcony, just in time, by means of a powerful glass, to discover his friend and the two natives disappearing. It was a richly mellow autumn day, and for some time the shifting lights and shadows fully occupied his attention. But sketching soon lost its charm when Lionel was no longer near with his remarks, now pleasant, now cynical, and James, in a restless and discontented mood, found his way to the billiard-room; and so, what with dinner, play, smoke, and a remarkably good bottle of wine, the day passed.

It wanted an hour of dark, when James Gregory sauntered out into the verandah, to look at the mountain. All the other indwellers at the hotel did the same. This sort of life is dreadfully tame and monotonous, and sends home half our tourists dreadfully discontented with themselves and everything else. But the vacation must be passed somehow, and so people every year endure unheard-of miseries and dullness just to say they have been abroad.

James had his glass by his side and his large pipe in his mouth.

"Your friend is late," observed one of the frequenters of the *table d'hôte*.

"Well, yes," said James, languidly, "for my part, it appears very foolish to do this sort of thing at all. What's the use, what do you get by it? that's what I want to know."

"Glory," replied the other; "the pleasure of saying that you've climbed the Alps."

"Quite easy to say," growled James, "without doing it, and twice as pleasant."

At this moment a cry burst forth from the landlord, who was himself enjoying a post-prandial cigar.

"Graatz, the guide, alone, and in a great hurry!" he said; "where's the traveller?"

James Gregory bounded to his side: the other English looked scared: the sense of a great calamity appeared to fall upon them. The guide was bounding down the snowclad slope like a madman, waving his staff, and making wild signals to those below. Every man rushed forward to meet him, and ten minutes later the dreadful news was made known to them all. Lionel Seabright and the younger Graatz, to whom he was attached by a cord, had slipped on the edge of a crevice, slid with awful speed down the slope, and perished, as so many other rash climbers had perished before them.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

LOVE'S AVOWAL.—ALICE WINS.

WHEN Alice retired to her chamber, after the memorable dinner when George Aylmer had spoken so highly of Lionel Seabright, her feelings were of what might be called a composite character. While keeping sternly to her dislike of the man who had driven her forth an exile from what she believed to be her rightful home, she could not help admiring him as an individual. To herself, personally, he had always behaved with singular delicacy and devotion, though she chose to act as if he had rather insulted her than otherwise. But what above all annoyed and distressed her was the constant recurrence of his name. She desired as much as possible to wipe him out of her existence—to forget that any such person ever lived.

When, a day or two after, she met with George Aylmer, it was with a constant dread of his recurring to the subject. But the young man scrupulously avoided the slightest allusion to the adventure, and even did not speak of Rome for some time. He referred, rather, to

more light and airy subjects, and in every way endeavoured to gain the favour of one whose sterling qualities he appreciated, though at the same time he could discern her faults. But though she preferred his society to any one else's, though she liked to discuss art and literature with him, he began to fear that when he changed his tactics, his courtship of Alice Seabright might be a long one. He spoke frankly to the banker and his wife, who gave him every encouragement, and expressed every hope for his success.

On this hint George Aylmer determined to act. One morning, therefore, he called tolerably early, when he knew that Alice would be in her studio, to which he had the free *entrée*. As he expected, she was quite alone—at work. She simply turned round and giving him a graceful nod, went on with her work. George Aylmer seated himself near at hand, and appeared for a few minutes absorbed in a critical examination of the picture.

"I suppose," he suddenly jerked out in quite a startling way, "I must tell you why I have come so early."

"Nothing very important, it is to be supposed?" she answered, quietly.

"That depends wholly on circumstances," replied George; "in the first place I am going home. My property in —shire has been neglected too long, not to require some slight superintendence from its master. The second question is, how long I shall remain absent—that, Alice Seabright, depends on you."

She turned slowly round and faced him, putting down her brush and palette as she did so.

"On me," she said, slowly.

"On you. Alice, you must be well aware of what my feelings are—surely all this time my devotion must have made itself manifest. Yes—I love, honour, and respect you. Never before have I seen any one whom I could have wished to make my wife—the mistress of my home."

Alice sank on a chair. The avowal had really and truly taken her by surprise. The affection so boldly avowed by George Aylmer, she had never suspected. As a pleasant friend and artistic companion, she liked him much, but no other thought had entered her head. Her very truthfulness and honesty of purpose helped her more readily out of the difficulty than the most coy maiden modesty.

"George Aylmer," she said, "you surprise—you astonish me. Most earnestly do I assure you that no suspicion of any such sentiment ever occupied my thoughts."

"Which means," he grimly and abruptly said, "that you do not—never can love me."

"Really I cannot say," she said, in her frankest and most winning way, "my ideas have never taken that direction. You must give me time. Your announcement has stunned me."

"Alice Seabright," he gravely answered, "your words prove that you will never love as I do, spontaneously and warmly; but when I tell you that a life of devotion and truth, a happy home, and the sense of making this life an elysium for another, will be your reward, I still persist in my offer. Alice Seabright, unless you love another, reflect before you refuse and make this a cold and weary world for me."

As he used the words "unless you love another," an eloquent rush of blood to her animated countenance appeared an answer. But her words reassured him.

"I love no man," she said, quite proudly and fearlessly, "you have always been to me a pleasant acquaintance and friend. Let us remain so, at present. No one can tell what the future may bring forth."

And with this answer George Aylmer was forced to content himself. He by no means despaired, and went away, determined to return as soon as his absence had begun to be felt, and attempt the rather hopeless task of winning this strange girl's affections. Alice was really sorry to lose him, as she would have been to miss a favourite brother from her side; but as time wore on his absence was felt less and less, until she scarcely thought of him at all. George Aylmer was detained a month, and then Mr. Harcourt announced his speedy return.

Alice oscillated between her sister's house and her aunt's in Islington, having an easel with a picture in each. Now that she was earning money she could afford to be entirely independent, while she strove in every way to make up to her maiden aunt for her kindness and generosity in the past.

It was the end of September. The banker, whose avocations kept him in town late, was talking of a run into the country, to spend a few days with his nephew, George Aylmer, and to bring him back, when—it was at lunch time—a card was put into the hand of Alice Seabright. She started, coloured, and turned pale. It was the card of James Gregory, and in the corner was written in pencil—"Important business."

Alice handed the card to Emily, who at once suggested asking him up to lunch.

A few minutes later he entered; not the James Gregory of the past, but a pale, thoughtful, white faced man in deep mourning. He bowed low to Alice, but with a look of stern reproach, which made her shudder. For him to be so changed something very serious must have happened.

"You are ill, Mr. Gregory," she said, rising, and almost leading him to a chair, "what is the matter?"

"Matter!" he replied, in a hollow tone, "matter! why, I've lost the best and noblest of friends. Lionel Seabright is dead, and I have come to tell you so."

"Lionel Seabright dead!" exclaimed the banker; while, white as a sheet, Alice sank back in a chair, her hands clasped frantically together; "by what fatality?"

"Lost in a *crevasse* in the Alps," said James Gregory, "where his body lies until the day of judgment."

He then hastily told the whole story, as known to the reader, and only added, that after a long and weary search the young guide had been saved, though no trace of Lionel Seabright could be found.

He then told them that he had called to invite the sisters to hear the will read at the lawyer's next day. It had been made before he left England, as if he had some strange warning of the fatal character of his journey. Alice was too stunned to speak. She fully understood James Gregory's looks. He blamed her for the death of his poor friend. Motioning to her sister to help her she went slowly out of the room, reached her own and fainted. When, however, next day she sat with her sister, the banker, and James Gregory in the lawyer's office, she was calm and collected. She had resumed her mourning.

The will was short and pithy. His executors were directed to pay the portions originally settled on Miss Jane and Miss Emily Seabright by their father, in trust for their benefit. All the rest—land, monies in the funds, heirlooms, plate, books, carriages, horses, and everything, in fact—to Miss Alice Seabright, for her life, and at her death to be dealt with by her as she thought proper. To his friend James Gregory he left five hundred a year for life.

"Oh, my noble brother!" gasped James.

"I will not have it," cried Alice, wildly, "if I have avenged him—why should he crush us with his generosity—*oh, my lost love!*" she added to herself.

"You have no choice," said the lawyer, gravely, "you cannot wish to deprive your

sisters of their fortunes. A codicil revokes that bequest if you refuse the charge.

The young girl could not but yield; and thus, in this tragic and unforeseen manner, she became mistress of Fairlawn Grange.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ROUND ABOUT EUROPE.

ALICE SEABRIGHT went down to Fairlawn Grange a changed woman. All her rougher characteristics had disappeared. She was as gentle and meek as she had been tempestuous and bitter. Lionel, instead of being the enemy she had considered him, was a sainted martyr. Only his death had revealed the truth, and revealed also that the man against whom she had been so embittered was enshrined in her heart. There had always been a struggle going on in her mind between respect and hatred, but it was only when the extraordinary circumstances of his disappearance became known, that she discovered fully her own secret. Women are oftener than is generally believed self-deceivers in affairs of the affections. With as stern a determination in love as she had shown in hate, she was resolved to remain faithful to the memory of the past, and to live and die Alice Seabright.

Miss Morton, of course, accompanied her niece as friend and chaperone, and both at once began their duties. Fairlawn Grange had been much neglected during the absence of Lionel on the continent, and the tenants did pretty well as they liked. The two women, who knew that their life was henceforth cast upon that particular spot of the earth, felt also that their chief occupation would be to beautify it materially and morally. Alice made large purchases in books on agriculture, floriculture, and cottage gardening, made personal visits to all the labourers on her estates, drew the clergyman—nothing loth—into her confidence, and began all sorts of schemes for reform and improvement.

As the catastrophe in Switzerland was generally known, and the advent of Alice to the head of affairs was equally well known, many of the neighbouring gentry called. Alice, who wore deep mourning, and in whose heart there was a depth of grief and sorrow which none suspected, received her visitors with proud affability, but declined all invitations on the ground of decorum. She was respected, but she did not make herself popular.

She and Miss Morton occupied the south wing, and for some weeks, by chance or design, Alice, who shunned all reference to her artistic

occupation, had never once visited the picture gallery. When she did so it was alone. She arose one morning—it was a splendid day—and Alice had resolved on a ride to the ruins where Lionel Seabright had saved her life. While waiting for Miss Morton she went into the great picture gallery. Her eager impetuous glance at once fixed on that which she had hitherto avoided—her own portrait. It was, she could not but avow, admirably painted—but not only was it in a different style from that of James Gregory, but it was vastly superior. There was more fire and genius, Approaching near, she gazed at the portrait with strangely wistful eyes. How he must have loved her! Suddenly her eye fell upon an inscription at the bottom.

“ALICE SEABRIGHT,

*“Painted by her cousin Lionel.”*

She turned away sick at heart. At every step she discovered some fresh proof of his devotion.

It was a sad and rather weary drive that day. Miss Morton was struck by her niece's pallor and silence.

“You are not well,” she said, kindly.

“I am low, dull, out of spirits. If I do not get better, we must shut up Fairlawn Grange and go abroad.”

“Change of air and travel will do you good,” was Miss Morton's response.

There, however, for a time, the subject dropped, and when Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt came down, with a fine boy, to rusticate a month at Fairlawn, Alice soon recovered her health and spirits. George Alymer soon followed, but his presence certainly did not add to the pleasure of her life. He came with a keen determination to win her for his bride. He was quite as much in love as ever, and rejoiced heartily that his first declaration had been made while she was poor. It paved the way to his present offer to the heiress. But his proposition met less favour even than before. He was kindly but positively refused, and went his way wondering at the blindness of women, and their sad want of discrimination. Emily completely contented with her lot in life, and sincerely believing that marriage was a kind of duty imposed upon all women, was bitterly grieved at the failure of her husband's nephew.

“I shall never marry,” replied Alice, in answer to her observations.

“My dear girl—you are neither made for a Joan of Arc nor a Florence Nightingale; why

then do you condemn yourself to a solitary life?” urged Mrs. Harcourt, rather eagerly.

“I have occupation enough with my little world. An estate is one person's work to look after, if all around are to be prosperous and happy,” replied Alice.

“You are a mystery and wonder to me,” said good-hearted Emily, “and I suppose will ever remain so.”

And so the subject dropped—nor was it ever renewed. Emily knew full well her sister's nature, and forbore to press what she knew was unpleasant and unwelcome. She and her husband shortly after took their departure, and Alice was again thrown upon her own resources. She divided her day rather methodically—painted so many hours, rode, visited her tenants and pensioners, wrote letters, and even strove to work herself to a sufficient pitch of enthusiasm to commence composition. All in vain. A dull sense of *ennui* hung over her, and suddenly packing up a somewhat voluminous wardrobe, she started with her aunt and two domestics for the continent.

They went first to Rome, scarcely stopping by the way—her intention being to return slowly thence, stopping at every city of importance and interest. In the Eternal City she found herself at home. Her high artistic tastes were gratified to the full, and she found herself richly regaled with mental food. She once again appeared bright and brilliant, and on more than one occasion she had to break off pleasant acquaintances because she found them becoming too warm in their demonstrations of affection and admiration.

From Rome they moved slowly to Florence, to Venice, to Genoa, travelling by no system, but going just where the bent of her inclination led her. Numerous and costly were the purchases she made from artists and sculptors, who were equally struck with her liberality and discrimination. It is usual to ridicule the judgment of the natives of our island. Strangely enough we have collected together some of the finest pictures in the world, not from mere force of money, but by the keenest exercise of real taste.

When Italy was exhausted Alice turned her steps homewards intending to make some stay in Paris, where she hoped to see her friend James Gregory. This was in reality the great object of her journey, but she would not even own it to herself. Paris had been the scene of her cousin's early life, of his struggle with the future, and of his sudden rise to a position of wealth and almost rank.

Miss Morton was herself delighted at the

prospect of a visit to the wonderful metropolis of France, which none can form any real notion of without living there. No description has ever done justice to the reality and never will. When, however, an intelligent and unprejudiced Englishman has lived there for some time, knowing the language and mixing in society, he can easily understand why a thorough Frenchman cannot bear to live any where else.

Taking up their abode, as a matter of course, in the quarter of the Tuileries, Alice Seabright at once mapped out Paris into sections, determined to visit it thoroughly. There was ample time before her, and it was with something of a shudder that she looked forward to again resuming her old monotonous life at Fairlawn Grange. The excitement of travel had done good, and after Italy and Paris an English country house would indeed be tedious.

Alice sent a servant to the address once given by James Gregory. The answer was—"gone away," nobody knew where. This was a great disappointment to Alice, a greater disappointment than she liked to own. Paris was a large place, and unless she put herself in communication with the police, a thing she cared not to do, the address of the Bohemian artist would never be found. This decision come to, Alice began her peripatetic life through Paris. As a matter of course picture galleries were the most attractive sights, and Miss Seabright made her first visit to the Louvre. Through its miles of pictures she wandered for days, admiring the vast collection of masterpieces, and taking mental note of all she saw for her future guidance. But any *habitué* of the place might have noticed that Alice never went to the great museum on a public day, and that for a young and rather timid English girl she appeared strangely curious about the artists, who on the reserved days labour there so assiduously.

But though she looked keenly about and never passed any male student, old or young, without looking somehow or other into his face, she failed in that for which she sought.

Her next venture was the Luxembourg, where, by means of her English passport, she easily gained admittance on a private day. Miss Morton accompanied her, rather wearied with their constant visits to so many picture galleries, and yet always glad and happy to be with her favourite child, as she called her niece. They entered the magnificent gallery, and slowly began their survey of the pictures.

On the left hand side, shortly after the entrance is passed, there was in our day a grand

shipwreck scene. It is sure to attract the attention of English visitors. Whether it be the shipwreck of the *Medusa*, or what, we cannot recollect. There is a raft with men in various stages of agony—all dying or mad; the whole admirably painted, even the painful details made thrilling in interest.

Alice paused, looked at the catalogue, and began examining the picture.

Before her, earnestly occupied with their studies, sat two men wearing the usual smock-frock like white blouse adopted by even the most eminent artists. Neither Alice nor Miss Morton spoke. They were too intent on their study of the picture.

Presently one of the men moved slightly to look at the other's sketch.

Alice did not scream—did not faint—did nothing that any ordinary woman would have done; she only turned white and resolute.

Resting her gloved hand on the shoulder of the man nearest to her, she said:—

"Lionel Seabright, what is the meaning of this?"

## WANDERING CHARACTERS IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS.

THE DROVERS—THE CARRIERS—THE BEGGARS—THE PEDLARS—DUSTY-FOOT.

IN the sequestered districts of the Western Highlands, the wandering characters were always popular. They were regarded, not only in the light of new arrivals whose coming and going agreeably diversified the stagnant routine of a dull community, which vegetated year after year in the same narrow boundary, and to whom a strange face and tongue gave a new sensation; but they were also looked upon as peripatetic newspapers, who could bring tidings from the outer world and convey local gossip to fresh circles of pleased hearers. No wonder then that these wanderers were so welcomed wherever they went, or that the households on whom they quartered themselves were regarded with envy by their less fortunate neighbours; the latter, however, were enabled to console themselves by gathering together in the evening around the blazing peat-fire in that favoured dwelling, there to hear the wanderer unfold his budget of news, recite his poems and stories, or play on his pipes, fiddle, or Lochaber trumps.\* The wanderer was the lion of the night; and, in his way, as great as, perhaps greater than, any

\* The Jew's (*i.e.*, jaw's) harp.

"lion" secured for a fashionable assembly in far higher spheres of society.

These wanderers might be divided into four classes:—

#### THE DROVERS,

the carriers, the beggars, and the pedlars. The two first classes, from the nature of their occupations, were unable to make a prolonged stay with their entertainers; but, the drovers, from the great distances that they often travelled—which took them occasionally to such foreign parts as England—were enabled to bring back wondrous narratives of Lowland customs, and to frame any amount of romantic fiction upon the actual facts of their travelled experience. What these Drovers were, has been painted for us by a master's hand, in "The Chronicles of Canongate.\*"

#### THE CARRIERS,

as distinguished from the pedlars, conveyed their goods in carts, and were therefore restricted to those parts of the country where the roads might be found not altogether in a state of nature, and one degree better than rocky channels and semi water-courses. Heavy goods, such as were beyond the pedlar's powers, were brought by the carrier; and his periodical visits were, therefore, invested with much importance; while the limited opportunities afforded by the brief intervals of business, were turned by him to the best advantage in rehearsing the news of the town or clachan that he had lately passed through, and in gathering scraps of information for the dwellers in the next clachan on his route—a proceeding which was equally acceptable to his customers, who were thus able to indulge in the universal love for tittle-tattle.

#### THE BEGGARS

were, perhaps, the most welcome of all the wanderers; though beggars they were not, if, by that word, we mean the vagrants who demand alms and food to support themselves in idleness; for the West Highland beggars worked for their livelihood, and had no need to ask for that food and shelter and *douceur* which would be voluntarily given to them. To the newsmongering of the drover and carrier, they added talents and abilities of their own. The shining rafters of the peat-reeked roof would vibrate to the reels and jigs and

strathspeys danced by the barefooted lads and lassies on the earthen floor to the inspiring music that the beggar blew from his pipes, or scraped out of his fiddle, or breathed from his Lochaber trumps. And when, tired with the dance, they gathered round the fire, who but the beggar could so well recite their grand Ossianic poems, or narrate wild legends and *sgeulachdan*, and thrill them to the very marrow with stories of ghosts and warlocks and brownies and water-kelpies, told with dramatic power and an actor's art? Such wanderers as these were wondrous popular in the Western Highlands and Islands, and nowhere more so than in Cantire, where, at its veritable Land's-end—when the Mull was more thickly populated than it is in these sheep-farming days—it is said, that the beggar's progress from Balligrogan to Southend, a distance of less than twenty miles, was not made under the space of four months, owing to the hospitality that was forced upon him at the various houses and "farm-towns," that lay on his route. These beggars mainly helped to disseminate the popular tales and legends, and also to assist in their perversion, by the additions to them and the subtractions from them, that they received either from design or from lapse of memory. The beggar who brought in his budget a good story that was new to the hearers, was as welcome to them as Mr. Mudie's agent would be to the dwellers at some lonely country-house, when he arrived with a fresh packet of sensational literature, whose dyspeptic effect would raise a nightmare vision of Lady Audley thrusting Colenso into a well of doubt. And, perchance, the beggar's audience would have the advantage; for, however frivolous might be that old spirit of popular romance which he had raised, yet he would only be telling them stories, in which (in the words of Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay\*), "a mother's blessing, well-earned, leads to success—in which the poor rise to be princes, and the weak and courageous overcome giants—in which wisdom excels brute force."

The fourth, and last, class of wanderers is to be found in

#### THE PEDLARS,

or packmen, or merchants—for, by all these names is the Highland *Autolycus* known. The Pedlar had not only his news "very true, and but a month old;" but, like his Shakspearian representative, had also within his pack "a counterfeit stone, a riband, glass,

\* For the drover's dog, see a famous account of "Wylie the Collie," in Dr. Brown's "Horræ Subsesivæ," 2nd S., p. 150.

\* "Popular Tales of the West Highlands."

pomandes, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn ring," with

Tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a;  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and fin'st wear-a?

His arrival, therefore, was especially welcomed by the feminine portion of the community; and the opening of his pack was a revelation for which "the gude mon's" husbandly and paternal pocket was sorely taxed. Articles were suddenly discovered, without which it was impossible to live another day, and which, being offered as such extraordinary bargains, it would be a folly not to secure.

But the Scotch pedlar, or packman, or merchant, was known by still another name—that of

#### DUSTY-FOOT.

It was an appellation whose meaning was to be found in the migratory habits of the pedlar. He was, essentially, a wanderer, a bird of passage, a travelling merchant; and, in days when, not only in Eastern nations, but also (according to Cambrensis) among the Welsh, the offering and acceptance of water for the washing of the traveller's feet, was a token of invitation and the acceptance of hospitality, the dusty-foot was regarded as a sign that the person would not remain for the night, but would pass onwards on his way. And as the pedlar had no permanent residence, but carried his goods from fair to fair, and from town to town, he received the name of "dusty-foot."\*

From the "dusty-feet" we get the name of that singular court of justice commonly known as the Court of Pie-powder, or, more properly, "the Court of *Pies-powdrees* or dusty-feet, *curia pedis pulverizati*." The Pie-powder Courts were established in order that a rough-and-ready justice might be administered at fairs, on those who had committed minor offences during the fair-time, and who were tried in a temporary court on the fair ground, by the steward of him who had the tolls, and not by the magistrates of the burgh. And so Ben Jonson's pedlar, in his play of "Bartholomew Fair," threatens the old gingerbread woman "I'll ha'

\*"The follower of the Celtic lord was sometimes known as *gillie wet-foot*, from wearing no shoes or stockings, a practice to which the Scottish peasantry long clung—an incidental testimony of the prevalence of the native element amongst that class."—Robertson's "Scotland under her early Kings," vol. i., p. 305; ii. 474.

you i' the *Pie-pouldres*." And also the noted Stourbridge (or Sturbitch) Fair, near Cambridge, so late as the year 1770, had its "*Pied-poudre* Court, with power to arbitrate disputes in dealing, quell riots, fine, and otherwise punish summarily persons guilty of petty offences, having a pair of stocks and whipping-post in front, and a strong room underneath."

Sir Edward Coke says, that the name of the court was derived, not from the dusty-feet of the suitors, but because justice was done there as speedily as dust can fall from the feet; and Blackstone preferred to derive it from *Pied puldreaux*—the latter being the old French work for "pedlar." But *Pies-poudrees* is generally accepted as the derivation; and the "Pie-powder Court," was the Court of Dusty-feet, or travelling pedlars and merchants. The *fardels*, to which *Hamlet* alludes in his grandest soliloquy, and which the shepherd, in the "Winter's Tale," was bearing to the King, when encountered by *Autolycus*, were such bundles as were borne by the pedlars for their packs. "The dusty-foot," says Mr. Robertson, when speaking of Scotland between the years 1124 and 1153, "was the travelling pedlar, or merchant as he was called in Scotland, the original of the modern haberdasher—or 'man with a havresac;' and as, in fair-time, the *stallenger*, or trader who sold from a temporary stall, or booth, could claim 'lot and caryl'—share and share—with the more dignified burgher, with whom, for the time, he was upon an equality, it would have been contrary to the true northern principle of justice if he had been liable to be tried and punished in a strange court, and by any other verdict than that of 'his peers,' the community, for the time being, of the fair. The dusty-foot probably came by land, and only entered the burgh for traffic during fair-time: but the sea, or the river, bore the vessel of the foreign trader to the burgh at all times."

#### TABLE TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests, as an addition to the list of "vulgar errors," which appeared in the "Table Talk" of several of our earlier numbers, the following, as deserving of being included in the series. The lines—

Within this awful volume lies  
The mystery of mysteries—

he says, are commonly ascribed to Lord Byron, the mistake is often to be seen in print,



and many people are ignorant of the real author. The lines are, in fact, sung by the White Lady of Avenel, in Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery," but a copy of them, found between the leaves of Byron's bible, after his death, may have caused the mistake of his being credited with their authorship. Another mistake of a different and more serious character, says our correspondent, has been made by several of our contemporaries lately. They appear to consider the Queen, Lords, and Commons, as the "three estates of the realm." The phrase properly is, "The crown, *and* the three estates of the realm;" that is, the Sovereign, together with the Lords spiritual and temporal and the Commons. If the gentlemen of the press have any right to claim the title of the "fourth estate," they certainly ought to make no mistake about the personality of the other three.

WE may set the Thames on fire yet! If we fail in extracting illuminating gas from its sewage constituent—a transformation of which there has been some talk—we may at least hope to succeed in heightening the brilliancy of our street and house lamps by the oxygen and hydrogen of which its water consists. Two American professors of repute have discovered a method by which these necessary elements of combustion can be procured from steam in fit condition for mixing with common coal gas; the effect of the admixture being that the brilliancy of the resulting light is 50 per cent. greater than that of the gas alone, as we ordinarily burn it. The process consists in blowing high pressure steam into a retort containing anthracite coal in combustion. The steam is hydrogen and oxygen, the coal is carbon; chemical combination ensues, the oxygen and carbon uniting to form oxide of carbon, the hydrogen remaining free. Both gases are combustible, but do not burn brightly; mix them, however, with coal gas, and the result is what we have spoken of—a vast increase of illuminating power. Let us hope that our gas companies will turn ears not quite deaf to this item of American intelligence; and, if they won't reduce the price of gas, let them try and give us more light for our money.

THEY are squabbling in France just now over the asserted poisonous properties of some of the beautiful red dyes invented of late, chiefly over coralline. One famous analyst has made a number of experiments upon animals, from which he declares that this

colouring matter is dangerously poisonous. Two other chemists have repeated the tests, and they assert positively that it is quite harmless; as to the pretended evil attending the wearing of magenta socks, they almost ridicule it, for they have actually had their hands and feet stained by immersion in the dye, on purpose to observe the consequences, and they have felt no inconvenience whatever. Doctor number one retorts that he does not care for all this; he sticks to his own conclusion, which, as he truly says, is supported by many cases that have come before his fellow practitioners. Whom are we to believe? Perhaps both sides have some right on them; there may be hurtful and harmless specimens of the dye, since it is known that arsenic sometimes enters into the composition of aniline colours; or in the dyeing operations some foreign substance may combine with the coralline to impart a toxic property. More evidence is wanted; has any been gained through the advertisement which appeared in the *Times* some months ago, asking for communications from people who had been poisoned, or thought they had, by coloured garments? Fragments of the suspected articles were requested for analysis. Were any received?

WHERE are all the fine old country inns? Have they, too, followed the old coachies, hostlers, and grooms, whose lot it was to find their "occupation gone" as soon as people found out that a railway carriage was a better vehicle for a long journey than the best coach that ever clattered out of London drawn by four prancing steeds? We fear it is so. The roadside inn is being pushed out of being by the modern railway hotel. "Taking mine ease at mine inn" will soon be a phrase without meaning. At the monster hotel the kindly, old-fashioned, friendly relation between host and guest has no existence. Bustle there is in plenty, but bustle without cheerfulness. Unless you are a peer of the realm or a bishop, you are no more than a number in the great hostelry. "Pint of sherry to No. 117, waiter." No. 117, who may be your noble self, pays his reckoning to the black-coated, white-chokered waiter, and the house knows nor cares nothing more of your fate. How different it all was at a cosy, clean, old-fashioned inn, where the smiling landlady herself saw your bed aired, and brewed your nightcap for you, and her bustling husband closed the door of your chaise, as you drove off out of the picturesque inn yard. Truly,

alteration is not always improvement. In the matter of inns, we sometimes wish to go back fifty years or so, and enjoy the old-fashioned cheer of the antiquated hostleries of which so few are now left.

THE APPLICATION OF STEAM as a motive power seems to be endless; it appears that there is now in existence a steam wagonette, so, at least, says a correspondent of the *Times*. He states that he has received a nocturnal visit from a friend, who, with four other persons, arrived at a most unearthly hour of night in a most outlandish vehicle. They chose the night for their journey, because the law says these steam carriages and traction engines shall not be permitted to use the turnpike roads by day. Of this the writer in the *Times* complains, and also grumbles at the restrictions imposed upon the drivers of steam-engines on roads, to wit, that they should be preceded by a man carrying a flag, and that their pace should be very moderate indeed; he contends that such precautions are unnecessary, and that twelve miles an hour is not too fast for the proprietor of a steam-wagonette to rattle along the Queen's highway at. All we have to say about the matter is, that very few shy or spirited horses will face a locomotive, steaming along a turnpike-road at a speed of two or three miles an hour; and probably no horse would meet and pass an engine coming towards it at a rate of twelve miles an hour; so, if driving a steam-landau or wagonette becomes a common practice, either people who drive horses must cease to do so, or risk their necks two or three times in every mile. That a man should like to drive a steam-carriage, we are not surprised at; indeed, that some millionaires have not toy railroads in their parks, is rather to be wondered at than not. Steam carriages, if used at all, should be confined to private roads, where they can risk nobody's neck but their owner's.

A GOOD DEAL of fuss has lately been made about tight-lacing. If carried to excess, I suppose nobody can doubt that its effects are as injurious to health as they are detrimental to beauty. If there is anything in Hogarth's "line of beauty," ladies who would be charming should avoid drawing a tight band round their waists, and so destroying the graceful lines that otherwise would exist in the folds of their drapery. The present narrow waistbands and high-heeled boots are ugly, and calculated to injure the health, whilst they certainly are uncomfortable to the wearers,

though this we dare say will be deemed of little consequence so long as they are the fashion. Probably the farther ladies depart from the simple folds and soft outlines of the Grecian dress, the farther they leave behind them true taste in the art of tiring.

EDELWEIS.—The Edelweis (*Guaphalium Leontopodium*) is a plant found only on the most inaccessible parts of the Tyrol and Bavarian mountains. Its name means "noble purity," and it is considered the best gift which a lover can give to the maiden of his choice. Often has the young jäger been found, cold in death, at the foot of the crag on which the Edelweis had grown, the snowy tuft for which he had sacrificed his life clasped in his hand.

Nay, friend beloved, why thus despair,

Thus muse on misdeeds long gone by?

Look up above, where, blooming fair,

Amid the mountains bleak and high,

Yon snowy tuft the storm defies—

It is the much-loved Edelweis!

Not idly in the valley lying

Gain we its pure and valued plume,

But, rugged rocks and cliffs defying,

Must seek it mid the mountain's gloom;

Unwearied, upward must we rise,

If we would seek the Edelweis.

Nor look behind, lest thought remind us,

How on that lean well-nigh we fell,

And giddy fear and doubt assail us,

And on our downward course impel,

To quit for aye that noble prize—

The pure unblemished Edelweis.

Be this our holy high ambition.

Whate'er our failings past and gone,

To rise above our sad condition,

Seek "noble purity" alone,

And, boldly mounting t'ward the skies

Gain, e'en in death, our Edelweis.

WE have long regarded with mingled admiration and awe, those singular and privileged beings the "own correspondents" of some of our contemporaries, who write long letters for our benefit and enlightenment from Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Their unimpeachable truthfulness, their gushing candour, and pure English, are passports, doubtless, to the highest and most select continental society. No wonder, then, that they are closeted with cardinals, tap royal dukes on the shoulder, whisper in the ear of prime ministers, bandy graceful compliments with all the women of wit and beauty, and enjoy the most easy intimacy with kings and with

emperors. Their letters to their fellow-subjects in England we have long read with the greatest eagerness and the most implicit confidence, and we congratulate ourselves that these gentlemen are not all abroad, but that at least one remains to instruct and amuse us through the columns of a well-known morning paper. This gentleman is scandalised at the behaviour of the common people in the railway carriages; he tells us he lately rode in a threepenny 'bus—which, in so exalted a personage, shows some eccentricity—and there he met a bishop and a member of parliament! and the behaviour of all the people in the threepenny 'bus was entirely satisfactory to him, and contrasted very favourably with the conduct of railway passengers. It is a little singular that one 'bus at one time should carry so rich a freight: a bishop—which, we wonder?—an M.P.—doubtless an economist,—and a special correspondent. Everybody is familiar with Thackeray's sketch of Mr. Archer, who used to cut his beef with the Duke of Wellington, and who was "wanted at the palace," where he had been kept "four hours in an ante-room, with nothing but yesterday's *Times*, which I knew by heart, as I wrote three of the leading articles myself; and though the Lord Chamberlain came in four times, and once holding the royal teacup and saucer in his hand, he did not so much as say to me, 'Archer, will you have a cup of tea?'" We have always thought highly of this little bit in "Pendennis," and the story of the three great ones in the threepenny 'bus is nearly as good. Had the occasion been a royal levée, and the destination of the 'bus St. James's Palace, the thing would have been perfect—of its kind.

THE COURSE OF LECTURES at the Harvard University, in which Mr. Emerson and Mr. Lowell are professors, and of which Mr. Eliot is president, is now thrown open to "competent persons, men or women." There are two divisions or faculties, literature and philosophy, and the fees for attendance on both are 300 dollars in all. In giving to ladies free access to the lectures of the professors, Harvard has taken a step which we scarcely expect to see imitated in Europe at present.

THE PECULIARLY STORMY WEATHER during the early part of the month of September may serve to remind us of the claims of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution upon our charitable support. In the past twenty-one months their lifeboats have saved or contributed to the

saving of 1527 persons. Such a result calls for no advocacy of the work done by the crews of the lifeboats, it speaks plainly enough for itself. The value of the boats provided by the Institution, and manned by brave fellows ready to risk their own safety in the effort to save the lives of others, cannot be over-estimated. Around our stormy coasts, at the various stations, there are now 210 lifeboats, but noble employment can be found for many more. The cost of a lifeboat is about £640, and the institution is supported entirely by voluntary contributions.

CORRESPONDENT: In "Table Talk," of July 17th, you mention a new mode of marking linen, discovered by M. Kuhr, a German chemist. Your readers may not be aware that here, in Jamaica, nature herself supplies us with marking ink. The large round seeds of the Avocado, or Alligator Pear (*Persea Gratissima*)—whence its name I have never been able to discover—contain a great quantity of tannin, and cloth stretched over one, and pricked through with a pin, becomes marked as effectually as with marking ink. The pear itself is one of the greatest delicacies of the West Indies, and is eaten either as a vegetable or a fruit; in the former case, with pepper and salt, and in the latter, with sherry and sugar. In its character of a vegetable, it is an admirable substitute for fresh butter.

CANNOT SOMEONE INVENT a method of packing mineral oils, so as to make them not more dangerous than gunpowder is? The explosion of petroleum on board the lighter at Bordeaux, shows the extreme danger attending the transport of such oils, and such an accident may occur any day on the Thames, but with a tenfold more disastrous effect. Would not a modification of the vessels used for carrying quicksilver be applicable to petroleum?

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# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 94.

October 16, 1869.

Price 2d.

## WAITING TO WIN.

A STORY OF FAIRLAWN GRANGE.

By the Author of the "SISTER'S SECRET."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

ARCADES AMBO.

WHEN James Gregory, very much crushed at the loss of both his idols—the death of one was scarcely less painful to him than his cold separation from the other—returned to Paris, after the reading of the will, it was in utter bitterness of heart. The five hundred a year left him by Lionel only made him more heart-broken and wretched. What had he done to deserve such kindness and generosity? In his estimation—nothing. Sorrowful and heart-broken he wended his way hence. Under present circumstances, to him there was no longer any future. Not having to do anything for his living, there was no more work. To him work represented money, and when he had plenty of money, why should he exert himself?

Still Paris had its charms, and so has the *atelier*. Few persons can conceive the amount of happiness which an incipient Vernet or Bonheur can get out of a dingy room, crowded by canvas, broken plaster-of-Paris statues, lay-figures and fellow-students. If they do not advance much in their studies, they amuse themselves.

James Gregory had never given up his Paris studio, thanks to the kindness of Lionel Seabright. It was a small place in an old-fashioned house in the Quartier Latin, and he was glad to get back to it. At all events, he could there lead his vagabond life unfettered by the opinion of the world, and drown care and sorrow in the society of his comrades. It was past midnight when he pulled the *cordon* which, in such places, is the open sesame, and having entered the passage proceeded to light a candle.

All the rest of the tenants of the house had entered and quietly retired to rest.

James Gregory had to cross a yard to where his studio and two rooms stood in a pavilion, as it is called in France—that is, in a separate building. He had forgotten to take his key from the usual rack, and was about to return for it, when he fancied his rooms were not empty. There was a glow, as of a fire, that came through the thick curtains of the studio. James Gregory, surprised and curious, placed his hand against the door. It opened of itself.

There was a fire in the room, and before that fire sat a man, his feet resting on the *andirons*, smoking assiduously, as he gazed at the blazing logs.

James Gregory shivered as with cold. Who and what was the being who sat on his hearth, waiting his return from England? He felt a strange dread, and yet a singular hope agitated his bosom.

"Who is there?" he gasped.

"Is that you, James?" coolly replied Lionel Seabright.

"Yes! My God!—"

"You are not afraid of ghosts?" coolly asked the master of Fairlawn Grange.

"No, no; but," gasped James, "I've just come from the reading of your will. I will return at once."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Lionel Seabright, rising, and helping him to a chair. "Light up your pipe, and listen. From the first moment when I saw Alice I loved her—determined to make her my wife, and also to make her happy. She scorned and refused me; more, she showed me clearly that I was the *bête noire* of her existence. She hated me for merely living—for being in her way—for living, in fact, to the detriment of her father. Death was the only thing which, in her eyes, would absolve me."

"Lionel!"

"Listen, my dear old boy, and you shall know all."

"I am so inconceivably bewildered."

"You shall know all presently. The mad, foolish, and cowardly idea of suicide once or twice crossed my brain; but that I finally rejected, not only as wicked, but as weak and foolish. No, I would live and win my way as best I might. An idea ran through my head that, after all, I had committed no crime, had acted, in fact, fairly and honestly, and that time the avenger would allow my poor cousin to see this."

"She sees it clearly enough now," said James.

"How so?"

"She refused your bequest."

"Refused!"

"Yes; until she knew that unless she accepted your property and estates the other legacies would not be paid. She then reluctantly accepted. There is one thing, Lionel—"

"Well, what is that?"

"You have conquered. Alice Seabright bitterly regrets the past. But, my dear friend, how is it that I see you alive—I who have mourned you dead?"

"Because, my dear James, things have turned out just as I wished. When I left you at work at the inn, and took a freak in my head to ascend the snow-clad mountain, it was simply to idle away the time. My nature always was restless, and my acute feelings with regard to Alice made me more so. Still, I was not foolhardy. I took with me two of the most experienced guides, and every requisite for mountain travel. We started fairly enough, and, as I subsequently learned, you knew that we made the ascent in safety. It was coming down that the accident occurred. Old Graatz was in front, armed with his long Alpine pole. I and Frantz, his son, were tied together, he being more accustomed to climbing than I was. The proper path was over a small hillock; by some fatality or other the wind had obliterated the mark of the right track—and Frantz hesitated a moment. As he did so, I slipped; the jerk threw him in the opposite direction. For a moment I hung over a precipice, which fortunately was not perpendicular. Then the cord broke, and I was hurled downwards. For some minutes my senses were gone; and when I came-to, there I lay alone, out of sight of life and existence, a miserable cripple on a bed of snow. My ankle was not, as I at first thought, broken,—it was only sprained. Still I was unable to walk, and death appeared imminent. I had fallen into a narrow *crevasse*, or, to speak plainly, slit, which rose on each side above a hundred feet—a cliff on each side of snow.

To clamber up either of these was simply impossible. All that remained was to wait and see if any succour came. Fortunately my knapsack was well provided both with food and brandy. With the latter I saturated my ankle, after taking off my boot, and then in the most cool and deliberate manner in the world, while eating some food, proceeded to speculate on the consequences of my accident."

"Just like you," growled James.

"My first sentiment was that of unmixed satisfaction. After my death Alice Seabright could experience no further ill-feeling toward me. Great was my gratification and delight that I had made my will. Still to die like a dog in that hole was by no means pleasant, and I resolved to make an effort to save myself. As soon as I was refreshed and my ankle felt easier, I rose and examined the *locale* in which I was placed. It appeared to extend a considerable distance in a longitudinal direction. It was narrow, and at each step I endeavoured to make, snow fell in large lumps. Action, however, was clearly necessary, for to lie down was to die.

"Onward I pushed in the direction of light, and at last came to the bottom of a slope of mixed ice and snow. Up this I resolved to climb. To tell you all I suffered, how many times I wholly gave up the attempt, how often my feet slipped from under me and hurled me backwards, would be to waste hours. Several times I lay down to die, and then there came over me a sense of what was due to myself, and again I rose. It was as cowardly to yield as to take my own life, and so I struggled.

"It was quite night, when, having exhausted my last sandwich and my last drop of brandy, I reached the exit from the *crevasse*.

"Below were the lights of the town, where doubtless a terrible excitement existed with regard to my fate and that of the guide. It was midnight ere I gained the bottom of the hill, and by that time my mind was made up. There was no crime in a moral suicide like that I contemplated. Life had no charms for me; the only woman who, in the course of my brief existence, had excited in me sympathy, love, and friendship, rejected me with scorn. The chief reason of her dislike was my having dispossessed her father of what she believed was his. Why not make her happy?"

"Ah," said James, who by this time was deeply intent on a pipe, "just like you."

"She certainly would not dislike and hate the new master of Fairlawn Grange when she knew him dead and gone.

"I resolved at once not to return to the inn.

By great good fortune a small hut was found, inhabited by a goat-herd, where I stayed unsuspected and well tended for two days. I then contrived to get out of Switzerland, and while you were journeying post-haste and broken-hearted to England," laughed Lionel, "I was enjoying myself at an inn in the Jura, where my ankle was quite cured. This matter settled to my satisfaction, I came on to Paris, where I arrived this evening. Of course I knew you would return to your old home, and here I am."

"For how long?"

"For ever."

"What do you mean? Surely you do not intend that ungrateful girl to keep your property."

"I do. If it makes her happy so much the better. It never made me happy," replied Lionel, quietly.

"But you must live," said James dolefully.

"Haven't I left you five hundred a year?" continued Lionel, in the same jovial tone he had sustained during the whole conversation.

James looked at him with a sombre glance at first, after which he burst out laughing.

"You really mean to allow this chit of an Alice to remain mistress of Fairlawn Grange?" he said in quite a piteous tone.

"Yes. I shall never make my existence known. My death has been taken as a matter of course; let it remain so. My dear friend—do not look so miserable—there remains to us happiness and art; we are much better off than we were two years ago; we have our profession. Believe me, that to get rid of illusions there is nothing like hard work."

James shook his head.

"All this is very romantic, the action of a young man wild with passion and love. As you get older you will repent your exaggerated generosity," he urged.

"Never. I should have found some more romantic way of endowing her with all my worldly goods—so let it rest. If you won't share your annuity with me, well, I must do my best and earn my own living," he added.

James Gregory flew into a passion, and then yielded in every way. He contrived to hunt up a bottle of wine, and in that room, in the old Bohemian style, their plans were laid for the future. The great resolve made was to work, to do something great, and thus astonish the world—the dream, the hope, the ideal of every aspirant for fame, since poetry and art came into the world to soften and refine human nature.

## CHAPTER XXX.

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WHEN Lionel Seabright rose and faced Alice he was much the more confused and troubled of the two. He literally looked as if he had seen a ghost. Something in the manner of the superb and rather haughty woman, whom he had left quite a child, awed him while it made his heart beat fast.

She had spoken gravely, but without anger or passion. His first impulse was to prevaricate.

"Madame," he said in French, touching his cap as he spoke, "you did me the honour to speak to me?"

"Lionel Seabright," she continued, with earnestness but not unkindness, "do not attempt to deceive me. I ask you what is the meaning of this?"

"It means that he is what I have always said," cried James in his usual jerky style.

"Silence!" cried Lionel; "allow me to speak. What is your business with me, Miss Seabright?"

"Give me your arm to my carriage," replied Alice, quietly, "and I will tell you. You can follow with Auntie," she added, half inclined to laugh, perhaps to hide the tears which stood in her eyes.

Lionel, who was too astonished to speak much, offered his arm, which was at once accepted, and the old enemies walked out of the picture gallery, followed by the wondering artist and the amazed aunt, who had not recovered as yet the shock of this stupendous discovery, though her surprise at the coolness of Alice was even greater than her astonishment at discovering Lionel to be alive.

The carriage was an open one, with coachman and footman, so that when the four were within it little conversation ensued. Anywhere but in Paris the mere fact of two artists in their working garb entering a carriage with ladies, would have excited remark—in Paris it did not.

"Will you allow us to call at home?" suddenly said Lionel, in quite a timid, diffident way.

As he spoke he glanced at his dress.

"You will allow us to wait," replied Alice.

"Certainly."

"And will not run away?" she continued.

Lionel gravely replied that he had no wish to run away; and on this declaration he and James Gregory were allowed to alight at their residence and change their costume.

"What do you mean to do?" said the aunt,

whose breath was almost taken away with surprise.

"I don't know," replied Alice, "except give up the property. Do you know I am scarcely surprised."

"My dear!"

"Lionel Seabright does nothing like anybody else," she continued.

At this moment the two young men returned, looking a little more like companions for carriage ladies, and the whole party drove to the hotel, where Alice at once ordered dinner, and then retired to a sitting room, and directed the servants to refuse her to all visitors.

"I suppose you have some explanation to offer," said Alice, when they were seated near a low bow window overlooking the gardens of the Tuileries.

"May I speak frankly and openly," replied Lionel. "Tell all—from the bottom of my heart."

"Speak," said Alice.

Lionel Seabright did speak, and eloquently. He told his whole story, he explained how the moment he saw Alice his heart was lost. But the whole story need not be repeated. He explained how deeply he had suffered from her rejection and evident fervent dislike. The story of the Alpine accident was then come to, and the truth laid before her. He disguised nothing; and when at last he had finished, he took from his pocket a small watch.

"Of all that accrued to me from your father's wealth," he said, "this is all I kept."

"Mine!" cried Alice.

"Yours," he answered.

There was complete silence in the room for some minutes, when Alice again spoke.

"When are you ready to return to England?" she said.

"What for?"

"To resume your position in society, to take possession of that which is yours," she continued.

"Never," he answered. "I am dead to the world. Besides, the mastership of Fairlawn Grange is a mockery—a mere delusion and a snare."

"I shall never return to England without you," said Alice, coldly.

"Alice!—Alice!—what do you mean?" he wildly cried.

"That humbly I seek forgiveness, and if your heart is not changed," she faltered, "and this hand is worth the acceptance, *it is yours.*"

"But your love—your affection, my precious darling," cried the amazed artist.

"That—that"—she whispered, "you had long ago—always, I believe."

To paint the wild astonishment of both the aunt and James Gregory—to depict their delight and intense satisfaction is unnecessary. They began at last to understand and appreciate fully the real character of our heroine.

Thus ended the troubles of Lionel Seabright and his cousin Alice, who had so solemnly vowed never to change her name. After a month's further residence in Paris they were married, and, to the astonishment of many old friends, they returned to Fairlawn Grange together. It was easy to set afloat a report, that travelling far away in distant lands, Lionel had not heard the report of his own death. Such, at all events, was the explanation given by rumour. The whole story was never known to the world, but the intimate friends of the squire often heard in after days of how long he had been WAITING TO WIN.

## THE ISLAND OF RÉUNION.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

RÉUNION—Bourbon as it used to be called—is an island of that group named by old geographers, the Mascarenhas, of which Mauritius is the best known. Of the latter island, indeed, there has been enough said. We know its fevers and its hurricanes. And Réunion has not been without its prophets. A Scotch clergyman stayed there for six weeks, going there on a holiday from the sister isle, and published a book setting forth that he had been there six months. The book was lively, however, and I believe sold.

The common peculiarities of the two islands, those of the inner life of the Creole folk, have never been described. It would be difficult indeed to find a pen able to do justice to this remarkable people. Of their careless ease; their superb mendacity; their unflinching good temper; their utter incapacity for all that Englishmen are taught to regard as the higher aims of life—of all these, chroniclers have been silent. There is, indeed, its own beauty in the life of ease and indolence, the "apolaustic" life. "God," the Creole would say, if he could by any effort bring himself to put his thought into words, "God made this island for enjoyment. Let us enjoy it. We have no desires which cannot be gratified; no appetites which cannot be satisfied; no yearnings after nobler things; no foolish kicking against the inevitable; no ambitions; no activity; no longing for anything better than to lie and rest, in a land where, indeed, it is always afternoon."

Coolness comes with the trade wind. It lifts the hair of the women who lie in the shady verandahs, and blows about the leaves of the giant creepers that climb over their houses; it blows great waves of colour—yellow and green—over the rustling fields of cane; and it stirs the sap of the gloomy trees in their dark and silent woods. Here no bird sings, but only sometimes the *coq-de-bois* cries, and the red-crested cardinal flits past, and a stray monkey chatters as you pass under him, secure on the topmost bough.

But in these silent woods you may wander, free of scathe or harm, fearless of wild beasts. Nothing fiercer than the gentle Madagascar cat, or the little *tandrell* roams these woods; nothing more terrible than the deer which bound away at your approach. Snakes there are none, nor tigers. Once, indeed, there was a tiger. He escaped from a menagerie, was traced to the woods, and was never heard of afterwards. Rumour went that he had eaten a blackman and died in consequence, not being accustomed to high living. Those, however, who knew the country affirm, with some show of reason, that he lives yet, but that he is *creolized*. The influences of the place, they say, have operated in him a radical change of heart. With softened manners, and gentle thoughts, he wanders on the lonely mountain side, eschewing the society of men, filing his savage teeth away on the casual boulder, and cropping the kindly herbage—a Nebuchadnezzar of tigers.

For all things in these islands partake of gentleness. Centipedes, it is true, abound; but these are a timorous race, ever fearful of being crunched. Scorpions, too, there are—absurd animals, who hardly know—ignorant of the caudal exercise—how to bear their own weapon, the tail, and as often as not—if the voice of rumour is true—sting themselves, instead of their assailants. There are also big spiders, beasts of blustering and martial aspect, but very Bobadils for cowardice. Their bodies are as big as an egg, black and hairy; their legs are long and bristly; their eyes are fierce and venomous; their webs are like the rigging of a ship for stoutness. Yet these, too, are deceitful. I believe that there is not a bite in a cartload of them. They fly from danger, and tremble on their long foolish legs at the approach of a stranger.

There are, besides, enormous eels in the rivers. The Creoles say—but it is necessary to invent something to account for the national antipathy to cold water—that these creatures seize the unwary bather and drag him down,

so that he perishes miserably. After which they eat him. Now *they don't attack Englishmen*.

There are also flying foxes, the most innocent of creatures; and of smaller deer; mosquitoes—a crumpled leaf in the bed of roses; great yellow wasps, who really would rather not sting you; and sharks, which cannot hurt you on land. For all is soft there, drowsy, and peaceful; the very pig of the Indian gains an additional curl to his tail, a proof of ease and comfort; the dogs lie dozing in the shade all day, from morn to dewy eve, when they awake to hunt the musk rats; the Creole, with peaceful heart and dreamy lustrous eyes realizes his crops or becomes bankrupt; makes his fortune or loses it; never changes his style of living, or allows his heart to be vexed at the buffets of fate, and never gives one thought, or suffers one anxiety for the morrow. All the activity of the place is due to the restlessness of a few recently arrived Europeans. These, too, after awhile, subside. The influences of the place tell upon them, and like the folk of the islands, their ambitions die away, their energy is sapped, and, while life has its little luxuries, and the gentle stimulant of not too hard work, they care for nothing more.

And if this is true of Mauritius, far more is it true of Bourbon. Your Frenchman is at heart an idler. He loves desultory effort—it is something to talk about. But he loves more to talk about the efforts of others, and in Bourbon he talks to his heart's content. It is the land above all of pleasant ease and idle talk.

I went there from Mauritius. The islands are some 100 miles apart. Bourbon, the larger, is much less densely peopled, having a population of about 270 to the square mile, rather more than half of that of Mauritius. There is little intercourse between the two places, the people being too lazy to visit each other, and besides, the passage is always rough and generally stormy.

I saw it first at day-break. The morning was cloudy and pale: the island loomed before us as one huge mountain, dark, bleak, and inhospitable. Rolling along the steep sides of that vast hill were great banks of white clouds, which, ever and anon drifting apart, showed glimpses of black ravines. Presently, we saw a thin strip of sugar-cane running round the seaboard. Then, as we drew nearer, the clouds lifted, the glorious sun shone out; the white houses of St. Denys showed between masses of foliage, as we drew



nearer: while, behind, slope upon slope, first bright with sugar-canes, then dark with coffee, then belted with forest, but all threaded with brooks, like silver lines of light, and the great mountain, 11,000 feet high, stretched up to the heavens.

The scenery of Bourbon has been called dark and sombre. It is dark compared with Mauritius, where the ravines are small, and the mountains low; but when the sun lights up one side of some gorgeous ravine, 2,000 feet deep, and the other side lies in black shadow, the effect is peculiarly striking. I have never, myself, seen anything to compare with this Bourbon scenery. Perhaps, in some of the islands in the Pacific, there may be scenery as beautiful; but island scenery is generally small, here it is all on an Alpine scale. The mountain, nearly as high as the Gross Gloillac, has no glaciers on its slopes, no snow on its summit; vegetation, thick, tropical, and luxuriant, climbs up all its sides, hiding the bare face of the rock, dropping masses of gigantic creepers down scarped naked places, clinging wherever a foot-hold can be found, watered by a thousand tiny cascades and mountain streams, and bright with the hues of eternal spring. The air, too—not chilled and thick with perpetual fog and mist, but clearer and purer than would be believed possible by those who have never seen an African sky. And where, sometimes, the mountain breaks away in a dead drop of scarped precipice of thousands of feet, where not even a monkey could find hold, or a blade of grass take root, the rock is coloured by the sun with all the hues of the rainbow; and as the day declines, we may see the tints varying through all the shades from purple to violet, from violet to black. But see it again when the sun is hidden behind black clouds; then, indeed, is Bourbon dark, frowning, inhospitable. Round its shores no harbours lie, no places of refuge in hurricanes; and of all the coasts I ever saw, there is none that would look so terrible in a shipwreck as that of Bourbon.

Disembarking is a difficulty; there being, as I have said, no harbour at all, the steamer drops anchor some half-mile out, and waits, rolling in the heavy sea, for the *pratique* officer. Pending the arrival of this functionary, great boats are rowed out, each as big as, say, three Portsmouth wherries, and wait round the steamer, squabbling among themselves for precedence. A fight took place for our amusement between the Malays of the captain's gig, and the Mozambique boatmen of one of these passenger boats. I never, before or since, saw

so striking an example of the thickness of a nigger's head. The Malays steadily belaboured their opponents over the skulls with big oars for half-an-hour, without producing any impression, as appeared to on-lookers, beyond a little irritation of the epidermis, pleasant and easily alleviated.

At last we got *pratique*, and were permitted to get into a passenger boat. This was not easy. The ship rolls, and the boat rolls. Therefore it is not safe for the boat to come close alongside, and the only way is to watch your moment, and jump when the boat and the ladder are on a level. We managed badly. I began, having first chartered a craft, and fell upon my knees and nose. S——, my companion, instead of waiting for the next roll of the ship, jumped upon me, and a Chinaman, who was also a passenger on the steamer, but who certainly had not been invited to join us, jumped in on S——. When we recovered, we were clear of the ship, and John Chinaman was sitting on his bundle in the bottom of the boat, winking at us. Now it is not in the power of words to describe a Chinaman's wink, so crafty is it, and withal so good-natured. The boat, by the way, cost us about ten shillings, and John did not make the least offer to pay anything, disappearing up the steps of the jetty with another fearful and mysterious wink.

In landing, again, one has similar difficulties, as the sea rolls in without any reef in huge waves. The traveller jumps from the boat on to a slippery landing board, climbs hastily up slippery steps, with no rail or rope, and with the returning wave laving his legs, and finds himself safe at last on the jetty planks. A chair is provided with a crane and ropes for ladies, also for passengers of distinction. The inferior orders, to which we belonged, have to jump and climb. I do not know how far down the social scale the chair is allowed. A bishop, I know, always has a chair, because certain wags once ran a bishop up to the top of the crane, and held him there suspended in mid air, a spectacle to the populace. I don't know what was done to the wags. And I have some reason to believe that the line is drawn at a consul—below a consul, of course. At the pier we were seized by the landlord of the Hôtel d'Europe, and driven away in his custody to breakfast. He was polite, but firm, and would take no denial. They gave us a very good French breakfast, consisting of some fifty different dishes, and a bottle of admirable light wine; the curry alone being bad. The Bourbonnais were playing dominoes and

smoking cigars when we arrived half-an-hour before breakfast. They resumed this pursuit immediately after their repast, and continued it without intermission all day long till dinner time. After dinner they went away—I suppose, to bed. As they did this every day, a hasty observer might be led to assert that they had no business but amusement, and that they made a toil of pleasure. His haste would lead him into error. The Bourbonnais rises at five, before daybreak. At six he is at his office hard at work, that is, as hard as he ever works; at ten the work of the day is finished. The offices close at ten; re-open for the clerks, and for the name of the thing, at two, and close again about four. Would it not be possible to get a “wrinkle” out of this, and let business be everywhere got through leisurely? Why all this care and worry? Consider the Creoles how they grow. The ladies do all their shopping—the only shops at first sight appear to be jewellers, but this, again, is an error—also before ten o’clock, and may be seen in ravishing toilettes going to church about these hours. They are never to be seen at any other time of the day.

From ten in the morning till night, or rather till five a.m. the next day, St. Denys is silent. No carriage rolls along its streets all day; indeed, grass grows over all the roadways; no sugar carts come lumbering into the town; no Indians drive about in carriages; all these things belong to Mauritius. The Bourbonnais knows better, and has, I believe, got a law—a most admirable law—which forbids beasts, and—by implication, mark—men also to work during the heat of the day.

The town, seen from the hills, is a city of palaces: each a one-storied, verandah-shaded villa, resting in its garden and buried in its surrounding trees. It is the city of silence and indolence. Sleep is spread over all by nine o’clock, and silence rules at dusk. From corner to corner stretch ropes on which lanterns of oil, after the old ante-revolution fashion, are slung. These, however, are innocent of hangings and sudden furies of the mob.

They have a few public buildings: an Hôtel de Ville, for instance, which would do credit to many a much larger French town; a theatre, the interior of which is said to be pretty, but which is generally closed; a large and extremely handsome and commodious barrack; a hospital; a Lycée, where the boys are taught on exactly the same principles, the same subjects, at the same hours, as the Lycées in France, and wear the same neat uniform with white trousers; an ugly cathedral; a church or two;

and a race-course. Here is a monument, which the French with good taste have allowed to stand, commemorating the fall of Licut. Monro and 45 rank and file, who fell at the taking of the island by the English in 1809. For we *did* take the island, and kept it till 1814, when we were foolish enough to give it up. There is an absurd story to the effect, that Talleyrand and the Duke of — (was it Newcastle?) talked the thing over. “You will give us,” said the French diplomatist, “you will give us back Bourbon?” “Oh! certainly,” said the Englishman, “we will give you back Bourbon; by all means take Bourbon.” On being expostulated with afterwards, he excused himself on the ground that he thought it was in the West Indies. A story which is paralleled by that of a clerk in the Colonial Office—*before* the days of competition—who, in conveying to a civil servant his appointment to a post in the Hydrelles, informed him that it was not necessary to reside in the island, but that he might, if he pleased, live in Port Louis, and go over every morning—a distance of 1,500 miles.

The Bourbonnais still remembers the English occupation, and speaks of it with feelings of some regret. They had a good time of it with dinners, balls, and races, at the expense and providing of the English officers. Some of them married Englishmen, and Englishmen are always kindly received by them. They tell of one old general who was always giving dinners. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, he would take too much claret, grow irascible, and when the music began, would send a servant with a message to the ladies to “stop that deuced row.”

By the shore, a little out of the town, stands the cemetery—a wild desolate place. The Bourbonnais loves not the sight of death. He does not, like his brother of the Isle of France, deck up the resting place of the majority with gay flowers and costly vases. Here the long grass and the rank weeds—nature in the tropics has few common wild flowers, and none so delicate and beautiful as those of England—climb over the tombstones, and pull away the bricks from under the marble slabs. A few “filao” trees stand by the road, murmuring with a long sad sigh peculiar to them, and the sea roars for ever as it drags down the bank of shingle. The Frenchman lives out of his native country in resignation, but his eyes fill with tears when he thinks of dying out of it.

There are not many mulattoes in St. Denys: most of these seem to live by preference at St. Pierre, a little town on the other side of the

island. There are, however, plenty of negroes. These were emancipated as late as 1848. There were some 50,000 or 60,000 of them; and, on the whole, they seem to have done fairly well since their emancipation. In Mauritius, about 100,000 or more were set free in 1835, with very little warning. It was like letting loose a cageful of cage-born birds in the forest. Before they found out how to live, they died. In the first few years after the emancipation, the Mauritian negroes died by thousands; the kind friends in England, who had cut their chains, forgetting that they deprived them at the same time of their livelihood. There are now not more than 10,000 or 12,000 full-blooded negroes in Mauritius.

In both countries, from the day of their freedom, the blacks seem to have sworn a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, again to set foot in a cane-field. They will work in their own gardens to grow their vegetables, but never more will a son of their colour take in hand the accursed hoe. It recalls the memory—not to be effaced for many generations—of the *temps margoisse*, “the bitter time,” as they call it, when, as they will tell you, the gang-driver stood over them with his lash; when a flogging-post for men and women stood in the place; when, said a carpenter to me, “if you ran into the woods, the whites came after you with dogs and guns, and when they saw you, ‘ping!’ ‘ping!’ went the guns, and down you fell. My father, in these very woods— But, there, it was the *temps margoisse*. You whites have altered all that.” “Then,” said I, “you ought to be grateful to the whites.” “I don’t know,” he said; “it is all very well, but, you see, you won’t admit us to your society. Monsieur, I put it to you: would they ask me and my wife to the garrison balls?”

It is, of course, impossible to make them understand that English and French carpenters do not go into society; and this little conversation seems to me exactly to express the nigger difficulty. They understand the equality which the governments are always hammering into their heads, not as civic, but as social equality, and, when they get the former, expect the latter. If a mulatto rises in the world, the only thing that keeps him from going into society—supposing that he knows how to behave himself—is his horrible following of ill-bred relations.

I am not a lover of the negro—quite the contrary. I consider that if he *is* a man and a brother, as a man he is a failure, and as a brother he is a disgrace to his family. When the men become truthful and the women

chaste; when the negro has shown that he can do more than imitate at a distance (we must remember that no full-blooded negro has as yet been able to *imitate* more than decently); when by any acts of heroism, of genius, of ability, of endurance, they show themselves worthy to be received into the family of the whites, we may receive them. Till then, *civic* equality, if you please.

## RESTORATION.

THE subject of this paper is neither the rehabilitation of fading personal charms, nor the restoration of dynasties, it treats of pictures; of old pictures made new, and of new pictures made old; of doctoring, toning, lining, restoring, cleaning, and varnishing. It has fallen to the writer’s lot to learn more than most people do of the inner mysteries of the picture dealer’s craft, dabbling, as he does, both in paint and in printer’s ink, and using the sable brush as well as the grey goose quill as an instrument for the expression of ideas.

Mr. Ruskin, in his “Modern Painters,” contrasts, in his own eloquent language, the boyhoods of Giorgione and Turner. For the former there was “a golden city paved with emerald,” a city in which “every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper;” whilst above it were “free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will: brightness out of the north and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea. Such was Giorgione’s school—such Titian’s home; and then what a contrast there is between brick and mortar London and beautiful Venice: “Dusty sunbeams up or down the street on summer mornings, deep furrowed cabbage leaves at the greengrocer’s, magnificence of oranges in wheelbarrows round the corner, and Thames’ shore within three minutes’ race;” and both these cities produced great painters—London few, Venice many. But if London has failed comparatively as yet in the production of masters in the great art, she does much every day towards making masterpieces. Who that has ever walked with observing eye through the streets of the metropolis can have failed to mark the multitude of picture shops? What treasures of art are displayed in their windows! Here a Raphael, there a Turner. In one little dingy hole, Reynoldses, Hogarths, Morlands, and Gainsboroughs; in another, Rembrandts, Cuyps,

Claudes, and Veroneses : and how much we have wondered where they all came from, and how indefatigable must have been the industry of the old masters that they could leave so many *chefs d'œuvre*, behind them. And then the prices—so moderate! Reynolds for ten pounds, or Titian for twenty; whilst Old Cromes and Romneys go begging for a customer at five. What a never-failing resource, too, the wealthy parvenu finds in such shops, from whose stores he may hang his walls with the portraits of his ancestors from William the Conqueror to George the Fourth at twelve or fifteen pounds a dozen, and have them appropriately framed according to their several periods at a couple of pounds apiece. Why, these rich gentlemen have been known to order "furniture pictures" for half an acre of walls at one visit.

There are shops in London where a raw copy of an old master can be converted into a very genuine old picture in a fortnight, and, what is more, where it is constantly done. This is the process. A poor artist paints a decent copy, and sells it for a trifle to the dealer. It is taken off the stretcher and carefully lined; of course this destroys the identity of the canvas, and so prevents *primâ facie* detection of the fraud. The picture is then placed in the hands of the dealer's restorer, who gives it a coat of varnish, in which different colours are mixed, for the purpose of toning the painting, and so giving to it the mellowness of age. These colours are, of course, different, according to the subject of the picture under treatment. If it is a landscape or sea-piece, Prussian blue is used, with yellow and crimson lake. If a portrait, bitumen and the yellow and crimson lake. Bone brown is another fine toning colour. Two applications of this mixture complete this portion of the process. The copy has now something of the mellowness and tone of an old painting. Next the restorer gives it a coat of pure mastic varnish, "at two pounds a gallon,"—you see no expense is spared in the matter. Now comes the cracking. The dealer's notion is that a real old master must have a respectable network of cracks on its surface; and how it is cracked I cannot tell, not having been permitted to see this part of the process: all I can say is that it is not, as is commonly supposed, effected by artificial heat, although sunlight is required. It is done at a cost of a penny I know, and with some simple chemical preparation, that completely cracks, not the picture underneath, but the superficial coating of mastic varnish. The picture now receives another coat of toning

varnish, probably, as a rule, yellow and crimson lake; and finally, the polished surface thus produced is dulled by rubbing it with the damp hand of the restorer, who completes his work of art by shaking the door mat over it. The raw copy is by this time a fine old painting, and only requires a frame of the period either made for it or, better still, bought at a sale, and so really old and genuine looking. The picture, when placed in it, if the above process has been skilfully carried out in all its details, defies the detection of any but good judges. And thus London is supplied in unlimited quantities with the genuine works of old masters. Now and then a little dispute arises between vendor and purchaser, after a sale has been effected. Here is a little anecdote I have heard:—An old gentleman bought a picture at a high figure of a dealer in P——, as a genuine work of Rubens. He showed it to a friend, who advised him to call in a connoisseur of his acquaintance. He acted upon this advice and did so, when he learned to his horror that he had had a doctored copy palmed upon him. He applied for a return of his money, and after some parley, as the picture was very dirty, agreed to have it cleaned. This, of course, would show at once what it was. Having not unnaturally a little reluctance to part with it, he took home a bottle of stuff to clean it for himself. His directions were to apply the liquid—quite harmless—at night, with a bit of sponge, and wipe it off and all impurity with it in the morning. He did so, carefully smearing his Rubens with the fluid at night—I dare say it is superfluous to remark, that in the morning he put himself out of court by wiping the picture quite off with a clean silk handkerchief, and leaving himself the bare canvas for his money.

I believe the method in which such unprincipled dealers avoid legal proceedings is by selling these doctored copies as pictures bought at sales, and about the history of which they know nothing. "It may a Reynolds; if it is, it's as cheap as dirt, if it isn't, you ain't hurt." *Verbum sap.*

Pictures are sometimes greatly improved by legitimate cleaning. Some of the paintings in the national collection, which were till lately obscured by the dirt of ages, have been restored to almost their pristine clearness of outline and brilliancy of colour; notably amongst these, a fine landscape by Rubens. The process of cleaning is simple; it consists in rubbing the surface of the painting with the fingers till all the varnish, and with it the dirt and impurity is removed; of course, care

must be taken that the painting itself is not injured. There is another method by which trashy pictures are cleaned wholesale by the dealers. This consists in plunging them, altogether, into a bath of spirit of wine, but it is a very dangerous process; "it all comes off, but you never know for certain what's going to come of with it,"—that is, you may get off the paint as well as the varnish. There is no doubt that the profits of this sort of picture dealing are very large indeed. Many pictures bought by the dealers at the "miscellaneous" sales at Christie's, at the end of the season for three or four sovereigns apiece, are afterwards retailed by them to "persons desirous of furnishing their walls," at thirty or forty pounds each; while the modern copies, which they "doctor," they buy of the artists who paint them for very little indeed. The above account of how old pictures are manufactured is perfectly true, and all the facts are within the personal experience of the writer, and possibly may serve to put picture buyers on their guard against imposition and fraud. These remarks have no reference to the respectable picture dealers, who are without doubt as honest in their calling as any other body of tradesmen, but deal only with the doings of the small fry, with whose shops certain parts of London swarm. In any dealings with them, purchasers of the wares they vend need no small amount of caution, or they will be—as the writer of this has more than once been—taken in.

## THE TWO DIVERS.

A STORY OF PERIL.

I, WATTS BROWN, follow a very hazardous life, calling, or, at all events, a calling in which, if you choose to face dangers for the sake of higher remuneration, perilous adventures are common enough. I am not too presumptuous when I say I am as brave as most men, naturally, and my sense of fear has been further blunted by a constant companionship with danger. The adventure I am about to narrate was horrible enough to me when I was a principal actor in it, and to this day an involuntary shudder of horror accompanies the recollection of it.

Some years ago a large vessel laden with a mixed cargo, was bound to New York from South America. Striking a sunken reef off the dangerous shore of Florida, she was wrecked, and very few of the passengers or seamen escaped. The owner, who was also

captain, was drowned. His heirs lived in New York. It appears the vessel had settled down in the ocean, having escaped the attack of any storm, so as might be supposed her cargo would be pretty well recoverable, but it was a useless and foolish attempt to try to get anything from her in a lonely sea, and on a dangerous coast. However, one of those men whom nature has formed for the out-of-the-way modes of getting money in this world, having obtained the consent of the heirs in New York, fitted out a large yacht, and promising money only on condition of success, I was prompted to hazard the spec—it agreed with my adventurous disposition, and I signed articles, and shipped myself. After a deal of trouble we picked up another diver, a coarse, brutal, drunken rascal; whose conduct as hereafter seen will sufficiently justify these remarks. From the beginning I had a kind of antipathy against the fellow, and shrank from his society as from some loathsome reptile. His profile was that of a baboon; his eyes, peering from under his heavy brows, twinkled with a satanic wickedness, and seemed to be looking all ways at once; and when he laughed, his satanic majesty himself might have envied his ugly grin. My employer shunned him, and would gladly have parted with him, but no other could be got to engage in such a foolhardy scheme.

Having got the diving bell and other apparatus on board, we at last set sail on this novel pursuit of lucre. The voyage was fine, and having nothing to do I enjoyed it very much, and was even softening towards my fellow diver when we reached that part of the coast of Florida where the sunken wreck lay, and where our fortunes were buried beneath the waves.

We were a considerable time in discovering the wreck, but we found it at last, far down in the depths of the still blue sea, where troops of sharks were pursuing each other about and through it for want of better prey. No pleasant sight, I can assure you. My fellow diver gave them a fearful curse, and took an extra long pull at his brandy flask. As for myself the affair seemed more dangerous than ever. The vessel would have to be moored above a bed of reefs, and if a storm were to arise, ill fate would catch us, for there is little mercy to be expected for a ship from the cruel and jagged coral. However, I plucked up the very best heart, saying to myself, "My dear fellow, the more danger the more money." Jim Crow—that was the diver's name—gave utterance to a nowise pleasant oath, about

having been swindled, muttering at the end, but "I'll pay them off deuced sharp, or I'm not——" concluding his sentence very suspiciously, which did not tend to increase my confidence respecting his intentions.

We pulled back to the ship, after placing a buoy to mark the spot. The two next days Jim Crow and I were busy in preparing our things for the attack on the sunken wreck. The tide of my thoughts was checked by my work, but I still noticed that Crow was in an evil mood. After about four days were spent the ship was anchored. The bell was swung for the plunge, and Crow and I went below and dressed. My suspicions seemed now on the increase, and my readers may think that I was very fearful, but I provided myself with a long and sharp knife, which I stuck unobserved down my long leathern boot. Crow stuck one in his belt, saying with a rather diabolical laugh, "I think it is better being prepared for water sharks," and I almost think he added "land sharks." This opened my eyes a little, and some rather curious speculations flitted through my brain. He was a man to be feared, being hugely big and strong, and wicked withal.

With many such reflections I took my place in the bell, and amidst the hurrahs of the crew and the excitement of the master, we dipped into the sea. Common life had passed away, and, to a novice, a new world opens to his eyes beneath the wave; and even to me the scene was fresh. The coral reefs, like grand architectural structures, covered with weeds and shells of the deep, of every possible variety of colour; the fish, large and small, darting about the water, and flying at the approach of the bell as before the sweep of the sharks, and even they grinned with their long jaws, and fled upon our approach. Down, down, down, till the light was dim, and then we struck the wreck. Armed with crowbars, sharp at one end to repulse the sharks and other monsters of the deep, we planted our feet on the bell. Instantly we separated; Crow burst open the cabin door, and after a while I joined him. By this time he was in the cabin searching about. I watched him as well as I could all the while. Thus we spent our first journey, and after lading our bell, gave the signal, and were hauled up on deck. The sailors crowded round us, gloating over the various things we had brought up; they also hauled on deck several things to which we had attached ropes. Thus our first day passed. All were exulting, and the sailors cracked over the galley fire the possible prize of money to each, and the master dreamt of a princely independence.

Several days thus passed over; we had broken into the cargo, and what we considered of value and the sea had not damaged was hauled on deck, and the schooner became pretty well laden. I think it was about the last day of working, as we were down in the bell, that Crow again wended his way towards the cabin. By this time my suspicions regarding his evil intentions were quieted, yet there still lingered about him traces of obstinate sulkiness, so that I took very little notice of his operations, and I busied myself about different things in the hold of the vessel.

I think about half-an-hour must have passed by when I returned to the bell, and I was startled by the cunning wicked cast of Crow's countenance; he was shuffling something beneath his diver's clothes; as the last of it disappeared I guessed it was a bag, and the thought flashed across my mind—a bag of money. I quietly asked Crow what it was.

"Humph! nothing. What have ye to do with it?" he growled.

My curiosity was farther aroused by this answer.

"Well, you must tell me what it is," I said, keeping myself as quiet as possible.

"The devil I will!" he shouted, savagely.

"Then you shall be forced when we get on deck," I replied, resolutely.

"Ha! ha! forced!" Here he quietly drew a long knife.

Quick as thought mine was out, too, for I always carried it in my boot.

"I suspected something of this," I said.

He scowled heavily at me at the other side of the bell.

"Now you must tell me what that is?" I said.

But, nothing daunted, the ruffian cried, "I will see you dead first!"

I knew his mighty strength, but I also knew my own agility and skill.

Crow said again, "'Tis a bag of gold I found in the cabin, and if you hold your jaw I shall ge ye a third."

"Never shall I be dishonest," I said, after some deliberation, looking pale, I dare say, but perfectly calm.

Let the reader imagine the scene in a bell forty feet under water; it would take at least twenty minutes to pull it up. A fierce fight, perhaps a deadly one, might be finished by then. Suspicion might be hushed; the body could be flung to the ravenous sharks with which we sometimes had to combat with our sharp pointed crowbars; but our frightful, gloomy appearance might have been enough to terrify the inhabitants of the deep.

We stood eyeing each other for some time ; he for attack, I for resistance. I offered to pull the alarm-bell, but he clutched it from me. I attempted nothing farther.

After a few minutes' pause he said, "Will you take shares?"

"No !" was the firm answer.

"Perhaps it is not large enough?"

"All of it is too small."

"You won't give in !" he said.

I expected something and prepared myself.

"Never !" I replied, at length.

"Then to death !" he yelled, springing at me.

Quick as thought I caught his elevated arm, poised in the air, for a stab. I made a lunge at him, for my blood was roused at this fiendish attempt on my life. He parried it, but it caught him on the shoulder ; however, he clutched my wrist, and there we were scowling at each other ; the foam burst from his bloodless lips, and his passion-wrought face intimidated me more than his bloodthirsty strokes.

At last he made a forcible effort to free his arm, but I held it with all the strength of desperation. Amid oaths and curses he struggled. Sometimes he was quiet, and the only sound was the hurried panting of our excited chests. At last I wrenched my hand from his, and stabbed him in the hand. His knife fell, but with a curse that rings yet in my ears, he threw himself at me and grasped my body and arm in his gigantic clasp. I seized him by the throat. With the hug of a bear he tried to break my back ; his strength seemed almost superhuman, but shifting off the bars of wood by a wriggle we plunged into the sea beneath. Down, down we sank ! No effort was made to lose the hold of either. Tighter and tighter we gripped, till we fell on to the coral reef. Death itself seemed to me a trifle. Passion and hate seemed but the consummation of my heart. My strength was that of Hercules, under the influence of this demoniacal conflict. But want of air stifled our efforts. As the fires began to flash before my eyes, and the disc of unconsciousness to creep over me, I released my hold ; Crow also loosened his. I know little about this part, but being an excellent swimmer I struck out with all my force. The water whizzed by me. I was stifling, choking, dying. When I reached the surface, with a gasp of air I recovered, and was enabled to shriek, "Help, help !" when I fainted away. As a dream, floated before me—men, ropes, boat, and rescue.

I awoke ; but the pain and dizziness and

confusion in my head defy all description. After a few hours I could rise, but still I was feeble. I inquired for Crow ; he was in a delirium. They told me, when the bell was brought, he lay on the bars as dead, grasping the gold bag with both his hands. They also told me that they but rescued me from a shark hovering near the schooner.

Next day we set sail, and arrived not long after in New York. Two hundred pounds was my fee, but the master gave me fifty more for my honest resistance. Crow was still bad in his head. They put him into a hospital. I called three months after, and he had gone to the back woods of the far west.

### HAUNTED.

"GOOD morning, granny," "What 's the time?"

"Why, twelve, by Forton clock,"

"What 's in your basket?" "Herbs—they're prime—

And plants, wallflowers and stock,

"I'm taking to the vicar—he

Is cruel fond of flowers ;

And ma'am—she 's very fond, is she—

Yes, that is Forton Towers.

"They say the place is haunted ;

Don't it look white and bare?"

Once John and me was wanted

To go and keep house there,

"The master put us in ; but, la !

We 'll not go there again :

It 's no use saying what we saw—

John ain't afeard of *men*.

"But when it comes to—well, I 'se ne'er

Say what we saw or heerd ;

The master may go keep house theer—

Mayhap he 's not afeard.

"But me and John—oh ! aye, it 's droll —

I say we 'se not be bound

To sleep in that old boggart hole,

Not for a hundred pound !

"It 's very fine for gentlefolks

To grin and call you fool ;

But me and my old John O'Nokes,

We takes it mighty cool.

"Our cot is poor. The master huffs,

And of his kindness boasts ;

But me and John are not such muffs,

As go and live with ghosts."

"Good morning." "Thank you kindly, sir,

'Twill buy a bit of bread ;

But, bless you, don't—you go that fur?—

Tell master what I said !"

## GREEN'S BOY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

"WHY do you grunt when you stoop, papa?" asked our youngest son, an urchin of five years old.

We were assembled in the children's garden: a theory existed that in that garden childrens' hands did all the work, but like many another theory it was seldom carried out in practice, to which I certainly could bear testimony that hot June evening.

"Why do you grunt when you stoop, papa?" says little Tom, "I don't."

"Can't help it, my dear; I am not so young as I was. There! that is not bad, I fancy," I added, stepping backwards to judge of the effect of the bright bedding plants in the tiny borders, "but Green's boy would have done it better, eh! mamma?"

"Who is Green's boy?" asked my youngest daughter, Dorothy, next in age to little Tom; while my wife remarked that, of all affectations, the affectation of age was the most senseless. I was young enough to work in the children's garden, at all events.

"But papa *is* old, very old," insisted Master Thomas, "you are as old as the world, arn't you, papa?" says he.

"As old as *your* world, every bit as old, little fellow," I replied, which answer fully satisfied him, and in the pause that followed, his sister repeated the question,

"But *who* is Green's boy?"

"Did you never hear of him before? What can mamma have been thinking of! Come, I have nothing to do this evening; you shall hear all about Green."

No sooner proposed than agreed to; my wife and our eldest girl took their work, little Tom climbed upon my knee, Dorothy sat at her mother's feet, and the faint whiff of a cigar betrayed the whereabouts of young George, under the lime-trees, within hearing.

His name was Green, I began. His cart was green also, at least that was the colour when I, a very little fellow then, first remember noticing it, very appropriate I thought it, having no doubt that it had been so painted on purpose; later, it was quite a shock to my feelings, when, the cart having been newly done up, the colours chosen were blue and red—a bright blue, with red wheels. The whole thing seemed, as it were, out of tune to me; Green in a blue cart! There was clearly something wrong somewhere. I said as much

to Green's children one afternoon when we were all at play down on the beach, but they did not appear to see it in the same light.

"Blue's a bootiful colour, surlie," said little Bessie; while Ned exclaimed, "father's cart war'n't never painted to his *name*, Master George!" whereat both children laughed.

In those days I and my sisters were often sent for the benefit of sea air, to stay with an uncle of my father's, who lived in an old fashioned manor-house, on the outskirts of the little sea-side town, or rather village, for it was not much more, of Easton. Naturally, most of our time was spent down at the shore, a low flat shore, level with the high-road which for a melancholy mile or two skirted it, with only a broad tract of common, grass grown, and dotted over with furze bushes, between road and sea. A dreary two miles on a sunless day, when sky and sea looked all the same colour, and the sails of ships were phantom-like and might be in the clouds for anything the eye could discern to the contrary; and a cold two miles when the east wind was blowing—folks said that it *did* blow there three hundred days in the year. But when the sun shone and the sea dancing and sparkling in his rays was of a bright blue, contrasting gaily with the green common, and the narrow strip of yellow beach, whose colour was repeated in the blossoms of the furze, then it was a different matter altogether, and the shore road, as it was called, was just the place for a quick, brisk, enjoyable walk. It was on this road that we, taking our daily constitutional under the charge of our nurse, used to meet Green. When his cart passed us we knew he was going to call at my uncle's, and we looked forward to fried soles for dinner. Often we begged for a ride, which he never refused, and he used to drive us to the manor, delivering us at the back-door with the fish.

Those days went by, the children grew up, Bessie was in service, Ned went out with the boats, and my sisters were in Italy with our parents, when I, sixteen years old then, found myself once more at Easton.

And very much disgusted I was to be there. Not long emancipated from Nessborough school, and glorying in the promotion to a private tutor's, it was hard that my chum and fellow student, Tom Bickers, saw fit to go in for scarlet fever the very first month of our studying together at old Bull's. Unpleasant for Tom, poor fellow; still I fancied I had rather have stayed where I was even at risk of catching the fever, than have been condemned to the monotonous salubrity of Easton.



My uncle had offered to receive me, had suggested that I could prosecute my studies in the retirement so admirably suited for them, and that it would be unwise to allow me to join my family on the continent; and my parents saw a force in his reasonings which, for my own part, I wholly failed to discover.

The slow days dragged themselves on one after another, and could hardly have passed more tediously for poor Tom at old Bull's than they did for me at the manor. I saw little of my uncle, and what little I did see was not inspiring. Every morning we met at breakfast, during which he read the *Times*, hardly speaking, except when the silent meal was over, to endeavour to impress me with his own views of the desirability of devoting the morning hours to study; after which, he appeared to forget my existence, until we met again in the evening, when we generally played at back-gammon till bed time. If I had too great a regard for Tom himself to do anything but pity him for his misfortune, I certainly said within myself some not very pretty things of scarlet fever in general.

I spent the days wandering alone over the chalk hills, or down on to the shore, sometimes boating or fishing, more often altogether idle. The mackerel boats afforded me momentary gleams of life. When they came in, sleepy Easton really did wake up, and I too roused myself to share the general excitement. After a successful take, the hosts of glittering fish shone like silver through the nets as the boats neared the beach, the word was passed from mouth to mouth, folks came running to the water's edge, the dull shore was suddenly alive with people. Some came only to look on—it was in that energetic line that I commonly appeared myself—some came to help land the nets, but many more to secure the smaller fish at the low price the men were well content to take for them. Within half-an-hour after landing, the boys were going along the narrow streets crying "Fine fresh mackerel!" while every door opened, and even the very poorest housewives would hold out a plate in one hand, and a few pence in the other, to secure the wholesome meal. On such days tiny children might be seen, squeezing warm halfpence in their tiny hands and running after the fisher lads, and on such days, even when he had already been out twice before in the week, Green's pony would be hastily put to the blue cart, and he and Ned would set off to try and sell as many mackerel as possible before night. I asked him one day how many miles he travelled at a time.

"A matter of twenty, or five and twenty, sir," he answered, "more or less; if I go round by Seacombe, why it's more, and if I come across the down, why it's less."

"Isn't it very slow," said I, everything seeming 'slow' to me just then, "calling so often at the same back doors and seeing the same cooks? But I suppose it is a good business; it pays well I dare say?"

"Well, sir, it do pay, of course, or I shouldn't trouble after it—it *is* business certainly; and then it's seeing life, that's what it is. I always was one for seeing life, and one way and another I've seen a deal, for all I never lived out of Easton, man or boy. There's a deal of life about, sir, everywhere, even in this little place. Then cooks isn't always the same, nor back doors neither, they varies both of them. I remember when there wasn't one stone on another of those villas out Seacombe way, and now see how fine they are! Fine, but not solid, them houses are, and that slight built as you wouldn't believe it, sir; they was built to sell, not to last, you see; sprung up sudden, like mushrooms, they did, and so does the money of some as takes them. There was one family used to be good customers to me, mighty fine folk, no end of servants, dinner parties every week pretty nigh. The first day that ever I called, the cook she took a lot of fish of me; she ordered this, and ordered that, and never so much as asked my price; she flew out at me, too, when I said mine was a ready-money business. 'Did I think her master couldn't pay his way?' There came a day, sir, when I was surprised to see no one about, and a drab of a girl come to the door, 'we don't want no fish, Mr. Green,' says she, laughing, and then I heard the family was gone—gone off sudden, and left all the bills owing; gone off sudden, like mushrooms. We had a spell of bad weather just about then; next time I went past there was a chimney blown down, the wet had got in, too, and the whole place was going to ruin; one way and another, it took as much money to patch it up as it had done to build it at first; and the folks weren't no solidier than the house; *that's* life, thinks I, as I drove past."

While Green talked, he was selecting fish from the shop, Ned was harnessing the pony, Mrs. Green was placing snowy cloths in the big baskets. Easton looked its best just then; the sea blue and sparkling in the sun, the little waves laughing as they tumbled about together at play upon the beach, and the chalk cliffs higher up the coast standing up so white and pure in the sunlight. I leaned lazily against

the door-post, Green went on talking—he was always glad of a listener.

"I mind—years ago it is now—I used to call regular at a little house between here and the moor. Such a sweet spoken, nice lady as lived there ; she used to come to the door herself to see what it was I had, and it was always 'What do you think your master would like best, cook?' or, 'What do you advise me to get for my husband, Mr. Green?' Sometimes the master would come with her, and they would stand and chat a bit before I went off again. By and bye the lady she used to come with a little white bundle in her arms, and that was 'baby,' and baby must 'see the pretty fishes'; but lor, sir, the baby didn't think much of them! And so it went on, and after a bit the little one would come toddling to the door, holding her mother's gown. She grew to be nigh upon two year old, and then it used to be, 'Little Pet must choose for papa,' and, 'What does Pet think papa would like?' Well, sir, one day I called, and there seemed no one about ; I rung the bell twice—a thing I'd never had to do at that door before ; when the girl came, I said I had some fine whiting as I'd kept a purpose for little missie.

"'Hush!' says she, and I noticed as her eyes was red, 'Oh! hush, Mr. Green; see here,' says she, 'just step this way.' She led me round the corner, so as we could see the front of the house. A funeral was just leaving the door. The coffin was a little child's coffin, sir, and had a white pall over it. Next time I passed, the family was gone. That was life too, sir ; I minded it particularly, because of the little lady being just the age our Bessie was then."

The cart was ready by this time ; Mrs. Green had been holding the last big basket for a moment or two already, and Ned had fetched the whip. I was sorry to lose Green's company, his stories were better entertainment than any other just then within my reach ; and on second thoughts, why *should* I lose his company that morning? Why not go with him on his rounds, and "see life" from a fish-monger's point of view, by way of a change? He was not hard to persuade ; I promised to hold the reins while he bargained with his customers, and in spite of all his warnings that I should be tired of it long before we were home, I climbed into Ned's place beside him, and we set off together.

How well I remember that drive! It was a perfect summer's day, not too hot, there was a pleasant breeze from the sea ; the grey pony was a fast trotter, and at least my scheme for

the day's amusement had the charm of novelty. We had not gone far before the first stoppage came ; indeed, we had not gone over the two miles of shore road, and I felt surprised at receiving the signal to pull up so soon. We were opposite a little cottage, quite a poor man's cottage it appeared to be, not in any way differing from the ordinary labourers' houses of that neighbourhood, not picturesque, built of red brick, with a sloping tiled roof, a narrow strip of road-side garden in front, a pig-sty on one side ; yet it was here that we pulled up at a signal from a child standing in the door-way, whence she had apparently been on the look-out for our approach. A little child—she might have been about eleven years old—with a brown frock much patched and mended, where a cotton pinafore allowed it to be seen, and soft brown hair cut short round her head. The cottage differed in no respect from other cottages around, neither did the child's dress differ from that of other village children, yet there was an indescribable *something* indicative of refinement in her appearance, something even in the wave of the tiny hand, whose signal brought the grey pony to a stand still, that made me look again, and look with curiosity. Green touched his hat too, touched it quite as civilly as he did to the housekeeper at the manor, and, jumping down from the cart, took therefrom one of the big baskets.

"Fish to-day, Miss Dorothy?" he asked, as the little girl came slowly towards us ; "fine mackerel, the boats are just in ; these fellows were in the water hardly an hour ago."

"Poor things!" said the child softly ; and she gave a pitying glance at the contents of the basket, and turned her brown eyes towards the sea lying bright in the sunshine, very much as if she were sorry for the mackerel, and thought they had changed for the worse. "The boats come in so often now, Mr. Green, mamma is tired of them ; would sixpence do to pay for something else? only a little bit of something fresh for mamma."

Green took the sixpence from the little hand that offered it, and produced one of a fine pair of soles, such a sole as I felt sure was never sold at such a price before.

"How would this do for a change, Miss?" he asked ; and as the child gravely signified her approval, he followed her into the cottage with the fish.

During his brief absence I wearied my brain with conjectures. Who on earth was this child with the dress of a peasant and the air of a princess? Unmistakeably a lady, and living

in a roadside cottage. I will not try to describe her features; I do not know if I could do so if I tried; I only know that the fair little face attracted me powerfully, that later it grew to be the fairest of all faces in the world to me. When Green rejoined me he forestalled my eager questions.

"Now, Mr. George, you're puzzled," he began, as we drove off, "and I won't say as I've not been puzzled along of Miss Dorothy myself, sir; and I do suppose I've seen more of life than you can have done, seeing as I've lived a goodish bit longer than you have. You want to know who that ere little lady is, and I'm the man to tell you. How will you have it, sir? Sudden like, cut and dried, as I know the story now, or by degrees like, same as I became acquainted with the facts myself?"

I said I would have it *by degrees*. I bade him make a story of it, and tell me all he knew in the order in which he learned it himself. He desired nothing better. Through half that sunny day we drove together, and most of the time he held forth, interlarding his narrative with views of his own upon life in general, glad to have a listener, delighting in the sound of his own garrulous tongue. We stopped at the houses of customers and sold his fish; we baited the pony once, and had a hunch of bread and cheese ourselves, and I must confess that I grew tired, as Green had foretold that I should grow tired, of holding the reins, tired of the smell of fish, tired also of my companion's flow of talk; but whenever I recall that summer day, whenever, to this hour, I see tradesmen's carts standing at back doors, or the shining fishes in a fishmonger's tray, I think of Green's cart and I think of little Dorothy.

"That there cottage," Green began, "was owned at one time by old Gregg: a cantankerous chap he was, and a miserly one. He dealt regular with me to be sure—fish is, now and again, cheaper than meat—but lor, sir, the time he wasted trying to get me to give him a shilling's worth for sixpence! Many a day I felt as the time were worth more to me than the old fellow's money was. At last I got into the way of only stopping on my road home, and then only stopping for a moment. 'Now Master Gregg!' I used to holler out, 'cheap mackerel, four a shilling!' or whatever it was I'd got, 'take it or leave it, Master!' Then I'd drive on as quick as might be, so that if he didn't look sharp he lost the chance for that day. After I'd followed that plan a time or two, it were a sight to see how the old fellow would hurry out. 'Your robbing me, you are!' he'd say, and other words, a many of

'em, as are not pretty to repeat, but he most times took what he could get, and flung me the money, swearing all the time. Well sir, one afternoon I was passing—I hadn't been round with the cart nigh upon a fortnight, it was the time my missus was took so bad, and there was trouble at home, but when things were well again with us I set off as usual—and I called out to the old miser, just as I used to do, 'Now Master Gregg, sprats, sixpence a bundle; take 'em or leave 'em, which is it?'

I wasn't looking that way particular, in fact, I was looking down after the sprats, and as I'd been out of the way for a bit I thought he might have forgot his lesson, so I give him another chance, I hollered out again, 'Take 'em or leave 'em, which is it, Master Gregg?'

"It wasn't the old man as answered me; it wasn't an oath I heard, or an ugly, scowling face as I saw; a little voice said, 'Master Gregg doesn't live here, we live here,' and there stood the little creature just as you see her to day, sir, her pretty face looking so grave and serious like. I was quite took aback, I was.

"'Who be you, little one,' says I.

"'I'm Miss Dorothy,' says she, looking up at me, 'and I want some fish for sixpence.'

"So I touched my hat to her, sir, and jumped down, and sold her a good six penn'orth, all the time wondering where on earth she'd sprung from, and what was become of old Gregg. I thought, may be, the devil had fetched him away at last, but then 't wasn't likely as *he'd* have left an angel in his place! I didn't feel like asking the child no questions, you see, sir; I could see she was a lady. I didn't take no count of the poor clothes she had on when once I heard her speak. When I carried the fish in doors there wasn't no one about, but the place was that clean as you might have eat your dinner off the boards.

"'Where's the cook, missie?' says I.

"'I'm the cook,' says she, as grave as a judge, 'there's only me.'

Just then some one called out like from upstairs, and away she run, but she come down again pretty quick.

"'Where does a doctor live?' she asked me, and caught up a little hat, as was hanging on the door. 'Mamma says she's dying, but perhaps the doctor could do her good if I fetched him quick. And would you mind taking back the fish,' says she. 'I think there's no more money left till some comes to-morrow; so I must keep the sixpence to pay the doctor.'

"Sixpence to pay the doctor! Bless her

little heart, poor baby ! Of course, I said I could leave the fish for another time ; but she shook her head.

“ ‘ We never go into debt,’ says she, speaking as wise as a woman, though she was all of a tremble with fright about her mother.

She let me go for the doctor for her, and the last I see of her was the little bit of a thing kneeling before the grate, making up the fire, and crying fit to break her heart. The lady up above was calling out quite dreadful. Well, the doctor he came, and he didn’t take no sixpence, neither—I will say that much for him ; and my missus, she went to nurse the poor thing, and the illness was a terrible bad one, but she got better at last, though she won’t never be well again, never come down stairs again, they say. My wife tells me she has made quite a parlour of one of the upstairs rooms—there ain’t but two of ’em—and there she lies all her time on a sofa, with her books and things about, and her needlework. They seem to have money enough to get along with—as Miss Dorothy says, they don’t owe nothing, not so much as a penny ; and ’tis as that little pair of hands does all the work of the house. I’ve helped now and again, chopping wood and such. My Ned, he dug up the garden last spring ; and, altogether, little miss and I be great friends now.

“ ‘ But where had old Gregg got to ? ’ you ask, sir. Old Gregg had took and died all of a sudden, and left a pot of money, too, he had. A nephew of his, from London, came down and took possession. It was just then Miss Dorothy and her mother had come to Easton, and slept a night at the ‘ Blue Lion.’ The lady was looking out for lodgings—something very low in rent, she said, it must be—rooms in a farm-house, or such, she talked of ; but, hearing old Gregg’s nephew grumbling that he could not find a tenant for the cottage, she took it by the week. It all came about in the time of our trouble, so as I heard no word of it. When I went round again, there was old Gregg gone, and Miss Dorothy sprung up in his place. Life, sir, life ; there’s a deal of life about, to be sure.”

The rest of Green’s story I will not relate in Green’s words. When I heard it I had the burden of an idle day upon my hands, there was time and to spare, but this evening would grow into to-morrow morning before the tale was told, if I do not condense it somewhat in the telling. Green made enquiries by degrees in his gossips with the host of the “ Blue Lion,” who, of course, knew, through the present owner of the little cottage on the

shore road, all that he had himself contrived to learn of his tenant ; and at last he, and for that matter, all Easton with him, became acquainted with the main facts of the following little history—

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

A MEMOIR of Clough,\* together with his poems and a selection from his letters, edited by his wife, now published in two handsome volumes, supplements a former edition of his poems with a short biographical sketch by Mr. Palgrave. The first volume contains the memoir, his letters from 1829 to 1861, and his prose remains : the second volume consists entirely of his poems. The memoir, which is clearly and forcibly written, occupies the first fifty pages of the book : as a biographical sketch its only fault is that it is, if anything, too brief ; that it does not detail Clough’s life so fully as we might have expected ; but what we miss in the memoir we may learn from the letters and poems ; and so, from the three, obtain a perfect portraiture of the man. The leading facts and salient points in Clough’s life, however, are given with satisfactory clearness, and we will give our readers a short sketch of the poet’s life, before making a few remarks upon his letters and poems, and upon the peculiar genius of the man. Arthur Hugh Clough, the subject of the memoir, was born at Liverpool on the 1st of January, 1819, and he died at Florence on the 13th of November, 1861, worn out with fever and stricken with paralysis. He was the second son of his father, James Butler Clough, who belonged to an old Welsh family tracing their descent from Sir Richard Clough, who was the agent of Sir Thomas Gresham at Antwerp. His mother’s maiden name was Anne Perfect, the daughter of a banker at Pontefract, in Yorkshire. The poet’s ancestor, Sir Richard, was related through his mother to John Calvin ; and his second wife was Katherine Tudor, heiress of Berain, and a descendant of Marchweithian, lord of the Welsh tribe of Is-aled. This lady was a relation and ward of Queen Elizabeth, being the great-granddaughter of Henry VII : and the Virgin Queen’s consent was required for her marriage with Sir Richard Clough. In the eighteenth century the family was represented by Hugh Clough, the poet’s grandfather, who had a family of ten children, of

\* *The Poems, and Prose Remains, of Arthur Hugh Clough.* Edited by his Wife. London : Macmillan and Co. 1869.

whom James Butler, his father, was the third. His grandfather, Hugh, was of a profuse and liberal turn, and so, when he died, had not much to leave to each of his children, and this will account for his third son, James Butler Clough, removing from the old residence of the family in Wales to Liverpool, where he settled, carrying on the business of a cotton merchant, and where his four children were born. When Arthur was about four years old, his father left England for Charleston, in the United States, and here the poet's life was passed until he was of an age to go to school. Of his appearance at this time, his sister gives the following description:—

"Though only just seven, he was already considered the genius of our family. He was a beautiful boy, with soft silky, almost black hair and shining dark eyes, and a small delicate mouth, which our old nurse was so afraid of spoiling when he was a baby, that she insisted on getting a tiny spoon for his special use." His face was in after life described by a friend as combining sweetness and breadth in a very rare degree. He had at an early age a strong taste for reading, and being constantly with his mother, "they read much together, histories, ancient and modern, stories of the Greek heroes, parts of Pope's 'Odyssey' and 'Iliad,' and much out of Walter Scott's novels." Thus with Clough, as with many another great man, the foundation of his scholarship was laid at his mother's knee. In the little childish games with his brothers and sisters he always played the literary parts. "One of our games," says his sister, "was playing at the Swiss Family Robinson, in which I remember Arthur was always Ernest, because Ernest liked reading, and knew so much." In warm weather he used to lie on his bed reading books of travel and adventure, having expended all his savings in the purchase of the "Universal Traveller," and "Captain Cook's Travels." In November, 1828, Clough left Charleston for England, and went to school at Chester. After remaining there for a few months he was removed in the summer of 1829 to Rugby. Here he enjoyed the advantage of having Dr. Arnold for a master, and probably Arnold's influence had a powerful effect upon the development of his character, and the after direction of his pursuits. At Rugby he gained successively all the principal school distinctions, and still found time for joining in active and manly sports, especially distinguishing himself at football, his name having been handed down in William Arnold's "Rules of Football" as

the best goal-keeper on record. He also took a great interest in the "Rugby Magazine," for which the cleverer boys wrote articles. Clough contributed verses, and was also for some time the editor. About this time his sister describes him as "a blooming youth of seventeen, with an abundance of dark soft hair, a fresh complexion, much colour, and shining eyes full of animation."

In November, 1836, he went into residence at Oxford, having gained the Balliol scholarship. This was the turning-point of his life: he found the university in the very thick of the ferment created by the Tractarian movement. Dr. Newman's popularity was at its height; his sermons at the university church were attended by crowds of undergraduates. Clough listened to his eloquent and vigorous appeals to the feelings, imagination, and reason of his hearers, and fell a victim to the voice of the charmer. He was sucked into the vortex with the crowd; when he escaped, it was to find the foundations of his early faith shaken, and in the future he had to rely on his own endeavours in the search after truth. In his struggles and battles with himself he had an "unshaken assurance in the final conquest of truth and good." This unsettlement of his early faith and belief led to the charge of scepticism brought against him. The writer of the memoir says, "His scepticism was of no mere negative quality,—not a mere rejection of tradition and denial of authority,—but was the expression of a pure reverence for the inner light of the Spirit, and of entire submission to its guidance." Like all original minds, Clough's never stood still; it was always advancing. "There is nothing," said a writer in the "Fortnightly Review" some time since, "more wonderful, more sublime, more cheering to our faith and hope, than the certain ultimate victory of the *few who know*." and in this eloquently-expressed truth probably no man of his time believed more implicitly than Arthur Hugh Clough. He was an earnest seeker after truth; he feared no difficulty, accepted no dogma on trust: his scepticism was that of one who waits with reverent patience for the light to come. His wife says, "the often quoted lines in 'In Memoriam' might almost be supposed to have been written for him,—

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.

They do, indeed, seem to apply with mathematical nicety to the peculiar phases of Clough's life. For such honest doubt as his

one cannot help feeling reverence and regard. At Oxford, probably through the distraction of his attention from purely academical studies, or, as men now say, from "things that pay in exams," he did not succeed in getting a first-class in the schools. This his friends and his old schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold, regarded as a misfortune and disappointment; but continuing to reside in Oxford, he was, in 1842, elected to a fellowship at Oriel. A year later, he was made tutor of his college, and was very successful as a teacher. He led a quiet and useful life at Oxford for five or six years, and at the end of that time resigned his tutorship: he seems to have felt keenly the restraint of such a life, and "broke away with delight from what he felt to be the thralldom of his position at Oxford." Immediately on quitting the university, he visited Paris, in company with Mr. Emerson, the American philosopher, where he stayed for a month, at the time of the Revolution. He was next appointed to the Headship of University Hall, London; this post he disliked more than that of a college tutor at his own university, and at the end of two years he resigned it, and resolved upon emigrating to the United States. Accordingly he sailed from England, in October, 1852, and settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts. But before he had been long in America he received the offer of an examinership in the Education Office, which had been obtained for him by the influence of his friends; this offer of a certain income induced him to return to England, and soon afterwards (June, 1854) he was married. In this post he continued to the end of his life; spending his time in the fulfilment of his duties, in studying, and in writing verses. In the autumn of 1860, having taken a holiday trip to Scotland without good effect, he obtained six months' leave of absence for the purpose of restoring his impaired health. He visited Turkey and Greece, and subsequently joined his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson, in France. He then joined his wife at Paris, with the intention of making a sojourn in Italy, that should completely restore him to health; but unhappily on his journey he contracted the fever, from the effects of which he died at Florence, in his forty-third year. His remains lie in the Protestant cemetery outside the walls of the Italian city.

The letters of Clough are not rendered remarkable by any stirring narratives; they are clever, as might be expected from their author, and refer generally to topics of current interest. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature about

them is that a man who led such a busy, active life, whose time was so fully occupied with his professional engagements and with his studies, could find so much time for writing letters and making verses. The thoughts in his letters, as in the poems, are strikingly original; their author seldom wrote many lines upon a subject without managing to present at least some of its details in a new light. He wrote to his sister, after failing to get a first class in the schools: ". . . it does not matter I think at all; and I can assure you it has not lessened my own opinion of my ability, for I did my papers not a quarter as well as my reading would naturally have enabled me to do; and if I got a second with my little finger, it would not have taken two hands to get a double first (there's for you!)." This was the simple truth. Clough, in his effort to cheer his sister after his defeat in that lottery, a final examination, only estimated himself at his fair worth. His subsequent election to a fellowship at Oriel showed his judgment was a just one. Writing thence (from Oriel) in 1845, he says:—"Another convert is gone over to Rome—Faber, the poet, who used to excite admiration when preaching some seven years ago at Ambleside; and at Cambridge a fitting from the Camden is expected." He saw several of the distinguished scholars of his time received within the pale of the Church of Rome.

From Paris, during his stay there at the time of the Revolution, he wrote some letters to his friends, but they are rather disappointing in their contents. He simply aims at telling a little news of what is going on. Of the Assembly, he says (May 14, 1848):—"I don't expect much good of this present Assembly. It is extremely shopkeeperish and merchantish in its feelings, and won't set to work on the organisation of labour at all; but will prefer going to war to keep the people amused, rather than open any disagreeable social questions. The Socialist people are all in the dumps."

On his arrival in London he says:—"I am safe again under the umbrageous blessing of constitutional monarchy at Long's Hotel, Bond Street. I left Paris yesterday. The République was 'as well as can be expected.' Of the city of Paris my report must be—'left voting'—voting and reading in huge *attroupements* the new edict against *attroupements*."

His letters from Rome too, during a very critical period in her history, (1849), are rather disappointing. Of the eternal city, he takes quite a characteristic view. "I am at

Rome . . . . St. Peter's disappoints me; the stone of which it is made is a poor plaster material: and, indeed, Rome in general might be called a *rubbishy* place; the Roman antiquities in general seem to me only interesting as antiquities, and not for any beauty. The arch of Titus is, I could almost say, the only one beautiful relic I have yet seen." During the siege, he writes, "Going, going, and to-morrow I shall be gone. We have had a fortnight of gunnery; and what now, heaven knows! perhaps more gunnery; but to-day I hear hardly anything. Yes—there is one. But we have been bombarded, think of that! It is funny to see how like any other city, a besieged city looks."

Perhaps the true inner sentiment of the man is reflected most in his writings during his Oxford life. Here, in his effort to raise the tone of thought, and ennoble the life of the men about him, he was doing work for which his genius peculiarly fitted him. During the time of the great famine in Ireland he ventured to rebuke, with boldness and spirit, the everyday follies, extravagances, and vices of Oxford life. "Let not," he exclaims, "the sky which in Ireland looks upon famishment and fever, see us here in Oxford, in the midst of health and strength, over-eating, over-drinking, and over-enjoying. Let us not scoff at eternal justice with our champagne and our claret, our breakfasts and suppers, our club-dinners and desserts, wasteful even to the worst taste, luxurious even to unwholesomeness." No doubt his well-directed eloquence was not without its effect upon such circles, at least of Oxford society, as felt his immediate and personal influence. One more quotation from his letters, and we have done. He writes, at the time of his being requested to accept the headship of University Hall, London, "I do not feel myself competent to undertake the conduct or superintendence of any prayers, nor can I in any way pledge myself to be present; but," he adds, "I am sure I should have every disposition to facilitate devotional arrangements." This passage exhibits, to a nicety, his state of feeling upon such matters—the undesire of a robust and vigorous mind to be bound down to any particular formulæ of prayer, with the desire to join in the public devotions of a scholastic foundation—to set the good example but not to fill the place of the teacher.

His poems have most of them appeared before, and are therefore by no means new to the public: they are indeed well known and well read; and wherever they are known and

read they must be admired and appreciated. The poems, and the letters together, give us a deep insight into the poet's mind and nature. We may see in them his originality, honesty, and manly out-spokenness unmistakeably reflected: we may learn from them the goodness, kindliness, and gentleness which were prominent traits in the character of Arthur Hugh Clough. He died soon, but not "too soon for fame." His fame will live as long as elegant and original verses are admired by English readers—they will, indeed, deserve to be handed down to distant posterity with those of his friend Tennyson—his memory will endure in sweet recollection far beyond the limits of the small circle of intimates who are honoured in having called him "friend."

## TABLE TALK.

HAVE any of our readers remarked the effect of the sense of smell upon the memory? The recurrence of a smell peculiar to a house, or room, or cupboard, will instantly recall to the recollection circumstances and events which had been forgotten for years. The influence is of course involuntary and instantaneous. We think this action of the olfactory nerves on the mind worthy of curious attention.

THERE ARE VARIOUS SOCIETIES for ameliorating the condition of animals, the sensitive and speechless beasts that have such a capacity for suffering, and no power of articulate remonstrance. The horrible sufferings of cattle on a short sea voyage, left without food or water, and almost without air, are dreadful to witness, and we hear often enough of brutality to animals of all kinds. Will a man ever be permitted to provide for favourite animals after his death by making them legatees, as the Count de Mirandole did an old carp which he had fed with his own hand for upwards of twenty years, keeping it in a fountain in his hall. Not a few dying sinners feel that the only faithful friends they have are their dumb pets, and they would gladly enough secure for them food and shelter, and kind treatment to the end of their days.

IS OUR good friend Mr. Charles Dickens a Tory or a Radical? We confess his clever speech at Birmingham leaves us as entirely in the dark as our brother commentators are. In his address, the novelist said, "My faith in the people governing is infinitesimal; my faith in

the people governed is illimitable." Does he mean by this oracular sentence, worthy the priest of a pagan temple, that his faith in the existing cabinet is infinitesimal, or does he mean that his faith is infinitesimal in the capacity of the masses of the people for exercising the functions of self-government?

A NEW HONOUR has been conferred upon Mr. Tennyson. It is announced that a complete concordance to his works will shortly be published. It has been compiled by Mr. Barron Brightwell, and is said to contain no less than 125,000 references. With concordances to the Bible and to Shakspeare we are familiar enough, and we do not say that a concordance to the poems of the Laureate is not wanted; but has this ever been done before in the lifetime of an author?

HAVE any of our readers ever heard a negro grace? Here is one I took down from the lips of two children the other day:—

Tank you, me fader, fa' all me na swallow,  
Hope me may lib, fa ryam smo' to-morrow.

Which, being interpreted, means, "Thank you, my father, for all I have swallowed, hope I may live to eat some more to-morrow."

WE should be chary of keeping ripe fruit in our sitting rooms, and especially beware of laying it about a sick chamber for any length of time. That complaint which some people make about a faint sensation in the presence of fruit is not fanciful; they may be really affected by it. For two continental chemists have shown that, from the moment of plucking, apples, cherries, currants, and other fruits, are subject to incessant transformation. At first they absorb oxygen, thus robbing the surrounding air of its vital element; then they evolve carbonic acid, and this in far greater volume than the purer gas is absorbed, so that we have poison given us in the place of pure air, with compound interest. The temperature of the room affects the rate of change; warmth, as might have been expected, accelerating it. According to all this the fruiterer ought to be an unhealthy man. Is he?

PLENTY OF PEOPLE, like Frederick Dorrit, Esq., and party, find England, Scotland, and Ireland, too confined a space for their travels. "There is not breathing room in England," say they, and so off they start, to follow in the wake of thousands of other British travellers, along certain well known and hackneyed routes, paying very smartly, grumbling very

heartily, and dropping many sovereigns on their way. Paris, the Rhineland, Baden, Homburg, the Swiss mountains and lakes, Italy, all claim the allegiance of the tourist. But for those who are willing to depart a little from the beaten track, who care not for the gaieties of Paris, nor for the fascinations of the *tapis vert* at Baden-Baden, let us put forward the claims of Normandy—surely the most delightful of countries for all seekers of health and pleasure. The scenery is fresh, and very like that of our own country, the peasants are a picturesque, jolly, cider-drinking race, the whole province is rich in historical traditions of speculative interest to us of Anglo-Norman blood, and the expense of living is not great.

MISS CARPENTER read, the other day, before the Social Science Congress at Bristol, a very interesting paper on the education of women in India. She stated that she was induced to visit India from the perusal of accounts of the wretched condition of the Hindoo widows, after the custom of sutteeism was done away with. She was forcibly struck, she said, with the cheerfulness with which the Hindoo gentlemen took their pleasure abroad without requesting the company of their wives—a taste not altogether peculiar to Hindoo husbands,—and she found the condition of the ladies very uncomfortable, spending their lives in seclusion, kept shut up in small rooms, and generally in a degraded state from the effects of such treatment. It is still the rule that a Hindoo widow should never remarry, though the custom of suttee has long been abolished; it was finally done away with in the British dominions in India in 1829, when Lord W. Bentinck was Governor-General. The derivation of the word suttee is from the Sanscrit *sat*, good, pure; and means properly a chaste and virtuous wife. The voluntary self-immolation of widows upon the funeral piles of their deceased husbands was regarded by the Hindoos as a most meritorious action. It is not absolutely commanded in their sacred books, but was looked upon by the unfortunate devotees as a certain method of obtaining eternal beatitude. It was also believed to render happy the soul of the deceased husband—and even his ancestors—and to purify him from all sins. We are not aware that the origin of the custom of Sutteeism has ever been satisfactorily explained. We have however heard this amongst other explanations, that the widow was ordered to burn herself on the pyre of her husband as a means of preventing the murder of husbands by



poison : it being held that no woman would give poison to her husband if by his death all she could expect would be a most painful end herself.

COMPLAINTS concerning the dearth of humour among the writers of the present day have lately been heard rather too frequently to be pleasant. The humourist is born, not made. We do not think a man would be likely to succeed if he did sit down to cultivate humour; and attempts to be funny in sixpennyworths are not now-a-days very successful. If, however, the happy gift has temporarily deserted our shores, our brethren in Canada are more fortunate. What in its way will surpass this hotchpot of Artemus Ward and Rasselas travestied, which we extract from a Canadian daily paper:—"The sun in all his glory glowed resplendent in the blue empyrean, and shed a flood of radiant light o'er the Parthenonian portals, as the Beak, robed in all the splendid paraphernalia of his office, drove up in his landau, and hastily passing through the surging, swelling crowd, took his position in the rostrum. He smole sardonically as he perused the lengthy list of legifactors, and, like some hideous ogre gloating over the captive victims of his insatiate appetite, opened his cavernous jaws, and clamoured for his feast of human flesh." Now who will say that the light of humour is gone out at Toronto?

In a recent article on "Our Progress in the Art of Making Balloons," we mentioned an instance which occurred in the last century, of a man projecting a flight across the Channel from Dover to Calais on wings. History repeats itself; and so a man proposes to fly over the Falls of Niagara. The *Hamilton Times* says: "This new miracle designs taking an aerial flight across the chasm on wings; and as wild as such an attempt would seem, we can state as a positive fact that the apparatus is now being constructed in this city for that purpose." We wish him safely over.

A NEW DRAMA in four acts, entitled, *Lost at Sea*, has just been produced at the Theatre Royal Adelphi. It is the joint production of Messrs. Dion Boucicault and H. J. Byron. If the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* is correctly informed, Mr. Boucicault, having heard that the Princess of Wales was coming to witness his piece, wrote to prepare her Royal Highness for a shock,

by "respectfully apprising the Prince that it contained a scene somewhat more startling than usual, and that he should be grieved if it were to cause any pain or uneasiness to the Princess in her delicate state of health." This was most considerate on the part of the dramatist. The reply of the Princess was, that "she had made up her mind to be amused, and not to be frightened by his drama."

THERE has been, in the last few weeks, a terrible crop of murders and suicides. It is remarkable that at some times these crimes should occur so much more frequently than at others—but it is so. From the recent tragedy near Paris, and the extensive fire at Bordeaux, the persons who are very fond of exalting the skill and intelligence of the French police at the expense of our own, may learn that things of this kind are not dealt with so much better in France than with us after all.

WE had a note or two in our "Table Talk" lately about the treatment of criminals. Miss Florence Nightingale, a lady who has a real and practical acquaintance with such subjects, writes in a recent paper issued by the Howard Association:—"It always appears the greatest *non-sequitur* to give, for instance, to a forger, five years' penal servitude—that is, provision and lodging in prison. What has that to do with his crime? But if you sentence him to repay, say twice the amount he has stolen, his sustenance to be repaid meanwhile to the State, out of his earnings, and let him go whenever he had done so, that would be something like a reformatory. But," adds Miss Nightingale, "hitherto the object of our law seems to have been to teach that it is dearer to work than to steal." The tendency of legislation should be in the direction Miss Nightingale points out. We have too long treated our paupers worse than our criminals.

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# ONCE A WEEK.

NEW SERIES.

No. 95.

October 23, 1869.

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### BOOK I.—CHAPTER I.

FOUR o'clock on a certain afternoon in July, with a scorching sun pouring its rays upon the front of a large house of bright red brick, looking upon an extensive common about seven miles from London. Within the grounds of this house, and standing before the open door, was an unpretending carriage with two lean horses, the driver of which, dozing upon his box, had allowed a newspaper he had been reading to escape from his hand. It would have required no great amount of penetration to discover that this was the carriage of a medical practitioner, even if a glimpse had not been caught of two small cases of instruments lying upon the cushions.

"I say, Peters! He is staying a mortal long while to-day. I am afraid our poor lady must be a deal worse than usual."

"Like enough," said the coachman, rousing himself with a yawn, "I heard master a-telling some one as was enquiring about Mrs. Towers that she seemed to have had a kind of shock yesterday, and was looking very wild about the eyes when he saw her last night. Your garden is thriving uncommon well this weather, Mr. Lewis."

"I don't much care how it thrives now," said the old gardener, sadly. "Since her illness there is no one that takes any interest in my work; and you will hardly believe me when I tell you that Miss Harding—that housekeeper we got last year—went quite into a tantrum with me a fortnight ago, because I wanted to send up a bunch of the finest flowers to her that has the best right to them. She snatched them out of my hand, and said they weren't healthy things to be in the room of an invalid."

"No more they ain't. I have not been

coachman to a doctor for ten years without having heard talk of that," said Peters, with conscious superiority. "And I can tell you why—they consumes too much of the fresh air as is wanted for the sick person."

"Then that wasn't the reason she would not let me send them, I am pretty sure," replied the old man, shaking his head as he walked away.

If he could have known what was at that moment passing in the mind of Susan Harding, as she sat in her room waiting to intercept the doctor when he left his patient, the gardener would assuredly have been confirmed in his opinion as to her feelings towards Mrs. Towers, and would have found no difficulty in comprehending the nature of the shock alluded to by Peters.

While the housekeeper is eagerly watching for the appearance of him whose professional skill is destined to prove of no avail, let us take a brief retrospect.

Captain Richard Towers entered the royal navy when only fifteen years of age, but his promotion, even in those stirring times which immediately preceded the battle of Trafalgar, was by no means rapid; and it was not till many years after that memorable event that he found himself gazetted to the command of a small vessel commissioned to cruise off the West Indies. The cruelty and tyranny of his nature soon began to be displayed when no longer under the restraint imposed by the constant presence of a superior; and the numerous desertions among his men did not pass unheeded by the authorities at the Admiralty. It was while lying off Kingston, Jamaica, that Richard Towers made the acquaintance of Major Rankin, an officer quartered at the barracks of that city. The major was a bully and a coward, who had narrowly escaped being cashiered owing to his conduct in a certain affair when a riot took place between a regiment of the line and a body of native troops. It is probable that Richard Towers, a man of enormous physical strength and ferocious courage, would have found little

attraction in the society of the pusillanimous major, had not the latter, at their first interview, introduced his stepdaughter Clara, a lovely girl of seventeen. Her mother, a vain, weak woman, was at little pains to secure the happiness of her child, imbibed even thus early by the harsh treatment of the Major. So when the object of the frequent visits paid by Richard Towers became apparent, the Major and his wife warmly encouraged him to propose for the hand of Clara. Ere many days elapsed an offer of marriage was made to her, and, dreading the violence of her step-father in case of her refusal, she begged for time to consider the proposal. It is true that what little she had seen of Richard Towers rather predisposed her in his favour, still she was conscious that as yet she did not really love him. The respite that she gained was but a brief one; for, threatened by the Major and importuned by her mother, the almost friendless girl at last gave her consent to a union which entailed a life of sorrow, only relieved by those long absences exacted by the professional duties of her husband.

Upon their return to England, Captain Towers succeeded to considerable property left by his father, and installed his wife in the house at Wilmington Heath. Clara, gentle and uncomplaining under the neglect of him to whom she had entrusted her happiness, devoted the earlier years of her married life to the care of her two children, and was always ready to palliate the faults of her husband. Even after an absence for three years, at a foreign station, during which he had not sent one line to his wife in reply to her frequent letters, she received him, on his return, without a reproach, and endeavoured to persuade herself that, if his affection for her no longer existed, at least, he could hardly fail to experience a father's pride and happiness in his sons. Thoroughly selfish and incapable of pure affection as was the nature of Richard Towers, it must be admitted that he appeared to take some interest in his elder son, Frank; but the younger, Fenwick, was regarded with remarkable indifference, almost approaching to dislike. At length the master of Wilmington House was placed upon the retired list, but without any advance in his titular rank. A few years of inactivity developed in him a habit of intemperance which rendered him a terror to his family, for, when labouring under the influence of his potations, the slightest contradiction roused him to fury. It was then, indeed, that

Mrs. Towers fully realised the misery of her lot. Frank, at the solicitation of his mother, had been sent to Cambridge, with a view to his entering the church; but Fenwick, though he gave evidence of the most brilliant abilities, and was anxious to enter upon a college career, was refused the means necessary for graduating at a university. This was a severe disappointment to the younger son; and his sensitive nature felt deeply the utter indifference to his future well-fare exhibited by his father. Mrs. Towers, whose health had been failing of late, saw with poignant grief the estrangement that existed between her favourite son and his parent. But a new and terrible fear took possession of her when she noticed an increasing disposition on the part of Richard Towers, when intoxicated, to seek a decided quarrel with Fenwick. She had at last fully ascertained her husband's reckless and brutal nature, which advancing years had rather intensified than diminished, and she dreaded, with all a mother's instinct, the consequences of any dispute between them.

One day, a tall, slender woman, with a face that still showed traces of former beauty, offered her services as housekeeper, in reply to an advertisement. Her testimonials as to character were unusually numerous, and her manner was subdued even to humility, yet there was a fixed, almost stony expression in her eyes whenever she imagined herself the object of scrutiny, which was far from winning the confidence of Mrs. Towers at the first interview. In fact, that lady had already decided upon not engaging her, when Richard Towers happened to enter the room. So favourable an opportunity of showing his authority, even in so trifling a matter, was not allowed to escape by a man of his disposition. He declared that the letters brought by Susan Harding proved her decided capacity for the situation, and peremptorily ordered his wife to engage her. Accordingly, one dreary day in November, when a grey fog was rolling in masses over the common, Susan Harding became an inmate of Wilmington House.

The delicate health of Mrs. Towers, which now rarely admitted of her attending to any domestic duties, quickly gave the housekeeper an opportunity of making her presence felt in improved arrangements, specially designed for the comfort and convenience of Richard Towers. This was perhaps the only way in which it was possible to make a favourable impression upon him. Minister to his selfish gratifications, and you awoke in the breast of

this man a feeling as nearly approaching to gratitude as he was capable of experiencing. He had long been troubled with a chronic cough, which greatly increased in violence with advancing years. Susan Harding procured a dried herb, which she prevailed upon him to smoke, and the beneficial effects that followed its use caused him to treat his house-keeper with more kindness than he displayed towards any one else beneath his roof.

As time wore on it became apparent to the unhappy wife that her domestic was obtaining a most undesirable influence over the mind of Richard Towers; and it was observable from this period that his conduct towards Fenwick became additionally brutal, with the object, it may be surmised, of forcing him to leave his home. There would have been little difficulty in accomplishing this, had not the mother of Fenwick implored him to submit to these indignities, for her sake, and obtained from him a promise to remain with her to the end. That end appeared by no means distant, unless a change soon took place in her state; and Fenwick, with unspeakable sorrow, contemplated the possibility of losing the only parent whose fostering care he had ever known. Anxious to achieve his own independence, he had assiduously continued his studies after leaving Rugby, and was now preparing himself for entering one of the Inns of Court. But even for this career a small sum of money was absolutely necessary; and he knew, as in the case of the university, that his mother's solicitations to obtain the required "caution money" and fees had been met with the most positive refusal from Richard Towers.

Among the few people to whom Fenwick felt disposed to mention his private affairs was Dr. Craven, the family physician. The doctor had obtained a high reputation in the exercise of his profession, and it was understood that he would shortly receive an appointment at Court. The latter fact, however, affords no additional proof of his being much more skilful than the majority of his brother practitioners, for, the truth is, he owed the promised distinction to having been called in to a consultation in the case of an illustrious personage who had a mild attack of measles, from which he speedily recovered. To the doctor, when walking with him in his garden one evening, Fenwick confided his anxiety to support himself independently of his father. This course, in the opinion of Dr. Craven, was highly desirable, and he promised to introduce him to Mr. Bentley Wyvern, the manager of the

Leviathan Assurance Company; but, as that gentleman was just then enjoying a tour in the Highlands, no steps in the matter had been taken till the day when the doctor's carriage stood before the door of Wilmington House.

## CHAPTER II.

SUSAN HARDING still sat motionless, her hands tightly clasped before her, and her eyes bent upon the staircase. At last the footsteps of Dr. Craven were heard descending; and as he reached the hall she glided quickly before him.

"Do you find Mrs. Towers any better to-day. Is there any danger?"

"Danger, yes."

"Will it be necessary to call in any further aid?"

"If Captain Towers desires it, there can be no objection to that course. Is he at home?"

"I think not. Have you any message you wish me to deliver?"

"You can tell him that the life of his wife depends in a great measure upon her being kept very quiet, and avoiding undue excitement, such as might be occasioned by the visit of a stranger. I found last night that she exhibited very peculiar symptoms, such as might be caused by fright; but I have abstained from questioning her, from the fear of leading her mind back to the subject. Perhaps you can give me some information as to the cause of her extremely nervous condition."

As the doctor spoke, he looked steadfastly at the woman, but not the faintest change could be detected in the expression of her face as she answered quietly—

"Indeed, Dr. Craven, I am very sorry to hear that Mrs. Towers is so ill, but I know of nothing that has taken place to frighten her. I dare say you may have heard from Mr. Fenwick that some stormy scenes take place here when he irritates his father, but we have had nothing of that kind within the last few days."

"What do you mean by 'irritates?'" said the doctor, sharply, "you know very well that Fenwick Towers never speaks to his father, except in reply to a question."

"Perhaps I can undeceive you about—" She stopped abruptly, a deadly pallor overspread her face, and she staggered back; but, recovering herself quickly, hurriedly regained her room. The doctor turned towards the open door, at the end of the hall, to seek the cause of this sudden emotion; but he only saw the back of a well-dressed man, as he

descended the steps after having delivered a letter of official appearance into the hands of a servant.

The carriage of the doctor was rapidly skirting the common on its way to Upfield Rectory, when it was met by Richard Towers, to whom its occupant hurriedly repeated the injunctions that had already been given to Susan Harding.

"Men of your profession," said the captain, with a sneer, "are as full of fancies as a Spanish fortune-teller. If you prescribe what she requires, I will attend to the rest without the interference of anyone."

The family to which Dr. Craven was about to pay a friendly visit, was composed of the Reverend Baldwin Clare, his wife, and two daughters—Florence, now in her twenty-first year, and Mary, some three years her junior. Mr. Clare had been at Oxford with the doctor, and they had both been members of the same college. The clergyman had a sincere respect for his old friend, in part founded upon his distinguished career at the university, but still more owing to his sound judgment in business matters, which had several times been of considerable use to the rector. When the new schools were about to be erected, Mr. Clare, desirous only of economising the funds at his disposal, was about to have them built upon a plan that would have almost stifled the children in summer, and have partially frozen them in winter. The doctor came to the rescue, a couple of hundreds more were spent upon the work—the additional expense, by the way, being defrayed by himself—and Upfield Schools, though perhaps not remarkable for architectural beauty, were a great improvement, from a sanitary point of view, upon the majority of those in existence. Soon after obtaining his first curacy, Mr. Clare had married the only daughter of a wealthy provincial banker, and so became possessed of a large fortune. He was anxious that his daughters should profit by his own example, by selecting a partner for life whose wealth would prove a fitting addition to the dowries he intended to bestow upon them. As far as Florence was concerned, there was every probability that she would fulfil her father's desires, for she had already shown a dutiful appreciation of his advice in this respect, by unhesitatingly declining an offer of marriage from a gentleman whom she greatly admired, upon the rector ascertaining that his income was only three hundred a year.

With Mary, the case was likely to result

very differently, for she had already irrevocably given her young heart's fondest affection to Fenwick Towers, and received in return that wealth of love which his noble nature was so capable of bestowing. Both were aware that in the present state of Fenwick's worldly prospects it would be folly to encourage the slightest hope of obtaining the rector's consent to such an union; it was tacitly understood, therefore, that for the present the state of their feelings should be concealed. There was one, however, who already half-suspected the truth, and resolved, if possible, to surprise their secret.

"My dear Craven, I am very glad you have come," said Mr. Clare, as he closed the door of his study, and placed a chair near the open window for his visitor. "I intended to have gone to London this afternoon, and should have called at Savile Row, in the hope of finding you at home. Do you know a Mr. Wyvern?"

"What, Bentley Wyvern?"

"Yes. He who has bought the Old Hall in our neighbourhood."

"Indeed. I was not aware that he had been making any purchase of that kind."

"Oh yes, and has furnished it in the most luxurious style. I have been looking over 'Burke,' but have not been able to fix upon his family. He happened to mention your name when he called here yesterday with Sir Charles Pennington."

"I understood he was in the Highlands." "Wyvern? Just returned, I believe. What is he?"

"Manager of a large life assurance company, of which I am consulting physician."

"I suspected he was in business of some kind. Well, he seems a very liberal man. I happened to mention the intended restorations at the church, and he at once begged me to add his name for £500, as he was about to become one of my parishioners. Afterwards, at luncheon, he promised a donation for the schools. By-the-bye, I am puzzled to understand how Pennington manages to make ends meet."

"Perhaps he doesn't try to accomplish so difficult a feat," said the doctor, with a slight laugh. "I have heard, however, in confidence, that his claim to the Earldom of Bideford—which his father so signally failed in establishing, after those long and ruinous proceedings—is about to be renewed in consequence of the discovery of an important document."

"My dear Craven, I have been told the same thing, so the matter is evidently begin-

ning to be talked about. The fact is, I am rather desirous of obtaining some definite information upon that point ; for, I may tell you, that he has been very attentive to Florence of late, and she appears to be too fond of his society to lead to the conclusion that she regards him with indifference. You know what a warm-hearted susceptible girl she is."

"I do," said the doctor, drily.

"Well, as you are intimate with Joynham, who was engaged in the case when last it came before the Court, I wish you would get to know what probability there is of a judgment in Pennington's favour ; for, in so intricate a suit, the same counsel will very probably be retained."

"You mean that you have no objection to the Earl of Bideford for a son-in-law, but that a penniless baronet does not suit your views as to the best means of securing your daughter's happiness?"

"Obviously," said the rector, after a momentary pause.

"Then, as far as it is possible before the decision, I can set your doubts at rest. Pennington is possessed of evidence which cannot fail to secure him the earldom and estates."

"Delighted to hear it, for his sake ; for really he is a most amiable young man, and a great favourite of mine. With his abilities, he ought to exercise a great influence in the House."

"I never observed anything particularly clever about him," said the doctor, bluntly ; "but perhaps, when he becomes a peer, it may develop talents which few people give him the credit of possessing at present."

Mr. Clare looked somewhat annoyed ; and, by way of changing the subject, said :

"I had a horse sent over here to-day that I have some idea of buying for Florence. Let me have your opinion of it."

If there was any subject that the rector and his friend were likely to disagree upon, it was the merits of a horse. Mr. Clare, who prided himself upon his judgment in this respect, ordered the animal to be brought out for the doctor's inspection. The rector assumed a most critical air when Joe, the stableman, led the horse out by a halter. He lifted each of the feet, looked carefully at the hoof, passed his hand down the legs, and measured the height by standing at the side of the brute. Then he carefully examined the head, and stroked the flanks ; finally placing himself in front at a short distance, and taking a foreshortened view of the horse.

"Open his mouth, Joe. Hum, five years

old. Sound in every respect, as far as I can see, and remarkably symmetrical. Stands well, too ; but I don't like his white hind legs. However, he is quite worth a couple of hundreds, isn't he, Craven?"

"In the first place," replied the doctor, "he is over *six* years old. He is a well-bred horse, I admit ; but I don't like him. Do you notice what long, weak pasterns he has, and badly made shoulders ? Besides, he has been fired I can see. As to his standing well"—

"Why, what fault can you find in that respect ?"

The doctor laughed.

"Move him on, Joe, he is standing in a hole," said the rector. "Now tell me what his defect is."

"His head and neck are the best parts of him, and if you take my advice you won't give anything approaching to the sum you mention. A hundred guineas is quite as much as he is worth. By the way, if you wish to see the perfection of a park hack, get Bentley Wyvern to show you his 'Saracen,'" added the doctor, as they walked back.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN Richard Towers, after his meeting with Dr. Craven, arrived at Wilmington House, he found two letters waiting for him. One of them contained the scrip of a number of shares that he had bought a short time previously, the other, ill-spelt and written in a schoolboy hand, ran as follows :—

"HONURED SIR,—You will be sirprised to get this letter but it is wrote for your own good There is something hanging over you as you little think on but I can tell you every-thing and save you from a wiked plot as ever was hashed do not despise this warning or you will rue and meet me to-morrow night at the sine of the 3 compases Gore Street leading out of Wapping and I will take you where you can see proof of this. I shall see you when you come in so you need not trouble about trying to find me when you get there so no more at present from

"Yours to command

"A FRIEND."

"P.S. Do not mention what I have told to anyone and bring this letter in your hand."

Richard Towers laughed contemptuously at what he regarded as a silly hoax, tore the letter into pieces, and requested a servant to acquaint Fenwick that his presence was desired by his father.

A foreboding of evil took possession of Fenwick, when he received the message, and he prepared himself to exercise such a restraint over his feelings as would avoid giving his father any pretext for an outbreak of passion.

"I have sent for you," said Richard Towers, in a suppressed voice, "to ask by what right you interfere in the domestic arrangements of this house?"

"You are mistaken, sir; I have not the slightest desire to do anything of the kind. To what do you particularly allude?"

"I allude to the marked rudeness that you display towards my housekeeper. She has complained to me repeatedly of your overbearing, insolent conduct towards her. Do you imagine that I am going to allow this kind of conduct to go on?"

"I am most anxious to avoid any discussion with you, but I cannot refrain from saying that the woman in question assumes an authority in this family which is an insult to my mother."

"Indeed!" said Richard Towers, ironically. "Doesn't it occur to you that I am the best judge of what is due to your mother? And that reminds me that I met Dr. Craven this afternoon. He, too, seems inclined to meddle in my private affairs; but if I detect any disposition of that kind again, he shall be forbidden to cross this threshold while I am master here. As to you, if my conduct doesn't meet with your approbation, you are at liberty to take up your residence elsewhere. In fact, I am rather surprised that a young gentleman of your keen perceptions should not see that your presence here is distasteful."

"I am no stranger to the dislike that you feel towards me; but I remain in this house from a sense of duty towards my mother."

"Duty towards your mother! What, you imagine that she requires your protection do you?" replied Richard Towers, his face working with passion. "You shall see that she can manage to dispense with it. Within twenty-four hours I order you to quit this house, and never, with my sanction, shall you re-enter it."

"What if I refuse to obey you?"

"Then I shall be obliged to use force," said Richard Towers, meaningly. "The world shall not say, however, that I sent you adrift penniless." He unlocked a bureau, and held out a small roll of notes. "You will find £25 there. Make the best use you can of this money, for it is the last you will ever receive from me."

"I will accept nothing from you," said the young man, his face flushing with indignation.

"All I ask is to be allowed to remain till it is ascertained that my dear mother is no longer in immediate danger."

"Oh, you are too proud to take the money, are you? Possibly your feelings may change in the course of to-morrow, so I shall place it in the hands of Susan Harding, to whom you can apply for it. Remember, however," he added, with a malignant desire to humiliate his son to the utmost, "that if I hear any further complaint respecting your manner towards her, you shall leave this place instantly, even if your mother were at the point of death."

Left to himself Richard Towers drew from the bureau a bottle of brandy. He had now become so accustomed to the use of stimulants, that he was seldom completely free from their influence. In spite of himself his thoughts in a short time reverted to the letter he had received, and he picked up a few of the fragments which he placed before him on a table. He was endeavouring to join them together when a knock was given at his room door, and the housekeeper entered. Her manner was somewhat constrained, and a nervous twitching might have been noticed about her mouth.

"Well, Susan, I am looking over the pieces of an odd kind of letter that I received a little while ago."

Had he announced that he was just preparing to explode a shell, the effect upon the housekeeper could hardly have been greater. She started with an alarmed expression of face and caught at the back of a chair. Her eyes fixed themselves on the scraps of paper, and she remained incapable of making any reply. Richard Towers regarded her for a few moments with a puzzled expression. Suddenly a suspicion crossed his mind. He rose and went towards her.

"You know all about this letter," he said, sternly.

"What letter?" she gasped; and then her eye fell upon the large envelope into which the shares had been carelessly thrust. By a strong effort she partially recovered her self-possession. "I know of *this* letter," she said, taking up the large one, "for I saw it delivered this afternoon, but of no other."

"The one I allude to is anonymous, and is designed to hoax me into keeping an appointment at the east end of London."

She had now almost recovered her composure.

"May I read it?"

"If you can manage to do so in its present state."

Susan Harding carefully collected the pieces which still remained inside the fender, and perused the whole attentively. No trace of her former discomposure now remained, and she smiled, as she said,—

"A very stupid hoax, and I hope you don't intend to pay any attention to it."

"What caused you to look so scared just now?" he inquired, roughly.

"I have been subject to sudden giddiness of late, and feared I was about to fall. A similar attack seized me when Dr. Craven was here to-day."

This explanation, though plausible, did not satisfy Richard Towers; but he abstained from pursuing the subject further, promised to take no notice of the communication, and somewhat abruptly brought their interview to a close. The idea that his housekeeper was trying to deceive him grew stronger as he pondered over her manner, but he was unable to form the faintest conjecture as to her motive. There was, at least, a very simple way of ascertaining whether any importance was to be attached to the curious epistle; but it involved some little inconvenience, particularly as the writer of it had omitted to name any hour for the meeting. The locality, too, was not by any means an agreeable one to visit, and why such a place should be selected when there were so many opportunities of seeing Richard Towers in the neighbourhood of his own house was a question which perplexed that estimable gentleman exceedingly. His desire, however, to learn whether Susan Harding formed, as he suspected, the subject of the promised communication, overcame all his scruples, and he resolved upon going to the appointed place at nightfall. If he found no one waiting to receive him he might then reasonably conclude that his original supposition as to the motive of his anonymous correspondent was the correct one. He had just reached this point in his cogitations when he remembered that he had allowed Susan Harding to make herself acquainted with the contents of the letter. Was it not possible, therefore, that she might adopt some means to prevent the interview. It is unnecessary to say that Richard Towers was far from being a man of high intelligence. He experienced, therefore, much delight when an opportunity occurred for displaying a certain kind of cunning that formed one of his characteristics. The old gardener had already incurred the displeasure of his master by indulging in remarks not altogether complimentary to the housekeeper. It occurred, therefore, to Richard Towers that

Lewis would readily undertake to watch the movements of Susan Harding, and ascertain, if possible, whether she communicated with any stranger during the interval which must elapse before the expedition to Wapping was undertaken. Lewis appeared by no means gratified at the prospect of the task imposed upon him. He disliked playing the spy, he said, and begged that some one else might be selected; but his master was inexorable. The following afternoon Richard Towers received the report of his gardener. Susan Harding had not sent any letter to the post, nor had she left the house for a moment. There was a probability, therefore, that a solution of the problem would shortly be obtained from the unknown person who professed to take so warm an interest in the captain's welfare.

Gore Street, Wapping, is not remarkable for the architectural beauty of its houses, nor are the inhabitants of it particularly noticeable for a strict attention to their cleanly appearance. Marine stores, small hucksters' shops, and the inevitable tavern, are among its chief attractions—the latter, as we have seen, was called the "Three Compasses," in graceful compliment, it may be presumed, to the mariners who frequented it. The street had just undergone that process of illumination which usually follows the visit of the lamp-lighter, when Richard Towers found himself enquiring for the house known by the name just mentioned. He had received the desired information, and was making his way across to the appointed place, when a short thick-set man touched him upon the arm, and said gruffly:—

"Captain Richard Towers, I think?"

"That is my name—What is your business with me, my man?"

"You got a letter yesterday, asking you to come down here."

"I did."

"And signed, 'A Friend.'"

"Yes."

"Well! I'm the friend."

"You're a sailor?" said Richard Towers, scrutinising him.

"Used to be."

"Well! what do you want with me?"

"I want to have a private conversation, and to show you some papers."

"Why didn't you come to my house?"

"Couldn't," said the man, doggedly.

"Have I ever seen you before?"

"No."

"Then how were you able to recognise me?"



"I've seen you afore, and I've a pretty good mem'ry for faces."

"Well, what is it you have to tell me—anything about Susan Harding?"

"Yes."

"Then explain yourself, my good fellow," said Richard Towers, "for I have very little time to spare."

"You'll have to come to my house. It's only two streets off. I wasn't going to bring papers like them about."

"Very well, show me the way, and let me know what you have to tell as we go along."

"You must first see the papers before you can understand what I have to say."

The two men passed into a narrow street and stopped in front of a mean-looking house. For a moment Richard Towers hesitated, but when he saw the man take a key out of his pocket and unlock the door, he abandoned his half-formed intention of remaining outside. He knew that his prodigious strength—but little diminished by advanced years—gave him too decided an advantage over the man who accompanied him to render it doubtful as to the issue of an encounter; so with something of his old recklessness he entered the house.

"Do you remember the brig, *St. George*, 21-guns?" said the man, as he moved about in search of the means to obtain a light.

"I commanded her."

The next moment a crushing blow descended upon the head of Richard Towers.

## THE ISLAND OF RÉUNION.

### IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

THE Mozambique negro in St. Denys has chiefly taken to carpentering. He is not very clever at this, nor very industrious. One day's work in the week gives him enough to feed himself, and he therefore declines, as a rule, to do more. In his work he attaches himself more to detail than to a general harmony of the parts, or complete composition; he will thus fit you, with great pride, with two windows, the sill of one of which is a few inches below that of the other; or, when a door comes in the middle, the spaces between doorpost and windows will not have the least semblance of symmetry. If his attention is called to it he laughs "consumedly," as the old play books have it; and one must either laugh with him, or get into a foolish rage and hit him over the

head with a stick, at which he laughs the louder, and then has you up before the beak, who fines you three pounds. The hewers of wood and bearers of water—literally—are Madagascar men. They are free, of course; but are, to all intents and purposes, the slaves of their masters, having no notion of rising in the world, no ideas of anything but the mere satisfaction, from day to day, of their appetites. These men are not of the Hova race, who are probably of Malay origin, though no one knows how they got to Madagascar, but of the conquered nations, the Betsimarakis, Retsiluos, and Sakalaves. I imagine that they are not at all on the footing of the coolies, but that, being brought here, without any very searching inquiries as to their own wishes, they stay contentedly—an unambitious and satisfied people, chopping wood and carrying pails of water. So far as one can judge of them, they are quite stupid and perfectly harmless.

Their principal pleasure is in dancing. They perform to the delectable music of a tum-tum, and their movements partake more of the simplicity of the untaught genius than the skill of the artist. In fact, they are elephantine. The dance is a solo, the performer jumping up and down with unmoved countenance, while his friends laugh. When he is tired another takes his place.

Their manner and custom of doing the hair is in intricately woven small plaits. Their appearance is uncleanly, and a passer by will generally take the windward side.

We assisted, by accident, rather than design, at a "black mass," *i.e.*, a service at which the blacks only are present. They were very devout, even shedding tears over their prayers. One of them tried to steal my umbrella, a new silk. We were behind a pillar, so that, unseen of the priests, I chastised him on the head with the handle. At this he laughed so loudly that the verger turned him out, and one of his friends wept.

A curious sight is to be seen every morning, when the negresses who happen to be serving his Imperial Majesty in the common prison are turned out in gangs to clean the streets. Thirty or forty of these women go about under proper custodians, armed with brooms, dressed in blue serge, chattering, sweeping, and laughing. As sisters, they *do* appear to be bringing scandal on our family. But I suppose they are really women.

It took us some little time to exhaust all these sights, and to drain the Bourbonnais

cup of exciting pleasures. We had next to visit the interior of the island.

Bourbon, as I said before, is a large mountain, with a slender seaboard, cultivated with sugar, coffee, vanilla, and a little cotton. All round the shore are studded small towns, called after saints, such as St. Léon, St. André, St. Paul, St. Pierre, St. Joseph, St. Benoit, and half-a-dozen others. They consist each of a church and a small street. Compared with these, a little English country town would be a centre of wild dissipation. Nothing happens in them to vary the monotony of life. There is not even the change of seasons, for the cold season is only unlike the hot inasmuch as certain fruits appear in the latter which are wanting in the former. Week after week, the folk go to church; day after day, they make pretence to labour; they do not know their own age, and when the time of infirmity is coming upon them, they only guess it by the age of their grandchildren.

We drove through these towns on a glorious morning, leaving St. Denys at five, as the day began to break.

In England, one never sees the day break, but surely, of all hours in the twenty-four, that hour is most delightful in the tropics, when one turns out to sit with a cup of coffee and a cigar, and watch the red tints growing on the mountain peaks. Then the air is cool and fresh; the shrill cry of the cigale is hushed; the barking dog has ceased to bark; the memory of hot yesterday has died away; the clouds on the rocks fall like the lace drapery of a bride—first, dimly seen, then golden, and then white; and, save for the sounds of awakening in the adjacent camp, when the early-rising coolie, a dusky Tithonus, reminds his rosy-fingered wife of her duty, by administering correction—let us hope, with a light stick—and she, shrill-voiced, retaliates, after the manner of her sex, all is peace and silence.

Leaving the main road round the island, we turned into the road, called L'Escalier, that leads to the village of Salagie.

It winds up a long, deep ravine—in parts so narrow that a stone can be thrown across, and so deep that the mountain, clothed with the glorious vegetation of Réunion, seems to topple over our heads. A brawling torrent leaps over the boulders at the bottom, and the road is so steep that we have to walk, the driver considerably keeping his own seat. Who can describe the charm of this road? Not one, but a thousand cataracts leap over the top of the precipice—slender threads of light some,

foaming mountain-streams others. The sides are clothed, not so much with trees as with creepers, whose beauty lies more in their leaves than in their flowers, of which, indeed, at this time of the year, there are none.

We began by wishing the road would last for ever; presently, so untimely are the interruptions of the body—that stubborn mule, as Luther called it—we began to wish for breakfast, and I fear the last few miles were spent in a somewhat fractious and petulant mood, owing to the pangs of hunger.

We came at last upon the village of Salagie, four miles from our destination: and here we stopped for breakfast.

Loafing about the inn was a brisk little Frenchman, who introduced himself, in very bad English, as what he called a “doctaire.” Surprised to meet a medical man in such a plight—for, indeed, his toes were well out of his boots—we asked him to breakfast with us. He accepted with pleasure, and with the utmost condescension prepared an omelette with his own hand. It appeared, in the course of the repast, that he had been on an American merchantman as “ship’s doctor,” which is sailor’s English for cook. But he was quite an artist, and an acquisition in one way to the *Sources*.

The *Sources* of Salagie are the favourite baths and watering-place of the Bourbonnais. They lie in the heart of the mountains, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The establishment consists of an hotel, where are baths, saloons, and billiard-rooms, and a dozen or twenty little *pagillons*—wooden huts fitted up with iron bedssteads and nothing else. One of these was allotted to S—— and myself; and we began to drink the waters, to bathe, not in the warm chalybeate baths, but in the ice-cold pools of the streams, and to ramble on the sides of the mountain. Ah! how delicious was the cold air after the warm, steamy atmosphere of Mauritius! How pleasant to find the wild strawberries growing in profusion on the slopes—to see the English flowers and the English fruits!

There is an orchard there of rosy-cheeked apples. The owner had sold every apple for a franc a-piece, and counted them all every day.

While he was telling S—— this, I am ashamed to say I stole one. Eve did no more. S——, like Adam, partook of it.

This proprietor had, too, jonquils, daisies, wallflowers, and all manner of sweet old

flowers, of which, unconscious of the theft, he made us a bouquet.

There were other things, unknown in the low sea-board regions: yellow butter, cream, wild raspberries, and peaches with the true flavour.

Once, too, Cusard prepared us a "surprise." It was a dish of snails, delicately cooked with herbs and savory sauce. You do not pick them out with a pin, after the manner of periwinkles, but crunch them all up with your teeth, and glare defiantly at each other.

Who was Cusard? He was, in his way, a great man. Would that I had space to dwell on him at length. By nation and by nature he was a Gascon; by profession he was chief cook and *maitre d'hôtel*. Though great, he was affable. He would come into the ladies' saloon at night (there were no ladies, and we all sat round the fire and drank Nantes beer), in his shirt-sleeves, and, without being invited, would sit down and sing songs. He would slap you on the back at billiards, and say, "*Ah ha! mon brave, vous n'êtes pas fort!*" or, at a jokelet, would push back his cap, and laugh, "*Ah! drôle de farceur!*" His wife, of whom he stood in awe, always wore her bedgown, night and day, with a head-dress of peculiar and fearful aspect. Cusard confided in me that he was tired of her, and was not without hopes that some malady under which she laboured would soon transfer her to a brighter world.

The other guests were a Captain Maugrad, master mariner, who had been flattened by a puncheon of rum, and was sent up to Salagie, like Hood's friend, to be brought round. He varied the monotony of life by putting on leeches, smoking a great pipe, and drinking vermouth. There was also a Captain St. Maur, of the *Infanterie de la Marine*, who was on furlough, and M. Leopold Ganion, a merchant of St. Denys—as perfect a gentleman, and as well-informed a scholar in his own line, as it has been my lot to meet. Besides these, there was a carpenter—one Faillette, a native of Auvergne; one of that race who are reputed to boast, "*Je n'étais ni homme, ni femme, ni Français: mais j'étais Auvergnat.*" This fairly represents his peculiarly idiomatic French. He was frequently drunk; and lamented, while in this condition, his own propensity for liquor. He used to take the Frenchmen, especially M. Ganion, out for walks. Ganion used to bring up the rear, talking vehemently—or, rather, reciting whole pages of history, his favourite study.

One day we took him to see an extinct

crater in a place called the Plaine d'Apouches. Part of the way led along a mountain torrent where there was no path, and we had to jump from one boulder to another. It was pleasant to see the valiant Frenchman leap, miss his footing, and fall into the torrent, talking perpetually; and a great sight, when, after about the twentieth immersion, he stopped, and asked if we seriously considered this sort of thing becoming in a *père de famille*.

So, with billiards on a primitive table, favourable to the fluker, with a slope to every pocket, cigars and talk, we spent the days at Salagie—with only one change, when we went up the Pitin de Neije.

The ascent, which is always performed by English visitors from Mauritius, is long and tedious, but not dangerous. The mountain slopes up a long inclined plain with steep sides, narrowing to the summit. We had first to climb one of the sides. These are very steep. In one place I found by rough measurement with a stick that the incline was 60 degs. for something like two hours' climb. In some places it was really more than this, and here and there we had to clamber up bits where bare rock alone gave a foot and hand hold. But these were rare, and though the whole first day's climb was chiefly hard work, yet trees helped one almost the whole way.

The day was rainy and cold; nothing could be seen beyond two or three yards; the clouds were driving past us above and below, and of all hills and mountains I have ever climbed, surely the Pitin de Neije was the worst. Silent and dripping we toiled hand over hand, till the sensation gradually came upon me that all my past life was a dream, that nothing was real but going up hill, and that no other future could be expected.

"Enfra!" shouted the guide about 3 p.m.—we had started at 6 a.m.—"here we are."

We were on a ledge of flat rock, sprinkled over with boulders, and at the limit of our day's work.

We camped in a cavern, frequented by goat-hunters only, who come up at certain seasons. After some difficulty we managed to light a fire, and then—the greatest luxury of all—took off wet things, and robbed ourselves gracefully in blankets. Presently we had dinner, all of us, guide and porters, sitting round the fire with bare feet in the hot wood ashes; and when at six the sun went down, and night fell, we lit pipes, mixed hot brandy and water, and began to tell stories

Not for long, however. The stars came out; all round were the black shadowy peaks. A silence that could be felt was on the air; even the porters were hushed; and presently we tried to sleep, having our lodging on the cold, cold ground, and our feet to the fire. It was freezing slightly, and the change from a tropical air to this cold breath of frosty winter was very remarkable. I don't think there was much sleep done, and no one was sorry when Tollotian, the guide, declared that the day was breaking. With a hard-boiled egg—(is there anything so nasty as a hard-boiled egg before breakfast?)—and one porter carrying breakfast, we started to finish the ascent.

The day broke splendidly.

In an hour or two we came to where the road led along the edge of a precipice. The view was superb. We looked down into the valley of Cilaos, where is another watering-place, wilder and more rugged than Salagie. On every side of the little hotel, which was at least five miles off, but which we could see as plainly as possible, rose up bare precipices of frowning rock. It was a scene quite different from the *riant* beauty of the gorge that led to Salagie. The hollow had once, I should say, been the great crater of a volcano. It is as if a huge piece was cut bowl-shaped from the mountain, and then the bowl had been hacked and slashed. But beyond Cilaos, far below it, and farther still below us, lay the fertile seaboard of Réunion. There we could descry the yellow green patches of sugar-cane, the little towns by the shore, and the fishing boats off the half-built break-water of St. Pierre.

Tollotian was anxious to get us to the summit, and would not let us stay. Alas! when we reached it, after four hours wading through lava-like shingle, clouds dropped down, and though we waited half an hour, would not lift. The summit is about 11,000 feet high; it has a little *caisse* on it, with a cross of consecrated wood; and standing by the *caisse* one looks over a precipice with a sheer drop of 4,000 feet. So we came down, and presently emerged into sunshine and warmth, when we sat down and breakfasted.

The next day we came down. We were to come a different way, but finding the path washed away by heavy rains, Tollotian had to take us round a longer road. We walked for twelve hours and a half—first over a rough slope of rubble and lava, then through a forest of hardy mountain trees, and then, descending still, through the most glorious tropical forest I have ever seen. The ground

was more than knee deep with moss and decaying trunks. All round were palms, tree ferns, alocs, and gigantic creepers. Especially beautiful were the tree ferns, some of which must have been 30 to 40 feet high.

Does anyone remember how Paul and Virginia fed off a cabbage palm? They roasted it; but the best way is to make it into a salad, which is certainly the finest salad in the world. The "palmiste," as they call it, is the heart of a young palm of some six to ten feet high, and as each "palmiste" costs the life of a tree, it is rather an expensive salad.

At last we arrived home, at eight in the evening.

Cusard was waiting for us with another "surprise," for he knew we should be hungry. This time it was a tortoise, stewed. As Mr. Pumblechook said of pork, it was "rich." Faillette was there speechlessly drunk. Maugrad crawled out of bed, where he had been having six-and-thirty leeches, to welcome us. Ganion fell into our arms. The little cook, Léon, danced round us; and even Madame Cusard came out in her bedgown and turban and added to the general rejoicing.

That night they carried me up to bed—not, not intoxicated, but ah! so tired. In the morning, S——, who held out better than I, told me how they had all laughed at my collapse, and at the dilapidated condition of my garments. These, indeed, were hanging upon me in rags.

Kindly island folk! I hope they laugh at the recollection still.

## SOCIAL CUB-HUNTING.

TO the lovers of field sports, October brings an important addition to their peculiar pleasures. It may be said to be the month of the long-tails; for it gives to the shooter his dearly-prized and dearly-reared pheasant; and to the fox-hunter it brings foxes, or, at any rate, cubs. Thus, there are long-tails for the shooter and rider—feathers for the one, fur for the other, if the soft bushy brush of the fox can properly be called fur. And so, with pheasant-shooting and cub-hunting added to the existing sports of the field, October may well be hailed as a month for extra enjoyment. It is, indeed, found to be so by other wearers of long tails than pheasants and fox-cubs; for, just at present, ladies must be numbered among the long-tails; and it would seem that the longer

their dresses had become at the one extremity, the shorter they were at the other—like the Irishman's blanket, that was cut off at the top in order that the piece might be sewn to the other end, to lengthen it. And thus we may class ladies with the other long-tails of October; and, indeed, the connection of ideas between them and birds of gay plumage is pretty obvious; nor is it so remote, as it might at first sight appear to be, from that caudal appendage of the fox, which, for some recondite reason, not yet discovered even by the contributors to *Notes and Queries*, is called by huntsmen the brush—perhaps having been so termed by them from its tawny colour resembling the heraldic tint *brusk*, or, perchance, merely from its sweeping the ground. And, of the ladies of the Third Edward's reign, the Monk of Glastonbury wrote:—"They wered such strait clothes that they had long fox-tails sewed within their garments to hold them forth;" so that here was a tangible connection between foxes' tails and the feminine dress. And although, at the present day, the extension of a lady's robe may not be attributable to the serviceable medium of the fox's brush, or restricted to a similarly situated portion of the garment, yet, kangaroo-like, the tails or trains are dragged on the ground to the danger and discomfort of pedestrians and to the soiling and spoiling of the dress.

In this October month of the long-tails, we may, then, trace certain lines of thought between a fox's brush and a lady's train; and leaving, therefore, the long-tailed pheasants to the wholesale slaughter of the *battue*, and merely accepting them as birds of gay plumage, typical of those other fair ones in fine dresses with dragging trains, we will restrict our remarks to the long-tailed ladies and the long-tailed foxes.

With October, then, not only comes pheasant shooting but cub-hunting. It is true that you may kill the cub-fox, but not the cock-pheasant before September has drawn to its close, although you might pretend to mistake the latter for a barn-door fowl, which, indeed, is equally tame, and would show just as much sport as the modern gamekeeper-reared barley-fed pheasant of the preserve. But, still, it is to October that cub-hunting especially belongs; and, from the accounts that have yet reached us, the present season has everywhere opened well, with plenty of foxes, plenty of cubs, and plenty of sport. But, as we read the brief records of the past two or three weeks' cub-hunting, we cannot avoid drawing comparisons between this vulpecide sport and that hunting-

up and hunting-down of the attractive human cub which is more of a business than an amusement, and to which those other long-tails, the ladies, devote themselves with a persistent endurance, and with scientific tactics peculiarly their own. How many experienced matrons are there who bring out their daughters for the express purpose of capturing some young cub of a lordling—some gilded youthful Cræsus, or even some *novus homo*, whose wealth has come to him from manufactures, and whose grandfather has had to be *invented* by Burke. These skilled veterans in the happy hunting-grounds of society, employ, for the attainment of their desired end, a craft not so very dissimilar to that used by the huntsman, when, at the commencement of the season in October, he puts in his pack for their initiatory work. He tutors them to avoid—at any rate, for the present—the elder fox, the sly old "dog" as he is familiarly called in the hunting-field slang; and shows that the cub is the individual on whom the attention of the lady pack is first to be fixed. And when the cub is found, what is the huntsman's little game, and what is the conduct of the lady pack? Here the newspaper enlightens us in its brief notice of the cub-hunting of the North Grackshire. "Affable's whimper was heard, and then her mischievous tongue;" a most lucid description of the way in which the affable young lady sets to work in the pursuit of her human cub, when endeavouring to make him her own. "Four couple of young ones behaved very well," says the newspaper; "there was no peering."

This is a somewhat dark saying to the uninitiated, though, in the social cub-hunting, it might have some reference to the peerage, and the good behaviour of the younger daughters in sinking their expectations to something lower than a peer, and being contented with a plain Mister, so long as as the cub had money and position. Then, in other newspaper records of October cub-hunting, we meet with such expressions as "capital sport," "lost in the wood," "picking up the scent," and "a series of merry spins in the open," expressions which, in the social cub-hunting, would doubtless refer to certain doings at pic-nics at home and abroad—perhaps to the risking of a few half-crowns at *rouge-et-noir*—to a designed losing of your companions when strolling in the wood with Captain A—, or the Hon. Mr. B—, to his picking up the scent (Jockey-Club or Frangipani) that you had purposely dropped, and to having a series of merry spins in the open,

which, of course, plainly means that you danced every waltz. One newspaper report says, that "the sport happily ended by two fine young cubs falling a prey to their pursuers." Objection might, socially, be taken to the word "prey," as being somewhat too plain-spoken; but the result is the same, though the language were different; for a spade would still remain a spade even when euphemistically described as an agricultural implement. Whether he be a "prey" or no, the cub is eventually subdued by the lady, and the familiar "Who-whoop!" may be taken to symbolise the wooing and the hoop of plain gold to which it leads.

But this marital end is not attained always, and very rarely without much trouble and painstaking.

It is wonderful to think how much hunting cubs will take, and the amount of craft that has to be developed in the pastime. Very often the cubs show a great propensity to herd with black sheep; and it is difficult to

induce them to leave their companions and to compel them to take to the open—that is, to adopt an open course of action. Many of the cubs, too, have peculiar haunts into which not even the most daring Diana must venture, if she cares to preserve her chaste reputation. Some cubs will prefer to skulk in regions from which they will not care to be tempted forth by the baits of wedded joys; and so, very often, the matronly huntress uses her craft in vain, and the social Diana is unable to dispose of her nymphs.

In fine, social cub-hunting is a business that demands of its followers sound judgment and managing tact ere it can be brought to a successful issue; and even when, as in the present season, there are plenty of cubs, it is by no means a certainty that those cubs shall, in the newspaper language, "fall a prey to their pursuers." Very probably they will escape for the time, and will grow up to be sly old foxes, looking back with grim satisfaction to the risks they ran in the days of their Social Cub-hunting.

### THE INITIALS.

YET stands the tree! There seems no change  
Come o'er its mossy trunk or leaflets fair,  
Sturdy its branches spread. To me, how strange  
To see it there!

The years have passed, the happy hours have fled,  
The burning love has now for ever gone,  
The bright hopes, like the fallen leaves, are dead—  
I am alone!

And yet, upon that tree her much-loved name,  
Unscathed by time, with mine is intertwined.  
Can it be years since to this spot we came,  
One heart one mind?

Her arm was round me, her breath fanned my  
cheek,  
As I the letters carved with no small art.  
Together, ever! though we did not speak,  
Was in each heart!

And now I call, and fast my pulses beat;  
A dainty sound the fallen leaves comes o'er—  
Is it the brushing of her fairy feet?  
Ah, nevermore!

Some other now with her elsewhere may trace,  
In letters fading, their names intertwine,  
Which time may blot; but he dares not efface  
Such love as mine!

Then, once again, I will her name repeat,  
And try for ever to forget the words;  
And pray that time, with gentle hand, may beat  
O'er memory's chords.

I will just place my lips upon that tree,  
And seal the feelings of the past for e'er,  
And will depart. Where'er my path may be,  
My heart is there.



## GREEN'S BOY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

MADELEINE YORKE had been left an orphan and left almost penniless; quite so, her old great-uncle thought, for what was fifty pounds a year? It was in his eyes too insignificant a sum to be worth taking care of even, "let the child have it for pocket money, it would at least keep her in sugar plums;" and how little it mattered what Madeleine had of her own, when all the old man's property would be hers one day! The pretty child grew up into a lovely woman. When I first saw her, no longer young, but faded and worn with sickness, I remember thinking hers the most beautiful face I had ever seen. Her old uncle was immensely proud of her, but as for affection it must be doubted whether he possessed any to bestow. The girl's life was lonely; with wealth enough to have provided her with every amusement suited to her youth, it was his whim to lead the life of a recluse; finding his own pleasure, at nearly seventy, in an unsocial life, buried in his books, living all the year round in the dull ancestral mansion surrounded by solemn old oaks, he imagined that she at seventeen could find her pleasure in the same way. They neither visited nor received guests, they saw no one—out of the house, that is to say, for the enemy was within. One member of the household was Mr. Yorke's librarian and secretary, the orphan son of a poor curate; a gentleman, well educated, young, and, above all, handsome. It was the old, old story; despite the full occupation Mr. Yorke gave to his secretary, despite the days of labour amongst the old folios in the sombre library, and the few opportunities for intercourse with his employer's niece which his leisure afforded, an attachment sprang up between Edgar Heathfield and Madeleine, the announcement of which was received by her uncle, not only with indignation, but with doubtless astonishment. His ambition had doubtless pointed to a splendid match for his beautiful niece; but as he had taken no steps to provide a lordly suitor, and the young librarian was at hand, there need be no wonder at the result. A few stormy scenes, a parting that half broke their hearts, a few months of suspense, and then, Edgar Heathfield having secured a clerkship in London, a runaway marriage—followed by years of poverty, trial, and indescribable happiness! It was not till her husband died, leaving her with their only child, then about ten years old, and her own

fifty pounds a year to live upon, that Mrs. Heathfield knew what sorrow was; and even then, had her health continued good, she would have been little troubled by her poverty, for she was the merriest, most light-hearted creature I ever knew, and had trained her little Dorothy to be as happy and helpful as herself. For the future she would not fear—had not her child the small income secured to her which now sufficed for her and her mother both? Moreover, she always felt confident that old Mr. Yorke would relent some day or other. If the worst should happen to herself, and her little girl be left alone in the world, she had good friends in the family of the vicar of the London parish in which they had formerly resided, who had promised to protect her. But I am forestalling my narrative; it was only later, when I came to know them myself, that I saw how happy this mother and child were, that I found those two were so friendless that they had no dread of being alone in the world together. There were books and drawing materials in that little upstairs room, and there Dorothy did her lessons when her other work was over, work that the child seemed to find as good as play. Theirs was a happy household, the only shadow over it, the sacred sorrow for the lost husband and father; a sorrow soothed and softened by the memory of an unbroken love.

But, to return to the day when I first made little Dorothy's acquaintance. It was about five o'clock as we drew near Easton again; the shadows had grown long, the heat of the day was over, and it was possible to look at the sea without screwing up one's eyelids. I looked with interest for the cottage, as we regained the shore road, coming out upon it from amongst the lanes through which our homeward way had led us. The little figure—a little figure which, possibly, I had seen many a time before, and never noticed—stood at the door, as it did when we passed in the morning.

"What now, Miss Dorothy?" said Green, from the cart; anything I can do for you this evening, miss?"

But it was at me that the child looked, as she made answer, speaking in her soft voice,—

"If you don't want your boy very much, Mr. Green, may he dig up these beds for me? Mamma thinks I can't dig deep enough, but I think the spade is not sharp, it won't go far in, even when I stand on it with both feet at once—with all my weight," she added, seriously.

All *her* weight! little fairy!

Green looked at me, laughing: he evidently enjoyed the mistake into which the child had

fallen, but he hesitated to reply to her. I made him a sign to keep my secret; and, jumping down from the cart, professed my willingness to serve Miss Dorothy, "if he could spare me." He drove off, grinning, as he assured the child he should not want me for an hour or two; and I followed her into the garden.

She was not disposed for conversation, I found. Very gravely she gave her orders, and very gravely I worked away under her directions. As I turned up the brown mould that Dorothy had found so stiff, I caught myself wishing that I could let the poor lady upstairs know that here were a strong pair of arms willing to work for ever for her little helpless daughter; caught myself thinking of Madeleine Yorke, in her old uncle's mansion, and longed to be able to tell her that, for the future, I would ask nothing better than to work for her and hers; that she need never trouble her head again about the old curmudgeon, for we would manage to do very well without him and his wealth. I thought, too, of Tom Bickers, and began to hope that he would not be in too great a hurry to get well! And every now and then I glanced at the fair child, who stood silently watching me, and wondered whether it would do to try and make her talk yet, or whether, like a well-trained little girl, she would be shocked at too much familiarity on the part of "Green's boy." By-and-bye the job was finished: a soft voice called from the upper window:

"Dot, my darling!" and the child wished me a grave "Good night."

As I went, I *fear* I forgot to touch my cap after all!

Children, I shall never forget that evening; after our weary game of backgammon was over, I escaped to my own room and stood gazing at the open window. They had been mowing that day in the meadows near the house, the sweet scent of the new cut grass was heavy on the night air, mingling with the perfume of the June roses. Looking towards the shore road, I half fancied I could see the smoke curling up from the spot where I knew the cottage stood, but that must have been a delusion, for doubtless the kitchen fire had been economically extinguished long ago. I know that watching the line of light upon the sea, I saw it end abruptly where it touched the deep shade thrown by the high chalk hills behind the cottage; and I saw in imagination another bright path, a path over the waters of life, a path which I would tread and which should lead to little Dorothy. And yet I

hardly know which I thought of most, Dorothy, or her mother; I hardly know which object seemed to me dearer, to win that brave, sweet lady's confidence—her whom I had never seen, but whose history had touched my heart—and bid her have no fears, for I would protect her child, or to take little Dorothy in my arms for her own sweet sake, and shield her future from all trouble. And after all I was but sixteen, and had yet to make my way in the world! Castles in the air, happily, need no foundations! As I turned from the window at last, there was a chirp and rustle in the bushes near me, a faint chirp of some little bird roused for a moment and then going off to sleep again trustfully upon its perch; a little bird seemingly as lonely and defenceless as my little Dorothy; and this turned my thoughts to the protecting care that watches over all defenceless creatures. I suppose that the little bird occupied the last of my waking thoughts, for I know I dreamed strange dreams in which I sold fish to the housekeeper at the manor, who was unaccountably small and wore a brown frock and close cut curls, but assured me in commanding tones that, "her master could pay his way;" then I was driving in the cart again, but it was Dorothy who sat beside me, and we stopped in a forest glade where I was to look for bird's-nests, while she held the reins; I found a nest I know, and peeping in saw no bird, but Dorothy's face smiling at me, "there's room for Green's boy," she said, but at that moment a voice shouted hoarsely, "take 'em or leave 'em, master!" and I awoke.

The next day I lost no time in seeking my friend the fishmonger, and charging him not to betray me; after which, as "Green's boy," I haunted the cottage. There was always something to be done; the cabbages were planted, then there was wood to chop—nay, once I helped Dorothy to clean out the little kitchen, and mopped the red bricks awkwardly under her guidance! I hardly know why I maintained my *incognito*—I believe I was half-afraid to tell that child that I had deceived her! She was long in making friends, her manner towards me being quiet and reserved, although she could chat gaily enough to Green himself. Then too, our work, albeit it was but play to me, was a serious matter to her. But at times when I was very stupid—purposely stupid—the clear, ringing laughter of the child would reward me, and the soft voice I loved to hear would ask laughingly from the window overhead, "why, what makes my Dot so merry?" And still I had never seen Mrs. Heathfield. Some of Dorothy's behests I found it difficult



to fulfil. I shall never forget my dilemma about the pig! It fell out in this wise. One evening—we had not met for two days, for I found it prudent to make my little lady want me now and then so that the sweet face might light up at sight of me, and the sweet voice cry joyfully, "Green's boy! oh! I am so glad you're come!"—I stopped at the gate to ask if there was anything I could do for her.

"Oh yes," said she, "I was hoping you would pass; I want you to look at the pig, please."

"Look at the pig!" What earthly good would it do the pig if I did look at him, thought I, much mystified, as I followed her to the sty, a familiar spot enough to me by this time, where the animal in question was routing and grunting after the manner of his kind; neither was there anything about him different from other pigs that I could see. Still, as in duty bound, I looked, and Dorothy, with her hands behind her and head a little on one side, looked too.

"Well!" said she, rather impatiently, after we had been contemplating the interesting spectacle for some moments; "well, what do you say?"

Not having the smallest idea what it was that I was expected to say, and secretly fearing that in some way I was falling in her estimation, I remarked that it was a nice pig, not a pretty one, perhaps, but none the worse for that.

"Silly boy!" she exclaimed, "of course I want to know if he is fit to kill. Mamma thinks he must be, because he has eaten five-and-sixpence; so she told me to ask you to look at him."

"Eaten five-and-sixpence! voracious animal!" I concluded that the sum named represented a certain quantity of barley-meal, and on the strength of the expense incurred I, knowing nothing on the subject, unhesitatingly pronounced master piggy's doom. Little did I think what was to come next.

"Well," said Dorothy, quite coolly, "would you please reward him up to the butcher's as you go homie?"

I ventured to suggest that, perhaps, the butcher might object to be taken by surprise; but no, Dorothy had already arranged with him to send the pig on the first opportunity, so there was no escape for me in that way; but seeing, I suppose, that I appeared rather unwilling to enter upon the business, she remarked that Ned had taken the last pig into Easton, and would I ask Ned to come to-morrow?

That speech decided me. Ned, indeed! I was already half jealous of him, half afraid that after all I was nothing but a helpless fine gentleman compared to the rough fellow, so much better able to assist her in rough work than I was myself. I forthwith raised the bar of the sty, while the pig so soon saw the way clear to liberty than with a grunt he ran towards it, but Dorothy, with an exclamation of dismay, barred his passage.

"Where's the cord?" she cried.

"What cord?" I asked in my blissful ignorance of pig driving.

"Why, to tie round his leg; to guide him with, you know. You keep guard while I go for a piece; there is some in the house. Mind you don't let him out!" and away she went.

There seemed no escape; but yet—to drive a pig alone the shore road into Easton! If I met anyone! and the butcher himself! I felt half tempted to leave the wretched animal to his fate and make off myself before the child returned; yet even as I felt most disgusted, I recalled the thousand and one things that child did. I thought of the invalid mother, who had given up riches for love, who, now brought down to poverty, neither cared for it for herself nor for her little daughter. Dorothy washed, cooked, swept the house; and should I be ashamed of taking her pig to the slaughter for her? No! By the time she re-appeared I felt quite heroic; between us we secured the restive brute, and peals of laughter from Dorothy rewarded my awkward attempts to fasten the string round its leg.

Was ever any pig so unruly and obstinate as that pig? Do they *always*, I wonder, insist upon running point blank into a hedge, and remaining there, while every pull upon the string only elicits the horrible squeal which betrays their whereabouts to the passer-by? When their unhappy driver loses his hat, as befel me, is it their invariable practice to take a mean advantage of him and instantly gallop along the road, as though they had no wish in life but to reach the place towards which a moment before they had refused even to turn their noses? These questions I cannot answer, that being the first and last pig it was ever my fate to drive. We did reach Easton at last, and I felt a savage pleasure in delivering over my tormentor to the butcher. I told *him*, by the way, that I had done it for a wager! I received the money, and hastened back to the cottage to deliver it. A new embarrassment awaited me.

"Wait a moment!" exclaimed the child, as she counted the silver; "mamma said you

were to have sixpence for yourself: here, you shall have the bright one," and she held it out towards me. "Mamma is very much obliged to you," she said.

This was a little too much! Pig-driving had been bad enough—but, sixpence for my trouble! Muttering something about "very welcome," muttering, I hardly knew what, I fairly bolted, leaving Dorothy gazing after me, with the coin still held out in her hand, and a puzzled expression upon her dear little face.

For a day or two after that I avoided the cottage, and when I did go there again, I pretended not to be going there at all, but to be passing accidentally. Dorothy was sitting at the open window, with her work, she called to me, and beckoned to me to enter.

"Mamma wants to speak to you," she said, vanishing from the window, and re-appearing at the head of the dark, narrow stairs. I joined her, not unwillingly, and found myself on the landing, between the only two rooms the cottage contained, besides the kitchen. Through the open door of one I caught a glimpse of white dimity curtains and spotless boards, whitewashed walls, a picture or two—one I particularly remember, it was a beautiful print of "The Good Shepherd," and was hung facing the door—and a luxuriant cluster of roses peeping in at the window.

In the other room, Mrs. Heathfield lay on her sofa, a table, littered with books and work at her side, and her white hands busy over a little brown, patched garment: in my curiosity to see her, I looked at nothing else. She glanced up as we entered, but only for a moment; still bending over her work, she spoke in her pleasant, cheerful way:

"My good boy, you have been so kind in helping my little daughter, I wished to thank you for it; you must take thanks, you know, though you will not take sixpences! I want you to accept a little present of my own work, not of much use now, but by-and-bye, when winter comes, I think you will find it comfortable. There, Dot," she went on, breaking off her thread, "I think that patch is well put in!" Then, turning to the table, she took up a large scarlet worsted comforter, which lay thereon, and held it out towards me, with a smile. "I made it myself," she repeated, "and on cold days, you know, driving in the fish-cart"—but, as she spoke, looking now full at me, she paused suddenly, the colour flushed up into the sweet, delicate face, and she said, hurriedly:

"I beg your pardon. Dot," turning to her little daughter, who had entered the room and

was kneeling by her mother's chair, "Dot, there must be some mistake."

"No mamma," said the child, "it is Green's boy; he's a very nice boy," she added, with a patronising air.

But I was blushing, too, by this time—it was strange how like a great awkward school-boy I felt as I came forward blushing to explain.

"She saw me in the cart—out with the fish; it was only for a joke, you know, but of course she thought it was——"

"Green's boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Heathfield, laughing merrily; "and you never undeceived her. You planted the cabbages; why she told me you mopped the bricks for her, and oh! dear me, you drove the pig to market!"

I laughed, too, now; we all laughed; little Dorothy, with the smallest possible appreciation of the joke, laughing loudest of all. After that we fast grew friends; Mrs. Heathfield made me tell her who I was, and understood better perhaps than I understood myself, how my feelings had been touched by the unprotected state of herself and her little girl, how I had been fascinated by the child, even how I had been attracted by the romance of the mother's history. From the first she seemed to accept the boyish homage that I rendered her. She thanked me for what she called my kindness to Dot. "Dorothy always made friends," she said, half sadly, as if thinking of the time to come when Dorothy might sorely need them. I stayed a long time that evening, and as I left, Mrs. Heathfield said, laughing:—

"And my poor comforter. To think that I should have called you 'my good boy,' and offered you a worsted neck-tie!"

"Oh, give me the comforter!" cried I, and so she did; no knight of old was ever prouder of his lady's token than I of that wondrous wrapper. I have that comforter now, and would not part with it for its weight in gold.

I have little more to say; the next few weeks passed only too swiftly. There were long, pleasant talks in that little upper room, long walks, too, with Dorothy; down on the shore where the waves ran races, eager to kiss my darling's little feet, or where, seated on the shingle side by side, I built splendid castles in the air, and Dorothy laughed and clapped her hands as she watched them rising. Such a sweet, wise, loving child she was.

"My sisters could never have done as Dorothy does," I said one day. Dorothy's mother smiled.

"How do you know what they could have

done? They never *had* to do it, I suppose you mean. My Dot is used to it. Have you never seen the children of the very poor? Little nurses, little charwomen, how they work and toil? Have children in a higher rank fewer fingers, less brains, less sense than they? It is all habit. You must not try to make a fine lady of her. We have been very happy together, my little Dot and I. I am not afraid to trust her future to the same care that has watched over our past."

Soon, only too soon, the day came for me to leave Easton; there were many plans formed for our meeting again; none of them were realized.

On the morning that I left Easton, I ran down the shore road early for one last farewell. It was so early that everything was bathed in dew, which glittered in the first rays of the rising sun; the light was level upon the water, and everything was inexpressibly fresh, still, and peaceful. As pure and bright as the morning itself looked little Dorothy's sweet face bending down towards me from amongst the roses that clustered round her window; as pure and bright as the dew drops were the tears glistening in the child's eyes. "Good-bye, George," she said, softly, "good-bye." And a rose bud fell at my feet. I had to turn and run home quickly, I had no time to lose, but I have that rose-bud still.

The next time I was at Easton I went down the shore road again, and once more stood opposite the cottage. The day was dull and cold, no ray of sun shone upon the lead coloured sea, which dashed with a sullen roar upon the beach; the east wind blew keenly along the road; the roses hung withered and dead around the upper window; the little garden, once so trim and neat, was overgrown with weeds, and desolate; the cottage door was closed, and I did not open it—no one lived there now but a rheumatic old woman; Dorothy's mother was sleeping in the churchyard, and Dorothy herself had gone I knew not whether.

"Oh papa! is that all?" exclaimed my eldest daughter, as I ceased speaking; "did you never see her again?"

Little Tom had slipped down from my knee long before and wandered away to his play; the sun was beginning to set and shed a rosy light over the sky, which, of course, accounted for the glow upon my wife's cheek; she had let her work drop, and had laid her idle hand in mine.

"Is there no more to tell?" asked our daughter.

"What more should there be?" said I; "and

yet—well, listen, you shall have one more scene.

It was lovely summer weather some six or seven years later; I was staying in the neighbourhood of the beautiful Gloucestershire hills; we were a large party, and a very merry one. One day a great pic-nic came off, people came from all parts of the county; a monster pic-nic it was. I remember it all as if it were yesterday; the merry party on the hill-side, the fun and confusion of the whole thing, the extraordinary articles with which some people had provided themselves, and the quite indispensable things which every one appeared to have forgotten. After a while, when the heat had given place to a cool calm evening, and prudent mammas produced an endless store of shawls and warm wraps, and husbands and fathers began to say it was late, I wandered apart from the rest. I had chanced to find a bed of hairbells, and was stooping to get up one by the roots, when a young lady, who had found her way to the place unguided, approached me and stood by my side. In that gay crowd, amongst so many who were strangers to me, I had not particularly remarked her before; *now* the tone of her voice, her whole look and manner seemed strangely familiar to me. Where *could* I have met her? A dreamy sense of unreality stole over me.

"It would be a shame to disturb these lovely flowers!" she said; "let us look for some growing by themselves, some that will not grieve to be transplanted. Don't you think flowers have feelings? I do."

I followed her, of course; and soon she was kneeling on the ground working hard to uproot a tuft that had taken her fancy; but I was so pre-occupied in trying to make out what it was about her which seemed so familiar to me, that I positively never offered my assistance, but stood leaning against a tree, watching the efforts her little white hands were making.

Presently she looked up at me. The sun was setting as it is setting now; perhaps her cheek had caught its rosy hue from the evening sky—as it seems, children, that your mother's cheek has done to-night; however that may be, the sweet, fair face was flushed. "Its very hard," she said, "I wish I had Green's boy to help me."

Even as she spoke the present vanished from my sight, I was at Easton again, I heard the low splash of the waves upon the beach, I saw the shore road stretching out before me.

"Dorothy!" I cried, clasping the little hand in mine. She did not withdraw it.

Later I heard all she had to tell ; how after her mother's death old Mr. Yorke had sent for her to live with him, how he too had died, leaving everything to his grand-niece. The path of life had been smooth to her feet from that time. The little hands had had no hard work to do since I had seen them last—no work harder than pulling at the hairbell root, which, after all, we left in peace growing where we had found it.

"Were you glad, papa?" asked little Dot.

"Was I glad, do you ask, child?"—my wife had risen and was standing by me now, her hand upon my shoulder—"Yes, I was glad ; after having lost her for years I had found my little Dorothy, and I never lost her any more. It is years too now since that meeting, let me see how many —"

"There is no need to be so particular, never mind how many !" said my wife ; as she spoke the touch of her lips stopped my words, and my tale was ended.

### TABLE TALK.

M. VICTOR HUGO'S "Grinning Man" (*"L'Homme Qui Rit"*) is before the world. Like other productions of its distinguished author, the "Grinning Man" is a very powerfully written novel. As our readers are probably aware, the scene is laid in England in the reign of Queen Anne, and it would be impossible to conceive anything more exquisitely ridiculous than the thousand and one blunders M. Hugo makes in his descriptions of English places, characters, manners, and society. Our contemporary, the *Times*, reviews it at great length, and with marked ability and fairness. The writer of the review says it is "A book that pretends to guide and can only mislead ; pretends to inform and is utterly ignorant ; pretends to have a grand social moral, and has no moral at all ; pretends to show how, in the intricate problem of class government, wrong may be set right, and only shows how right can be set wrong—surely that book is a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind !" Of course in the original, the masterly touches of the great artist redeem its want of accuracy, and atone for its mistakes. To be either understood or enjoyed, the "Grinning Man" must be read in French ; the task of rendering M. Hugo's expressions in English is one not easily overcome. It was originally intended that this translation, which is now appearing in another magazine, should have been pub-

lished in the pages of ONCE A WEEK ; and owing to a delay in the publication of the French version, our readers were presented instead with some interesting particulars of M. Victor Hugo's island residence : that they have suffered little loss by the event, may be seen from the opinion of the translation expressed by the *Times* reviewer :—"A translation of the work is going through the press in a popular magazine ; a translation, we regret to say, so imperfect that it is difficult to guess whether it is made by an *Englishman who does not understand French* or a *Frenchman who does not understand English*. The Story, however, of the "abandoned child" (as the translator terms it), the bald outline of the outline of the strange and impossible tale, is all that any reader will obtain who does not comprehend the French original."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF OCTOBER is not only the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, "fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus"—those two brothers who, according to Alban Butler, went from Rome to Soissons, and there, after working at the shoemaker's trade, suffered martyrdom, A.D. 287—but it is also the anniversary of the battle of Balaklava and the charge of the Light Brigade. Tennyson's lines on the latter are as well known as Shakspeare's on the former ; but Tennyson's poem has been repeatedly altered by the fastidious Laureate since its first appearance, and the following lines which originally were published in it, have been long since suppressed :—

Honour the brave and bold !  
Long shall the tale be told ;  
Yea, when our babes are old,—  
How they rode onward.

Yet they are worth quoting, from the comparison they will bear with the idea expressed in the famous lines from "King Henry V.," Act IV., Sc. 3, relative to the victory at Agincourt :—

This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered.

COPPER ought to rise in popular estimation, for it has been shown pretty conclusively that it is in some occult way a preventive of cholera. At all events, men who are engaged in working the metal enjoy immunity from choleraic disorder. During the epidemics of 1865 and 1866, the rate of mortality among ordinary metal workers, black, and whitesmiths, tinmen,

&c., in France, was about 1 in 150, whereas in the trades using copper largely it was only 3 in 10,000. The more freely the cupreous dust entered into the system the greater seemed the safety. We have been taught to look upon copper in any form and quantity as poisonous; but this view can hardly be just, for a vast number of animals have it in their organisms, seemingly placed there by nature. It has been found, by a German analyst, in the flesh of horses, in the stomachs of cattle and wild beasts, in the yolks of eggs, in the bodies of reptiles and fishes, in flies and worms: and has not Professor Church, in this country, detected it in the pinion feathers of a bird? There are suspicions that even man has the element, in small quantities, in his blood. Altogether copper promises to play a not insignificant part in the physiological studies of the future.

WE noticed some "Literary Similarities" in our number for September 11th, p. 115. We have now to call attention to a recent specimen. Here are some lines "that were sung by a poet, though not by Tom Moore:"—

My mystic life of old I drew  
 Out of the womb of night;  
 My mother—evening's silent dew,  
 My father—morning's light;  
 They met somewhere in upper air  
 One glorious April morn,  
 In cloud and mist her tears he kiss'd,  
 And I their child was born.

These slightly erotic lines are to be found, where we should least expect to find them, in *The Sunday Magazine* for October, in a poem on "The Rainbow," by the Rev. John Monsell, LL.D., author of "Spiritual Songs," who has evidently had other sources of information relative to the "bow in the cloud" than those to be found in the book of Genesis. But, was not Dr. Monsell thinking of some lines in Milton's *L'Allegro*?

Or whether (as some sager sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,  
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a-Maying . . .  
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

If Milton's poetical imagery was not present to Dr. Monsell's mind, it would be curious to ascertain how so learned a divine was enabled to fix the origin of the Rainbow in the month of April.

THE AMERICAN PAPERS say that Mr. Morse, the famous electrician, is experimenting, on behalf of the Erie Railway Company,

on the illumination of their whole line at night, and their tunnels all the twenty-four hours round, by electric light; moreover, that the engines are to carry electric lamps instead of the oil bull's-eyes now in use. The electricity for this last purpose is, they say, to be generated by the friction of the locomotive wheels during their natural revolution; and this is the queer side of the story, for it seems inevitable that when the engine stops the electricity will cease to be collected, and then out will go the lights. Some one else has suggested electric lights on ship-board, the fluid in this case to be obtained by converting the splashing of the waves into electricity; but what is to be done when the sea is calm?

THE FOLLOWING may be neither new nor true, but I give it as it was told to me. A young lady and expectant bride had declared that although she would willingly promise to love and cherish her husband yet that she would never vow to obey him. She was told that she could not get through the marriage service without repeating the usual formula; and when her wedding-day came, she appeared to do this. But her words cheated the ear; for, after the ceremony, she told her sister that she had kept her promise, by adding to the sentence another letter, *sotto voce*. That letter was B. So that her "love, cherish, and obey-B," might be construed "love, cherish, and a baby!"

MR. GLADSTONE has found (perhaps to his sorrow), that this present autumn has been an unusually prolific season for Bishops. Curiously enough, it has also been a favourable time for Bishop's thumbs; and, indeed, my gardener, whom I look upon as an authority on this point, says that he has never known such a year for Bishop's thumbs. The large pear tree in my orchard has been so heavily weighted with those sedate-looking brown pears, known as "the Bishop's thumb," that many of its branches have broken down for lack of timely props and support. Perhaps I ought to have instituted an episcopal sustentation scheme, but I neglected to do so, and therefore I lost some pecks of Bishop's thumbs. However, I have many bushels wherewith to console me. But, alas! unlike the Bishops, the Bishop's thumbs refuse to hang on in an unhealthy state, and fall off, and are good for nothing. My gardener ascribes their fall, and unsound condition, to "them harrawigs," meaning thereby, earwigs. Certainly, an insect of some kind—for I

decline to accept the idea that the lovely tomtit tribe are in fault—bores a small hole in the Bishop's thumb, and causes it to become rotten and worthless, and hence the pear will not keep. This is a pity, for the Bishop's thumb is a luscious pear, and makes a beautiful dessert fruit. But, can any correspondent tell me why that Quaker-looking pear received its peculiar name?

TO CONDENSE the words telegraphic communication into the one word *telegram* was an obvious benefit to the community; and even the humbler *bus* has its advantages; though the one is an example of clipping and the other of coining. But I cannot altogether regard with approval, the use by young ladies of such clipped words as *photoes* and *autoes*. *Zoo* and *drum* and such words are now acclimatised, and perhaps photoes and autoes may also take root. Yet, when a young lady asked me to look at her photoes, it suggested the idea of the celebrated "little mice," in Sir John Suckling's ballad; and when she told me that she had a few fresh autoes to show me, I failed to recognise in these other toes the word autographs. If it were not that I should be thought guilty of the vile habit of punning, I would say that I object to photo and auto *in toto*. People who use such clipped words—unless, indeed, they are shopkeepers and dealers—have not the excuse of the Hebrew vendor of delapidated garments with whom Coleridge remonstrated for snuffling, "o' clo'!" when the Jew told the poet, that he could say old clothes distinctly; but, that when he had to repeat the words many hundreds of times in a day, it saved him much unnecessary fatigue to use the popular contraction.

THE old nurse told Romeo that R is "the dog's name: R is for dog." I wonder what "dog" invented the phrase "the three R's?" Was he "a good dog and a fair dog," like Justice Shallow's, or one of those "gentleman-like dogs" with whom Launce's *Crab* consorted? Of course, when I speak of the three R's I refer to the common phrase used to denote the phonetic way of spelling the triple basis of a rudimentary education—reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Sydney Smith, quoting a French saying, averred that there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen. To which of the three sexes do we owe the phrase of the three R's? Let it be credited to the first sex—a man (unknown). Then, to a distinguished member of the second sex, we can assign an addition and improvement to the phrase: for

Miss Nightingale has said (and Dr. Froude reminded us of it in his Aberdeen address) that, if no industrial training has gone along with those three R's, they are apt to produce a fourth R—Rascaldom. There remains the third sex, the clergymen or preachers (what were Fluellen's words: "Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?"), of whom a notable one, the Rev. Rowland Hill, said, "Mind, no sermon is of any value, or likely to be useful, which has not the three R's—Ruin (by the Fall), Redemption, and Regeneration." So that parson, as well as pupil, should mind his three R's.

SOME English readers find it a difficult matter to get through an ordinary three volume novel, but what must be the patience of the Japanese novel readers; there a novelist, named Kiong te Bakin, has been at work upon one book of fiction for forty years, and has only just completed it. This work of light literature extends to a hundred and six volumes, and has occupied a good half of the author's life in the composition. If Kiong te Bakin's book is readable, there must be more in a Japanese novel than in an English one, in all senses of the word.

ALTHOUGH familiarity may not always breed contempt, yet it often begets indifference. I saw an instance of this the other day, when my friend Peter Paul Pictor, R.A., was walking with the Dean of —, round the Close. Pictor was looking at the effects of light and shade produced by the grand mass of the old cathedral, and said to his companion, "How well the cathedral looks to-day!" "Who is looking well to-day?" asked the Dean, who is somewhat deaf. "The cathedral," replied Pictor. "Oh yes!" observed the dean, "I daresay it does; but, to tell you the truth, I don't often notice it. But then, you are a painter." And you (thought Pictor, though he did not say so) are only the Dean.

IT HAS long been a problem with our engineers, whether we should concentrate all our energies upon the construction of armour plating that cannot be penetrated, or upon guns and ammunition capable of riddling the strongest shields that the cunning of man can devise. As it is, there have been two parties severally at work upon the solution of the above problem; and no sooner is a kind of armour plating devised by the one which no Armstrong or Whitworth we possess can make a hole in, than the other invents for us a new

projectile that will penetrate through the whole thickness of our strongest plates with ease. A new sort of gunpowder has been invented in America by an Austrian engineer, which is 590 times stronger than the ordinary kinds; it is said to be no more dangerous than common gunpowder, and to admit of trials without greater risk. This discovery, if practically serviceable, should put an end to the construction of armour plating. We hope that all these improvements in the implements of destruction may end in the permanent establishment of peace.

IN THE STOWE-BYRON controversy, reference has repeatedly been made to that deformity of the poet to which he was so nervously sensitive—his club-foot, or rather, feet. When Mr. Trelawney uncovered the corpse of Byron, at Missolonghi, he saw that “both his feet were clubbed and withered to the knee; the form and face of an Apollo, with the feet and legs of a sylvan satyr,” (“Recollections.”) From a note in Moore’s “Life,” it seems that Byron, when at Harrow, at the speech-making, spoke as *Latinio*, and would have spoken as *Drances*, but feared the taunt, *pedibusque fugacibus*, would derive point from his lameness. This little lame boy was already a poet; and, it is a curious coincidence that his great contemporary Scott—who, when Byron was at Harrow, was then about thirty years of age, and was establishing his fame as the author of the “Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border”—was also lame; and, when a little lame boy, he, too, had scribbled verse, and, at Sandy-Knowe and Kelso, had found a recompense in Percy’s “Reliques” for those youthful sports from which he was denied by his infirmity from participating. The poet Home pitied the child “with the withered limb,” which, he thought, doomed him “to a life of inertness and mortification.” Yet, Scott grew up to be a stout and sturdy walker; and Byron’s powers as a swimmer were almost unsurpassed, although “one day, after a bathe, he held out his right leg to Mr. Trelawney, saying, ‘I hope this accursed limb will be knocked off in the war.’” Scott would seem to have accepted his bodily infirmity with resignation, Byron with impatience; although both these lame poets and brilliant contemporaries, could use their feet, either on the land or in the water, with such effective power. In the year before the lame poet, Scott, was born, there died another lame poet, Mark Akenside, the author of “The Pleasures of Imagination,” who was as acutely sensitive as Byron himself

to his own lameness, though from a very different cause to that which troubled the spirit of the well-born lord. For Akenside was the son of a butcher at Newcastle-on-Tyne; and, when he was a child, his father’s cleaver fell upon his foot and lamed him for life. Akenside, therefore, blushed with false pride, regarding his lameness as a perpetual reminder of his lowly birth. Perhaps the most remarkable case of lameness on record, is that of Archbishop Laud, who tells us, in his diary, that he was lamed in one leg “by the biting of bugs.” Medical knowledge has made rapid strides since the not very distant day when the eminent surgeon, Cheselden, said that he knew of no way to cure a club-foot; and, since the year 1840, when the Orthopedic Hospital was founded, such a deformity as that from which lord Byron suffered, has been, in numerous cases, removed, and in many more instances alleviated. Mechanical inventions have also been wondrously advanced; and, thanks to the aid afforded by one of these ingenious devices, Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, was enabled to conceal her lameness and to appear for the first time, (in 1862,) at the Academy of Music, New York, in the character of *Amina*, in “La Sonnambula.” When Samuel Foote was lamed by a broken leg, he received, in compensation, the patent of “the little theatre” in the Haymarket.

IT is worth making a note on a woman of note, though she was only a labourer’s wife, at Whittlesey, Cambridgeshire. When reaping during the late harvest she pricked her thumb with a thistle, which caused her death in six days. She was 46 years of age, and had twice given birth to twins, and once to three children at a birth; for which she had received the usual gratuity from the Queen.

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE room into which the former commander of the *St. George* had been conducted was upon the ground floor, at the end of a short narrow lobby. At that hour there was only light enough received through the single window of this apartment, looking upon a small yard, to render the outline of a man's figure tolerably distinct. It was towards this window that Richard Towers had advanced when he entered, and his eyes were turned in that direction as he replied to the question mentioned at the close of the last chapter. He was, therefore, wholly unconscious that the man who accompanied him had already possessed himself of a heavy bar of wood, such as a sailor uses at the windlass when weighing anchor. It had been placed on end against the wall in evident anticipation of its services being required that night, and was wielded with deadly force. Fortunately for the intended victim, his assailant in the obscurity somewhat miscalculated the distance at which he was standing, and the blow, though terrible, lost some of its effect. As it was, however, Richard Towers fell senseless. The man still grasped the handspike, but he remained motionless for a few seconds, and waited to ascertain if any signs of remaining life became manifest. Then, as the stillness continued unbroken, he approached nearer and peered at the prostrate form before him, but the gloom was much too great to enable him to satisfy himself on this point.

"Ralph Fletcher has paid off the old score," he said in a low but savage tone; "I thought that would finish him without further trouble."

He listened attentively, for at that moment he fancied that a sound proceeded from the outer door. But he became reassured and

continued to regard the dark mass which was stretched at his feet. The silence possibly became oppressive to him, for he again spoke.

"It won't do to have any doubts about it; I must get a light and take a look at him; he has got the letter somewhere about him. No chance of getting matches here any way, for the house has been empty these two months. It was a good notion, a wonderful good notion to borrow the key, and persuade them as I was thinking of taking my quarters here with my wife."

The last word that he uttered seemed to recall some agonising remembrance, for his voice became strangely changed as he suddenly exclaimed, "Died, died of my degradation—my own loving Nell as was once so proud of me! But I swore to have my revenge on him, and I've got it, after biding my time for years. He didn't remember me, but I could fix upon him among ten thousand. Too sudden a way, though; I ought to have made him suffer more." His eyes shone with a fearful light, and he ground his teeth in the intensity of his hatred against him, whom he already regarded as no longer among the living. The necessity for obtaining a light again occurred to him, and he moved towards the door; but some strange fascination in the spectacle before him rendered him unable to leave, and with his head sunk upon his breast he continued to gaze upon the figure of Richard Towers.

At length the chiming of a neighbouring church clock roused him, and he made his way along the lobby where he deposited the handspike, and emerged into the street. Carefully as he had prepared his plans, in expectation of the visit from the man who had deeply injured him, he had omitted to provide himself with the means of igniting part of a candle which he carried in his pocket. But for this circumstance the fate of Richard Towers would have been finally decided, for he had almost recovered consciousness ere Fletcher left the house. A few minutes after, the disabled man rose to his feet. The first feeling that took possession of him was a



desire to find his assailant. Still somewhat confused from the effects of the blow, he had a vague impression that the man was to be discovered by seeking him at the "Three Compasses," and thither he determined upon directing his steps. Unacquainted, however, with the way in which the door was fastened, he was unable to open it. But entering the front room he threw up the window and easily gained the street. So unusual a mode of egress attracted the attention of a policeman passing on the opposite side of the way. He therefore quickened his steps and overtook Richard Towers, whose appearance at that moment was certainly not calculated to remove suspicion from the mind of such an official.

"What have you been doing at that 'ouse? You don't live there, I know."

"No, I don't," said Richard Towers, who was gradually regaining his accustomed manner.

"Well, what have you got about you? Come, turn it out. And how did you get that ugly cut on the head? After the lead, I'll wager, and got a fall."

"My name is Towers. I am not the class of man you suppose."

"Oh, your name is Towers, is it? That's very candid on your part. Perhaps it's sometimes Smith, or Brown, or Robinson?"

"I have been attacked in that house and severely injured."

"That tale won't do for me. No one has lived there since I've been on the beat. You must go to the station-house."

"Very well; there will be no difficulty in proving what I say. But, first, I wish you to accompany me to the 'Three Compasses,' a tavern near here, where I shall probably be able to point out a man that must be taken into custody."

"You want to give me the slip, do you?" said the policeman, catching at the arm of his prisoner, and endeavouring to twist it behind him. The attempt was fruitless, and Richard Towers shook off his grasp almost without an effort.

"I have no objection to go with you, but if you attempt to lay hands upon me, I will make you remember this night for the remainder of your existence."

There was a ferocious intensity about the manner in which these words were spoken that cowed the policeman, and though he mechanically felt for his staff, he feared to draw it upon so formidable and determined an adversary. He permitted his prisoner, therefore, to proceed to the police-station without subjecting him to further indignity, but refused to call at the tavern in Gore Street. When an

inspector at the station requested Richard Towers to account for his presence in an uninhabited house at such an hour, there would have been some difficulty in his substantiating the statement made without sending to Wilmington House, had he not remembered the letter of his anonymous correspondent. The production of this torn communication, with the envelope addressed to him, and bearing a post-mark, was considered sufficient to justify his being set at liberty, and, after availing himself of the services of the divisional surgeon, he prepared to return home. A constable was sent with him to the "Three Compasses," in the hope that some information might be obtained respecting his assailant, but beyond recognising him from the description given, and stating that he had been a frequent visitor during the past week, the keeper of the tavern knew nothing. His wife was able to add but little to this scanty intelligence by informing them that the man in question had visited the house a few hours previously.

The vindictive nature of Richard Towers, which rendered him incapable of forgiving an injury, was roused to fury at the possibility of one who had secretly sought his life escaping the punishment due to such a crime. Besides stimulating the exertions of the police by privately offering to give a reward for the capture of the man, Richard Towers himself determined to spare no effort to discover him. As to the motive which led to the outrage he was by no means certain. There could be no doubt that it was a personal feeling which caused it, for no attempt had been made to rob him; but whether it had been undertaken at the instigation of others, or merely in consequence of the enmity of the man he had encountered, he was unable to decide. In either case the importance of apprehending the offender seemed equally great. He recalled the features of the man whom we know to be named Ralph Fletcher, and tried to connect them with some incident of the past which would account for the hostile feeling, of which so convincing a proof had been given, but he had no recollection of having met with him before that night; nor, upon further reflection, could he remember anyone like the man in question who had served in the *St. George*.

Meanwhile Fletcher had returned to the house. It was scarcely a minute after Richard Towers had made his way out by the window. The man saw him whom he had supposed dead, followed by the policeman. With a suppressed exclamation, Fletcher turned and hurried in an opposite direction, continuing

his flight through a labyrinth of streets till he reached the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square. Here he slackened the speed at which he had been walking, and soon after stopped at a house of a much superior class to that which he had just left. He had scarcely knocked, when the door was opened to him by a girl about sixteen years of age, who had evidently been watching for his arrival.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE news that Sir Charles Pennington was very likely to succeed in establishing his claim to the Bideford estates was not without its effect in influencing the conduct of Florence Clare. Hitherto his visits, though gradually becoming more frequent, had really received very little encouragement from that young lady, despite the paternal anxiety expressed by the rector to Dr. Craven. She was aware that the pecuniary embarrassments of Sir Charles were so great as to render an alliance with him out of the question, yet she was too fond of admiration to repel attentions which gratified her vanity. So long as Florence carefully abstained from assuming such a demeanour towards him as would be likely to precipitate an avowal of love, she considered that her conduct was free from the slightest reproach, and hoped that she would not be called upon to adopt any definite course. In truth, the affairs of Sir Charles were even in a more sorry plight than Florence imagined. The means of the late baronet had been extremely limited, and the suit which he had instituted to establish his right to the earldom and estates of Bideford, made a constant demand upon his resources, which they were inadequate to meet. When, therefore, Sir Charles succeeded to the baronetcy, he found that there was absolutely no revenue from his property beyond that required for paying interest on mortgages. Added to this, he was himself deeply in debt, without the slightest prospect of liquidating the claims upon him, for the impossibility of proving a certain marriage in his family, which was believed to have taken place some seventy years previously, had destroyed all hopes of succeeding in the suit. For two years he had gone on raising small sums of money at a ruinous interest, when chance threw him in the way of Bentley Wyvern. It will be seen from these facts that the future of Sir Charles was the reverse of *couleur de rose* at that period. Whether any material change had taken place in this respect by the alleged discovery of the missing

document mentioned by Dr. Craven time will show.

The day after that upon which Richard Towers so narrowly escaped terminating his earthly career, Florence was sitting on the cushioned window-seat of a small room at the Rectory; while crouched on a low stool close to her was her younger sister, Mary. The contrast in the appearance of the two girls was somewhat striking. Florence was decidedly pretty, though her *nez retroussé* gave too much pertness to her style of face. Her eyes were dark but sparkling, and luxuriant masses of black hair were coiled in a kind of pyramid on the top of her head. In stature she was below middle height, and a slight tendency to obesity made her look still shorter than she really was. Mary, on the other hand, was tall, and in figure faultless. She had somewhat sharply defined, delicate features, and her face inclined to paleness; but as she sat, with the sunlight softly falling upon her auburn hair, and her deep blue eyes so full of tenderness, bent upon her sister; you would not have hesitated to pronounce her beautiful.

"Florence, dear, I am going to call upon Mrs. Graves-Parr to-morrow. Will you go with me? She has not been here for weeks; and you know she used to visit us very regularly. I am afraid she has fallen ill through nursing little Amy too constantly."

"If she is indisposed I am quite sure it is not through paying too much attention to any of her children."

"Oh, Florence! how can you say that, when you know how fond she is of them!"

"I really don't know anything of the kind. She is always talking of the great devotion that she displays towards them; but you don't believe all that Mrs. Graves-Parr says, I hope."

"Indeed, I do; for she never gave me any reason to doubt her sincerity."

"But has she ever given you any reason to believe in her sincerity?" said Florence, putting down the book she had been reading.

"How oddly you talk, dear. She is a relation of papa, and I am sure has always been very affectionate towards us."

"Oh, very!" said Florence, with a laugh; "but then she is equally gushing with everyone else that she knows, which rather lessens the effect with me, however much it may impress you."

"You are too severe; she is very good-natured, very amiable, and"—

"Very fond of making friends with those who are likely to give her invitations to spend a couple of months with them at the end of

the season. I should like to know who takes care of her five children during her absence."

"The governess, I suppose."

"Governess!"

"Yes, Miss Morley."

"Oh! you call her the governess?"

"Certainly; Mrs. Graves-Parr told me that she had engaged Miss Morley in that capacity. Besides, dear, I have been present when she has been teaching the children."

"So have I, my dear child, and very competent to instruct them she appears," said Florence, ironically. "A young woman whose education is limited to an imperfect knowledge of the rudiments of English grammar, a smattering of French which hardly extends beyond conjugating a few verbs, and the ability to play a simple air or two upon the piano, is not the kind of person one would expect Mrs. Graves-Parr to select as a governess, if she were as passionately attached to her children as she would have us believe. Why, she only pays her a wretched salary of ten pounds a year! Dr. Craven says that every petty tradesman's daughter, who despises going into domestic service, wishes to become a governess now-a-days, but that they never think of preparing themselves for an efficient discharge of their duties. Perhaps that may account for there being so many governesses."

"And for people paying them at so low a rate. But you have not yet said whether you will go with me to town to-morrow afternoon," continued Mary, coaxingly.

"No, dear; I have promised to ride out with Sir Charles. I suppose you have heard about his chance of becoming Earl of Bideford? The Cheynhams were here this morning, when you were at the schools, and they say that the case is to come on after the long vacation, meaning, as young Cheynham explained, about November next."

"Has Sir Charles spoken to you about it?" asked Mary, timidly. Somehow she always felt a delicacy in alluding to her sister's intimacy with this gentleman.

"He never talks to me about his private affairs: I never encourage him to do so," replied Florence, quickly.

"You won't be angry with me if I ask you a question?"

"Do I usually get angry under such circumstances?"

"No, dear. Well, tell me whether you like Sir Charles."

"I can reply to that without any difficulty—I like him very well."

"But that's not what I mean," said Mary,

rising, and passing her arm round her sister's waist: "Do you love him?"

"What a ridiculous girl you are! Have you observed anything in my manner towards him which leads to your asking such a question?"

"Well, you know you have been a good deal together of late, and I fancy that he is becoming very fond of your society; and that," said Mary, with a little laugh, "must end in his becoming very fond of you."

"I have not thought about the matter, for papa would not consent to my marrying him in the present state of his affairs; nor would I either, since you are determined to extort a confession."

"But would his becoming a peer make any difference in your feelings towards him?"

"Not at all. But there is a vast distinction to be made between a man who is without even the means of keeping a horse—still less a wife—and one who has an income of eighty thousand a year. By-the-bye," she said, abruptly, "have you seen Fenwick Towers lately?"

"Not since last Sunday, when we met at church. I sent Collins to inquire after the health of Mrs. Towers this morning, and he says that she still remains in a very critical condition. She has been prayed for specially these two Sundays," added Mary, her eyes filling with tears.

"How is it that Frank Towers has not paid a visit to his mother?" I suppose he has been informed of her condition."

"He is only just recovering from an attack of typhus fever, which seized him in the course of his ministrations at Liverpool."

"Poor Frank!" said Florence, with more feeling than she had yet displayed, "what a merry, mischievous boy he was. I hope he has a nice curacy."

"Fenwick says the church is situated in a dreadful street, at the north end of the town, and that the neighbourhood of it is chiefly occupied by poor Irish people, many of whom are now ill of fever. Frank had to visit some of their houses, and it was in that way he caught the infection."

"If Mr. Rushton gets the living of Haggerthorpe, which has been promised by Lord Avoncourt, we might ask papa to take Frank as curate. But I am not very sanguine of our success in any case, for papa has a great horror of Captain Towers, and would probably object to anything that might be construed into a desire to cultivate more intimate relations with him."

Mary turned away her face, and her lip slightly trembled. She thought of Fenwick and of her love for him. If her father dis-

liked to engage the son of a man of whose conduct he so much disapproved, what would his feelings be if he were asked to consent to an union between herself and Fenwick? The family dissensions at Wilmington House had frequently come to the rector's knowledge, and of late he had put the worst possible construction upon the favour shown by Richard Towers towards his housekeeper.

"Papa has invited Sir Charles and his friend Mr. Bentley Wyvern to dine here to-morrow," said Florence, breaking the silence into which the sisters had relapsed; "so, of course, you will get back from town in good time to dress for dinner. That handsome donation towards the restoration of the old church has caused papa to regard his new parishioner with special favour. Perhaps Mr. Bentley Wyvern may be persuaded to put in that stained glass window which papa says would so much improve the western aisle," added Florence, slyly.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE chief offices of the Leviathan Assurance Company were situated in Lombard Street, and there were branch establishments in every town of importance throughout the kingdom. During the first ten years of the company's existence, a large and handsome house in Cornhill had sufficed for the transaction of its business; but the unexampled energy of Mr. Bentley Wyvern had so enormously increased the number of people who insured their lives through the agency of this flourishing undertaking, that it became necessary to remove to more commodious premises. Lombard Street is so associated with vast monetary resources, that it was considered the most becoming place in which to erect a magnificent building for the use of the great company. Accordingly, a site was secured, at an outlay of £90,000, and an imposing structure, with a whale rampant, cut in stone, above the main entrance, soon towered above the houses on each side of it.

The Leviathan Assurance Company was a veritable monster, which swallowed up all the youthful Jonahs that were constantly springing up around it. Somehow, if a new association, actuated by a pure spirit of philanthropy, commenced rival operations upon an absurdly small capital, it was sure, sooner or later, to yield its business a prey to the rapacious establishment managed by Mr. Bentley Wyvern.

So the Leviathan Assurance Company went on prosperously, and the confidence of the directors in the sagacity and ability of their manager became unbounded. Of course,

Bentley Wyvern had a secretary to relieve him of much of the labour of answering such letters as required his personal attention; but his most valuable assistant in the discharge of his duties was Mr. Archibald Mansfield—a melancholy little man, about forty years of age—who acted as chief cashier, and exercised a general supervision in the absence of the manager.

It will be recollected that Dr. Craven had promised to introduce Fenwick to Bentley Wyvern on that gentleman's return from Scotland. The arrangements for an interview had accordingly been made, and Fenwick accompanied the doctor to Lombard Street on the morning of the day that the rector was to give his dinner party.

"I assure you, doctor," said Bentley Wyvern, when the object of their visit to him had been explained, "there never was a time when commercial enterprise in the city was so completely at a standstill. Were it otherwise it is just possible that I might have seen of service to Mr.—I really have a most treacherous memory for names."

"Towers."

"Mr. Towers.—There are one or two companies about to be formed, but until public confidence is in some measure restored, it would be folly on the part of the promoters to hope that they would receive a sufficient amount of support. A secretaryship of that kind might possibly suit Mr. Towers."

"But when do you suppose there is a probability of either of these companies commencing operations?" said the doctor.

"Impossible to say. Perhaps in six months, perhaps in a year."

"Mr. Towers is anxious to obtain some immediate employment," said the doctor.

"Oh, indeed! I was not aware that the matter was pressing; but—" Bentley Wyvern paused, and looked furtively at Fenwick. "Would you have any objection to visit Devonshire, and make some inquiries of a business nature for me?" he continued, with some degree of hesitation.

"None whatever," replied Fenwick; "but I should not be able to undertake the mission for a few days in consequence of the serious illness of my mother."

Bentley Wyvern took a small diary from his pocket and consulted its pages.

"I should require you to leave upon the fifteenth—that is just eight days hence. You would probably be obliged to remain absent a week; and as the inquiries that I wish you to make will require some tact, as well as involve a good deal of trouble, I shall fix your remuneration at—"

ration at twenty guineas, exclusive of expenses. In the event of your succeeding in obtaining the information I seek, double that amount shall be paid to you."

"My acceptance of your offer," said Fenwick, "will depend upon my mother's condition to-morrow. Dr. Craven tells me, that if she get through the night without any relapse, all immediate danger will be passed."

"Then, if I do not hear from you to-morrow, I shall conclude that you cannot go?"

"Quite so."

"And now that is settled," said the doctor, "I have to tell you that Mr. Clare mentioned your having bought the old Hall when I saw him a day or two ago. I suppose that may be taken as an intimation that you are tired of living *en garçon*, and are going to take unto yourself a wife."

"No, really," said Bentley Wyvern, with a disagreeable smirk, "I have no intention of that sort, just at present; although I must say that Miss Mary Clare might well tempt a man into committing matrimony."

Fenwick had not been very favourably impressed with Mr. Bentley Wyvern from the outset of their interview; and the tone in which the young man heard the woman he loved alluded to, had something in it which jarred upon his feelings. The appearance of the manager of the assurance company was certainly not prepossessing. He was a tall, wiry man, about thirty years of age, with a very wide mouth, coarse ill-shapen features, and an unmistakable obliquity of vision which rendered it very difficult to discover the object upon which his eyes at anytime rested. It was a surprise too for Fenwick, to learn that this man was acquainted with the Clare family; and with the quick instinct of a lover, he felt that Bentley Wyvern was not the kind of person with whom he would desire Mary Clare to be on terms of intimacy.

"By-the-bye," said the doctor, "while I am here I might as well speak to you about Colonel Crellin. He is anxious to make some provision for his two orphan nieces who are just about to leave school, and has asked me to recommend him to a life assurance company. I know his constitution very well, so I will send in a certificate without troubling him to be examined by Witherson."

"Much obliged. For what amount does he intend to take out a policy?" said Bentley Wyvern, playing with his watch-chain.

"Three thousand pounds," replied the doctor, as he took up his hat.

"What a pity that a knowledge of the great

advantages of life assurance is not more widely diffused," sighed Bentley Wyvern. "Take a couple of these pamphlets with you, Mr. Towers. The one called 'The Dark Hour' is a very touching story. It was written for us by the editor of 'The Watchfire;' and I really believe has been the means of bringing us some thousands of pounds in premiums."

"Indeed!" said Fenwick, opening his eyes. "May I ask what the subject of it is?"

"It depicts, in very forcible language, the misery entailed upon a family, owing to the father having neglected to insure his life."

\* \* \* \* \*

As Fenwick was entering Wilmington House, after his visit to the City, he was accosted by a smartly-dressed man, with his hat jauntily perched upon his head. He was desirous of being directed to the residence of Captain Towers, he said; and, on learning that he had reached his destination, requested to have a private conversation with that gentleman. Richard Towers was by no means in his most amiable mood, and received his visitor with ill-disguised impatience. When he heard, however, that the stranger was a detective officer, named John Bender, who had been engaged in endeavouring to get some clue to the perpetrator of the outrage in the neighbourhood of Gore Street, he manifested a strong desire to ascertain what prospect there was of discovering Fletcher.

"You see, sir," said Mr. Bender, "things like this take time to follow them up—that is, a reasonable time; for, if we don't get hold of information that leads in the right direction within the first month or two after a crime is committed, it's fifty to one we don't get it at all."—"Well, what information have you been able to get?"

"First of all," said Mr. Bender, "if you don't mind, I'll take a chair. It's a good way from the railway station up here, and the weather is rather warm." He coolly seated himself, and placed his hat by his side upon the carpet, without waiting for any reply.

"Now, I've come out here to ask you a few questions about this here business."

"But I told the people at the police-station all the particulars."

"Never mind; you didn't tell *me*; and as I am the party that will have to follow him up, I want his description first-hand."

"Then, the fact is, you have done nothing yet?"

"Oh, yes, I have, and I'll tell you what just now," said Mr. Bender, taking out his pocket-book and turning over some papers. "What kind of a man was he?"

"Rather short, and with broad shoulders."

"Dark beard?"

"Yes."

"Anything particular about his face?"

"I remember, as he stood in the light of a street lamp, that I noticed he had a scar upon his left cheek. If I had not been attacked unawares," added Richard Towers, with an oath, "he would have had a few additions of that kind made before I had settled accounts with him."

"No doubt of that, captain," said Mr. Bender, rubbing his chin and closing one of his eyes in a knowing manner; "but we must be satisfied with the one he has got for our purpose. He didn't mention his name, I suppose; though, if he had, it wouldn't have been his true one."

"I know nothing about his name, but he admitted that he had been a sailor."

"Well, that clever party that mistook you for a bad lot, and took you into custody—the stoopid—went back to the house you were in and searched it. He found nothing except a new-made hand-spike lying in the lobby, and that's what you were struck with, if I'm not mistaken."

"I can give you no information on that point, but it is not improbable."

"Anyhow, it has been some help in putting us on the track—I should say, in putting *me* on the track, as I was the first to see that something might be found out by it. I've been round to most of the places where they make articles of that kind, and have asked if any person has bought one within the last week or two. You see, I argued this way, that a handspike is not an article that a man buys as he would a walking-stick, so that if I did happen to hit upon the place where it was purchased they would be pretty certain to recollect something about the matter. This morning I got to know where that very article was bought, and the description of the man it was sold to is much the same as you've given me. It's a queer kind of thing to chose for the work he put it to, but you never can account for the strange fancies of some men when they plan a crime. I once knew of a shoemaker," continued Mr. Bender, with increasing cheerfulness, "that killed his wife with a small hammer while she was asleep."

"I don't see that your discovery is worth a fig," said Richard Towers, impatiently.

"Of course you don't. You're not accustomed to cases of this kind. Anyway, I expect to have him safe enough within the week. So you must be ready to identify him. You won't have any difficulty in doing that, I hope?"

"Not the slightest, and if you succeed I shall not forget to reward you liberally."

The latter assurance was so gratifying to Mr. Bender that his face brightened perceptibly, and he promised to spare no effort to accomplish the desired object, but declined to explain the grounds upon which he based his expectation of capturing Ralph Fletcher.

After he had taken his departure Richard Towers sent for his housekeeper, and they remained in conversation for some hours. It was now no unusual occurrence for Susan Harding to spend a considerable part of the day in the society of her employer, and this did not fail to excite considerable animadversion among the other members of the household. The suspicions that he had entertained upon receiving the anonymous letter no longer existed, for although the man whom he had met had replied to a question by saying that she formed the subject of the pretended communication, subsequent events clearly proved the falsehood of the assertion. Richard Towers had informed the housekeeper of the attempt made upon his life, but he had requested her not to mention the matter to anyone. As he reflected over the events of that night, he gradually conceived the idea that his assailant had been employed by some unknown enemy, and communicated his impression to Susan Harding. She saw the advantage of encouraging this view of the matter, and indirectly alluded to the ill-feeling which existed between Fenwick and his father. But Richard Towers failed to perceive the drift of her innuendo, and she was compelled to speak more plainly.

"What enemies could he have," she said, conscious that the implied flattery would be acceptable to the vain man she was addressing. "He was liked and esteemed by everyone whom she had heard express an opinion of the master of Wilmington House, so it was impossible to believe that he could have excited such enmity. It was a shocking thing to say, but if she were asked to name the person she suspected as the instigator she would"—and then she stopped and looked distressed.

"Whom do you mean, Susan?" asked Richard Towers, looking at her in wonder.

"Your own son—your own flesh and blood—Fenwick Towers."

"You are mad, woman!" he exclaimed excitedly.

And then Susan Harding turned towards the window, applied her apron to her eyes, and remained silent. She had lit the fuse, and was somewhat uncertain in which direction the explosion would expend its force.

"This is a groundless accusation," he said at length. "If I thought otherwise—" He struck the table with his clenched fist, and did not conclude the sentence.

"I told you it was only a suspicion, but I should like to know who it is that he goes to meet upon the common in the evening. Last week, from an upper window, I saw him on two occasions meet some one there, and they seemed anxious to avoid observation, for they kept on the other side of the heath."

"What kind of a person? give me his description?" he almost shouted.

"They were at too great a distance to distinguish faces. Indeed, if I had not watched Fenwick, as he made his way across, I should not have been certain it was he."

"When did they last meet?"

"Oh, not for a few days—not since the night you were attacked," she added, meaningly.

Richard Towers was not quite convinced of the justice of the suspicion that had been so insidiously communicated to his mind, but the contemplation of the possibility of his having been the victim of his son's machinations—that son whom he hated—rendered him furious. That evening he drank deeply, and in a maudlin fit sought his sick wife's chamber.

The moon had risen, and shed its soft beams aslant the lower part of the bed on which lay Clara Towers. Her eyes were closed, and her pallid, wasted face—once so beautiful—told of the struggle which had been maintained with the arch-destroyer. Her life had been full of sorrow—of sorrows that will never be recorded in these pages. But a peaceful smile is now upon her lips, for she is listening to the broken words of prayer murmured by her son, as he kneels by her pillow, with her small, worn hand clasped in his. Strange to say, the unexpected sight of his son in such a posture, and so engaged, irritated Richard Towers to fury. Perhaps he felt that such a scene was a silent reproach which he considered it best to resent by a burst of passion. In hoarse and vehement tones, he ordered Fenwick to quit the room instantly.

The eyes of the sick woman resumed their old look of terror, she started up and endeavoured to speak, but her tongue was powerless. Then, with a supreme effort, she beckoned to

her husband, and taking the hand of her son, placed it in that of his father. "Be friends," she said, feebly, and sank back upon the pillow with her eyes fixed lovingly upon her son. The few grains of sand remaining in life's glass, too rudely shaken, fell into eternity. Clara Towers had reached the haven of rest.

## CHRONICLES OF PITSVILLE.

NO. II.—A RUSH.

ON the next occasion upon which the office of entertaining the company at "The Camp" fell to the lot of the "Old Boy," he opened his MS. note-book, and read as follows—although it was very apparent, from time to time, that he deserted his text, and relied upon memory for details; also, that occasionally he skipped portions of his MS., considering it, in places, too voluminous or discursive for the purposes of mere entertaining narrative:—

In reading the chronicle of the great duel between Marwit and Cupid, I alluded to a coolness between our friend Poltittle and myself, which originated in his applying an expression not strictly geometrical or zoological to the hired hunter which bore me so gallantly, and for which I entertained, perhaps, an exaggerated respect. To-night, I purpose to read that part of the "Chronicles of Pitsville" which will contain some account of the origin, not of that expression itself, but of the feeling which gave rise to it. I find a heavy entry in the nature of an enquiry into the subtle influences which underlie the apparent causes of misunderstandings and quarrels between friends. I shall omit this, and proceed.

"A taste for horseflesh," spread slowly but surely about this time amongst my school-fellows. The term needs paraphrasing, as it may prove hereafter to have been an evanescent one. It bears no reference to the palate. To the initiated it implies "A love for horses, their care, culture, and education; a passion for perilous feats of horsemanship, and for putting their relative merits to proof; an impatience of all occupations which are not transacted in the saddle." Moreover, those who are qualified by experience to pronounce upon such a matter declare that it is—a destiny. It is commonly reported of the Asiatic tiger which has once tasted human blood, that he remains a man-eater till death; so, as far as any known agency is concerned, the lad who has once acquired this propensity will never return to pedestrian innocence.

Dr. Plunkett, the head master, set his face

like a flint against this taste, and by the harsh imposition of pains and penalties did something towards checking its growth, but aroused an indignant spirit of opposition on the part of those who were already infected, and caused them to hug with jealous pride a preference, not ignoble in itself, and acquiring an incidental dignity from being invested with the honours of martyrdom. Possibly had I been Dr. Plunkett, or in his place, I should have acted as he did, though I think it was not the part of wisdom. From his point of view the fox-hunt and all that appertained to it was a region of snares and pitfalls, lying beyond the precincts of his rule, in which the mind and moral nature of his pupils incurred risks far more perilous than those which beset their mere physical anatomy. His spoken opinion of hunting men was at once so derogatory and so unjust, that we boys set down our mentor as a prejudiced person; and while our generous youth kindled with a glow of indignation on behalf of hunting men whom we knew and respected, we mentally concluded that an early acquaintance with field sports and some degree of intimacy in youth with sportsmen, would have expanded the doctor's mind and enlarged the scope of his sympathies. The natural deduction was a practical one. Not to do as he did, we would do as he had not done. To avoid his injustice when old, we would pursue what he had eschewed when young. That is, of course, a certain select few of us. Some there were who sneered at sport as fit only for dunces; many who were passionately devoted to every sport which came within the range of their means, but whose pocket-money never extended even to the indulgence of a hired roadster on half-holidays; others, including the whole party denominated "The Reaction," who looked upon the hiring of horses and consequent desertion of the more legitimate playground sports as an affectation of superiority on our part, and resented it with a curious confusion of envy and scorn. Indeed, as Cupid and Poltittle and I trotted past the college railings on our racy high-mettled horses at about one o'clock on half-holidays, and passed the boys trooping out of the playground on their way home to gorge themselves with boiled beef and suet pudding, and as we saw with the poetic eye of youth ourselves an hour hence careering over the windy downs, and our schoolfellows sweltering up to the hot parched ground with bats and stumps, and pads, and all the cumbrous paraphernalia of cricket—perhaps we did feel somewhat elated, perhaps we did indulge in

some little smile of superiority, which an enemy, jealously watching us, would not fail to read upon our faces, though we were all unconscious of it. Certainly to a pedestrian who has once known the delight of being well carried over a difficult country, it is impossible to regard a well-mounted man without some degree of envy, and some little tendency to disparage either his horsemanship, or his modesty, or his appearance, or something or other about him.

Those were glorious rides; let the Reaction sneer if they will, and older sportsmen rebuke us if they will, for "larking" horses in summer, and Dr. Plunkett frown at us loftily if he will, and write in red ink at the bottom of our verses to-morrow, that a little more careful scholarship and a little less reckless enterprise would become our position in the form. It is easy to sneer, to rebuke, and to scold; but it is glorious to gallop. The horses which we rode were old hunters and steeplechasers. Each of our favourites had carried off the palm in some well-contested field; but passing their prime, or acquiring some blemish from an accident, or perhaps having had to undergo the operation of "firing," and so impaired in other respects as well as beauty, had fallen into the hands of a sporting livery-stable keeper at Pitsville. Still they were powerful and courageous horses, up to a greater weight than ours, and equal to as much work as even a bold insatiable boy-rider could give them. I have since visited many lands, and ridden a great variety of horses over a great variety of countries, but never at any subsequent time have I seen horses ridden in cold blood over a more difficult country than our galloping ground on those glorious half holidays. There! You see, gentlemen, I have read the word "glorious" three times. It was one of our slang schoolboy words in those days. Other words, an ocean of them, have swamped it since, but it comes up again with the memory of those days, over which the waves of time have rolled in vain.

Our custom was to keep the road till fairly clear of the town, then to take the first fence which offered easy access to a field, and then, making straight tracks, to jump everything which came in our way till we reached the first slope of the nearer Cotswold Hills. Ascending the hills, we walked, leading our horses, and husbanding their strength. [This, by the way, is a precaution which I have seen older hands neglect.] Once on the undulating table-land at the summit, we again took saddle, and then the serious occupation of our enterprise began.



The narrow belt of land which we had traversed between the town and the hills was pasture; the time of year, high summer; the hedges, though full of leaf, fragrant with bramble roses, and glittering with stars of clematis, were low and easy; but here large fields of oats and bearded barley were fenced in with rugged stone walls; and as the wind swept along the ripening grain, bending every blade and feathery ear, all the gleaming surface seemed to surge and swell in mighty billows, rolling themselves against their rocky barriers.

That simile may not be new, gentlemen; mind you, I say *may* not, because I don't remember it exactly in that juxtaposition; but it is so *true*, that in dreams I have sometimes passed from the stern sheets of a boat which it was once my fortune to steer amongst crested waves and foam-wrapt breakers in the Straits of Magellan, to the back of Rob Roy, my trusty horse, skirting the bearded barley on the Cotswold Hills.

To avoid doing damage, we skirted the corn-fields carefully, one foot brushed by the tresses of Ceres, the other tucked closely inwards to avoid the projecting slabs of stone which form the hill-farmer's stile. Towards the corner of a field the pace increased. Poltittle and his white horse rose for a moment into the sunlight and vanished; then brave little Cupid, with his elbows close to his side, his neat, lithe figure inclining gracefully backwards, and his glossy little hat slightly on one side; then the broad hinder quarters and tail of his gallant black mare. Then my turn was come. Rob Roy, the mighty, on whose back I sat like a child, half lost in ecstasy and wonder at the strength which bore me—Rob Roy, holding himself back till the others were over, made his sudden rush. For an instant I felt the air eddying in my ears wildly; the sunlight struck upon my eyeballs in a vivid flash; and I was beyond the wall, careering along in the wake of my companions, at a gentle canter, or a long steady swinging gallop, according as they made the pace. Whenever the country was sufficiently open for us to indulge in a long gallop, my feeling was that if the physical geography of the world had been uniform (all Cotswold hill, for instance) Rob Roy could have maintained his pace and taken all his stone walls till he had fetched a belt about it.

When riding last, which I often did, as well from a wish to observe my friends' style, as because I was really the least familiar, from childhood, with horses, and anything like severe riding, I sometimes wondered blankly

what sort of collision would take place, had either of my friends failed to leave the road clear for Rob Roy. Fully aware that I should be unable to stop him in the final rush, I felt equally sure that the animal had no power to stop himself. Afterwards, when riding the same horse to hounds, I had many proofs that my conjecture was right. The horse was perfectly self-possessed until his rush began: then nothing could stop him.

We rode on through the summer corn-fields, usually taking one of two or three familiar tracks, and making for the wide open pastures on the more elevated ridge overlooking the valley of the Severn. We knew the country well—perhaps as boys only who have had their paper-hunts over a country do know it. It would scarcely be too much to say that we knew the height of every wall—four feet, four and a-half, five feet, five-two—and at which side of a barley-field the wall was lower, or at which the take-off better. This familiarity of ours with the scene will perhaps tone down the colour of my picture, as it much reduced our risk, but it gave us a certain advantage over our horses which we might otherwise have failed to gain. Rob Roy, for instance, was a leviathan among horses, but I could pilot him among the breakers.

When the open table-land was reached we rode gently, not distressing our horses, but when we approached one of the big stone walls on these extensive pastures, we used to gather up the reins and ride at it abreast, as if we were charging a square of infantry. It was well for me in those early days that I was mounted on a horse that understood his business, for no sooner did he begin that tremendous rush of his than I abandoned myself to a momentary delirium of excitement, only resuming my own volition when the fence was well in the rear. What did it matter to me if one of my antigropolos (as my bootmaker inscrutably called his patent gaiters) had come unfastened, and was hanging at my stirrup, or if one leg of my trouser had wreathed itself above the knee, exposing my calf to view? Had I not landed in the new territory a full length ahead of Poltittle, the envious, with Cupid barely on my quarter? Did I hear that disagreeable short snapping laugh of Poltittle behind me? Hardly possible; yet some fellows *do* laugh from envy and vexation. The fellow may be annoyed, and thinking I don't hold Rob Roy well in hand—I should like to see *him* hold him in hand! You might as well try to jerk up an express train at full speed. Let him read a

little mechanics; he'll soon learn something about impetus. Hang the fellow!

Never, to my dying hour, shall I forget one of those rushes. We were descending towards the vale by a narrow lane. Cupid was leading, when he came unexpectedly upon a gate which closed the roadway. Previously we had always found this gate open; and I had once said, half in fun, "I wish they would keep that gate shut and locked." "So don't I," Poltittle rudely replied. Cupid shook his head, and said it would be an awkward jump; but that if we ever should find the gate shut we *must* jump it. The lane was steep and stony, and the gate, which of itself was barely four feet between the bars, hung very much higher; for a wayside brook in rainy weather swelled and converted this roadway into the bed of a torrent, hollowing it out to the naked rock, and so leaving a clear space underneath the gate almost the whole width of the lane.

As I turned an angle above and came in sight of this terrible jump, I saw Cupid and his black mare aloft in space above it. I was too late to see how he had ridden at it; but his animal was a cool, clever timber fencer; and, from the kind of three-quarter view I caught of man and horse, I fancy they must have kept along a little ridge of high ground at the extreme right of the roadway, and taken off this perilously narrow footing, thus gaining several inches in height. But it was a dangerous experiment, and I resolved to keep straight down the middle. The words *medio tutissimus ibis* just flashed across my brain as a sort of inspiration, while I held Rob Roy up with might and main, and to my dismay saw Poltittle spinning down the narrow ridge. His horse half-missed its footing while taking off, and struck heavily with all four feet on the top of the gate, which swung half open, and horse and rider came to the ground with a crash which I distinctly heard in the midst of my own anguish.

I must have undergone in those few seconds as much suffering as is usually spread over ten years. It is actual pain to me still to recall the incident. Rob Roy utterly refused to be delayed. No sooner did he see the white horse rising at the gate, than, giving his head a great shake to warn me, he made his terrific rush; and as I myself was being (as I thought) hurried to certain destruction, I heard the awful sound of Poltittle's fall, and saw him and the white horse a confused mass of destruction under my feet.

In less time than the telling takes I found myself sitting at ease beside Cupid, who had turned in his saddle, and had just exclaimed,

"Thank God! Poor Tit!" Rob Roy was trembling in every limb, hanging his head, and foaming at the mouth. I tried to turn him, to go and help my fallen comrade, but he refused to move; so I dismounted, and, leaving him alone, returned with Cupid, and together we managed to extricate poor Tit (as we called him) from the carcass of his gallant horse. He was much hurt, and, as we soon ascertained, had broken a collar-bone and two ribs, but the horse was dead. The poor creature had fallen with its head downwards, and had literally broken its neck. How Poltittle had escaped with his life, we could not tell. The horse had turned half a somersault, and had fallen back downwards upon his rider; but its first weight had come upon its own head, we supposed, and so the horse's death had saved the rider's life.

My own safety was no less remarkable, Rob Roy having jumped from the middle of the deep hollow roadway far above, cleared the swinging gate and the fallen horse and rider, and landed me safely some fifteen feet beyond the scene of danger.

Here the "Old Boy" stopped, and apologised for the fragmentary character of his narration. But we had all been previously interested in the fortunes of poor Tit, and especially of the gallant little Cupid who led the van in this perilous assault, and so we lightly condoned the *character* of the incident in virtue of the prestige attaching to its *characters*.

#### THE PLIGHTED TROTH.

ON the sands, the yellow sands,  
Sat two lovers musingly,  
Clasping tight each other's hands,  
Sadly looking toward the sea.

"I must sail in yonder ship,"  
Said the youth unto the maid,  
"Ere to-morrow's sun shall dip,  
From my sight the shore will fade;

"But my heart with thee will dwell,  
As it dwells by thee to-day,  
And I only say farewell  
To return and ever stay."

Then the maiden whispered low,  
"I shall think of thee, dear love;  
Joy may yet give place to woe,  
Still my heart will constant prove."

Years have come, and years have fled,  
Since the lovers made their vow;  
Fears arose and tears were shed—  
But they are united now.

'Neath the ocean's ruthless wave,  
Buried deep, the sailor lies;  
O'er the maiden's grass-grown grave  
Soft and low the night-wind sighs.

## COWPER'S OAK.

THE attractive spell which genius casts is nowhere more strongly shown than in its power to lend the charm of hallowed association to places and objects in themselves commonplace and uninteresting enough. It is repeating a truism to say that Stratford-on-Avon, Abbotsford, or Newstead derive their interest from a reflected and greater light. In a less degree Olney and Weston, two rural villages in Buckinghamshire, are not without charms for the literary tourist, enshrining as they do the memory of Cowper.

Being lately on a visit within about a dozen miles of Weston, we availed ourselves of the opportunity thus afforded for making an excursion to the village of Weston, with the purpose of seeing the poet's house, his favourite walks, and the celebrated oak, on a branch of which he was wont to sit, musing or reading, as the mood seized him. The day selected for our visit was lovely, the air was soft with the sweet softness of late September, the sun shone brightly. Our way lay through a thoroughly English champaign country; the hedgerows were white with the blossoms of the wild clematis; blackberries hung in rich ripe clusters on the climbing brambles. The landscape presented views of well-timbered fields and luxuriant pastures, dotted here and there with quiet villages, the spires of whose churches rose above the neighbouring elms, till the changing vanes seemed lost in the clouds. Our drive through these quiet shady lanes was about twelve miles; the horse we drove if slow was very sure; and what gratification we lost from the deprivation of the pleasurable sensations conferred by rapid motion, we gained in a sense of unconcerned security. The way was hilly, or rather, undu-

lating; for, compared with Cumberland or Devonshire, the country might be called flat. Our horse had a potent faculty for instantly perceiving the faintest symptoms of a rise in the road, and thereupon, with a sullen perversity and consummate doggedness never surpassed in man or beast, he insisted on

strolling lazily and leisurely, at a sort of hands-in-his-pockets amble up to the very top of the little hill; and from this pace no efforts of ours, although we thrashed and smacked the very whiplash from our lash, could rouse him. That horse's mind was firmly made up to pursue a certain line of equine policy, and he won his cause. In

London, our exertions to convince him of the error of his views would probably have brought us under the notice of the officers of a certain humane society; but there we were safe, as we did not



LIKENESS OF COWPER,  
FROM HIS SHADOW.

see half-a-dozen people in the whole length of our drive. Don't accuse us of cruelty—we well knew Jack's hide was mighty thick.

Having at last reached a point in the road about half-a-mile from the village of Weston, commanding an extensive prospect on all sides, we gave the word "halt," a command our noble steed readily understood and willingly obeyed, and addressed ourselves to the work of demolishing a pretty substantial luncheon: the fresh air had given us appetites a hedger might have envied, and we grubbed away regardless of our digestions until we had emptied our baskets of prog and drained our flask of sherry. Then heavier, if not wiser men, we drove on, urging our steed to go downhill into the village at something approaching a respectable trot. Alas for human vanity! the effect of our entry into the village was marred by the sullen perversity of the steed we drove.

The first object of importance that met our gaze was the church, an ancient and very

symmetrical edifice, situate at the entrance of the village ; we went on past the only hostelry the hamlet boasts, appropriately called the

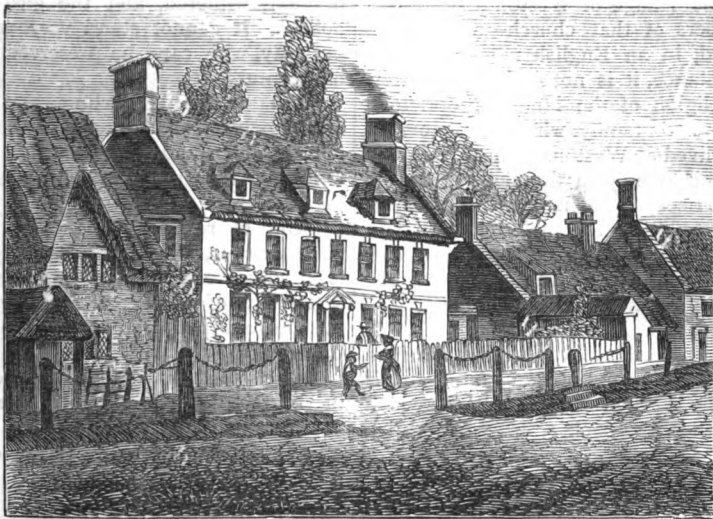
"Cowper's Oak," upon the creaking signboard of which is emblazoned a tolerably faithful presentment of the poet's tree. Here we



COWPER'S OAK, IN YARDLEY CHASE.

stopped to inquire the way to the house we wished to reach, and were referred by a waggoner, whose team stood before the inn, to a

venerable individual, with bow legs, corduroy smalls, and a beaver topper, whom he addressed as "Daddy," and who was, we presume,



WESTON LODGE—THE POET'S RESIDENCE.

one of the village patriarchs, and who bore a striking resemblance, in all except his legs, to the little men in the Noah's Arks of our infant

years. Yielding, we suppose, to the poetic influence of the scene, we began to fancy the hoary "Daddy" "some village Hampden,"

"inglorious Milton," or "Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood," and now painfully weak in voice and tottering on his legs, till our pleasant illusion was dispelled by Daddy's sadly vague directions to turn Jack round and drive to a certain corner, passing "two gret houses" to your right, and then taking the "fust turn."

We got as far as we could agreeably with the patriarchal directions down the "fust turn," till it terminated abruptly in a cottage and a barn, when we found that getting horse and chaise out of it again was not so easy as getting them in.

At last, after receiving further directions from the natives of the place, we reached our destination; our steed was, to his great satisfaction, comfortably stabled, and we started on our walk—some two miles distant—to the oak, having for a guide an intelligent little village girl, appropriately named Durden, though christened Elizabeth and not Dolly, as she should have been to be complete; but it occurred to us **she might have a sister Dolly** at home.

Our path lay through Weston Park, formerly one of the seats of the Throckmorton family, but now entirely dismantled. A wing of the old mansion, however, has been converted into a Catholic chapel, and there is a resident priest: something like half the inhabitants of the village of Weston Underwood being members of that church—a very rare thing, indeed, in an English village. From this circumstance, it is not difficult to determine the religion of the landed proprietors, the Throckmorton family, whose ancestors for generations lived at Weston. There is always something melancholy in the sight of an old seat gone to decay; and it was with a feeling of regret that we saw the ancient mansion in so dilapidated a condition. We passed under a fine avenue of limes, leaving on our left the alcove—a summer-house in the Italian style—which was a favourite resort of Cowper's. It is situate on an eminence, and commands a fine view of the surrounding country, and is mentioned by the poet in "The Sofa," which constitutes the first book of his poem called "The Task":—

The summit gained, behold the proud alcove  
That crowns it; yet not all its pride secures  
The grand retreat from injuries impressed  
By rural carvers, who with knives deface  
The panels, leaving an obscure rude name  
In characters uncouth and spelt amiss.

No great change in this respect has taken place in the manners and customs of the

English, since the poet celebrated the misdeemeanours of the village scribblers. Jones and Smith have a passion for scratching their obscure names on every surface they can manage to deface without detection.

Following our little guide over a long two miles of rutty roads, across fields and through woods, we at length arrived at the spot in Yardley Chase where stands the celebrated Cowper's Oak.

The oaks and the glory of England are inseparable in sentiment, if not in fact; and this is not to be wondered at, for apart from its value as timber, from its strength and various adaptability, the oak is singular amongst the trees of the forest; in its youth it conveys an idea of vigour, in its maturity, of strength, and in its age is so hoary and venerable as to render it an object of respect and admiration to the most unthinking spectator.

Unfortunately for the object of our sentimental journey we mistook a false old oak that stood directly in our way for the real one. Having once bestowed our blessing upon this Jacob of trees, we had but a so-so greeting left for Esau.

Our veneration had been lavished on the wrong object. Little Miss Durden, however, put all right, and conducted us to the real poet's tree. It is very old indeed, but very picturesque. Many of the branches are dry and withered, and the gnarled trunk is hollow. It cannot stand very much longer, but may, with care, be preserved for another half century.

With creditable feeling and taste, the noble owner of the chase in which this famous oak stands has caused a board to be affixed to the trunk on which is the following notice:—

"Out of respect for the memory of the poet Cowper, the Marquis of Northampton is desirous of preserving this oak;" and it sets forth, of course, the prosecution of all mischievous people to the utmost rigour of the law.

We climbed up on to a large dead branch in the middle of the tree, there smoking a cigarette and speculating on the shortness of all human affairs. There is an end even to the life of the oak.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,  
Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees;  
Three centuries he grows, and three he stays  
Supreme in state, and in three more decays.

Whether the poet is right in assigning nine hundred years as the duration of the oak's life-

time, we do not know; the age of old trees is usually matter of speculation and of the merest conjecture. In his lines on this oak, Cowper says—

Thou wast a banble once, a cup and ball,  
Which babes might play with.

We thought of his lines as we sat on the bough we fain would believe had often borne the poet's weight, and called to mind the changes this oak had outlived, since first a sprouting acorn its leaves unfolded in Yardley Chase.

We may mention, in taking leave of the spot, that Cowper's Oak is a well-known and favourite meet of the Duke of Grafton's hounds. A field of scarlet-coated horsemen, bent on hallooing the "red rascal" through the rides of Yardley Chase, must present a fine and animated scene, though anything but accordant with the poetic associations of the place.

Having retraced our steps, we were next conducted to the Wilderness—a small space of plantation contrived with considerable ingenuity to appear much larger than its actual size. In this place, which was a favourite haunt of the poet, and in whose shady nooks he could enjoy perfect quiet and repose, are many tokens of his presence, in the shape of memorial lines to various deceased favourites. On the pedestal of an urn erected to perpetuate the fame of a good pointer, are these lines:—

Here lies one who never drew  
Blood himself, yet many slew;  
Gave the gun its aim, and figure  
Made in field, yet ne'er pulled trigger.

\* \* \* \*

Neptune was he called; not he  
Who controls the boist'rous sea,  
But of happier command—  
Neptune of the furrowed land.  
And your wonder vain to shorten,  
Pointer to Sir John Throckmorton.

At another point in the Wilderness is an urn, inscribed to a spaniel, and at another, an antique terminal statue—believed by Cowper to be Homer—under which he wrote a Greek couplet, thus translated by Hayley:—

The sculptor nameless, though once dear to  
fame;  
But this man bears an everlasting name.

Quitting this shrubbery, which in Cowper's time may have been a very pretty retreat, but which is now a wilderness indeed, we visited Weston Lodge—the house in which the poet lived.

We were, by the courtesy of the pre-

sent tenants, shown the room used by Cowper as his study, and also his bedroom, on the white window-shutter of which are some lines in the poet's autograph bidding farewell to the place; they are carefully preserved and are still perfectly legible, though only written in pencil. We expected to see in the house some of the old furniture, or, at least, some relic of the poet, but there was nothing of the kind remaining. Indeed, the only relic in the village was an old quilted counterpane, which was shown us by the postmistress. It was made of the patchwork which found such favour in the eyes of our grandmothers, and may have been the work of the poet's friend, Mrs. Unwin, as the present possessor identified a certain piece of blue and white chintz, or print, which her mother had seen Mrs. Unwin wear in a gown.

The people in the village seem likely to preserve the poet's memory green, as they seem very proud of his connection with Weston.

We may remark here that the name is pronounced *Cooper* by all the residents here, and it will doubtless be recollected that the poet himself made his name rhyme with "trooper." *Cooper*, then, may be taken to be the correct pronunciation.

In these stray notes about the home of Cowper we have said nothing of his writings. Although his name is a household word, his fame has long been decayed and his influence dead; probably the only piece of his poetry that will be read by a distant posterity is the history of that "citizen of credit and renown," good Johnny Gilpin: and this of its kind is perfect.

We can scarcely close this little sketch without making some mention of the polite reception and kind hospitality of an inhabitant of the village of Weston, upon whose courtesy our claim was very slight, and whose attention procured for us admittance into the poet's house, and gave us a sight of the only relic of Cowper left in Weston—the ancient bed quilt, which may or may not have been the identical coverlet that kept him warm.

## TEXTS.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE words prefixed to the sermon have always been regarded with curiosity and interest. They have been selected from worthy and unworthy motives; they have been applied

and misapplied, and made the vehicles for personal and political allusions, with wilful ingenuity and unscriptural spirit; they have been turned into jokes, twisted into puns, and treated with as little scruple as though they had been the words of heathen poets; they have been manipulated by abbreviated quotations, and tortured with false emphasis, in order to present oddities and incongruities by no means in accordance with their original terms; and we can hardly wonder at so much attention being drawn to the text, that it frequently eclipses the sermon in the memory of its hearers. "What was the text?" asks one who has been prevented from attending the service, on the return of the other members of the family; and, when she (for it is usually a she who puts the questions) has been told, she rests satisfied, and fancies that she has been fully informed on the subject of Mr. Pastor's half-hour's discourse. And yet, his text may have had but little to do with his sermon; for, at the best, the text is only a peg on which the sermon is hung, and it cannot afford an adequate notion of the scope of the sermon, because that would be dependant upon the learning, the diligence, the ability, the theological bias, and the idiosyncrasy of the preacher. And, even if the text be taken to represent the finger-post that denotes the road along which the preacher intends to travel, yet, it cannot make us acquainted with his mode, any more than with his speed of travelling; for as George Herbert said, "the parson's method of handling his text, may be to crumble it into small parts, like the words of a dictionary, or to take it entire and unbroken, as the words of scripture;" so that there cannot be a greater fallacy than to suppose that we have the key to the sermon when we are in possession of its text; for, any text may be placed to any sermon; because the preacher has full licence granted to him in his exposition, to deduce from his text any private interpretation, chimæras, ecstasies, or schools of thought. The same text will carry one preacher to the outskirts of Rome, and land another in the heart of Geneva; and, we might as reasonably accept the outer door of a house as a representation of the heterogeneous contents of the several rooms, as to take the text as a due representative of the sermon.

Burnet tells us that the bishops were wont to preface their addresses in the House of Lords by giving out a text. The custom has (happily) been banished from Parliament; but, although as little needed by the preacher as by a barrister in his address to the jury, yet it

has been retained as convenient for the pulpit. Its paramount advantage consists in its being the speaking and teaching of the Bible; so that if the congregation remember the text but forget the sermon, they will have carried away the words of inspiration instead of that human essay which is so often but mere "words, words, words." We know the texts to be scripture; but the sermon may be nothing more than verbiage and platitudes, or a dreary echo of the moral teaching of heathen philosophers,—

How oft when Paul hath served us with a text,  
Hath Plato, Tully, Epictetus preached.

And the custom of prefixing the text to the sermon, is not only convenient and beneficial, but is in conformity with the example of the Great Preacher, who, in the synagogue of Nazareth, adopted the custom that had been handed down, perhaps, from the days of Ezra, and, after reading a passage from the Prophet, closed the book, and preached from the text.

The learned Selden said, "preachers will bring anything into the text;" yet "nothing is text but what was spoken in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well." But texts have been so handled, that they might be sorted into classes. People, for example, will talk about some texts being easy, and others difficult. Even George Herbert slipped into this mannerism when he recommended the parson to choose moving and ravishing texts, and texts of devotion, not controversy. The old Scotch dame, who was unable to comprehend the metaphysical discourse of the minister, pleaded that "he had a grand text;" whereas, another Scotch dame complained of her own peculiar minister, "if there's an ill text in a' the Bible, that creetur's aye sure to tak' it." To another minister, the elder of his kirk suggested, "if ye winna gie us evangelical sermons, ye micht at least gie us evangelical texts." And an old woman in an midland county village, who was telling me of the virtues of the late rector, wound up by saying, "his texts was beauties!" and, I dare say, that she considered his epitaph to be incomplete without those words.

Some preachers, of the sensational school, select texts that shall be remembered for their singularity. Thus, in March, 1858, the Rev. G. W. Conder preached, at Leeds, from the words "Aha! aha!" On February 3, 1861, at All Saints', Margaret Street, London, Dr. Wolff preached from the one word "Saul!" (Acts ix. 1). A preacher at Aberdeen took for

his text the last four verses of the first chapter in Chronicles, wherein the names of the dukes of Edom are recorded; and although this text, as was remarked by a woman in the congregation, "gey affectit kin," yet the preacher deduced from it the lesson, "Who were these men? What was the influence of their lives? and what will be the influence of yours and mine?" Rowland Hill once preached from the words, "Old cast clouts and rotten rags," (Jer. xxxviii. 2;) and, on another occasion, from the words, "I can do all things," beginning his sermon by a flat denial of the Apostle's proposition. In the same style was Sterne's exordium, when he preached from the text, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting," and exclaimed, "that I deny?" This secured the attention of his hearers; and, for a like purpose, Cecil commenced a sermon by saying, "a man was hanged at Tyburn this morning." Whitfield gave out his text, then paused, and shouted, "Fire! fire! fire!" as a prelude to his discourse on eternal punishment. Rowland Hill imitated this by crying, "Matches! matches! matches!" but he excused himself for saying what he termed out-of-the-way texts and out-of-the-way observations, because he preached to out-of-the-way sinners. It is even said, that he called his Wapping hearers, wapping sinners. "Hang the law and the prophets!" was the mutilated text of a celebrated Scotch divine, who began his sermon with the words, "So says practice; though profession says otherwise." Whitfield once gave as his text, "There came unto Him certain lawyers;" and then, apparently, detected his purposed misquotation, and said, "not certain lawyers, but a certain lawyer. It was wonderful that even one lawyer should have been found to do this; it would have been perfectly incredible had there been more;" the point of this lying in the circumstance that some lawyers were present who had expressly come there to scoff at him. A Shrewsbury dissenting minister preached a funeral sermon for the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, from the combined texts, "A man sent from God whose name was John. I saw the Angel fly in the midst of heaven. James the servant of God." The first portion of this text is also said to have been used by the Archbishop of Vienna, when he preached before John Sobieski, King of Poland, who had delivered Vienna from the Turks. "There is no fool like the fool-hardy," was the text of the Rev. Dr. Williamson, who had a quarrel with a parishioner named Hardy. "Adam, where art thou?"

was the text of the probation sermon of Mr. Low, who, with a Mr. Adam, was a candidate for a lectureship; "Lo, here I am!" was the responsive text of his rival, Mr. Adam. When Dr. Mountain, longing for a vacant bishopric, preached before Charles II., his text was, "If thou hadst faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and said unto this Mountain, be thou removed and cast into the sea, it should be done." Mr. Joseph, curate of the Isle of Man, reminded the lord lieutenant, Butler, Duke of Ormonde, of his forgotten promise to assist him with preferment, by preaching before him from the text, "Yet did not the chief Butler remember Joseph, but forgot him."

A preacher once startled his congregation by giving out for his text the words, "There is no God," proceeding, of course, to explain who it was who made that declaration. It is to be hoped that he succeeded better than did Bishop Blomfield in his first extempore sermon at Chesterford, when one of his congregation, on being asked how he liked the preacher's discourse, replied to him, "Well, Mr. Blomfield, I liked your sermon well enough; but I can't say as I agree with you; I think there *be* a God." Cardinal Maury tells of a French divine who preached on the duties of landlords and tenants, from the text, "Paul dwelt two years in his own hired house." Bishop Maltby, of Durham, preached on the importance of learning Greek, from the text, "Canst thou speak Greek?" and on March 31, 1853, Dr. Jacob preached the tercentenary sermon at Bromsgrove School from the text, "It was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin," advocating the teaching of Greek and Latin in foundation schools. The first sermon preached at St. Pauls' for the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy, was on November 5th, 1665, by the Rev. George Hall, afterwards Bishop of Chester, who chose for his text this verse, "The rod of Aaron budded, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." The text of a celebrated dissenting minister, whose sermon was devoted to a denunciation of the sin of borrowing articles, especially umbrellas, and not returning them, was taken from 2 Kings vi. 5, "Alas, master! for it was borrowed." When Sterne was on a preaching tour in Yorkshire, he was persecuted by an old lady who followed him from church to church, always seating herself on the pulpit-stairs and asking him, after the sermon, in what place she should next have the pleasure of hearing him. Tired out by her persistence, he at last preached at her from the text, "I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by her con-



tinual coming she weary me." Happening to mention this circumstance in company, a sarcastic friend observed to Sterne, "You omitted the most applicable part of the passage—'Though I fear not God, nor regard man.'"

The French divine, Father André, having to preach before his bishop, who had dubbed him *Le petit fallot*, thus commenced his sermon, from the text, "Ye are the light of the world,"—"*Vous êtes, monseigneur, le grand fallot de l'église; nous ne sommes que des petits fallots.*"

A Welsh clergyman who preached from the text, "Love one another," gave a national turn to his subject by illustrating it with an anecdote of two goats who met on the midst of the one-plank bridge that crossed the little stream in their parish: "but did they fight and try to push each other into the water? Oh, no! but the one laid himself down while the other stepped over him. Here was friendship! here was love! Oh, my brethren, let us all live like goats!"

A chaplain to the garrison of Quebec was desired by some "fast" young officers to preach on the eleventh commandment, which he promised to do if they would come to hear his sermon. This they did, when he gave as his text, "John xiii. 34:—A new commandment I give unto you," and showed that this new, or eleventh commandment bade them love as brethren. A variation of this anecdote is told of Dean Swift, of whom it is said that, being invited to preach by a clergyman who had never seen him, he went to the clergyman's house on the Saturday night, in the disguise of a beggar, and was driven from the door unrelieved because, in answer to a question put to him as to the number of the commandments, he replied that there were eleven; but on the following day he revealed himself to his astonished host by selecting the above text, and beginning his sermon thus,—"*So it would appear from these words that to the Christian there are eleven commandments and not ten.*" But precisely the same anecdote is told of Archbishop Usher, and "the holy" Samuel Rutherford. For clerical *ana* would seem to be very popular, and the same anecdote appears and re-appears, tricked out with alterations or additions, and with ascriptions to various preachers; so that it is frequently difficult to discover how far the anecdote is authentic, or when and with whom it originated. Thus there was an ancient jest that a certain parson who had been pestered to preach a funeral sermon on a rich reprobate

consented to do so, but chose for his text the words, "The beggar died;" and this very same anecdote was brought forth only a few years since, and fathered upon Mr. Spurgeon, on whom, doubtless, many putative jokes have been burthened.

During the residence of the Prince of Wales in Oxford, October, 1860, it went the round of the papers, that one of the Dons had preached before him at St. Mary's (as a hint on his expectations of preferment) from the text "There is a lad here who hath five barley-loaves and two small fishes; but what are they among so many?" Of course, this was but a hashing up of the anecdote that Paley preached from this text at St. Mary's, Cambridge, 1784, before the youthful and "heaven-born minister," Pitt. But although the original anecdote is so circumstantially stated, yet, after all, it was fictitious; for Paley himself gave this explanation, "I was in the neighbourhood of Carlisle at the time, and was there riding out and conversing with a friend on the bustle and confusion that Mr. Pitt's appearance would make in the University, and I said that if I had been there, and if I had been asked to preach on that occasion, I would have taken that passage for my text." So that the anecdote is not only apocryphal but hypothetical. As Touchstone said, "there is much virtue in If."

Dr. Parr, having to preach an assize sermon, and being strongly opposed to capital punishment, took for his text the verse, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall; for, sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law!" During the civil war, some soldiers who were quartered on Dr. Harris, the minister of Hanwell, daily grieved him by their profane language. Accordingly, he preached to them from the text, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not." This so enraged them that they threatened to shoot him if he again mentioned the subject; but, undeterred by their threats, he preached on the next Sunday from the same text, following it up by a still more strongly-worded sermon; and although a soldier bade him cease and levelled his carbine at him, yet he preached boldly on; and, in the end, was rewarded by their listening patiently to his advice.

It is said of Dr. Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, that he preached from the text, "He clothed himself with curses as with a garment," and explained it as signifying that that the man had a *habit* of swearing.

## TABLE TALK.

A CORRESPONDENT: During an after-dinner chit-chat of a party of Frenchmen and Englishmen, one of the latter recited the following lines:—

Ni le lieu, par sa distance,  
Ni le temps, par sa longueur,  
N'auront jamais la puissance  
De vous éloigner de mon cœur.

The reciter wished to know *qui était l'auteur de ces vers, intitulés: "Souvenir pour un album,"* but no one present could inform him. During a pause which followed, however, his attention was attracted by a Frenchman opposite, who demurely bowing to him, and raising his glass of Burgundy, exclaimed: "*Monsieur, je bis à vore!*" This incomprehensible piece of jargon from its ludicrous contrast with the poetic "*Souvenir*," which latter, by the way, had been delivered in a very grave and sonorous manner, produced an immense burst of laughter, although but few present knew precisely what they were laughing at. *Je bis à vore* was, at all events, supposed, by the English portion of the dinner-party to be something or other in French, and might have passed simply as "one of those things, you know, which no English fellow can understand;" but a certain matter-of-fact individual, so forcibly impelled by curiosity as to lose sight of politeness, blurted out: "*Mais, que diable chantez-vous là, Monsieur?*" After an abundance of rather vociferous Anglo-French analysis and demonstration, the result was pretty much as follows. "*Je bis à vore—c'est à dire: je bois, sans O, à votre, sans T.*" (The demonstrator makes the O and the T largely, in the air, with his fore-finger) "*Ne voyez-vous pas ça?*" "Don't you see?" But the joke is, that, after the most energetic attempts at elucidation, on the part of those who *did* see, there were some who *did not* see, and who came to the comfortable conclusion that it was "a parcel of nonsense." Amongst the songs of Beranger, there is one which commences:—

Je ne suis qu'un vieux bonhomme,  
Ménétrier du hameau,  
Mais, pour sage on me renomme,  
Car je bois mon vin sans eau.

But "*les enfants de France*" in general are not thus renowned; so that, coming from a Frenchman: "*Je bois sans eau à votre santé*" has

something about its peculiarly graceful and hearty.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE of the sea is a beautiful phenomenon to those who can enjoy the sight of it; but it is too frequently observed under uncomfortable circumstances. It has been a puzzling phenomenon, too; but naturalists have come to the conclusion that it is produced by animalcules that are excited to luminosity under certain circumstances, chiefly when the water is agitated. It has, however, lately been shown that the phosphorescence is brightest and the sparks most numerous immediately preceding an atmospheric disturbance. So the little animalcules are to be included in that long list of organisms that feel the approach of bad weather. The professor, M. Decharme, who observed the coincidence, has been studying the creatures and their shining propensities. He finds that they are visible in the daylight with a glass magnifying about forty times, and then they appear as lentiform bodies from two to four millimetres in diameter, of transparent nature, and more diaphanous at the centre than towards the periphery. They lived in a bottle for several weeks, and lit themselves up when the water was shaken or stirred, or whenever a small quantity of exciting fluid, alcohol or acid, was introduced into it.

DR. KARL VOGT (of Geneva) who is well-known as a decided supporter of the Transmutation Theory, and going in some respects far beyond Darwin himself, expressed himself as follows, at the last meeting of philosophers, at Inspruck, in reference to *the age of man*. There is no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe—probably the latest peopled part of the world—at a time when the great southern animals, the elephant, mammoth, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, were found there, which are now extinct. Even were no human remains or tools have been found, the acute researches of Steenstrup have found traces of man by distinguishing the bones which have been gnawed by animals from those which show signs of having been split by man for the sake of the marrow, or otherwise handled by him. It is equally certain that posterior to the advent of man, the Straits of Gibraltar, of Dover, and the Dardanelles, as well as Sicily and Africa, were still united by isthmuses; the whole Mediterranean area was separated from Africa by a sea in the basin of Sahara; the Baltic was a sea of ice covering the whole of the low levels of North Germany and

Russia, and cutting off Finland, Sweden, and Norway, into what would have been an island but for its juncture with Denmark. The astonishing researches of Lartel in France, of Fraas in Germany, and of Dupont in Belgium, have proved that this period was succeeded by another, in which men hunted, in the countries of Central Europe, the reindeer and other arctic animals in an arctic climate, and surrounded by an arctic flora. We may also speak with confidence of the migrations of these primæval races: the human contemporaries of the most ancient animals, the mammoth, the cave-bear, and the cavellion, can only be traced in the western and southern parts of Europe. In Central Europe and Switzerland their remains are unknown. In the "reindeer period," again, we find man in Switzerland and in Suabia; but no trace of him in North Germany and Denmark.

ALTERATIONS OF STREET NOMENCLATURE, under the direction of the Metropolitan Board of Works, are now periodically announced in the public prints. It seems likely therefore that the number of "High," "Church," "Prince's," and other common street names, is to be reduced; and in this way a good deal of mystification and confusion will be done away with. The distinguishing subsidiary names of terraces, villas, and so forth, in different long streets and roads, are to be abolished; and having lost the isolated grandeur of terrace-dom and villa-hood, these abased habitations are to take the name of the High Street or Broad Road they severally stand in; and they are to be numbered throughout on a reasonable and intelligible plan. Much will be gained by the introduction of such a system, while the only loss is—that of their individuality as postmen's puzzles.

BUT who is to interfere with people who persist in calling their houses—situate in a row of stuccoed cottages—"lodges," or "villas," without a vestige of green country near them; certainly the very reverse of Pope's

All vast possessions; just the same the case,  
Whether you call them villa, park, or chase.

While calling a house in a street a lodge, is still more outrageous—the name carrying lonely retirement on the face of it. "He brake up his court and retired himself into a certain forest thereby, which he calleth his desert, wherein he hath built two fine lodges," as Sidney uses the term. But what can be expected of private individuals in such affairs

of taste, when a public body permits the name of terrace to be given to houses apparently because they are not terraced; lets the builders call oblong spaces squares, and style a place without a curve a crescent?

THE AMERICAN PULPIT appears to be as full of dullards as our own. At least so one would suppose from a patent that has just been granted to an ingenious inventor by the United States Commissioner. The device patented is an apparatus for attachment to the backs of church-pews, for the support of the head in an easy position, that the owner may go to sleep in comfort when the sermon is dull. The invention is named "the Snorer's Friend;" it is to be hoped that it is provided with means for quieting the nasal music of the slumberer.

I HAVE been looking through a very useful work by Mr. J. H. Hawley, of Leamington, called "A Complete Course of English Composition," intended as a continuation of the same writer's "First Course of English Composition," which has passed through four editions in a short period. As one of Mr. Hawley's christian names is Hugh, I would suggest that, in the next edition of his "Complete Course," he should add to his table of "Homonymes," at p. 134, the following lines, which were positively given to a parish school as a lesson in dictation, by an assistant commissioner in Lord Derby's Commission on Education, in 1859:—

While hewing yews Hugh lost his ewe,  
And put it in the "Hue and Cry."  
To name its face's dusky hues  
Was all the effort he could use.  
You brought the ewe back by and bye,  
And only begg'd the hewer's ewer,  
Your hand to wash in water pure,  
Lest nice-nosed ladies, not a few,  
Should cry on coming near you "Ugh!"

I wonder how many candidates at the Civil Service or University Middle Class Examinations would be able to write these lines without a mistake!

ARE parish-clerks a doomed race? It is only a few months since that the Bishop of Peterborough vigorously denounced them as useless functionaries, whose only earthly avocation was to say on behalf of the congregation that they were "miserable sinners." The Bishop's lead has been followed by the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, who, at a harvest-home dinner, at Rushock, Worcestershire,

on September 21st, said that, "he should be pleased to see the rôle of parish-clerks become defunct, as there should be none, for they were merely substitutes for the congregation, who should themselves give the responses, instead of leaving it to one official." These remarks were called forth by a circumstance that had attended Mr. Lyttelton's preaching of the morning sermon. The pulpit desk was furnished with a fat, slippery pulpit-cushion, and the preacher, unaccustomed to the management of such an old-fashioned article, allowed it to slip from his grasp, and to fall plump upon the head of the parish-clerk seated in his desk below. Mr. Lyttelton denied that he had done this with malice *prépense*, or with any idea of extinguishing the parochial functionary.

NUMEROUS examples were given in the preceding volume of ONCE A WEEK (at pp. 361, 437), of the notes of various birds translated into human speech. Let me add another example, heard daily in our country rambles at the present season; it is the note of that pretty bird the yellow-hammer, which, as Gilbert White says, "no doubt, persists with more steadiness than any other" bird in singing after midsummer, thereby proving "that the summer solstice is not the period that puts a stop to the music of the woods." And the bird's note, when translated into human speech, is "A little more bread and some cheese, if you please!" the polite phrase at the close of his request is most distinctly marked, and chimes in with the cheese. I have spelt the word yellow-hammer as it usually is written in the works of White and other ornithologists, but Yarrell suggested that, as *ammer* is the German for bunting, the word should be written yellow-ammer; and, in his work on "Birds," the Rev. C. A. Johns has thus dropped the *h*. In the west of England the bird is known as the yellow-homber, and the ingenious suggestion has been made that this should properly be yellow-amber, in reference to the peculiar colour of the bird. It has further been suggested, that, as the bird belongs to the genus *Emberiza*—its learned name is the *Emberiza citrinella*—its name should be the yellow-ember. So that this little bird may afford an opportunity to the conservatives of language to hunt up the radicals.

THE Highlanders of Argyshire have a very singular name for the October moon. They call it the badger-moon, because it shines in the month in which badgers "make their

hay," wherewith they line their nests; and, like our harvest-moon, it is the brightest moon in the year. Badgers are still plentiful in Argyshire, but are very rarely, if ever, drawn and baited. The custom is to lie in wait for them when they come out in the evening to take their walks abroad, and then to shoot them. This is a pastime that requires a sufficiency of light; and, therefore, the badger-moon often proves very fatal to the poor badger. In Scotland, the badger is commonly called the brock; and I possess a Skye-terrier of that name; though it was bred by an English gamekeeper, and named Brock because that same gamekeeper lived at the parish of Badger, in Shropshire, where the lovely "Badger's Dingle" is a well-known resort of tourists. Brock, however, is an Anglo-Saxon word, and as Morton and Evans testify, is used in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire to signify the badger.

THE WRITER OF FICTION need not go farther than the record of facts for the materials of his novel. In his newspaper he may find the dry bones of his romance. Here is an outline for the plot of a sensational novel. In the days when the Prince Regent was converting Brighthelmstone into Brighton, and, in addition to asking Parliament to pay £534,000 for his expenses, requested at the same time (in the year 1816), the trifling sum of £50,000 wherewith to furnish the monstrous Pavilion which he and Nash had created—in those days, there lived at Brighton, a man who passed as a shoemaker, but who "was a smuggler, or something of that kind." This man's daughter married a coachman, and their daughter went out as a nursery governess, and was clandestinely married to a man of good family. After his death, the wife comes forward with a gentlemanly-looking lad, whom she alleges to be the son of her dead husband, and who, therefore, by a rapid revolution of the wheel of fortune, is heir to an earldom. Here are materials for the novelist; but they are all to be found in the "Wicklow Peerage" case. When, in the trial of that case, on July 29, Mrs. Howard's mother stated that the name of the smuggler-shoemaker was Soutar, Dr. Ball said, that it was "a good name for a shoemaker." It is, in fact, the ordinary Scotch word for shoemaker, and is certainly classical in sound, even though it be not always spelt like the *sutor* of Apelles' well-known saying. It is familiarised to English ears in Burns' "Souter Johnnie," and in Scott's "Wat Tindlin," who was "sutor and archer." In fact,

Scott himself was a sutor, for he was made a sutor of Selkirk, though, at the feast of his initiation, when it came to his turn to "lick the birse," which was a bunch of bristles—the shoemaker's emblem—"he took the precaution," says Dr. Rogers, "before mouthing the beslabbered brush, to wash it in his wine; but this act of rebellion was punished by his being compelled to drink the polluted liquor. This unrefined burghal habit continued till 1819, when Prince Leopold was created a sutor of Selkirk." (*Familiar Illustrations of the Scottish Character*, p. 140). If Lord Palmerston was not also a sutor, he was something akin to it; for, on April 1, 1863, he was made a gaiter-man, or member of the Glasgow Gaiter Club, and made, on that occasion, one of his felicitous speeches, which was reported (by telegram) in the *Times* of the next morning." It is "On the twenty-fifth of October," that "Ne'er a souter's sober;" for, on that anniversary of "the day of Crispin Crispianus,"—celebrated in our battle-roll with the names of Agincourt and Balaklava—the various Crispin Clubs throughout Scotland hold high festival.

WE have received—appropriately enough, whilst such storms are raging round the coasts—a maritime magazine, *The Shipwrecked Mariner*. It is published quarterly, price 6d., and is devoted to the promotion of the interests of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, and is intended, at the same time, to afford agreeable and healthy reading for the sailor. The new number begins well, with the first chapter of a life of our popular naval hero, Lord Nelson, whose portrait faces the title page. There is also a very terrible looking "wreck chart," showing the spots round our stormy coasts, in which vessels have been wrecked during one year only. Off Great Yarmouth and Flamborough Head, the map is black with the dots that tell with such simple power a tale of peril and distress; no less than 2513 ships, representing in the aggregate a tonnage of 464,000 tons, were lost on our own shores during the year 1867. In the same space of time 1133 lives were sacrificed, whilst the loss of property in ships and cargoes amounted to £3,000,000 sterling. The number before us contains likewise readable articles on the "Gulf Stream" and "Greenwich Hospital," with a variety of other matter interesting to the seafaring classes to whom *The Shipwrecked Mariner* is especially addressed. The profits of the magazine are applied to the augmentation of the funds of the deserving

society above mentioned. The committee appeal to their subscribers to help them to circulate their little quarterly "amongst our fishermen, seamen, and their families." To such of our readers as possess the opportunity of doing so, we can cordially commend the request of the committee of this truly "benevolent" society.

SHAKESPEARE SAYS, in "Cymbeline" (iii. 6), that—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard;

and Puck speaks of "the heavy ploughman" who "snores;" and when the company on the enchanted island are infected by a strange drowsiness, Sebastian says to his brother,

Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

It is a meaning, however, from which a listener would gladly be spared; for of all human weaknesses, snoring is the most selfish. The performer of a fantasia on his own nose may now be provided with a novel American instrument through the medium of which his own music will be carried into his own ears. A tube of gutta percha is fitted to the nose, and passed from thence to the tympanum of the ear. As soon as the sleeper begins to snore, an effect is produced like to that when Fear tried his skill on Music's shell,

And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

For the snorer is so alarmed and disgusted at his own performance, that he forthwith awakes, and, it is to be presumed, amends his ways, and sleeps quietly ever after. The inventor should publish a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle as they would appear, prepared for rest, with the snoring apparatus fitted, like an elephant's trunk, upon their respective noses. Its appearance would probably be quite sufficient to frighten away any thief who had invaded the sanctity of their bedroom.

*All contributions should be addressed to the "Editor," and if considered unsuitable will be returned, providing stamps for that purpose be enclosed.*

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER VII.

THE tie that bound Fenwick Towers to his home was now severed; and when the first outpourings of his grief had abated, he prepared to fulfil the promise he had made to seek an asylum elsewhere. His mother's dying injunction still rang in his ears, and he struggled hard to expel from his heart all feelings of bitterness towards his father. But the effort proved vain; for the young man could not resist the conclusion, that the death of his beloved parent had certainly been accelerated—perhaps directly occasioned—by the scene of violence to which she had been made the witness in her last hours. Upon Richard Towers the piteous entreaty of his wife produced no effect. He exhibited some little emotion immediately after her death; drank more than usual for a day or two; and then resumed his ordinary demeanour. When he occasionally encountered his son, he scowled upon him with increased enmity. Once only he addressed him. It was to state that the money offered to Fenwick could still be obtained upon application to the housekeeper. The intimation was received in silence; but that morning Fenwick sent a note to his father, again declining all aid from him, and announcing his intention to quit Wilmington House as soon as the last sad rites had been performed over the remains of his mother. In his distress of mind he had quite forgotten Bentley Wyvern's offer; but he now wrote to that gentleman, expressing his willingness to proceed to Devonshire, and asking for an interview in order to receive the necessary instructions. He had just requested a servant to put the letter into the post-bag, when Richard Towers unexpectedly entered the room, and addressed his son.

"Before you leave this house, I wish to ask you one or two questions, by replying to which you may be able to clear yourself of a charge I have to make against you."

"What charge?" said Fenwick, calmly.

"You shall know that presently. Who is the person that you clandestinely meet on the heath so frequently?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Indeed!" said Richard Towers, with a sneer. "I have put the question plainly enough."

"What grounds have you for assuming that I am in the habit of meeting anyone in the manner you describe?"

"You have been seen from this house. Do you deny it?"

"No."

"Then I demand the name and address of that person."

"And I decline to give you any information on the subject. It is a private matter which cannot in any way interest you," added Fenwick, hurriedly.

"But suppose I prove to you that it *does* interest me," replied Richard Towers, his eyes glaring savagely.

"That would not alter my determination. The secret is not mine alone; and, even were it otherwise, I do not recognise your right to insist upon my confiding it to you. Remember her who is yet unburied, and let us avoid any further altercation. In a few days we shall part. Do not add to the painful recollections of you which I shall carry away with me. You spoke of a charge that you had to make against me. Whatever it may be, this is not a time to discuss it."

"You cowardly villain!" exclaimed Richard Towers, advancing towards his son; "you are afraid to be called to account for your vile act. I can tell you whom you met, and with what object."

"I have never been guilty of any vile act," said Fenwick, with dignity; "and refuse to continue a conversation which only gives you an opportunity to insult me."

"You shall continue it—aye, and shall answer every question that I put to you. Do you dare, after your infamous conduct towards me, to talk of being insulted?"

"What on earth do you mean? Can an interview with one that I sincerely love be stigmatised as infamous conduct towards my father? You have no longer any control over my actions, and will very soon have no control over your own, if I am not much mistaken."

Richard Towers stared at his son in astonishment, and mechanically repeated, "One that you sincerely love!"

"Undoubtedly; and one that I hope to make my wife, when I am in a position to maintain her."

"But who is the man that you confessed you had been in the habit of meeting?"

"You have fallen into some strange mistake: I have had no secret interviews with any man."

"Not with a man who has a dark beard, and a scar on his cheek?" asked Richard Towers, looking full in his son's face.

"I have already given my unreserved denial to your statement. What is the meaning of these questions?"

"I am willing to believe what you say, provided you give me the name of the lady to whom you are engaged."

"That must be a matter of indifference to you, as everything else is, and always has been, which is connected with my future welfare," said Fenwick, with some bitterness. "There are other reasons, also, which induce me to refuse giving you that information, but it is not my intention to mention them. You still keep me in the dark as to the charge you have to bring against me. It is better that it should be so; because, in the first place, I know that it is groundless; and, in the second, I desire to prevent the possibility of dissension during the short time that I have to remain in this house."

Richard Towers did not immediately reply: he walked to the window and then back to the hearth-rug. His vanity made him hesitate to admit that he had been overcome by a single antagonist, and as the suspicion of his son's complicity in the Gore Street outrage was each moment becoming fainter, there was the less reason for mentioning the disagreeable adventure. But he rang the bell and requested the attendance of the housekeeper. When she entered, he begged her to be seated, and showed every desire to impress upon Fenwick the fact that she was no longer to be regarded as a mere servant.

"Miss Harding, you must excuse my troubling you to come here. You made a communication to me the other day respecting Fenwick's meetings with some unknown individual."

The housekeeper moved uneasily and coughed. She was hardly prepared for being confronted with Fenwick and announced as the spy who had given information to his father.

"Was it a man or a woman whom he saw on those occasions?" continued Richard Towers.

"As far as I could discern, it was a man," replied Susan Harding.

"You hear, Fenwick, what this lady states."

"I do," replied the young man, sternly; "but I decline in any way to notice assertions from such a source." He passed out of the room before his father had time to stop him, and, taking his hat, strolled upon the heath. Lost in melancholy reflections, he walked straight on, almost in a direct line from Wilmington House, and then threw himself upon a patch of turf near a quantity of gorse.

He had lain here for nearly an hour when, happening to raise himself upon his elbow, his attention was attracted by something glittering, which appeared just above the tops of the furze, about twenty yards distant. Fixing his eyes more intently upon this object he discovered that it was a piece of polished metal, from which the rays of the sun were reflected. While he yet looked at it there was a movement and it suddenly disappeared; but in a few minutes, on his once more glancing in the same direction, the effect was again produced.

He rose and walked quietly towards the place whence it proceeded. A man was extended upon the ground with his face downwards, and in his hand was a telescope. Fenwick waited unperceived till the stranger again raised the glass to his eye. It was pointed in the direction of Wilmington House. So long and steadily did the man continue to gaze that Fenwick was prompted to address him.

"I am afraid you will find very little about the architecture of that building to repay you for the trouble of so minutely inspecting it."

The man started at the sound of Fenwick's voice, and rose quickly to his feet.

"What have you got to say to me?" he said, roughly, as he closed the telescope.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you; I merely made a remark about the house you were looking at so attentively."

"How do you know what I was a looking at?"

"From the direction in which the glass was levelled."

"Do you know who lives in the house across yonder?"

"Yes."

"Then perhaps you can tell me why the window-blinds is down. Has there been a death?"

"There has," said Fenwick, sadly.

The man's face worked convulsively, and he remained silent for a moment.

"When did he die?" he said, hoarsely, and looking eagerly at Fenwick.

"The death I allude to is that of Mrs. Towers. May I ask if you are acquainted with the family?"

"I have heard speak of them—nothing more," said the man, and without waiting to be further questioned he walked rapidly away.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

SIR CHARLES PENNINGTON occupied handsomely-furnished rooms in Piccadilly. The report that he was about to renew his claim to the Bideford peerage had somehow obtained a very wide circulation, and his creditors in consequence were becoming much less clamorous for the payment of their accounts. Tallpage and Son, the great tailors, had even sent one of their men to ask for a continuance of his custom, and a bill discounter who had previously refused to cash the baronet's acceptance upon any terms, now offered to advance a small sum at the moderate rate of eighty per cent. Sir Charles availed himself of both offers, though his pecuniary wants were tolerably well supplied by Bentley Wyvern. In return, that gentleman received the acceptances of his friend for twenty times the amount actually lent. The world had been led to believe that Sir Charles was in the possession of a document which would, beyond doubt, establish his right to the earldom; but if such was the case, it had certainly not yet been submitted to the inspection of Mr. Joynham. Now, the missing link in the chain of evidence was simply this. Reginald Pennington was believed to have secretly espoused Elizabeth Pontifex, the daughter of a Herefordshire farmer; but no proof of the marriage having taken place could be discovered. All the church registers of that county had been searched, and every necessary inquiry instituted, without success. Bentley Wyvern had learnt all this soon after he became acquainted with Sir Charles, and had pondered much over the possibility of obtaining the desired certificate of marriage.

When he received Fenwick's letter he was upon the point of setting out for the country, but he wrote a few lines appointing the following Monday for their interview. A knock came to the door as he was placing a small bottle of pale-coloured ink in his travelling-bag, and Mr. Archibald Mansfield entered.

"I wish you could spare me a few minutes' conversation before you leave," said the cashier, in that low tone which was habitual to him.

"You must not detain me long, for I have to catch the fast train which leaves for Edinburgh at eleven o'clock."

"But you are not going to Scotland again?" said Mr. Mansfield, with some surprise.

"That is my intention. Why, where did you suppose I was going to?"

"Not to the North, certainly, for the cabman that brought you from home has just been in to say that there is not too much time in which to get to the Great Western Terminus."

"The cabman is a fool," said Bentley Wyvern, peevishly. "I didn't tell him to which station I was going. But what is it you have to say to me?"

"I wish to ask what balance we have at the bankers, according to the pass-book?"

Bentley Wyvern unlocked a private safe and took out a small book. He applied a key attached to his watch-chain and opened it.

"How much do you make it out by your ledger?" he said, carelessly.

"To the end of last month we should have £13,000 10s., exclusive of our investments."

"Quite correct," said the manager, replacing the book. "And now, good-bye. I shall return here on Saturday."

Mr. Bentley Wyvern ordered the cabman who was waiting for him to drive to Euston Square, and allowed a railway porter there to take charge of his travelling-bag. But he only remained a few minutes upon the platform, and then hired another cab, which conveyed him to the Great Western Terminus. He took a ticket to Exeter, and reached that city the same evening.

At the Half Moon Hotel, where he prepared to pass the night, was a one-armed man, who acted as boots to the establishment. To him Bentley Wyvern resolved to apply for certain information that he required.

"I suppose you know this neighbourhood tolerably well," he said, when the man came in to offer a pair of slippers.

"Pretty middling, sir. You ask anyone whether Bob Diggles knows his way about,



and they'll tell you he don't require a pocket compass."

"I believe Doddington is about twelve miles distant. Do you know anything of the place?"

"Well, considering I was born there, and lived within a stone's throw of the parish church for over fifteen years, it's very likely that I do," replied Bob, with a laugh.

"Really, this is a most interesting coincidence. And who was the clergyman of the church in your time?"

"Old Mr. Miles, and he had been there for over fifty years. A rare good man, and well respected, I can tell you. He's been dead these twenty years, come Michaelmas."

"In case one wanted to look at the interior of the church, I presume the parish clerk is the proper person to apply to."

"What, old Jacob Rule. I should think it was, indeed. You'll find him ready enough to show you over it, and he won't forget to point out the white marble monument of Mrs. De Lancy, I know."

He went on to describe his experiences as stable boy at the "Doddington Arms;" but Bentley Wyvern no longer felt desirous of continuing the conversation, and managed to get rid of the talkative Bob by requesting him to order a carriage to be ready at nine o'clock in the morning to go over to Doddington.

"What name, sir, shall I say, in case any letters come for you?" said the man, reluctantly moving towards the door.

"Grantly—Paul Grantly."

Early the next morning Bentley Wyvern took a walk up High Street in search of an artist's colourman. Having at last discovered a shop which promised to be able to supply the articles he required, he entered, and purchased a portfolio, some pencils, and a small tin-case containing coloured chalks. To these he added a few sheets of drawing-paper, and then considered himself prepared for his visit to Doddington.

Jacob Rule lived in a small whitewashed house, about a quarter of a mile from the church, where he carried on his trade of tailor. He had been more than thirty years clerk of St. Jude's and firmly believed that it was the most beautiful and imposing edifice—the cathedral at Exeter alone excepted—in the kingdom. Many of his neighbours did not share in this admiration, so Jacob was often called upon to give a reason for the faith that was in him. But the old man was always ready to argue the question, often with a warmth that silenced his opponents, if it did not convince them.

He was sewing the last button on to a new coat that he had just made for Peter Weldon, the postmaster, when he saw a well-dressed stranger, with a portfolio under his arm, making his way up the garden walk.

"Mr. Jacob Rule, I believe?" said the gentleman with the portfolio.

"That's my name, sir—at your service."

"I have just been admiring the church of which you are clerk; and as I have heard that it contains some interesting monuments, you would oblige me by letting me have a look at the interior. I shall be happy to remunerate you for your trouble."

"Aye, sir, it's a fine old church is St. Jude's," said Jacob, his face brightening with satisfaction; "and I'm glad you think so. A man may travel a long way without meeting with the like of it. Why there's an oak pulpit in it that's worth coming fifty miles to see. And if you have a taste for figures in marble, you let me show you one of Mrs. De Lancy. It's the only monument there is there, but it's a wonder—a regular wonder. With the angels' heads, and what not, there's over three ton of stone in it."

"I assure you, Mr. Rule, that I delight in works of art—particularly in sculpture. In fact, I am an artist myself."

"May I make bold to ask your name, sir? You don't live hereabouts, I think, for I know most folk in the neighbourhood."

"You are quite right; I am merely passing through Doddington. My name is Grantly."

"Well, I'll just get the keys down, and walk over with you," said Jacob, descending from the board on which he was sitting.

"I suppose there are a good many christenings and marriages take place at the church in the course of the year?" said he, whom the reader will recognise as Bentley Wyvern.

"Pretty well. But you see there's not much of a population about here."

Then they went on to St. Jude's; the old man continuing to expatiate upon the beauties of the church, and stopping on the way to point out where the spire was injured by lightning a few years previously. In the churchyard, too, he paused to draw attention to a rather large monolith taken from a neighbouring quarry, and erected in memory of the former rector. The visitor appeared to be greatly interested in these communications, and asked Jacob Rule a number of questions about the exterior of the building. At last they entered and stood in the centre aisle, looking towards the altar. The very favourable impression produced by Bentley Wyvern's

manner was very nearly destroyed by that gentleman forgetting to uncover his head when he entered the sacred edifice. The old clerk brusquely requested him to take off his hat, and for a moment seemed indisposed to continue the conversation. But Bentley Wyvern displayed so much confusion at the circumstance and apologised so amply that his guide quickly recovered his good humour. The monument was duly admired, the carving of the oak pulpit carefully inspected, and the general appearance of the interior warmly praised, much to the satisfaction of Jacob Rule.

"That door leads to the vestry, I presume," said Bentley Wyvern, after descending from the organ loft.

"Oh! I wasn't going to forget it; though there isn't much to be seen there except the surplices and the old books."

"Old books! You don't mean bibles and prayer-books?"

"Well, no," said Jacob, as he pushed open the door. "I was speaking of the old registers. There's a lot of them on the shelf there."

"I have to thank you very much for the trouble you have taken."

"Oh! I don't look upon it as a trouble. If this church was more generally known there would be a good many more people that would come to look at it. I wish you could stop and hear the rector preach on Sunday. I never heard a man like him, except Mr. Miles. We had a bishop here last month that's said to be a great gun in the pulpit; but, Lord bless you, sir, our rector could give him fifteen minutes' start in a sermon and overtake him before the end of the half hour."

"I scarcely understand you, my good friend. Is the rector a rapid speaker?"

"You find me one that can beat him! The parson that says the most in the least time—always providing that it's sound doctrine—must be the best man. You're not going to dispute that, I hope?"

"Oh dear no! I completely agree with you; I didn't catch your meaning at first. Perhaps I may return this way, in which case I shall endeavour to spend Sunday here. Meantime, do me the favour to accept this," and Bentley Wyvern put a sovereign into the clerk's hand. "By-the-by, I should very much like to make a drawing of that monument of Mrs. De Lancy. It is a most exquisite work, and worthy of Chantry."

"How long will it take you to do it, sir?"

"About an hour and a half."

Jacob shook his head. "I can't stay so

long as that," he said. "It's close on my dinner-time, and, besides that, I've got to see Peter Weldon at my house."

"There is not the least occasion for taking up your time in waiting. I can bring you the keys back when I have finished, or you can return in a couple of hours."

"It won't do to leave the church open," said Jacob, hesitating. "You see the rector might get to hear of it, and that wouldn't be pleasant for me. The only time I ever had a wrong word with him, was when I went away on Sunday night and left the keys in the door. There they remained for nearly two days, without anybody noticing them. At last, the rector himself wanted to get in, and came to me for the keys, but they were nowhere to be found till I went with a locksmith to get the door opened. Ever since, the communion plate has been kept at the rectory—as if I could make such a mistake twice in my life! No, Mr. Grantly, I'm sorry I can't oblige you."

"But there need be no difficulty of that kind," said Bentley Wyvern, with a slight appearance of eagerness. "Lock up the church and take the keys with you; I don't object to be made a prisoner for a couple of hours." He was about to take out his portmonnaie, again; but checked the impulse, and displayed, instead, the drawing materials that he had bought at Exeter.

"It might be managed in that way, sure enough. So you may set to work, sir, and I'll come back to release you."

Bentley Wyvern drew a long breath as he heard the door bang, and found himself alone. Then he raised himself upon one of the pews, and watched the retreating figure of Jacob Rule till it was hidden by the intervening trees. There were two entrances to the church, and into the lock of each of the doors he thrust a piece of wire, in order to prevent their being opened, should the clerk happen to return before the object that he had in view was accomplished. Bentley Wyvern smiled as he glanced at the monument which he had protested to admire so much, and hurriedly entered the vestry. Leaving the door open, in order that any sound in the church might more readily reach his ear, he took down the old registers of marriages and sought for one extending over a certain period. At length he found in one of these large books the entries for the year 1789. Page after page he turned over without being able to discover a space unfilled, suitable for his purpose. At last he came to two leaves adhering together, which he could only separate with his pen-knife.

They were not, as he for a moment imagined, two blank pages, which had been passed over by the carelessness of the parish clerk; but he saw to his satisfaction that one of them had not been entirely filled before continuing the entries on the next leaf.

In fact there was room for two entries! Now, Bentley Wyvern only desired to insert ONE. Therefore, a fresh difficulty presented itself, for when the book came to be referred to, there would still be a certain space unoccupied. This might give rise to suspicion where the necessity for producing satisfactory evidence of a marriage existed. There was not much time to consider about the matter, for nearly an hour had already elapsed since Jacob Rule's departure, and he had yet much to do. Suddenly the anxious expression of his face changed. He had decided upon entering *two* marriages in the book. Taking out of his pocket several letters discoloured with age he attentively regarded the signatures, and then sat down to write upon some paper obtained from his portfolio. The ink with which he was provided proved sufficiently pale, and even had it been otherwise, he was prepared with the means of altering its colour. At last he commenced to make the two entries in the register.

He had hardly concluded his work, and the book was yet open before him, when a slight noise attracted his attention. He passed quickly out of the vestry, and his eye fell upon a man's face pressed against the church window.

Now it happened that Peter Weldon was one of those who had often sneered at the eulogies which the old clerk was in the habit of bestowing upon the monument in St. Jude's. The postmaster had once paid a visit to London, and could boast of having seen the interior of Westminster Abbey; therefore he always stoutly maintained that his friend overrated the work in question. So when Jacob found him waiting to try on the new coat, it was impossible to refrain from mentioning the fact that an artist had been loud in his praises of the monument, and was at that moment engaged in making a drawing of it. The postmaster looked at him with an incredulous smile but did not venture to reply, so Jacob regarded this silence in triumph, and took leave of him with a better appetite for dinner.

But Peter Weldon, as he passed near the church on his way home, resolved take a look at the enthusiast who was said to be within, and for that purpose mounted upon a headstone by the wall, flattening his nose against

the window in his efforts to obtain a view of the stranger.

It was this proceeding which had alarmed Bentley Wyvern. He was not, however, a man who easily lost his presence of mind, therefore he returned quickly to the vestry and carefully replaced the books.

Twenty minutes after, Jacob Rule made his appearance, and found him leaning pensively against a pillar, with the portfolio under his arm.

"I see I've kept you waiting a bit, Mr. Grantly; but I am not much past the time you said it would take."

"It has not occasioned me the slightest inconvenience, I assure you."

"You've made a pretty good copy, I suppose?"

"Capital, thank you."

"Of course you won't mind my having a peep at it."

"My excellent friend, I am really ashamed to refuse you so trifling a favour," said Bentley Wyvern, blandly, "but the fact is, it is not quite finished, and I should much prefer not showing it to you till it is so. In all probability I shall return this way in a day or two, when you shall have an opportunity of seeing it. Meantime, allow me to beg your acceptance of another sovereign in return for the trouble I have given you. Did you mention my being a prisoner here to anyone?" he added, carelessly.

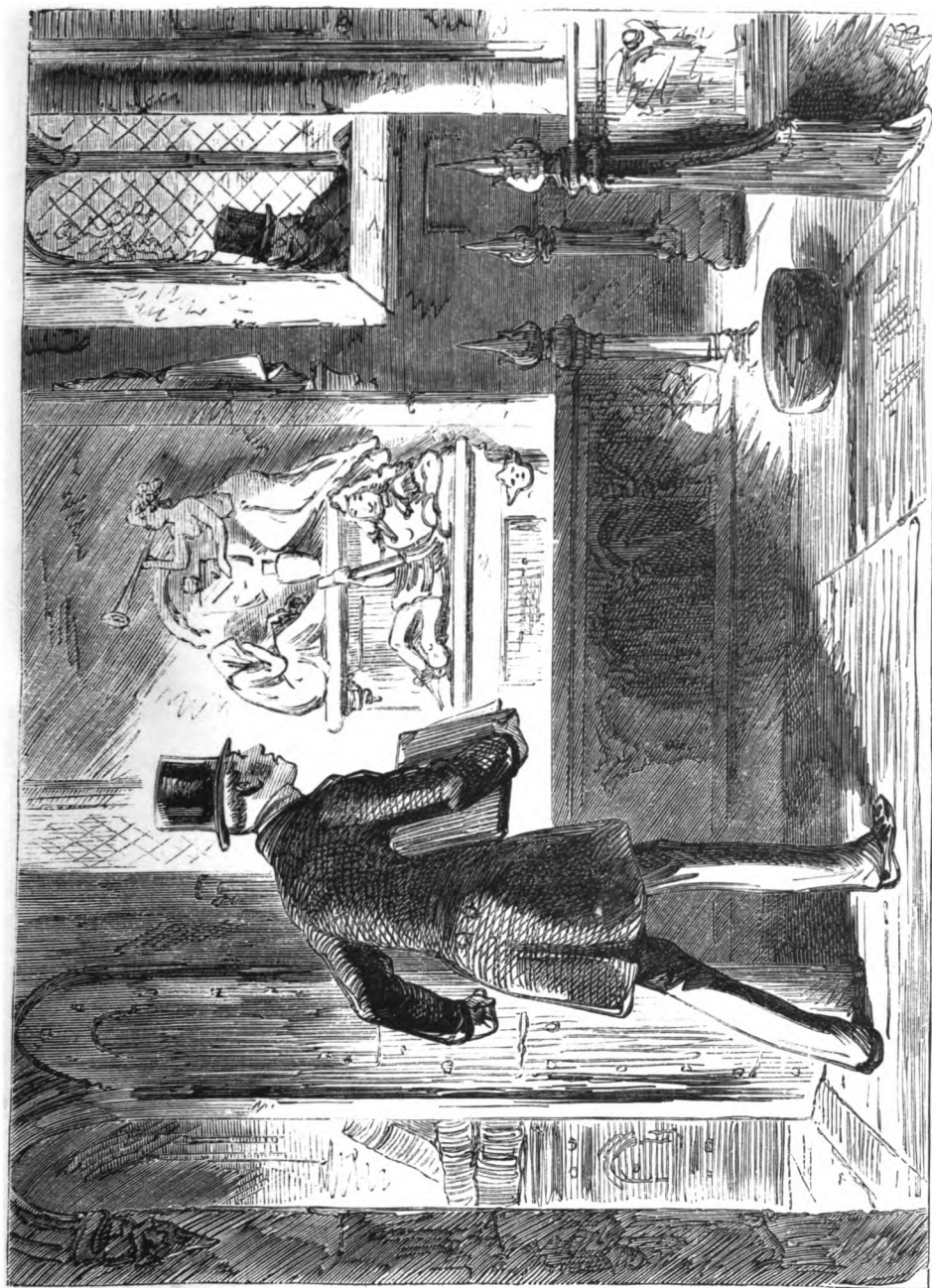
"Only to Peter Weldon, our postmaster."

"Good-bye. Your church has vastly increased my interest in it since I have had an opportunity of inspecting the interior."

#### CHAPTER IX.

AT half-past ten o'clock the following Monday morning, a neat dark green brougham stopped at 220, Piccadilly, and from it descended Mr. Bentley Wyvern. He had just left his temporary residence in Westbourne Terrace, and was on his way to keep the appointment made with Fenwick Towers. But before doing so, there were important reasons for seeking an interview with Sir Charles Pennington, and this was just the hour when he was generally to be found at breakfast.

"Ah, my dear Wyvern," cried the baronet, putting down a cup of chocolate and shaking his visitor by the hand, "I wish to heaven you had been here ten minutes ago. There has been an awful row. That beastly fellow in Jermyn Street, from whom I got the wine, sent here this morning and insisted upon



Once a Week.]

[December, 1869]

BENTLEY WYVERN AT DODDINGTON CHURCH.—(See "CAUGHT BY A THREAD," *Page* 292.)



having the money. Wouldn't go away, and actually forced his way up here. I had to send for a policeman to remove him.

"Then you didn't pay him?" said Bentley Wyvern, quietly.

"Pay him! why it's more than thirty pounds. I really wish you would let me have some more money. I can't get along without it."

"Do you know that you have already had more than a thousand pounds from me?"

"I dare say I have; but you tell me that you are in possession of evidence with regard to that cursed marriage which will gain for me the Bideford suit."

"Pardon me. I said that I had found a clue which I was following up with every prospect of success."

"That was some months ago. But you always refuse to let me know what you are doing in the matter," said Sir Charles, petulantly.

"Simply because my inquiries have not yet resulted in the desired discovery. Indeed, until something more definite is ascertained it would be wrong to be too sanguine—wrong to inspire you with false hopes."

Sir Charles turned rather pale as he heard his chances of becoming Earl of Bideford thus spoken of by the man upon whose efforts everything depended. "My dear Wyvern," he said, "you must forgive my impatience. I am so terribly in want of money that all this delay is devilishly annoying. I thought of calling at your place in the City to-day to make some arrangement with you about the future. You know I have given you my acceptances for upwards of £20,000. So you can afford to render me some further assistance."

"You can have the bills returned to you on payment of half the amount I have lent you. They are of very little use to me in your present position; in fact, my dear Pennington, you know as well as I, that they are worthless."

"But, in case I succeed to——"

"That is another affair. You can judge of the chances in your favour by the offer I have just made you. I am still prosecuting my inquiries in your behalf; but difficulties have arisen which render the result very doubtful. Now, before I proceed further in the matter, I have this proposition to make."

"My dear fellow, don't make any proposition, unless it is to let me have some money."

"If you choose to sign that acceptance," continued Bentley Wyvern, taking a paper out

of his pocket-book, "I am willing to give you a cheque for £500."

"But," exclaimed Sir Charles, aghast, "it is drawn for £40,000!"

"I am aware of it," replied Bentley Wyvern, coolly. "If you are ever called upon to pay it—which is improbable—you will have a rent-roll of £30,000 a-year: half a year's income will be no great tax upon your resources."

Sir Charles Pennington hesitated for a moment; and then, taking up a pen, wrote his name across the bill.

### A GENEROUS QUEEN.

NO history is less attractive than that of Germany, because from the enormous embroilment of Germany's political affairs—even down to our own day—the most patient reader finds it difficult to thread his way through the labyrinth. The feudal and other complications are so vast and so chaotic that it is not easy to know what all the squabbling has been about—whence it sprang, or whither it tended. Before the history of Germany can interest us, we have to study many cumbrous institutions, many conflicting laws, and follow their development from a period older than the Middle Ages; and to attempt this few have the courage except scholars by profession.

Like all history, however, that of Germany offers us entertaining episodes; and one of these we intend to chronicle.

A German prince of the sixteenth century who, without being great, attempted to do great things, was the Elector of Saxony, John Frederick the First, called the Magnanimous. Zealous Protestant, patriotic German, he put himself at the head of a league to resist the arbitrary acts and despotic encroachments of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. An incompetent general, John Frederick was defeated at the Battle of Muhlberg, on the 24th April, 1547. He was taken prisoner, and remained several years in bonds; he lost his title and privileges as Elector, and a large part of his possessions. At his expense, his able but unscrupulous cousin Maurice was rewarded, and the younger, or Albertine line of Saxony, took that precedence of the elder, or Ernestine, which it has ever since retained.

The career of John Frederick the Second was still more disastrous than that of his father, John Frederick the First. He and his faithful wife Elizabeth died as exiles and as prisoners. More than twenty years had they spent together in banishment and captivity.

John Frederick the Second's mother was a daughter of the Duke of Cleves, and a sister of Anne of Cleves, Henry the Eighth's fourth spouse, whom Henry, in refined language worthy of a king, called a Flanders' mare; whom he brutally discarded; but who, more fortunate than Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, was allowed to keep her head on her shoulders. On driving poor Anne of Cleves from his home, Henry conferred on her a pension of three thousand pounds a year, and she was to have rank next to the Queen and to the King's children. She lived a retired life, sometimes Richmond, and sometimes Chelsea being her place of abode. On the 16th July, 1557, she died at Chelsea. The Court of the gloomy Mary went into mourning for her. It cannot be said that her death had any political or other importance. But let us trust that some honest tears were shed over her grave.

Born in 1530, John Frederick the Second succeeded his father in 1554, and died in 1595. By one of those impolitic arrangements, formerly so common in Germany, and which so much contributed to make Germany the most anarchical of countries, he had to share his authority with two brothers. This and other circumstances made him bitterly suffer from the proverbial poverty of German princes, and he was as credulous as men generally are who have to keep up a considerable show on slender means.

In December, 1558, this luckless prince, on returning to Weimar from a short journey, found two rather illegible letters. The writer called herself Duchess of Aybelen, formerly widow of Duke Henry of Cyprus in Ireland! She requested Duke John Frederick to send to Eckartsberg a person in whom he could confide: stating that she had certain things to communicate respecting Queen Anne of England, which were of the highest importance, but which could not be trusted to the pen.

To weighty news concerning his aunt, Anne of Cleves, Duke John Frederick could not be indifferent. He, therefore, on the 20th December, despatched his equerry to greet the high-born lady, and to receive any information she might be willing to give. She refused, however, to confide the secrets to the equerry, and requested to see the Duke himself. Instead of going, the Duke sent his secretary, Hans Rudolf, in whom the lady was urged to put implicit trust, and who was commanded to take down her statements in writing. A rare and romantic story was that which she had to tell. Early in the spring of the year, she had, by the help of a rope, escaped from a prison

in London. Thereupon she took ship for Dantzic, whither Queen Anne of England, after fleeing from a nunnery, had likewise repaired. This was that same Anne of Cleves who was supposed to have died a year and a half before. Though the King of Poland had furnished her with a passport, yet the Duchess of Aybelen, formerly widow of the Duke Henry of Cyprus in Ireland, had, at Neustadtlein, between Warsaw and Cracow, been attacked one night by George Lescynski and young Tofzky and robbed of her property, amounting to eight tons of gold. With nothing on but her chemise, she had sprung from a window and had thus saved her life. Her waiting-maid, Catherine Von Der Recke, a sister of the steward of the Duke of Cleves, had perished on the occasion. Equally unfortunate had one of the Duchess of Aybelen's chief attendants, John Von Hollersheim, been. An English nobleman, William Von Zieritz, had lost a hand in the conflict. The Duchess's steward and five of her waiting-maids had been taken to Kussmarkt, near Posen, where they were concealed in the house of a certain Catherine Proderin. They carried jewels with them. It was at Liegnitz that the Duchess of Aybelen herself had sought refuge. In the palace of Duke Frederick she had lain ill for twelve weeks. To the Woiwode of Cracow she had written about the indignities she had suffered, but—to spare his relation, Lescynski—he would not stir in the matter. On her way to Thuringia she had been obliged to put some of her clothes and valuables in pawn at Wittenberg. Her reason for wishing to see Duke Frederick was, to tell him that his aunt, Queen Anne of England, still lived, was free, and had brought her treasures to Germany. A merchant, whose life the Queen had once saved, had undertaken to convey the treasures to Jobst Reffhausen, in Augsburg. The said Jobst sometimes did business in England for the Fuggers. The treasures included, besides the crown and sceptre of England, twenty-five tons of gold, in crowns; seven robes worked with pearls, three worked with gold; fourteen gold chains, worth five thousand crowns; twenty-four bracelets, worth two thousand crowns; fourteen girdles, worth seven thousand crowns; twelve caps worked with pearls; a necklace, worth three thousand crowns; fourteen barettes, whose value seems to have been too great to be stated. The Duchess had been waiting for William Von Zieritz, the English nobleman who had lost his hand, and who was, along with her, to take charge of and to fetch the treasures. But the Duchess kindly said

that if the Duke permitted a trustworthy person to accompany her, she could bring the twenty tons of gold at once, which, by the Queen's command, the Duke and his brothers were to receive. The remaining treasures could be left for a season where they were. With the most considerate affection, though with a sublime disregard of the fact that the Duke had just been married a second time, Queen Anne had inclined the King of France to consent that his daughter should be the Duke's wife. It was from prudence that the Queen had not herself come to meet her nephew. Showing to the secretary her signet ring, the Duchess of Aybelen desired him to observe that it was all gold. The Emperor was expected at Augsburg after the New Year, and she wished the agent, whom the Duke might appoint, to proceed to Augsburg before the opening of the Imperial Diet, to guard against accidents. Having made such startling revelations, the Duchess of Aybelen withdrew to Rossla, begging that some wine and some game might be sent to her.

When the secretary returned and told the incredible story, the Duke, instead of seeing that it was coarsely absurd, and clumsily invented, accepted it as true, without a murmur, a remonstrance, or a doubt. He immediately wrote to the lady warmly thanking her, and ordered that she should be supplied with game and wine, and that materials should be bought for the raiment she required. His chancellor, Christian Brück, who either was, or professed to be, as firm a believer in the extravagant statements as himself, was instructed to authorise some one at Wittenberg to take the lady's things out of pawn.

Soon afterwards the Duke had an interview with the lady herself, when she threw aside all disguise and proclaimed that she was his aunt, Anne of Cleves, Queen of England. Great was the Duke's emotion; and his enthusiastic faith increased. If any improbabilities had hovered before his mind to prevent thorough conviction they now vanished. He informed his brother, John William, who was serving in the French army, that he found a striking likeness between the lady and the portrait of the Queen. The lady had a scar on her brow, and his mother had told him that she had once thrown a pair of scissors at her sister Anne, and wounded her forehead.

A few days passed on, the Duke still dreaming his delightful dream. But he received a letter from Leipsic, in which the writer said that he heard there was a certain woman at Rossla. Against this woman he

warned the Duke, saying that she had been guilty of swindling the Elector of Brandenburg, the Duke of Liegnitz, and many other persons. The Duke treated the letter with disdain, laughing at it as a trick of England; for the Queen fervently protested that five tons of gold were offered by England to anyone who would carry her back into captivity. On the 15th of January, 1559, the Duke sent the Queen a ring, and the Duchess wrote her the most affectionate letters. Castle Grimmenstein was assigned to the Queen as a residence, and, as was befitting, she had regal attendance and regal repasts. The commandant of the Castle, Bernard Von Mila, was her dupe; and she did him the honour of borrowing money from him. She executed two deeds of gift, which she sealed with the Cleves and Jülich arms, in which she bestowed on the Duke, and on his brother John William, nearly all her treasures and jewels. The youngest brother was only to have five hundred thousand crowns. Her own youngest and much loved sister Amalie, she was willing to provide for, if she came to her; she would leave her at her death two tons of gold. But if she would not come, the money was to go to the Duke and his brothers. Her wealth seemed as inexhaustible as her bounty, and the joy of the Duke was as irrepressible as his delusion was profound. The Duke Adolphus owed her a considerable sum; the magistrate at Dantzic fifteen thousand florins; the council, or corporation of Nuremberg, a ton of gold! She ordered formal application to be made for payment of these imaginary debts. By venturing on such dangerous ground she proved that she was rather a bungling impostor.

As the Queen talked so much about gold, the Duke became eager to see and to touch some. He therefore sent Hans Jäger for the ton of the precious metal that was at Nuremberg. But Hans Jäger was treated as a fool for coming on such an errand. When he informed the Duke how fruitless his journey and labour had been, the Duke began to doubt. He commanded Mila strictly to guard the Queen, and to insist on the fulfilment of some of the Queen's promises, that the Duke might not be mocked. Nevertheless, he continued to write to her in a friendly manner.

The farce had lasted rather more than six months, when, on the 30th of June, the Duke got an answer from his brother, John William, in Paris, to the effect that the pretended Anne had been, so far as could be known, a waiting maid of his aunt, the former Queen of England. Not yet was the Duke convinced; and



when the lady proposed to get, without delay, the assent of the King of France to the marriage of his daughter with the Duke, the latter does not seem to have questioned her good faith, though, for obvious reasons, he rejected the scheme.

A rude rebuke, however, was given to the Duke's obstinate credulity by the arrival of an ambassador from John Frederick's relative, the Duke of Jülich, or, which is the same thing, the Duke of Cleves; for, early in the century, the Dukes of Cleves had become Dukes of Jülich and Berg. The ambassador demanded that the self-styled Queen should be treated as a criminal. A commission, consisting of three legists, was accordingly appointed by the Duke judicially to examine her. At the two first hearings of the case she persisted in her statements. But having been sent to the Castle of Tenneberg, and more sharply questioned, she fell on her knees, implored pardon, retracted her lies, but told many more—for she had a large supply of what she had found to be a very marketable article. At first, she said that she was by birth a Countess of East Friesland, and that she had borne children to a Count Von Manderscheid at Antorf, before being betrothed to him. Manderscheid had taken her to the English court, but had been killed when on a journey. Queen Anne, having sent large sums to Germany, intended as a gift to her nephew, John Frederick, Duke of Saxony, the Countess was employed by the Queen to convey the money to its destination. This was the reason why the Countess went to Antorf. Here an Irish nobleman had persuaded her to pass herself off as Queen Anne. Disguised as a man, she, accompanied by the Irish nobleman, and by two attendants, was travelling on horseback through East Friesland, when she was recognised by her brother, and imprisoned in a castle, from which, however, she escaped by the help of her friends. Having started for Bremen, she met a relative, Count Von Oldenburg, who pointed a musket at her. Full of valour she pointed one at him. It was found, however, that the Count's musket was not loaded; and, assuming a friendly tone, the Count allowed her to proceed on her way. She, however, turned in the direction of Verden, and hastened to Dantzic. She asseverated that all the rest of her narrative was genuine truth.

To Jülich the new version was sent: the reply, with proofs, was, that it was a mass of falsehoods. For a time, the lady would not confess that she had again been lying. But

finally yielding, she declared that her mother had been a Countess of Friesland, her father Count John of Rietberg. She, the accused, had borne children to Herr Von Reuning. Whether her son still lived she did not know; but her daughter was dead. Reuning had taken her to England, where Queen Anne had very graciously received her. To the trustworthiness of her remaining assertions she again solemnly swore.

No more credit or mercy did the fresh version find at Jülich than the preceding one. Another version was therefore indispensable. The lady averred that she was the natural daughter of Duke John of Cleves, the father of Anne, Queen of England, and of the wife of John Frederick the First, the Magnanimous. Margaret Von Schenk, a nun at Essen, was her mother. Her uncle, Henry Von Schenk, had taken her to England and presented her at Court. When travelling in Poland she had been deserted by the English nobleman, William Von Zieritz, who robbed her of her money, and, adding villany to villany, attached himself to another woman.

Bitterly she complained that she was haunted by visions, and that the devil tempted her not to tell the truth. She was sure she should kill herself if watchers and lights were not placed in her apartment at night.

An additional actor was now brought on the scene—the executioner of Jena. Examined in his presence, threatened with torture, and urged to tell the whole truth, the lady still maintained that she was a natural daughter of the Duke of Cleves, but said that the Countess Elizabeth Von Defurte was her mother. After being educated in a nunnery, she was placed by the duke himself in the house of a lady at Klarenberg. The duke had often visited her, and had said to her that she was as dear to him as his legitimate children. In her twenty-first year she married a Herr Von Rockhausen, the Duke giving her sixteen thousand florins as her dower. She had lived in wedlock fifteen years, and had borne two children. On the death of her husband she had gone to Liège, where she became acquainted with William Von Zieritz, who was in the service of the Count Von Beichlingen. Zieritz had persuaded her to sell some property belonging to her children and accompany him to England. There she had lived for a year and a-half, and had been in great distress. Her landlady had pitied her, and had introduced her to Queen Anne, to whom she revealed her birth. Queen Anne remembered her, and at once discovered in her face

the true Cleves features and expression. The Queen also found that she had a physical peculiarity common to the Queen's father, to the Queen herself, and to the Queen's sister of Saxony—her great toes doubled up under the other toes, and weakened the feet. From the Queen she had received rich presents. This was the pure and whole truth, and she could not say anything different, even if she were cut to pieces. If she had not uttered the pure and whole truth before, it was because the devil had fiercely assailed her. When asked what she meant or expected to gain by her fables, she answered that if Zieritz had come she would have confessed all, and begged for pardon. Having been anew pressed to confess the truth, and having protested by God and her salvation that she had confessed it, she was stretched by the executioner on the rack. Her recent declarations, at least those relating to her origin, she refused to withdraw. The executioner having testified that she could not, without danger, be seriously tortured, and the judges having declared that her arms were black and blue, and that she had plainly been pinched by the devil, she was taken from the rack. Furthermore, the judges were inclined to the opinion that she was what she professed to be, a natural daughter of the Duke of Cleves. Weeping, and with clasped hands, she implored that for God's sake the Duke would forgive her, and would give her food till she could learn what had become of Zieritz. She also entreated that she might have such medical treatment as her physical sufferings required; that she might receive priestly succour and consolation, and that, as she had formerly requested, watchers might be appointed at night to keep off the devil.

On being informed of what had been done, the Duke of Cleves, in a letter dated the 10th October—so that the affair had now lasted nearly a year—said, that he refused to recognise the prisoner at Tenneberg as his sister: that his father had only had two natural daughters—one of whom was dead, and the other in a nunnery—that no one at the Court knew anything about the matter, his sister Amalie just as little as the others: that there was no trace in his father's account books of the payment of the sixteen thousand florins as a dowry; and that, if the prisoner were sharply examined, she would be sure to reveal why she had tried to deceive so many persons with her lies and impostures.

The Court of Saxony did not seem to think the reasons given conclusive as a demonstra-

tion, because they were not complete. If Duke John had seduced a nun, he would naturally take all the pains possible to prevent the crime from being known.

At the final examination of the prisoner, Chancellor Brück being present, besides the Judges, she stated that Zieritz had given her a love-potion after her husband's death: that she had been ill in consequence; but that she loved Zieritz so much that she married him. From her likeness to Queen Anne, Zieritz had persuaded her to play the bold part she had played. Near Bremen, Zieritz had bound her to a tree, and left her. But some merchants from Münster had unbound her, whereupon she had set out in pursuit of the treacherous Zieritz. But if taken to Antorf she could show the house where the treasure was. Afterwards, however, she admitted, in an interview with Chancellor Brück, that there was no treasure at Antorf, and that she had had a lover before Zieritz.

As documents in the ducal library at Gotha show, letters were addressed to her as Queen Anne of England, by the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg, Duke Frederick of Holstein, and the Duke of Liegnitz, at the time when she had succeeded in deceiving these princes.

Among the reports circulated respecting her, one of supreme absurdity, was that, when in England, she had been the mistress of Henry VIII., and that she had induced him to divorce Anne of Cleves.

Sober German critics are disposed to believe that she was a daughter of the Duke of Cleves; that she had been in the service of Queen Anne: that she had been married, and that, in her widowhood, a scoundrel called Zieritz, had led her into evil ways. It is thought also that, by fair means or foul, she had, after the Queen's death, got possession of her signet ring, and other things of value; that, from her resemblance to the Queen, Zieritz and other swindlers had used her as a tool for their own purposes, till the trick grew stale. Her attempt to dupe John Frederick, an attempt in which she displayed more audacity than ingenuity, seems to have been entirely her own affair.

She remained a prisoner in the Castle of Tenneberg without being treated harshly. In the Castle she probably died, unless she escaped, or was murdered in the troubles which came thick on John Frederick and his dominions, in the course whereof Chancellor Brück, more than once mentioned, was executed in the most barbarous and ignominious manner.

## A LIFE'S LESSON.

I AM sitting again by the old oak tree,  
Now I'm old, and grey, and alone;  
And I think of the lesson you taught to me,  
Though it's many a year a-gone.

And many a brave tree has bent and broke,  
And many a heart since then,  
But *mine* is as strong as the brave old oak,  
And as green as the broom in the glen.

The harvest moon lent a tiny beam  
Of white for each golden tress,  
And you seemed like the spirit one sees in a dream,  
In your wondrous loveliness.

Like a spirit? Oh, no! it was real and true,  
That story of love, I ween;  
That I read as it trembled in love-wrung dew  
On the lash of your violet een.

In the lips that clung in their fear to part,  
In the white hands' close entwine,  
In the quick wild beat of the brave little heart  
I was pressing so close to mine!

So I loved—was it strange?—though I mind but few  
Of the burning words I said;  
It was cruel—but, oh! it was kind of you  
To be deaf to my prayer to wed!

You were pale as death, as you rose to go,  
Your brow in its cold pain knit;  
Your voice, in its agony low—so low!—  
But it faltered never a whit.

"'T were death, where I love so well, to be wed,  
To be loved for a sweet short hour;  
But shunn'd when the morn of my bloom has fled,  
And left but the faded flower.

"Be rather the gift to another one  
Than you of my life and its truth,  
For when he grows cold I can still live on,  
In the dream of my early youth."

\* \* \* \* \*

You have wed since then, but you have not loved,  
I have loved, but I have not wed;  
And my life's experience has but proved  
The wisdom of all you said.

Now years have lent you a tiny beam  
Of white for each golden tress,  
And I—I am somewhat too old to dream—  
Yet I worship you none the less.

But I have but to think of the past to prove,  
Here, under the old oak tree,  
That 'tis better we never were married, love,  
Aye! better for you and me!

## TEXTS.

## IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

"NOW, sir, What is your text?" asks Shakespeare's Olivia; and the text has very frequently been the sole survivor of the preacher's host of words in the memory of his hearers. All that has come down to us of a sermon on the necessity of taxation is its text, "All the world should be taxed." And so also, of that "Wedding Sermon," wherein the preacher gave advice to the newly-married pair concerning their conduct during the honeymoon, the text only has been preserved:—"Let there be abundance of peace so long as *the moon* endureth." Selden gives a curious example to prove his assertion that "Preachers will bring anything into the text." He says, "that the young Masters of Arts preached against Non-Residency in the University;" whereupon the Heads of Houses made an order that no man should meddle with anything but what was in the text. The next day, a young Master of Arts preached from the words, "Abraham begat Isaac;" and, when he had gone a good way, at last observed, that Abraham must have been Resident; for, if he had been Non-Resident, he never could have begot Isaac; and so, says Selden, he "fell foul upon the Non-Residents." A sermon was once preached from the words, "Nine-and twenty-knives" (Ezra i. 9), to attempt to prove that as many judgments were thereby signified. Another sermon, to be followed by a collection for the warming and lighting of the church, was preached from the text, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out;" the preacher forthwith blowing out his pulpit-candles, and demonstrating that their light was not required by him; and that, while he could keep himself warm by preaching, he feared that the coldness of their devotions would scarcely permit them to dispense with fires. The Reverend Edmund Massey, on July 8, 1722, preached a sermon at St. Andrew's, Holborn, against inoculation for the small-pox, denouncing its "diabolical operation" as "usurping an authority founded neither in nature nor religion." His text was Job ii. 7: "So went Satan forth from the presence of the Lord, and smote Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;" and, from these words, he argued that the patriarch's disease was the confluent small-pox. Another text from the book of Job (xxxvii. 14), "Stand still, and consider the wondrous works of God," was selected for a sermon preached at Covent

Garden Church, on St. Luke's day, 1768, before the Society of Artists, by their chaplain, Wills, the portrait-painter, who had taken holy orders and been appointed to the living of Canons, in Middlesex. Dean Swift is said to have preached three anniversary sermons before the Merchant Tailors' Company, from the texts, "Steal no more;" "Yet a remnant shall be saved;" "There were lice in all their borders;" and it is added, somewhat superfluously, that the three sermons gave great offence to the congregations. I am inclined, however, to doubt the authenticity of this anecdote in its relation to the witty Dean; for, in a scarce book, called "*The Mabiad*," printed at Exeter, 1770, it is stated (at p. 60), that the two first texts were preached from before the tailors of Exeter, who, on Midsummer-day, chose a master of their company, and "signalised themselves beyond other ordinary corporations, by hiring a sermon to be preached before them." The preacher must have been as personal as was Bishop Rudd when he wished to remind Queen Elizabeth that she was sixty-three years of age, and should be thinking of her latter end. His text was, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;" and he spoke of the mystical numbers, reminding his royal hearer that nine times seven was the grand climacteric of life; and that age had its infirmities in the loss of teeth and defect of vision; and that this was spoken of in the text in Ecclesiasticus, "When the *grinders* shall be few in number, and they wax dark that look out of the windows." The Queen was by no means pleased with Bishop Rudd's advice, and said that he might have kept his arithmetic to himself; but that she plainly saw that the greatest clerks were not the wisest men. Yet, while listening to the sermon, she had restrained herself from interrupting the preacher. But, when Dean Nowell was preaching before her, and said something that offended her, she lost patience, and called aloud to him from the royal pew that he should "retire from that ungodly digression and return to his text."

It was once the custom for the preachers at the Chapel Royal to write out the text and send it to the royal pew before the beginning of service. When Dr. Delany preached before George the Second, he was not aware of this custom; and when an official kept coming to him during the prayers, and whispering in his ear "there is no text," the doctor could only conclude that the poor man was bereft of his senses. "I have a text," audibly whispered

the doctor; yet again and again the official glided to his side, and distinctly uttered the mysterious words, "there is no text!" The repetition of this threw the doctor into a state of extreme nervousness; but, at the end of the prayers, he was followed into the vestry by one of the clergy, who explained to him the sin of omission of which he had been guilty, and that he must at once write out his text and send it up to the King. The doctor could neither find a piece of paper, nor steady his hand to write; but his wife came to his rescue; and on the cover of a letter she wrote the words of the text, and sent it to the royal pew. After all, Dr. Delany's nerves were not severely tried. What would he have done had he been placed in a situation similar to that of the German divine who had applied to Frederic the Great for a vacant chaplaincy? The King told him that he would test his qualifications for the office by hearing him preach at the Royal Chapel an extempore sermon, for which he himself would supply the text. On the following Sunday the King and his Court were assembled in the Royal Chapel; and, when the preacher had ascended the pulpit, an aide-de-camp advanced and handed him a sealed packet. He opened it and took therefrom the paper on which he expected to find his text. The paper was a blank. In this critical situation his presence of mind did not desert him; for, turning the paper on both sides, and exhibiting it to the congregation, he said, "My friends, here is nothing and there is nothing; and out of nothing God created all things:" and then he gave them so admirable an address on the wonders of creation, that the King at once appointed him to the vacant chaplaincy. Perhaps he had prepared his subject, and would have made it applicable to any text; for Dr. "Jupiter" Carlyle tells, that he was once given an admirable recipe for the making of "extempore" sermons. The method was guaranteed to "serve as a general rule and answer well, be the text what it would." The formula was the fall of man, the depravity of human nature, the means of our recovery therefrom, with an application consisting of observations, uses, reflections, and practical references tending to make us good men.

Texts have frequently been degraded to political uses; but, perhaps, in no instance, where neither the text nor the sermon gave occasion for such a construction, have they thus been assumed to have a political bearing so conspicuously as in the case of Dr. Sheridan. The lord-lieutenant of Ireland had presented him to a living; and the doctor, having

to preach to his new parishioners on the occasion of the King's accession, chose for his text the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." Though there was nothing to be objected to in the sermon, which was not a political one, yet, its text was sufficient to cause Sheridan to be represented to the Viceroy as a disaffected person; and he was accordingly given to understand that he had nothing further to expect from the Government. "Poor Sheridan!" said Swift, as he called to mind his friend's love of field sports; "he is so true a marksman, that he has shot his preferment dead with a single text." The sermon preached by Dr. South before Charles the Second, which caused him to laugh, and to say to Lord Rochester, "Odds fish, Lory, your chaplain must be a bishop!" was a thoroughly political sermon, on the rise of Oliver Cromwell, from the text, "The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposing of it is of the Lord." As strongly political, too, was the sermon preached in favour of Cromwell by Hugh Peters, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, from the perverted text, "Bind your kings in chains, and your nobles with fetters of iron." Richard Baxter once preached before Cromwell from the text, "Now I beseech you, brethren, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions amongst you;" and so lectured the Protector on the distractions of the Church, that Cromwell sent for him, and, in his turn severely lectured Baxter. John Knox preached violently before Mary, Queen of Scots, from the text, "O Lord, other lords than thou have reigned over us;" and told her that "God occasionally set boys and women over a nation to punish it for its ingratitude." Adam de Orlton, Bishop of Hereford, preached before the University, the Queen, the Prince, and Lord Mortimer from the text, "My head! my head!" more than hinting in his sermon at the murder of Edward the Second. Another semi-prophetic and political sermon was that of Archbishop Usher, in the year 1601, before the officers of the Irish Government, from the text, "Thou shalt bear the iniquity of the house of Judah forty days; I have appointed thee each day for a year;" in which he foretold the Irish Rebellion of 1641, saying, "From this year, 1601, I reckon forty years; and then, those whom you now embrace shall be your ruin, and you shall bear their iniquity." When Charles the First left London, in March 1642, to proceed against the rebels, Fuller preached on the subject, in Westminster Abbey, from the text, "Yea, let them take all, so that my lord the king return in

peace;" a sermon which gave great offence, and obliged its preacher to withdraw to Oxford. Samuel Wesley, the father of John Wesley, was importuned by the Court of James the Second to support the royal measures in favour of Popery; and was promised preferment if he would comply with the request; but, he not only spurned the offer, but preached before the Court a bold and pointed sermon, from the text, "If it be so, our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us from out of thy hand, O King. But, if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Dr. Sacheverel got into trouble when he preached before Queen Anne from the text, "In perils among false brethren." Trouble also befel Dr. Cobden, chaplain to George the Second, in 1748, when he preached before the King, at the Chapel Royal, a sermon from the text, "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness." The sermon gave so much offence to the King, that he at once struck off the preacher from his list of chaplains. Orator Henley caught at the subject and preached upon it, on the following Sunday evening, at his oratory in Lincoln's Inn Fields, having according to his custom, advertised his intention in the *Daily Advertiser* and placed a versical motto of the subject to his notice.

One of the neatest epigrams on a text was that written by Dr. Watson, of Winchester School, on a sermon preached in the cathedral by Dr. Balguy, from the text, "All wisdom is sorrow,"—

If what you advance, my dear Doctor, be true,  
That "wisdom is sorrow," how wretched are you!

A certain Dr. Bull, having preached a very tedious sermon, from the text, "Remember Lot's wife!" and having, after a brief interval revisited the church, and given out the same text, a sturdy farmer cried out, "Havn't forgot her since you were here last time." This text is painted over the inside of the chief door at St. Peter's Church, Droitwich; but some of the people, overlooking the lesson intended to be conveyed in the solemn injunction, have imagined that the text was selected to convey a delicate compliment to the salt-trade of their town. The custom of twice repeating the text would appear to have sometimes led the hearers into error. For example, it is said that a sailor who had strolled into Portlock Church, Somersetshire, and heard the clergyman give out as his text, the words, "Wilt thou go with me to

Ramoth Gilead to battle?" and then repeat them, looking round on the congregation as he did so, jumped up and indignantly exclaimed, "What! do none of you land-lubbers answer the gentleman? for my part, if no one else will go with him, I'll go myself with all my heart." To this nautical story there is a companion "Joe" from the stores of military anecdote, which narrates, that when Dr. Beadon, rector of Eltham, in Kent, had solemnly repeated his text, "Who art thou?" and then paused; a stranger who was present and who had caught the speaker's eye, rose up and politely replied, "I am an officer in the sixteenth regiment of foot, at present stationed here with a recruiting party; and, having brought my wife and daughters with me, I am desirous to become acquainted with the neighbouring clergy and gentry."

Texts have sometimes been really used as the verbal vehicles for puns. Such was the text of him, who, preaching before James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland, gave out from the pulpit the verse, "James the first and sixth: 'Nothing wavering.'" Sydaey Smith preached before a corps of green-coated riflemen from the text, "I see men as trees walking;" and when he preached in Edinburgh before a congregation chiefly composed of women, he particularised the absence of the men by the stress that he laid on a word in his text, "Oh that *men* would therefore praise the Lord for His goodness." The text of another preacher before a congregation of fashionably-dressed ladies, was, "There appeared a wonder in heaven! a woman!" The text of a fellow of a Cambridge college, who had to preach at St. Mary's, and was deeply in debt to the tradesmen of the town, was, "Have patience with me, and I will pay you all;" but in his sermon he told them that the theme was such a large one, that he could only instruct them at the present on the subject of patience, and he must defer that of the payment until a more favourable opportunity. Bentley's text, at St. Mary's, after he had been shut out of College by the Fellows of Trinity, was, "By the help of my God I will climb over the wall." Punning texts, however, were chiefly used by mediæval preachers who could quote the Vulgate and twist its Latin to their own purpose. Thus, the priest who wanted his parishioners to pave the church, preached to them from Jer. xvii. 18, *Paveant illi, et non paveam ego*; translating the words, "Let them do the paving for I will not do it." St. Paul's advice to Timothy to reject the man who was a heretic, "*Hæreticum devita*:" was made to appear as

a command to take the life of a heretic, "*hæreticum de vitâ. Invenimus Messiam*, was translated, "We have found the Mass." "*Lux in tenebris lucet*," John i. 5, was made to apply to St. Lucia; and the words, "to him that overcometh," to St. Vincent.

Although the majority of the congregation are so particular in remembering the text, even though they sleep through the sermon, yet there are some among the preacher's hearers who will even forget the text, or only recall it imperfectly, as did the Glasgow bailie, who, wishing to tell his family of the sermon that he had heard from a celebrated preacher, from the text, "Now is the accepted time," thus spoke,—"He gae us a varra gude discourse. Let's see; what war his text? Ou, aye! I mind it noo. His text war 'Noo's the day, and noo's the hour.' Nor was the betheral, or beadle, at St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, more precise in his quotation, when asked what was the text. "Weel," he said, dubitatively, "ye see the text was—yes it war just entirely the text—yes it war—what was it? ou aye, it war just entirely, ye see, the text war: I ha' it noo! the text war, 'What profiteth a mon, gin he lose the hull world an' gain his ain soul.' That war the text!"

#### ETHNOGRAPHICAL CURIOSITIES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

A COUPLE of interesting papers relating to South Africa have lately been read before the Ethnological Society, which deserve notice, inasmuch as they tend to prove that South Africa is not altogether as barren in all that concerns the history of the past as it has been hitherto considered.

Those of our readers whose fate has led them to sojourn in Cape Town are probably familiar with the wide sandy flats which occupy so large a portion of the peninsula between Table and False Bays. Possibly some of them may have enjoyed a "spin" across them with the "Cape Town Hunt," an institution which, in the writer's day, was represented by a few couple of English foxhounds, the part of Reynard being usually performed by a bagged jackal. Or should they not have had experience of that exciting pastime, in all probability they have made acquaintance with that portion crossed by the Cape Town road, between Ruthfelder's well-known half-way house and Simon's Town, where a few of the baggage-waggons of the English force disappeared bodily in the quick-

sands during the march to Cape Town in 1805, and over which the carriage of her Majesty's mails is still performed after a primitive, rough-and-tumble fashion, scarcely in accordance with the nineteenth century, and the existence of a line of railway a few miles to the westward.

This particularly unpromising locality has lately produced a crop—not exactly of diamonds or gold-nuggets—but of the *vestigia* of the “stone age,” now so precious in the eyes of archaeologists.

A collection of these curiosities has existed for two or three years past in the Cape Town museum, but the fact of their discovery was first brought to the notice of the scientific world at home, in February last, by Sir J. Lubbock.

“I think it desirable to bring these specimens into notice,” said the learned baronet, “because although the African races of man are all in a very barbarous state, so far as relates to social condition, still a knowledge of rude metallurgy has been long and widely spread throughout Africa, and we know as yet scarcely anything of the stone-implements which no doubt *were once used upon that continent as in other parts of the world.*”

One of these instruments is described as a “scraper,” resembling those now in use amongst the Esquimaux for cleaning skins. Others have the appearance of arrow-heads and sling-stones. All are made of materials found in the drift-sand in which they occur; and the quantities of chips and flakes in certain localities are supposed to indicate the site of “local armouries.”

Who these “stone-men” were, what language they spoke, when they lived, and how they died, we probably shall never know. But it appears to us that the inference implied by Sir J. Lubbock, in the above observations, that the “stone age” was here antecedent to the epoch in which the arts of metallurgy were known and practised in South Africa, is not *necessarily* correct. The few historical data available show us that successive races have been driven towards the south-west, and have disappeared before the pressure of new immigrations, welling down continually from the highlands of the north-east. In the struggles for existence whole tribes have died away. Such was the fate of the Hottentots,—a powerful nation in the days of the first Dutch colonists, two hundred years ago. Those who have read poor Lady Duff-Gordon's charming “Letters from the Cape,” will remember her interview with the “last of the

Hottentots,” a feeble old man 107 years of age, at the Hernhutt mission-station, near Genadandal.

Now, we venture to think that it is more consonant with known facts to assume that the “stone people” were a tribe, or a fragment of a tribe, driven onwards by the advancing wave of the Hottentot, or of some earlier migration, who sought a final refuge in the dreary waste of the cape peninsula. Hemmed in upon this inhospitable tract by their enemies, and by the vast forests which there is reason to believe at one time covered the approaches to the peninsula, and of which we find remains at the Knysna and in the district of George, cut off, by the *geological* character of their new haunts, from the supplies of iron-stone which nature has so bountifully provided in other parts of the country, the fugitives might easily degenerate into the state of abject barbarism to which these remains testify.

Commending this view of the matter to others more learned than ourselves, we pass on to the second paper, which refers to a much more recent period.

It has been generally asserted that cannibalism is unknown amongst the South African tribes; and although the Zulu-Kaffir nursery tales, which have been so industriously collected by the Rev. Dr. Calloway, make frequent reference to it, these allusions, like many others in the same collection, have been attributed to an ancient and far different state of existence.

The paper now before us gives proof of the existence of a tribe of troglodytic cannibals within a couple of hundred miles or less of the present colonial boundary, within the last thirty years past. Not marauding outcasts, be it observed, like the pigmy Bushmen of the “Giant's Castle”—(a prominent but almost inaccessible mountain mass, 10,000 feet high, in the Drakenburgh range; a great resort of the Bushmen)—but well-to-do natives, owning flocks and herds, dwelling in the midst of the happy hunting-grounds, on the banks of the Caledon and Garief rivers, and engaged in the chase and in cattle stealing, cattle breeding, and other recognised avocations of Basuto country gentlemen of the period; forming moreover a part of the great Basuto nation, which the wily old chief, Moshesh, has been lately so anxious should be taken under the ægis of the British Crown.

Mr. Leyland, who contributes the paper, thus describes his visit to the “Cannibal's Caves” on a recent occasion:—

“We left Thaba-Bosigo—the head-quarters of Moshesh—early one morning, and passing

along the Beria heights, reached the deserted mission-station of Cana. Having obtained some natives as guides, we again set off for the Cannibal Cavern, which was about two miles distant. Upon our arrival at the mountain above the cavern, we left our horses in charge of a native, and descended a steep and rugged foot-path, or rather, I should say, a hand-and-foot-path, for the hands had quite as much to do in traversing it as the feet; and by dint of holding on to tufts of grass, projecting rocks, &c., and by slipping, sliding, and scrambling, we at length arrived upon a grassy ledge, in the face of the cliff, where we could stand without the necessity of holding-on. On turning to the right of this ledge, the scene opened out in all its grandeur; and certainly, in all my life and wanderings, I never beheld a more savage-looking place. The cavern is formed by the overhanging cliff, and its entrance, a long rugged, natural arch extends along the whole face of the cave, which is in length about 130 yards, and in breadth about 100 yards. The roof of the place, which is lofty and arched, is blackened with the smoke and soot of the fires of the savages who formerly inhabited it. Its floor, strewn with the remains of what they had left there, consisted of heaps of human bones piled up together, or scattered at random in the cavern, and from thence down the sloping face of the rock as far as the eye could reach, the clefts and small level spots were white with the bones and skulls of human beings. Skulls, especially, were very numerous, and consisted chiefly of those of children and young persons. These remains told too true a tale of the purpose for which they had been used, for they were cut and hacked to pieces with what appeared to have been blunt axes or sharpened stones; the marrow-bones were split into small pieces, the rounded joints alone being left unbroken. Only a very few of these bones were charred by fire, showing that the prevailing taste had been for boiled rather than for roast meat.

"You may guess the feelings with which I wandered about this gloomy sepulchre and examined its various places of interest. One spot was pointed out to me with rough irregular steps, leading up into the interior of the cavern to a gloomy-looking natural gallery. In this place, I was informed, were stowed away the unfortunate victims not required for immediate consumption. From hence it was impossible to escape without passing through the middle of the cavern, which they could not do without being detected.

"Horrible as all this may appear, there

might be some excuse made for savages, driven by famine to extreme hunger, for capturing and devouring their enemies; but with these people it was totally different, for they were inhabiting a fine agricultural tract of country, which also abounded in game; but, notwithstanding all this, they were not contented with hunting and preying upon their enemies, but preyed much upon each other also, for many of their captures were made from amongst the people of their own tribe; and, even worse than this, in time of scarcity their own wives and children became the victims of this horrible practice. If a wife proved lazy or quarrelsome she was speedily disposed of, or a crying baby would be in a like way silenced, and any member of the community, showing signs of sickness or of bodily infirmity, would not be allowed to linger or fall off in condition. Such were the practices of these people, and although it is now commonly reported that they have for many years given up this diabolical mode of life, I saw, while at the cavern, unmistakeable evidence that the custom has *not* been altogether abandoned, for amongst the numerous bones were a few that appeared very recent. They were, apparently, those of a tall bony individual, with a skull hard as bronze. In the joints of these bones the marrow and fatty substances were still evident, showing, but too plainly, that many *months* had not elapsed since he met his fate.

"The cavern," continues Mr Layland, "is one of the largest in the country, and from all accounts, formed one of head-quarter establishments of the cannibals. But the whole country, from the Moluta to the Caledon, including a portion of the Putisana river region, was about thirty years ago inhabited by cannibals who were the terror of the surrounding tribes.

"Their mode of living was to send out hunting parties, who concealed themselves amongst the rocks and bushes, and lay in ambush near roads, drifts, gardens, and watering places, for the purpose of surprising women and children, travellers, boys in search of lost cattle, &c.

"There are still a good many old cannibals in existence. On the day that we visited the cavern I was introduced to one of them, who is now living not very far from his former dwelling-place. He is a man of about sixty years of age, and, not to speak from prejudice, one of the most God-lost looking ruffians that I have ever beheld in all my life. There is one little episode connected with his life that I may as well relate. In former days, when



he was a young man, dwelling in the cavern, he captured, during one of his hunting expeditions, three young women, and from these he selected the best-looking as a partner for life—the other two went to stock the larder. This union, notwithstanding the strange circumstances attending it, proved to be a happy one, the lady soon reconciling herself to her new mode of life, and settling down in the cavern, where I was shown the corner which she and her husband formerly occupied. Her son, a fine strapping youth, brought us some milk on the day of my visit.

“In company with some friends, I also visited several of the cannibals’ caverns near the source of the Caledon river. Some of these are very fine large caverns, though not so extensive as the one above described. These Caledon river caverns are still inhabited, though not by cannibals, as the people have taken to other modes of procuring a livelihood.

“At one of these caverns we met with an old savage, who told us he had formerly assisted in cooking thirty persons. He seemed like the ‘Last Minstrel,’ greatly to regret—

That old times were changed,  
Old manners gone;

and that

The bigots of this iron time  
Had called his harmless life a crime.

He appeared to think the objections raised to their former modes of living were unreasonable and uncalled for.”

Amongst the anecdotes he gives of these people, Mr. Layland states that they were in the habit of constructing stone lion-traps, and baiting them with young children, when the lions proved more than usually troublesome. He met an old woman at Thaba-Bosigo, who had herself, in her childhood, served as the bait in one of these traps.

“The inhabitants of these caverns,” he adds, “constitute a portion of Moshesh’s tribe, which has been made up of the remnants of several aboriginal nations. The old chief, I have heard, has done all in his power to suppress and do away with cannibalism among his people, and his endeavours have been at length crowned with success. They have, almost without exception, ceased to practice this inhuman custom, and taken to other and more civilised modes of existence. They are now, not only stock-breeders, as well as stock-lifters, but they are also tillers of the soil.”

## SOMETHING ON FIRE.

IT is some twenty years ago, that arriving in a large metropolis, intending there to pursue the calling in life I had chosen, I set about the procuring of lodgings. Reaching the neighbourhood of a parish church, the neighbourhood of which was respectable, I fixed on a house in the locality, then occupied by a worthy couple who had no family. Having arranged terms, in which there was no difficulty, I soon after took possession. My landlord had a somewhat gentlemanlike appearance, standing some six feet in height, and thin as a whipping-post. His wife was his equal, both in height and sparseness, and seemed more like a spinster who had lived a career of single blessedness, than a wife who had shared bed and board for upwards of forty summers. Her temper was not of the best, but his unflinching kindness of disposition had subdued much of her natural bitterness, and though no children blessed or cursed their lot, their lives flowed pretty evenly. He had held some post in Her Majesty’s Excise Department, and shortly after my first acquaintanceship with him, he had been superannuated, and was now living the quiet everyday life of one on whose brow care worked no furrow. His nature was one of the simplest, and his inoffensive disposition was such that strange would be the humanity that could quarrel with him. They eked out their resources by the letting of rooms, and so had abundance for their limited wants. Their dissipation was an occasional game of draughts or backgammon, to which I was often invited, followed by a genial bowl; but, beyond this, their life was unvaried. I lived with them till the fell destroyer carried both away, when I found I had not been forgotten by my old friend, for he had made me his executor, with a sum of hoarded treasure to dispose of amid certain charitable foundations he had enumerated. But I anticipate. I had, one evening in December, retired to my bedroom, after a wearisome occupation of some hours, and notwithstanding the extreme cold of the season, I dropped into a chair at my dressing table, and fell into a musing fit which lasted for some time. I had been, as I thought, singularly unfortunate in the non-accomplishment of some purpose, I had contemplated, and my mind was somewhat moved from its ordinarily equable current. I had reached that stage in life when we think our fate is shadowed, for I had idly concluded that, do

what I wou'd, success would not attend my efforts. Terrible as is the downward path to which that train of thought leads, I doubt if there be many thinking men who have not, at some period of their lives, experienced its effects, and equally doubt, no matter how strong the reason or clear the judgment, if it be possible for even the most practical man utterly to dispel them.

I started from my reverie somewhat alarmed by the perception of a smell of fire; the bedroom was full of smoke, though there were no symptoms of burning materials. That fire was somewhere there could be no mistake, and not wishing to alarm the household, I opened my door and made search in one or two rooms on the landing. The smoke increased, and the burning smell intensified, and at length thoroughly alarmed, I knocked at my landlord's door, and announced to him the house was on fire.

He at once appeared with nothing on him but a pair of drawers and shirt, and, in company with myself, examined all the rooms and kitchen. No fires were burning in any locality, yet, with myself, he was conscious something was wrong, and ultimately, after shivering for a half hour in the fruitless search, we came to the conclusion it was return smoke from the adjoining mansion, and he retired to his bed. I was not altogether comfortable, for if an accident happened there was no convenient mode of escape, but believing my imagination was somewhat active I endeavoured to calm it, and again set off in search of the hidden cause. The smell of burning material was still strong, yet the renewed search was fruitless, and somewhat annoyed at the disturbance I had created I threw myself on my bed. Sleep came, but it was disturbed and unrefreshing, and in the morning as "I laye a-thinking" on the occurrence of the night and its unaccountableness, I started from the pillow, and there was the secret of the mystery! In those days it was the habit to wear thickly wrought nightcaps of a double texture, reaching upwards in pyramidal form—and, lo! the *fons et origo*! The tassel of the night cap had caught the flame of the candle as I sat by the table, the material was thick and not easily consumable, the smoke was caused by its smouldering which increased as I moved, the opening of the door and the air increased its intensity, and when the more ignitable portion of the head gear was destroyed, there remained nothing but the heavy folds to feed upon, and hence the burning smouldered and died. I, of course, felt foolish

when I explained all this to my excellent old friend; his good-natured laugh relieved me of annoyance, but henceforward I abandoned nightcaps.

Many years after I was turning over Thomas Hood's inimitable "Whims and Oddities," when in one of his sketchings, the scene was again before me in the figure of a person holding a candle with his nightcap in flames, he exclaiming, "something on fire!"

## A FEW WORDS ON CHLORAL.

IN all probability not more than one in a thousand of our readers has ever previously heard of chloral, although in a short time it is likely to be as well known as the celebrated sleep-producer chloroform. Before describing why chloral is likely to become a subject of such general interest, it may be as well to explain what it is, and to notice one or two of its properties. Chloral is a thin, colourless, volatile, pungent, oily fluid, produced by the chemical action of dry chlorine gas on anhydrous alcohol, and discovered by Liebig in 1832. The action is somewhat violent, and the resulting compounds are hydrochloric (or muriatic) acid and chloral. From its unstable and volatile nature it is not easy to preserve chloral for any length of time; but if it is treated with a little water it rapidly solidifies into a white crystalline substance, composed of one equivalent each of chloral and of water, and known as the hydrate of chloral. This, in reality, the substance which has been made the subject of the remarkable physiological experiments which we shall shortly proceed to notice. It has a very peculiar odour, like that of a pungent melon; it dissolves readily in water, and the solution is not especially disagreeable to the taste. If a free alkali, as potash or soda, be added to a watery solution of hydrate of chloral, a remarkable decomposition ensues; the chloral splits up into chloroform and formic acid, which last-named substance is so called because it exists in ants, and was originally obtained by the distillation of thousands of the unfortunate *formicae*. This decomposition has been long known, but it was left to an ingenious German philosopher (Dr. Liebreich) to see its practical application. The idea lately occurred to him, that, as the blood has an alkaline reaction, chloral, if administered internally, might, through the action of the alkali of the circulating fluid, undergo the same splitting-up as in the laboratory. To test the accuracy of this hypo-

thesis, he undertook a series of experiments on animals and man. He found that "a grain and a-half of chloral injected under the skin of a good sized rabbit causes it to fall into a lethargic sleep, which lasts nine or ten hours, during which it may be thrown over the back of a chair, like a towel, and from which it awakes quite jolly, rubs its eyes, and asks for more carrots and potatoes." For this vivid description we are indebted to a letter addressed by Professor du Bois-Reymond to Dr. Bence Jones, and published by the latter gentleman in a recent number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*. Similar experiments have been performed upon dogs.

In the *Cosmos* of August 28th (a well-known French scientific journal), several cases are described in which chloral was successfully administered to the human subject. In one of these cases about twenty-five grains of chloral were injected under the skin of an insane epileptic patient, who was troubled with intense wakefulness. In five minutes he fell into a deep sleep, which lasted four hours and a-half. In another of these cases, that of a woman, aged thirty-four years, suffering from intensely painful acute rheumatism, thirty grains of hydrate of chloral were administered in a glass of water in the ordinary way; in ten minutes her eyes were closed, and she presented the appearance of enjoying a calm sleep, and when spoken to she opened her eyes, and again immediately closed them; and on being told to put out her tongue she did so, but at once withdrew it, and continued to sleep tranquilly. In the course of about an hour and a-half she awoke, and declared that her sleep had been calm and devoid of dreams. On being questioned, she maintained that she had not experienced any kind of disagreeable symptom. In a third case, a dose of forty-five grains produced sleep in a man for sixteen hours.

At the request of Mr. Busk, the President of the Biological Section of the British Association, Dr. Richardson, a great authority on all subjects connected with anæsthetics, drew up a hasty report on the probable value of chloral in medical practice. The following is a summary of the conclusions which Dr. Richardson draws from his experiments on pigeons, rabbits, &c. :—

Hydrate of chloral administered by the mouth, or injected under the skin, produces prolonged sleep, which is not preceded by the stage of excitement so well known when chloroform is administered by inhalation.

The sleep produced by hydrate of chloral is

prolonged, and during the sleep there is a period of perfect anæsthesia, but this stage is comparatively of short duration, and is often preceded by vomiting. In excessive doses chloral, like chloroform, paralyses the heart, and, consequently, occasions death.

Whether hydrate of chloral will replace opium and other narcotics, is a point on which Dr. Richardson gives no definite opinion; but he does not think it probable that it is likely to supersede chloroform for the purpose of preventing pain during the performance of surgical operations; and in this latter view he seems to have been supported by those who witnessed his experiments. It is to be hoped that Dr. Richardson will extend his experiments to the human subject, as in many cases the action of a drug is very different in the cases of a man and a rabbit.

It is deserving of notice, that in the course of these hasty investigations regarding the action of chloral, Dr. Richardson made the important discovery that when chloroform is injected under the skin it produces sleep without excitement, and of as long duration as chloral.

As an indication of the general interest excited by Liebreich's discovery, we may mention that Dr. Richardson's Report was almost immediately followed by a memoir by M. Demarquay on chloral, which was read at the Paris Academy of Sciences on September 4th. This eminent physician, who was totally unaware of Dr. Richardson's experiment, does not adopt the opinion that the chloral is converted in the blood into chloroform as a formic acid, but holds that chloral has a distinct specific action. Strangely enough, he not only denies that chloral is an anæsthetic agent, but declares that it has precisely an opposite action, and that it causes an augmentation of sensibility. Its main action, however, is, he observes, as an hypnotic agent or as a sleep-producer; the deep sleep which it produces being accompanied by extreme muscular relaxation. A member having expressed his regret that the experiments were made on rabbits and not on the human subject, M. Demarquay, on Sept. 20th, read a second paper, of which the following is a summary :— "Chloral mixed with syrup of tolu was administered to twenty patients. The medicine was taken without repugnance, and did not excite any unpleasant sensations. In fourteen of these cases a tranquil and deep sleep ensued in the course of a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; although the chloral produced no anæsthesia, it cannot be affirmed that it

increased the sensibility in these patients, as was observed in rabbits. They were awakened by the slightest noise, but at once relapsed into sleep. If this new therapeutic agent is of no service during the performance of surgical operations, it may be employed subsequently with great benefit in procuring tranquil sleep, which is the greatest restorative after a severe shock."

In this country it has already been prescribed with extreme benefit (in doses of from 15 to 30 grains), in cases of sciatica and other severe forms of neuralgia, and has secured a good night's rest when morphia had lost its soothing power. Our latest information regarding this remarkable substance comes down to October 4th, when some experiments made by M.M. Dieulafoy and Krishaber were read at the meeting of the Academy. These experiments tend to reconcile the conflicting opinions of M. Liebreich and M. Demarquay, as to whether chloral is an anæsthetic or hyperæsthetic. They show that in whatever dose it is administered, it first produces a period of excitement, and if the dose is small the action stops here; if, however, the dose is sufficiently large, the excitement is followed by a condition of anæsthesia.

There is so strong a feeling on the part of many patients against taking chloroform by inhalation, that if it should be proved that we can safely generate chloroform in our own bodies in sufficient quantity to render them insensible to pain, chloral will most likely become one of the most popular remedies of the day.

### TABLE TALK.

**W**INTER has set in unusually early this year; and a long and severe winter is the more to be dreaded, on account of the large number of people out of employ. In one town, of moderate size, in Lancashire, it is said there are 5000 unemployed operatives: and this scarcity of work extends to large districts in various parts of the country, arising from a widely-spread paralysis of trade. At a meeting of the executive committee of the British and Colonial Emigration Society, held at the Mansion House, it was stated that much good had been effected by the society during the past year; 4000 people had been sent over to Canada, relieving the overstocked labour market at home, and supplying the want of skilled artisans felt in that great and comparatively undeveloped country. What the work-

men in England, who are disposed to emigrate, want, is reliable and genuine information as to where they are most required, and what wages they can earn, and what relation wages bear to the price of provisions. Why not, in the multitude of Royal Commissions on every conceivable subject, appoint Government commissioners to go out to the colonies—say to America, and Australia and New Zealand—and embody information collected by them, under the most favourable circumstances possible, in a report, to be widely circulated, at the expense of the nation, among the unemployed?

THE WELSH FASTING GIRL, who was first thought to be a prodigy, but subsequently something more than suspected of being an impostor, has had predecessors, whose capabilities of existing without food have been genuine and not feigned. There was of old one Samuel Clinton, of Timbury, near Bath, who often slept for a month at a stretch, of course fasting; and once he dozed from April to August. He awoke suddenly several times during this long nap, but fell asleep again before food could be administered. Another case was that of Euphemia Lindsay, of Forfarshire: she slept eight weeks, taking nothing but a few drops of water. Most wonderful of all, however, was Angelica Vlies, of Delft: she was insensible from 1822 to 1828, six years at least, and only took the most minute quantities of tea, whey, and water, at intervals. No doubt man could exist for a long period without sustenance, provided he did nothing; once let him work, and his analogy to the steam-engine will forcibly present itself in his want of fuel. Ship-wrecked mariners and buried miners have survived for many days without nourishment; and is there not a story of a prisoner in the Tower of London who gained a free pardon by abstaining from food and drink for six weeks?

ADVERTISING was happily described by a late eminent man of letters, as being to commerce what steam is to machinery; though advertisers were as plentiful as blackberries a good century before steam was extensively used as a motive power. Both here and in America certain vendors of nostrums, and peculiar preparations, have reduced advertising to a science, and they admit that their business prospers or suffers in a precise ratio to the capital expended in advertisements. A history of advertisements would be a very amusing and probably instructive addition to our literature. To legitimate media for adver-

tisements we do not object : the sheets of the daily prints, blank walls, railway carriages, and omnibuses, all afford fair game enough for the enterprising advertiser ; but we venture to remonstrate against the notices which disfigure the pavements of the metropolis, printed there by the simple machinery of an ink-pot and a stencil-plate. We have a like objection to the disfigurement of rustic gates and posts with invitations in white paint to "Buy your boots of Knopp," or "Go to Fiskins, the people's friend, for black tea, at one and four." Good things are advertised every day, but the gate-post dodge makes us distrust the boots and fear the tea. Surely—admitting the trespass—no court should ask for much stronger evidence than that a man's goods are advertised on a pavement or a post, to prove that he authorised the notice, and was accessory both before and after the fact.

THE PRINTING OF A NEWSPAPER has been brought to such a high state of mechanical perfection, that, although thousands of impressions may have to be struck off within an hour, scarcely one of those thousands will be found to deviate by a quarter of an inch from its accustomed form and place on the broad sheet. As may be expected, the paper which proudly claims to be "the leading journal" is distinguished by all the mechanical excellencies that can be given to the modern newspaper. But, Homer sometimes nodded ; and it would seem that even a *Times* printer can occasionally make a mistake. A correspondent has forwarded to us a copy of the *Times* for October 15th, supplied to him in the ordinary way through his London newsagent ; and this copy is certainly a curiosity. The one side is taken up by pages 3, 6, 7, and 10, duly printed ; the other side, which should be occupied by pages 4, 5, 8, and 9, is an entire blank—a virgin page—a *tabula rasa*. We frequently hear the expression, "there is nothing in the paper ;" but this is undoubtedly true with regard to this unique one-sided specimen of the *Times*.

THAT WISE AND WITTY VOLUME, "The Tin Trumpet," copies of which had become scarce, has just been reprinted in a half-crown volume, in which the authorship "is now, for the first time acknowledged, by the permission of the family." The catalogue-makers have always debited the late Mr. Thackeray with being the writer of this clever and amusing little work ; but they will have to correct their error, for the author, we are now told, was "Horace Smith, author of 'Rejected Addresses,' &c." It would

be more correct to call him "one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses'"—that luckiest of all lucky literary hits, whose composition occupied six weeks of the two brothers' time,—was refused by Mr. Murray for the modest offer of twenty pounds—a refusal which subsequently cost him dear—and, when published, at once took the town by storm ; and now, at more than half a century later, maintains its foremost position, as an unsurpassed volume of burlesque verse. Thackeray's "Novels by Eminent Hands" are equally good in the way of prose ; but, with all his facility and adroitness in light poetry, he could scarcely have risen to the well-sustained sublimity of caricature reached by the brothers Smith in the "Rejected Addresses." The work and the honours in this volume are pretty equally divided between the two brothers. The best imitations by Horace are those attributed to Scott, Moore, Byron, "hoarse" Fitzgerald, Dr. Johnson, and Monk Lewis. In the first of these imitations are two words which I have always considered a blemish—these two words are "slim knee." Now, *slim* is the very last epithet that would be applied to the knee ; but the introduction of these two words has been explained to me in this way :—It was the age for betting, and someone had bet Horace Smith that he could not write a poem in which the word "chimney" should be introduced and rhymed-to in an intelligent way. Horace Smith accepted the wager, and won it when he produced the parody on Scott, in the "Rejected Addresses." He wrote rhymes that should live. His "Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition" ought to find a place in every collection of the gems of English poetry.

IN THE slang language of thieves and costermongers a crown-piece is called "a bull." Now as the Latin word for money, *pecunia*, was derived from *pecus*, "cattle or oxen," because oxen once stood in the stead of money, the thieves slang in this particular instance is really classical ; just as their "toggery or "togs" are a reminder of the Roman "toga."

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

IT was not till the baronet had affixed his signature, and was glancing round in search of blotting-paper to dry the ink upon the great straggling characters in which it was written, that the idea occurred to him, that, although his visitor might refuse to draw the acceptance for a more reasonable amount, it was just possible to obtain a cheque for a larger sum than that offered. So, instead of putting the bill into Bentley Wyvern's hand, he folded it up with a thoughtful air, and walked with it towards the window.

"Look here, Wyvern," he said, after a short silence, "you have often professed to have a great friendship for me; but, really, the terms upon which you advance money to me are more exorbitant than those of any bill-discounter, Jew or Christian, that I ever met with."

"Is there any one of that fraternity who would lend you fifty pounds upon any terms whatever?"

"Well, I am not sure that one or two of them might not be disposed to risk that amount, if one could satisfactorily explain to them what my position in the Bideford affair really is. In fact, old Levey, of Furnival's Inn, having heard of a document being found, consented to lend me a small sum the other day."

"And you accepted it?"

"Of course I did."

"Did he ask you whether the report was correct as to your having discovered fresh evidence to lay before the House of Lords?"

"Yes, he made some inquiry of that kind; and I gave him to understand that such was the case. Now, with regard to this bill which you ask me to give you. However much I am

in want of money, I won't agree to your proposition. Double the amount of the cheque, and it might be a question for consideration; but in its present form—why, when I come to think of it, a few such loans as this would oblige me to mortgage my estates to repay them. I know what you are going to say," he continued, observing that Bentley Wyvern was about to interrupt him. "You will remind me that I have no estates capable of being mortgaged. But, if there were no probability of my ultimately having any, why should you insist upon driving so hard a bargain?"

"I insist upon nothing whatever. Destroy the bill which you hold in your hand and let there be no further dispute about it. Your last note led me to anticipate that your funds were exhausted, and I came here this morning prepared to supply them upon certain conditions. There has been no stipulation that in the event of my efforts being successful I shall receive any further sum of money from the Bideford property. I have chosen to include the remuneration for my services in the bills which you may from time to time give me. It is unfair, therefore, to talk of my terms being exorbitant; nay, more, it is ungrateful. However, we will not discuss the subject further. You have rejected my offer, and I shall certainly not renew it. But let me recommend you to be cautious as to how you attempt to obtain money in the present state of your affairs. What you have just told me with regard to that man Levy gives me some anxiety on your account."

"Indeed?" said Sir Charles, forcing a laugh. "I don't see any reason for special uneasiness on the subject. The bill is not due yet."

"But are you prepared to pay it when it is due? In the event of your not being able to do so the consequences might be rather serious. He could charge you with making a false representation to him, and even institute a prosecution on that ground."

"You really are a most cheerful person to have drop in at breakfast-time," said poor Sir Charles, nervously. "How can he possibly

assert that I have made any false statement?"

"Didn't you tell him that you had evidence to prove that you were the rightful Earl of Bideford?"

"Well, I am afraid there was something of that kind said; but that can't be of much consequence."

"Would he have given the money if you had not made such a statement?"

"Very likely not; but you know upon what I based the belief."

"Oh yes! Upon the possibility of my obtaining the proof of Reginald Pennington's marriage with one Elizabeth Pontifex. I suppose you explained all this?" said Bentley Wyvern, with something of irony in his tone. "Take my advice. Be careful that you pay back the money when the time comes. Men of that class are always ready to avail themselves of any circumstance which gives them a pretence for imputing fraud, because they obtain a greater power over the debtor by that course."

"Increase the amount that you offer to lend me by a couple of hundreds, and here is my acceptance," said Sir Charles, holding out the paper bearing his signature.

"If you ask it as a favour I am willing to accede to your request; but pray don't imagine that your having given me this bill in any way influences me. It all probability it is not worth the stamp that is impressed upon it."

"Well, Wyvern, we will put it upon that footing. By-the-bye, I am going to Upfield Rectory to-morrow. Mr. Clare has once or twice enquired as to when you are going to take up your residence at the Old Hall."

"My visit to Scotland has delayed me, or I should have got away from Westbourne Terrace last week. You will keep your promise, and make the place your home for a few months in the year? If I am not mistaken, it will be a convenience to you to be in the neighbourhood of the Rectory," added Bentley Wyvern, with a laugh.

"Oh, you allude to Florence Clare. Well, I confess that she is an attraction which I have great difficulty in resisting."

"Why should you resist?" said Bentley Wyvern, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Sir Charles, and looking at him earnestly. "She has money, and seems to be fond of you."

"You forget my pecuniary embarrassments. How could I ask her to become the wife of a man who is over head and ears in debt. No, Wyvern, if I never become Earl of Bideford I

shall never marry Florence Clare. Not that I wish to make a virtue of my self-denial; for, to be candid with you, her father would not consent to such an alliance. Indeed," he continued, twirling the tassels of his dressing gown, "I am by no means certain that Florence herself would marry me under any circumstances."

"I think it would be desirable to ascertain her feelings towards you before that event takes place—if it ever does—for young ladies are sometimes materially influenced in their choice by rank and wealth. Her sister is a charming girl—a very charming girl. Do you happen to have heard whether she is engaged?"

"Engaged? Of whom are you talking?" said Sir Charles, abstractedly.

"Of Miss Mary Clare. Is she still heart whole?"

"I have always supposed so. May one ask in whose interest you make the inquiry—not in your own, I presume?"

"Mere curiosity on my part. I may confess, however, she has rather taken my fancy, and that perhaps induced me to ask the question. By-the-bye, as you are going to Upfield to-morrow, if you feel disposed to spend the night at the hall, I will send a note telling my people to prepare a room for you. I shall be down there myself on Wednesday morning."

And so they parted, Sir Charles promising to remain at Upfield till Wednesday, and Bentley Wyvern, as he shook him cordially by the hand, determining that the visit should be prolonged to a week or two at least. On his way to Lombard Street, the manager of the Leviathan Assurance Company called at the office of Messrs. Hickory, Hickory, and Blade, his attorneys, and had an interview with the senior partner of that eminent firm. Bentley Wyvern had now bills, bearing Sir Charles Pennington's signature, which amounted to £60,000, and he was desirous of ascertaining whether there was any possibility of their payment being evaded in the event of the Bideford case being brought to a successful termination. He stated a supposititious case to the attorney, and learnt that only the money actually advanced upon the bills, with a certain rate of interest, could legally be recovered. But it was very easy to overcome the difficulty, said Mr. Hickory, by placing them in the hands of a third party; or better still, by getting a friend to discount them, with the understanding that he was to sue the acceptor in case of their not being paid. In fact, to state the matter more plainly, anybody

in possession of the bills, except Bentley Wyvern himself, could compel the baronet to pay the full amount for which they were drawn.

As the dark green brougham continued its way along Cheapside, Bentley Wyvern leaned back his head on the soft cushions and closed his eyes. He was mentally repeating to himself the exact instructions that he intended to give to Fenwick Towers. The street, as is generally the case about midday, was crowded with all kinds of vehicles; so the brougham, with its wheels grazing the curb stones in order to create the least obstruction possible, was proceeding at a walking pace. By its side was trudging a poorly dressed man, bearing a large package on his shoulder. He had taken hold of the handle of the door, under the idea that it would help him onwards a little, for the burden was heavy and the heat of the day almost tropical. At length a momentary stoppage caused him to look within the brougham. An expression of doubt and wonder came over his face as he saw the occupant; but just then the way became clear, and Mr. Bentley Wyvern's coachman hastened to take advantage of it by urging the horse into a sharp trot, leaving the man with the package to recover from his surprise at his leisure.

When the manager of the Leviathan Assurance Company arrived at the offices of that great establishment, the glass doors were obsequiously flung open by a stout messenger wearing an imposing livery, with a profuse display of very large silver buttons, on each of which was a whale rampant, encircled by the motto of the company, "*Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*"

The messenger said something in a low tone to Mr. Bentley Wyvern as he entered.

"Show him up to my room in about ten minutes' time," he replied, "and send up my private letters at once."

It happened that there was a paucity of these communications that morning; but one of them, containing an account from his brokers of the results of certain speculations on the Stock Exchange in which he was engaged, occupied his attention so long that it was still spread out before him when the messenger, in accordance with his orders, ushered in Fenwick Towers.

"Good morning! I am afraid you have been kept waiting," said Bentley Wyvern, pointing to a chair. "A large business like this makes a severe demand upon one's time. Though I left home rather early this morning, I had so many calls to make connected with

the affairs of the company that I reached here nearly an hour later than my usual time. Under the circumstances you will pardon the want of punctuality I have shown. In the City a man is expected to be a perfect chronometer in keeping appointments. So far I have always managed to maintain an excellent reputation for that kind of thing, as your friend Dr. Craven will tell you.

Fenwick Towers said he had no doubt of it, and waited for the real business of the interview to commence.

"I think you told me that you knew something of Devonshire, Mr. Towers?"

"On the contrary, I have never been in that county."

"Nor have I, which is a little unfortunate, for I can be of no assistance to you in suggesting which part of it you should first visit."

"But what is the nature of the enquiries that you wish me to make?"

"The case is simply this: a marriage is believed to have taken place between Reginald Pennington and"—Bentley Wyvern pretended to consult a paper upon his desk—"and Elizabeth Pontifex. If such an event really did take place, it must have been before the year 1790, probably a couple of years previously. In an old letter there is an allusion made to their having visited Devonshire, so there is just a possibility that the ceremony was performed in one of the churches of that county. Now, it has occurred to me that it is worth while to visit a few of the chief towns in order to examine the registers. But I am quite at a loss as to which place would be the most promising for our purpose. Since I saw you I have thought a good deal about the matter, and it appears likely that your labours would occupy a much longer time than I at first mentioned. In that case, of course your remuneration would be in proportion. Exeter being the most important place in the county, it would perhaps be better to commence your investigations there. But do not limit yourself to the city itself. Go to every place within twenty miles of it, and let me hear from you at intervals. Should you be so fortunate as to discover the entry in question, make a copy of it, and return immediately to town. I must also beg that for the present you will abstain from mentioning to anyone the nature of the business that I have confided to you."

"But it will be rather difficult to keep the object of my enquiries a secret when I get into Devonshire," said Fenwick, smiling.

"Oh, you mean that it will be necessary to communicate it to the people who have charge



of the various registers? Quite true; but I wish you to promise that you won't mention the matter to anyone except them. Have you any objection to give this pledge?"

"As far as I can understand, there is no reason why I should refuse."

"Very well, then we may consider that settled. A couple of days after I learn the result you may tell all the circumstances to your friends. Till then, there are good reasons for not allowing the matter to become public."

What these good reasons were, Mr. Bentley Wyvern did not consider himself called upon to explain. It is probable that he merely wished to prevent the possibility of the news being forestalled by Dr. Craven, with whom he knew that Fenwick was on terms of intimacy.

"Here is a pocket map of Devonshire that may be useful to you," continued Bentley Wyvern, taking one out of a drawer and opening it. "The places within a few miles of Exeter are all marked upon it, so that if you take it as your guide, there is no probability of your missing any of them." He looked hard at the word DODDINGTON, but his excessive caution prevented him from drawing any attention to it. "I think you will find this cheque sufficient for your expenses. I should like you to leave by an early train to-morrow."

## CHAPTER X.

FENWICK'S heart felt somewhat lighter as he left the assurance office. There was now a prospect of his earning a few pounds for his immediate wants. He had quitted Wilmington House two days previously, and had taken lodgings in a small street leading out of the Strand. The payment of a week's rent in advance had almost exhausted his slender resources, and he had no means of replenishing them save by the fruits of his own labour. His brother, the Reverend Frank Towers, received the munificent stipend of sixty pounds a year from his curacy, which, with an annual allowance of fifty pounds from his father, did not enable him to render any pecuniary assistance to Fenwick. A load of anxiety which would crush a man at fifty, is borne with tolerable ease by one who has not reached half that age. He has not experienced the wretchedness attendant upon overdue bills, tradesmen's accounts unpaid, and legal proceedings which threaten to deprive him of his personal liberty. Repeated disappointments have not proved to him how delusive is hope. He has still unbounded

faith in the forbearance, the kindness, the Christian feeling of his fellow-men. Poor though he may be, he regards the world as his oyster, which, with his knife, he will open. Wealth, station, honours, troops of friends—all may be won, and he valiantly resolves *shall* be won—Eheu!

As Fenwick made his way along the crowded thoroughfares to his modest apartments in Northumberland Street, he laid out many plans for the future; anyone of which, to his sanguine disposition, seemed to promise the realisation of his hopes. He would give private lessons in mathematics, and so support himself while eating the necessary number of dinners at Lincoln's Inn, to entitle him to be called to the bar. But the difficulty of saving a sufficient sum to pay the fees, caused him to abandon this intention ere he reached Temple Bar. It would take too much time, even with the most rigid economy, so he made up his mind to write for the newspapers. Government clerks were badly paid, clergymen were badly paid; but who ever heard a complaint made that journalists did not receive an adequate remuneration for their labours? Did anybody ever see a single letter in the morning papers complaining that this leader writer, or that reviewer, was underpaid for his work? It was plain, then, that they lived in clover, and died—well, he did not recollect that the amount of their personalty ever appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, though he had subscribed to that paper for some years past. They worked hard, no doubt—far harder than either clergymen or government clerks; but he was not lazy, and would be as industrious as the best of them. After a certain number of years in the legal profession, he would very likely be offered "silk," and would accept it. Then he would go into parliament, and make himself felt in the debates. But long ere that he would have married his own darling girl. He had not quite calculated the probabilities of his reaching the woolsack, when he arrived opposite his new abode. At the sight of a dirty slipshod servant washing the lobby, he became somewhat *désillusionné* as to his prospects, and smiled at his folly, as he stumbled up the narrow staircase.

Le monde est plein de fous,  
Et qui n'en veut pas voir,  
Doit se cacher dans un trou,  
Et casser son miroir.

He was packing up a few books to take with him to Devonshire, when Mrs. O'Sullivan, the landlady, entered.

"Wor ye expectin' a letter to-day, sir?" she enquired, wrapping her arms in her apron. "Expecting a letter!—Well, yes. Have you one for me?"

"Indeed, faith, I've not," she said decisively.

"Then why in the world do you ask me such a question?"

"Is it why do I ask you? Sure that's a good joke anyhow!"

"I assure you I didn't intend it for a joke," said Fenwick gravely.

"Then how would I know without asking you? May be ye take me for a witch?"

"By no means! But I wish you to explain *why* you desire to know."

"Didn't ye tell me that yer name was Mr. Towers?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, that's why I wanted to know if ye were expectin' a letter."

"I daresay your explanation is exceedingly lucid, but unfortunately I am unable to understand it."

"Then I can't tell ye much more about it. Mayhap ye had better spake to Bridget."

"Who is Bridget?" said Fenwick, despairingly.

"Who would she be but the girl that ye saw just now washing the oilcloth?"

"And what information can she give me?"

"Not a ha'p'orth more nor I can, till the postman comes round again."

"Does the man wish to see me?"

"He does not, but Bridget says he wanted to leave a letter for the name of Towers."

"Then why was it not taken in?"

"She didn't know yer name, so av coorse she tould him ye didn't live here."

It is not pleasant, under any circumstances, to find that a letter sent to your address has been returned to the post-office; but when you have certain reasons for believing that it comes from your *inamorata*, it is apt to occasion considerable vexation. Fenwick had not seen Mary Clare since the death of his mother; for he had considered it prudent to discontinue their meetings upon the heath, and it was rarely that he ventured to pay a visit to the rectory. Mr. Clare always received him with scrupulous politeness; but there was no genuine welcome, and it was plain enough that the visits of the young man were regarded by the father of Mary with very little favour. Not that he had any suspicion of an attachment between his daughter and Fenwick, but because, as we have previously seen, he had a great objection to maintaining any intercourse—directly or indirectly—with Richard Towers.

The day that Fenwick quitted Wilmington House, he wrote to Mary announcing his intended visit to Devonshire, and promising to call at the rectory before his departure. It was, no doubt, the answer to this letter which Mrs. O'Sullivan's servant-of-all-work had refused to receive.

As Fenwick had to leave for Exeter early the following morning, he proceeded with his packing, and decided that if Mary's letter did not arrive within the next hour, he would go to St. Martin's-le-Grand and enquire about it. Then he thought over his interview with Bentley Wyvern, and wondered whether he should be able to find the register of the marriage in the city he was going to, or in any of the neighbouring places. If not, would he be asked to continue his search throughout the whole county; and how long would such a proceeding occupy? All this while the name of Reginald Pennington never struck him as having any connection with the baronet whom he had met on one occasion at Upfield Rectory. He knew nothing of Bentley Wyvern's acquaintance with Sir Charles, and had not heard of any document being in existence which would establish a claim to the Bideford peerage.

The missing letter from Mary did not make its appearance; and on applying at the General Post Office, he was told that it had not yet been brought back, so he was obliged to content himself with giving directions for its re-delivery. It was now time to set out for Upfield Rectory, for Mr. Clare dined somewhat early, and Fenwick wished to get there an hour or two before, in the hope of having a *tête-à-tête* with Mary.

The rector had gone to the schools, but was expected to return shortly; so Fenwick was ushered into the drawing-room, where he found Florence and Mrs. Graves-Parr, the latter of whom had come out to spend the day.

"Mamma and Mary will be here presently," said Florence, when the first greetings were over. "They are looking at the grapes in the hot-house, which Gregory tells us are quite a failure this year. You still have Lewis as your gardener, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, he still remains. But he told me, last week, that he intended to leave service, and take a small nursery."

"I wish you would ask him to come and look at our vines, for I have not much faith in Gregory."

"I will write to him and mention it, if you desire it."

"Write to him!" said Florence, elevating her eyebrows: "why you don't mean me to

understand that you no longer live at Wilmingtton House?"

"I have ceased to reside with my father," he said, in a tone that showed he did not wish any further reference made to the subject.

"My dear Mr. Towers," said Mrs. Graves-Parr, "you can't imagine how grieved I was to hear of your sad bereavement. I thought of my own dear children, and the terrible loss they would sustain if I were called away to a better world. I could not get over my melancholy feelings till I had a good cry. You know how I dote upon them, dear," she continued, turning to Florence.

"Oh, of course! By-the-by, how is Amy? Getting quite strong again, I hear. You don't appear to have suffered much from your close attendance upon her, for I declare you look quite blooming," said Florence, maliciously. "Perhaps you got Miss Morley to sit up with her at night?"

"My dearest Florence, how can you suppose that I would let any other eye than mine watch by her side at such a time. I have always sacrificed myself for my children." Mrs. Graves-Parr took out her handkerchief and looked very hard at it; but she abandoned her half-formed intention of bursting into tears, and sighed instead.

"But how is Amy? you have forgotten to tell me."

"Still very weak, and the doctor has fears that she may go into a consumption. She is only three years old, Mr. Towers."

"Have you decided upon going out of town soon?" asked Florence.

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Graves-Parr, with animation. "You have heard me speak of the Thornbury's, those delightful people that I met at Lady Bunter's. Well, they have given me an invitation to spend a month or two at their place in Leicestershire, and I am going down there next week."

"And is Amy to go with you?" said Florence, glancing at Fenwick.

"Amy!"

"Yes."

"My dear Florence! How could I venture to take her when she is not invited. People can't be expected to fill their houses with young children belonging to their guests."

"Who is proposing to do that?" said Mrs. Clare, as she entered.

"Oh! I have only been asking Mrs. Graves-Parr whether she is going to take Amy with her to the country," replied Florence, with a laugh.

Mrs. Graves-Parr looked by no means

pleased at the turn the conversation had taken, and said she would go to find Mary, whom her mother had left in consultation with Gregory.

Fenwick began to feel somewhat fidgetty when half-an-hour more had elapsed and still Mary did not make her appearance.

"Where can Mary be all this time?" said Mrs. Clare. "Does she know that Mr. Towers is here? You had better go and tell her, Florence. She is probably somewhere in the garden."

And then Fenwick, by a little pardonable manœuvring, managed to get permission to seek the truant himself. He had not proceeded many steps down one of the garden walks, when he met Mary looking rather anxious and distressed.

"Oh, Fenwick dear, I am so glad to see you," she said, in a tremulous voice. Mrs. Graves-Parr told me you were here, but I was afraid to come to you till I had found something that I had lost."

"And have you found it, dearest?"

"Unfortunately I have not."

"Is it anything of importance?"

"Your letter that I received on Saturday. It was in the pocket of my dress when I went to look at the vines, and I must have dropped it somewhere in the garden."

"Then we will try to find it."

"But I have already searched for it along all the walks."

"Perhaps Gregory may have picked it up?"

"I have asked him, but he has not seen it," and she looked at Fenwick with an expression of alarm.

"In all probability whoever has found it will return it unread. But we had better continue the search," he said; and they wandered off together.

I am inclined to think that in a very few minutes the loss of the letter was almost forgotten by both of them. At any rate, they soon ceased to examine the flower beds, and at one time their faces approached suspiciously close. Soon after Mrs. Graves-Parr made her appearance, and said that Mary was wanted immediately by her mother.

Fenwick was about to re-enter the drawing-room, when he was accosted by a footman.

"Master sends his compliments, sir, and would be glad if you could give him a few minutes' conversation in the study."

Fenwick followed the man and found Mr. Clare standing by his writing table. He bowed stiffly, and waited till the door closed before he spoke.

"I believe, sir, that letter was written by you?" he said, coldly, as he held out the one which had been lost by Mary.

## NEW HIAWATHA LEGENDS.

COLLECTED DURING A VISIT TO THE OJIBWAY INDIANS.

Ye who love a nation's legends,  
Love the ballads of a people  
That like voices from afar off  
Call to us to pause and listen,  
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,  
Scarcely can the ear distinguish  
Whether they are sung or spoken,  
Listen to this Indian legend.

LONGFELLOW.

I THINK it was Jean Paul who once wished he could stroke the head of the good man who invented the dog-day holidays. I thought of that as I was shaking off a year's school-dust, getting my rusty double-barrel in order, and packing my trunk for a voyage to Lake Superior by the fashionable steamer *Keweenaw*.

I had a particular object (besides recreation) in taking this journey. My leisure hours had been for some time employed in the study of Indian antiquities and in the collection of the poetic tales and legends of the red race; and as I had a few friends amongst the missionaries of North Michigan, I was going to venture amongst the red skins in order to form an opinion of them, not founded on book-knowledge only.

A well-known acquaintance, an American lawyer, whose stormy impulsive youth had taken him to Sault St. Mary and there made him the husband of a chief's daughter, provided me with a letter of introduction to his papa-in-law, written in English but composed according to Indian syntax. My friend was sure this would be of great use to me, and so it afterwards proved.

I will not tire the reader with a description of the lovely Lake St. Mary, nor of the excessively stupid Lake Huron; but will take him at once to the old settlement of Sault St. Mary, where our boat was so long detained by the crowded state of the canal that I had plenty of time to seek the old chief out.

The hut of Shawano ("the Old Southlander") stood on one of the four little islands in the rapids of Sault St. Mary. It was surrounded by innumerable large and small blocks of sandstone, said to have sprung from the combat between Hiawatha and Paupukkeewis, sung by Longfellow.

By truly frightful leaps I worked my way

over these stones. A young, handsome, strongly-built Indian, about twenty-five years of age, stood at the door of the hut. As he was dressed in the garments of civilization, I asked in English for old Shawano. He understood, and informed me he was the chief's son. After I had explained my wishes, and he had told me that he had been several years at the English school, at the cost of the United States, I produced my letter of introduction, upon which he directly called his father, who was fishing on one of the small islands near, and translated its contents to him. The old man bade me heartily welcome. We sat down on a large Hiawatha stone to smoke the cigars I had produced, and as I spoke Ojibway about as well as the chief did English—that is, wretchedly ill—the young Shawano interpreted whilst I explained the object of my visit.

In the course of conversation, we talked of the Ojibway Messiah, Hiawatha, or Menabusho, more properly so called. I asked old Shawano whether he could not relate some legends about him. After thinking awhile he shook his head doubtfully, and said "No;" but that he could tell me how it happened that his tribe dwelt principally in the neighbourhood of the rapids.

"The Ojibways," he began, "lived at first in heaven. The Great Spirit once let a pair fly down to the earth in the shape of crows, and these two flew through the whole world, trying the flesh of the bear, buffalo, beaver, stag, &c.; but finding by their taste that these animals would in time become extinct they did not settle amongst them. After flying about a long time, they came here to the rapids, tasted the fish, and knew it would never fail. In the place where the fort stands they settled, and as they touched the ground with their feet they suddenly became a pair of human beings."

When the chief had ended, his son (who liked to be called Edward) said he knew an Indian woman on the Canadian side who could tell such stories by dozens, and that if I liked he would be glad to take me over. I thanked him for his kind proposal, promising to avail myself of it in a few weeks on my return from a visit to the Indian villages at Bayfield, Lapointe, and the Apostles' Islands. Shawano said if I really wished to understand his race, and not to publish false reports about them, I ought to stay with him a fortnight at least; and for this purpose he placed at my disposal a hut of his in the neighbourhood of several Indian encampments, a few miles below Sault St. Mary. This was, of course, a

very welcome proposal. We shook hands upon it; and as the *Keweenaw* was now waiting in the middle of the canal, we took leave of each other. Edward accompanied me on board, and I gave him a few cigars and a bottle of wine to take back to his father.

After spending a month amongst the Indians on the northern shore of Lake Superior, and in a part of Wisconsin, and my scalp being still in its right place, though it had been several times in danger of becoming the trophy of a wigwam, I returned to the old chief's island in good health and spirits, though almost unrecognizable from the effects of the sun, mosquitoes, and the hard rough forest life.

Edward saw me from the distance and hastened to meet me; he said his father was ill and lying down. I found the old chief on the floor of his hut groaning and moaning as if his last hour was come. To my question how he liked the wine, he answered surlily that it had given him the rheumatism dreadfully, and that he was thankful he had not drunk the whole bottle. I saw there was nothing to be done with the old man that day, and so begged Edward to row me over to the Canadian side, which he most readily undertook to do. On our arrival he introduced me to the inhabitants of a small but strikingly clean wigwam, and then sent for an old woman who came in about half an hour, sitting barefoot through the brushwood leaning on a large stick, or rather a knotty mast. She seemed to have seen at least a hundred snows; her square, earth-coloured, leather-looking face had but one eye; in short, she was as real a witch as any to be found on the Blocksberg.

When we had saluted each other in proper form, and Edward had handed her a thick piece of tobacco, she sat down in a corner saying that in a general way she did not relate the Hiawatha legends to anyone, but she would make an exception that day, because *I* was there. As I had always heard this phrase on such occasions, and knew that it was a stereotyped one with the Indians in their intercourse with white men, I made no answer. She sat considering awhile, continually blinking her one eye, and then began as follows:—

Menabusho could talk with every animal—with wolves, fish, the trees, and the wind. He knew all that was doing on the earth, but nothing about heaven, for it was too high up, and the spirits whom he asked about it knew nothing either. Once he saw one of those eagles that live only on dead men, and that

used to be so very big. He called it, but it would not come down till it was obliged to do. Then it had to take him on its wings to carry him up on high. But it was soon tired, and when Menabusho wanted to drive it up higher, it turned suddenly round and dropped him. On the way down, Menabusho prayed for help to the Great Spirit, who permitted him to fall into a hollow tree cushioned with moss, but it was so narrow he could move neither hand nor foot. After a time, a young girl came and was beginning to fell the tree, when she saw Menabusho's hair hanging out of it, so she ran back to the village screaming out, "A bear, a bear!" Then the people came and helped him to get out.

Shortly afterwards Menabusho, seeing a herd of deer, told the leader he should like to be one of them. He was ordered to undress himself and lie down. He fell asleep, had a frightful dream, and when he awoke, found he was a stag. It was not long before the Indians caught and killed him. From one of the drops of blood which fell to the ground and which contained his soul, a new body was soon formed, and Menabusho bounded off as a stag again. But he had no rest all the winter, and when spring was drawing near he was tired out and lay down to die. Though his flesh was dead, he was still alive, and pretended to be dead to catch the great bird that had once carried him up so near heaven, and let him fall.

First came the crow, which in those days was so dangerous that no other bird was ever seen near one. It must have been suspicious of the dead man, for it did not touch him. Soon after, a loud fluttering of wings like thunder announced the arrival of the desired eagle. It began at once to tear Menabusho's flesh from the bones, and eagerly to devour his fat. Then Menabusho slowly put out his right hand from behind him, took the eagle fast by the beak, and asked why it had once wanted to kill him. Instead of answering, the bird flapped its wings about so fiercely that there were soon no feathers left on them; ever since, this eagle and its posterity have been considerably smaller, and have bald heads and short wings. Menabusho held the eagle fast for two days, and would not let it go till he heard it was impossible for him to have been carried up higher.

Then Menabusho saw a pack of wolves on the track of a doe. He followed with them; and when the doe was caught, and was going to be devoured, he was to shut his eyes: but, tormented by curiosity, he could not help

secretly opening them, and a bone flew into them. He revenged himself next day at dinner by beating an old wolf on the head with the largest bone he could find, and nearly killing him. The wolves then left him, except the youngest, which stayed and provided him with meat. Menabusho began then to eat maple sugar. Now it happened one day that his companion, when bathing, was drawn down into the deep by a large water-snake. Menabusho painted himself black, and ate and drank nothing for grief. He wished very much to find out where that large water-snake sunned itself; he sent the diver down to find out; from it, he heard that the snake took its afternoon nap regularly every day on the Manito Island. He rowed there directly in his magic canoe, and turned himself into the trunk of a tree. Several snakes made their appearance before long; but, as they had never seen the trunk of a tree on their island before, they were afraid to land: some of them even thought it was Menabusho. At last a snake with a bear's head was sent ashore, and began to gnaw the tree with all its might; and, just as Menabusho was going to cry out with pain, it said, "This cannot be Menabusho, for he could not bear this." Then another snake came and wound itself as tightly as it could round Menabusho; and just as he was going to call out loud, it left off saying, "This cannot be Menabusho." All the snakes then came ashore to bask in the sun. Menabusho prayed softly, and the sun, with its magic rays, sent them fast asleep; when Menabusho took his bow, shot two arrows into the snake-king's head, and ran away.

Now there was a wicked old woman belonging to the snake spirits; she went looking about for Menabusho till she found him. He pretended not to know her; and had to help her to make a large rope of bark, to be drawn round the whole earth, so as to find out when the miscreant should escape. The spirits were to keep watch everywhere. Menabusho killed the woman at her work, skinned her, got into her skin, and finished the rope by himself. When he had done it, he went back to the dying snake-king, and howled out his medicine-songs; but they made the patient feel so much worse, that he said, "Nokomis, your songs do no good, you must be singing out of tune." So Menabusho said he had a bone in his throat, and pretended to cry about it.

When the news that the rope was finished reached the village, the medicine-woman placed everyone at his post, keeping back only two

youths to wait on the snake-king. Then Menabusho threw off the mask; killed the king first, both the boys afterwards, stuck a piece of fat in the mouth of each; and told them to say to anybody who came to inquire after the patient, that he had been killed by Menabusho, and that they were eating his fat.

Then Menabusho pulled at the rope, and flew away over the mountains; but his pursuers soon found him in his hole; and when they found they could not get him out of it, they brought on a great flood, which deluged the whole world. Menabusho flew from mountain to mountain, and from tree to tree, but the water kept following him. "Grow," said he to the last tree, and it did. It even grew twice and thrice, but the water as quickly pursued. Menabusho sent the beaver diving down for earth, but the animal came up dead; then he sent the musk-rat, but at the cost of its life. However, Menabusho found a few grains in their feet; he took them in his hand, closed his eyes, and prayed the Great Spirit to give His creature a place where he could rest. At the same time he blew on the grains; and when he opened his eyes a new world was before him, and the animals were alive again. The beavers then dug a large canal for the waters to flow into, whereby the earth became as habitable as before.

Here the old woman finished. When asked whether she could not tell more such stories about Menabusho, she answered with a shake of the head; and, after I had put a present into her hand, she sidled off again through the thicket.

I stayed about a week longer with the Ojibways of the Soo River, and collected much interesting matter, which I may perhaps relate another time.

### CANADIAN MUFFINS.

LOOKING over some back numbers of a comic paper, I came across a list of the wonders of the day, and amongst various subjects of the writer's speculation, noticed one particularly, which was—"Wonder when the Yankees will take Canada?" "Wonder what a Canadian Muffin is like?" The first question must be left for the consideration of those acquainted with Yankee politics and Yankee impudence, but perhaps a winter spent with the Muffins may enable me to give some information concerning the second.

Before embarking for Canada, varied and

interesting were the accounts I received of the cariboo shooting, the sleighing, the skating, and above all, the "Muffining," to be obtained therein. Men gravely declared that if any young lady, not previously engaged, of course, found favour in your sight, you were at liberty then and there to constitute her your "Muffin," which, being interpreted, signified that by entering into such an arrangement, you might walk, ride, or drive *tête-à-tête* with her; that you had the *entrée* of her parents' house, those parents at the same time keeping obligingly in the background; that at balls, no ill-natured remarks were made by even the most virulent old maids when you danced every dance together, and finally—wherein lies the cream of the whole thing—the usual English wind-up of such an extensive flirtation was by no means a necessity.

No lynx-eyed mamma was supposed to be ready to pounce upon you for trifling with her daughter's affections; no truculent father was to hint darkly at an action for B. O. P. No, nothing of such a disagreeable nature was to take place. On your return to England, good-byes were said, with regret doubtless, but still as a matter of course; and even if a change of Muffins were deemed advisable, nothing was easier than to subside into terms of ordinary friendship with your old flame. Verily, this Canada seemed to be a land of promise.

On the voyage out, however, these Utopian prospects faded somewhat. Fellow-passengers, who had sojourned before in North America, admitted that there were traditions of a golden age, in which Muffins were supposed to have existed, but added, that this happy era had long passed away, and that the manners and customs of the *belles Canadiennes* of the present did not differ much from those of the girls we left behind us.

We arrived at Quebec about the middle of June, and found it like a city of the dead, as every one who could possibly get away had fled from the heat to the watering-places, far down the St. Lawrence, or as the vernacular of the country would express it, "all the first families had gone to the salt water till the fall." The fall, *i.e.*, autumn, came at last, and with it the return of the *beau monde* of Quebec. Very soon it was apparent that my companions of the voyage out had been correct enough, and that the land of the Muffins knew them no more.

Perhaps, in Canadian society, the laws of etiquette are not quite so rigid as at home, and occasionally a tinge of barbarism is met

with that is rather refreshing, but that is all. The girls are perfectly innocent of the free and easy ways ascribed to them in England, and are quite as shy as the most far-seeing of London rose-buds of entering into any flirtation that does not promise a satisfactory and definite termination.

There is a very well authenticated story of a member of one of our crackest regiments, coming out, imbued with similar notions to mine, and innocently suggesting to his partner at a ball that she should be his Muffin for the winter. Long will it be ere that gallant officer forgets with what speechless scorn and astonishment his offer was received.

Indeed, above all other words in the language, the ladies of Canada detest that of "Muffin." It is a perfect abomination unto them. I remember at some amateur theatricals got up by the garrison, when the heroine of the piece, whose father objected to the course of true love running smooth, exclaimed, that she hoped that remorse for his cruelty might oppress his soul like—

Unpaid income tax, or luscious muffin!

Lo! the buzz of laughter and approbation which had hitherto been most frequent, suddenly ceased, and a solemn and ominous silence pervaded the audience.

Nor do the *mammas* differ materially from our English mothers. They show the same laudable desire to have their daughters settled in life, and the same skill in effecting their purpose. In fact, some of the matronly anglers at home might take a few lessons with advantage from their Canadian sisters in the art, so deftly do the latter throw their fly, and so promptly do they strike their fish if he venture on the slightest rise. Few there are who escape such able handling, if once hooked. Of course there have been exceptions—amongst which was one especially notable, where the prey slipped back into deep water at the moment when the landing-net, in the shape of a wedding-ring, was on the point of encircling him; for the gentleman made his escape so narrowly that he was smoking a cigar on the quarter-deck of the mail steamer as she glided down the St. Lawrence, whilst his marriage-bells were ringing in the town above. Disgusted indeed must have been the poor *fiancée*, when she found that her marriage chimes, instead of summoning the true, had only rung out the false.

Before launching forth into Canadian society, it is wise to prepare a stock of small talk—the smaller the better—and exclusively confined

to the somewhat narrow scope of the gossip of the town in which you are. If you venture upon books, attempt nothing more than the merest sensation novels, or you will have your companion's pretty eyes gazing upon you with an utterly bewildered expression, and you will arrive at the unpleasant conclusion that she is thinking you an awful bore, and is probably sighing after Mr. Brainless, a young gentleman fresh from school, and whom you superciliously regard as an insufferable cub.

One of the belles of Quebec, last season—and a very pretty girl she was, too—was standing in a crowded ball-room, with a partner who prided himself not a little on his Italian accent. Having struggled for some time in vain to get out of the press into a cooler atmosphere, he gave up the attempt, saying,—

“*Lasciate ogni speranza, boi ch'entrate,*” as Dante remarks.”

“Dante? Who is Dante?—he is not in society, is he?” inquired the fair damsel.

The little world of Quebec presents one very curious feature, in consequence of being composed of two parts—English and French,—who are almost equal in number, and who, though strictly preserving their nationalities in language and habits, form one society, and always seem to maintain the most peaceful and friendly relations with each other. By-the-way, the French part of the community received a terrible shock a few days ago, when their archbishop issued a stern edict from the pulpit, forbidding any member of his flock to take part in round dances. The good father scarcely acted wisely, for his pretty lambs apparently cannot bear to witness the vales, in which they may no longer join, and hide their disappointment in nooks and obscure corners of the stairs, whither they are invariably accompanied by their former partners,—a method of procedure which seems by no means to meet the approval of their *chaperones*.

It would be very unfair to conclude this brief sketch without a glance at the Canadian girls' accomplishments. Their capacity for amusement is immense. They delight in getting up “tobogganing” parties, the object of which consists in sliding down, at the pace of an express, steep inclines of hard snow, eighty or a hundred feet high, seated on a strip of birch bark. Balls they revel in; indeed, so devoted are they to dancing, that when there is no regular party going on, some one sends round and asks friends to drop in after dinner, and a little dance is improvised,

which is quite as pleasant as a more formal affair. Lastly, let us pay homage to their greatest charm of all, their skating. A man, who was rather fascinated by a little colonist, whom he feared would scarcely be greeted with open arms by his friends at home, said to me, “You see, old fellow, if I could only introduce her to my people, when she is cutting an 8 backwards, I'd propose to her like a shot.”

Standing on the platform, which surrounds the “ruck,” and watching a crowd of pretty girls in the most piquant of fur caps and the nattiest of boots, gliding through a quadrille, or whirling round in a valse, to the music of one of the military bands, is indeed a treat, and you straightway marvel how you could ever have enjoyed, last winter in England, the task of supporting a lady novice, whose ankles persisted in twisting about with a flexibility perfectly appalling, and who every moment made frantic clutches at you, which usually resulted in a general downfall.

There is, moreover, a vitality and a piquancy about the “Muffins” which take the place of the superior education of England; and the kindness and hospitality shown by the natives, old and young, to any strangers, especially if they hail from the old country, will amply recompense the trouble and discomfort of a voyage across the Atlantic.

#### CASTLEBAR:

##### A HOLIDAY GOSSIP.

“‘CASTLEBAR, famed for deer,’ the Guide-Book says;  
And here is Castlebar. Let's rest awhile.”

He spoke; and all around great gnarled oaks  
Cast mighty shadows o'er the sunny land;  
In long green waves wood-grasses rose and fell  
Between two rustling coasts of silvery elms;  
In the dim leafy distance of a glade  
The stately ruins of a convent stood;  
Far off, along the solitary hills,  
Myriads of brooks ran murmuring to the plains,  
And through the bending boughs, and in, and out,  
Until, in one broad stream, they smote the rock,  
A stone's-throw from the tree we sat beneath.

“Though I'm no Guide-Book maker,” answered I,  
“I, too, can speak of Castlebar, and tell,  
Not of fine deer, but legend and romance;  
Showing how modern meanings bud and bloom  
Upon the withering branches of the past,  
For eager men to pluck and comprehend,  
Not fearing scorners. Scorn of men, I say,  
Outgrows their wisdom: and the world drags on.”



He, bantering me upon my disregard  
 For modern truths, my love for olden tales—  
 Rough pearls hid in the sea-shells of the past—  
 Went on, half earnestly, and half in jest :  
 "Nay, but this legend, of what shape is it ?  
 Some ghostly tale of yon half-ruined tower,  
 Or fairy phantasy of moonlit strolls  
 Under these trees ; or startling tragedy,  
 Of fearful leaps over the rugged rocks,  
 Where the rough river rolls ?"

And, pausing here,

He smiled at me.

In playful mood I ran :

"Once on a time there lived, and loved, and died,  
 A rare and beauteous maid."

"Enough," he cried,

"Of fairy tales and legendary lore  
 Stored in the hearts of love-sick shepherd youths.  
 Is this the wood where roamed your fabled maid ?"  
 "No fabled maid," I said ; "a maid more fair  
 Than other maids : she seemed a summer day  
 Between two weeks of rain, and mist, and snow.  
 A very Hesperus in glory shrined  
 Within the gentle sky of maidenhood.  
 Enriched with dearest charms, and yet, withal,  
 Chary of smiles, and frugal of regard.  
 Men loved her much ; she loved not, till one day  
 When none were left who loved her."

Years ago

I met a rustic poet : he told the tale  
 In jingling verse, and first he ran on thus :—

"A bold young knight and a lady fair  
 Walked under the forest trees ;  
 A cold smile lit up her dainty face,  
 Like a sunbeam on Arctic seas.

"She spoke to her heart, and said to her heart,  
 'Cease, little one, cease thy fears,  
 Beat not in sorrow, but beat on in hope,  
 Of the lovers who come with the years.'

"She spoke not a word to the gallant knight  
 Gazing on her with worshipping eyes ;  
 Half-doubting, he held her soft white hand—  
 She withdrew it in scornful surprise.

"'Think you,' she said, with a cruel look,  
 'That my love is so easily won ?'  
 And her laughter ran through the merry green-  
 wood,  
 Seeming sweet as the nightingale's tune.

"He spake not a word to the lady fair,  
 But passed on with a proud content.  
 O lady fair ! what a dread despair  
 Is the God of Love's punishment !

"Where the proud knight did pass to, none may  
 know ;  
 Some say to war with those who, in the East,  
 Usurped the grand dominion of our Christ ;  
 Some say, in monkish robes disguised, he went  
 Through many lands, preaching against all wrong.

She knew not where he went, and heeded not,  
 Until a sudden splendour smote the woods,  
 As Autumn came through fields of golden grain ;  
 And then, one day walking alone, she wept.

"All among the forest shades,  
 Slowly walked the maiden ;  
 Ever sighed the rivulets,  
 The trees were whisper-laden.

"Thought she on the bygone days,  
 When one was by her side ;  
 Mused she on the happy time—  
 The time of summer-tide.

"Spoke she to her aching heart ;  
 To her heart she said,  
 'Weep, O little weary one,  
 Weep, for Love is dead !'

"But in all her anguish drear,  
 Scornful pride remained ;  
 And, through all her weariness,  
 Ran repentance feigned.

"Musing, she went whispering  
 To each whispering fear,  
 'Rest, O weary, weary heart,  
 Lovers come each year !'

"The old, old story," said the rustic poet,  
 "Beauty is proud, and will not lay aside  
 Her regal frown, until nor frown nor smile  
 Are heeded by those frowned or smiled upon ;  
 And when the sad day comes, as come it will,  
 Hearts which are young all suddenly grow old.

"The Lady Alice is looking  
 Over the woods of Castlebar ;  
 While, near and far,  
 The bells are ringing.

"The Lady Alice is watching  
 From her casement window high ;  
 She wonders why  
 The bells are ringing.

"The Lady Alice is listening  
 To loud and festive crowds below ;  
 Now fast, now slow,  
 The bells are ringing.

"The Lady Alice is hastening  
 To her long lost trysting-place,  
 With tear-dimmed face :  
 The bells are ringing.

"The Lady Alice is weeping  
 In the forest cold and drear :  
 While, far and near,  
 The bells are ringing :

"His marriage-bells : and far and far away,  
 Across the stately woods of Castlebar,  
 Their music ran : and all among the woods  
 The people came, in holiday array,  
 To welcome their lost lord, and bless his bride :

While she his bride that one day might have been,  
Her cold, cold face, close to the wet cold earth,  
Wept bitterly.

Twelve months went on, and then  
Uprose yon ancient convent, on the spot  
Where she had lain so deathly pale and wept.  
Entering the convent walls, and dying there,  
She left her vast estates unto the nuns."

"What think you of the story?"

Turning round,  
He took a smooth white pebble in his hand,  
And cast it in the river. "Look," he said,  
"The moss-hung rocks stand firm and breast the  
foam;

But that smooth pebble rushes on and falls  
Into the lake beneath. These olden tales  
Lay in the fading tracks of many years;  
The light and graceful nothings float and fall  
Upon our times; but tales of noble worth  
Remain until the searchers search them out;  
The cool green moss of Beauty sheathing them  
From outward passions. I'll adventure forth,  
Some fit occasion, and return enriched  
With beauty, love, and truth. Wait on till then."

"Good speed, Sir Dreamer!" answered I, in turn.

"Commend me to all beauty, love, and truth;  
The rustic poet was a simple man,  
And never dreamed. 'You've heard the tale,'  
said he,

'What think you of it? To my own poor mind  
It seems to prove most women are not wise  
By long delaying what they most should yield.'"  
"Wait for my tale," my friend said. "Let us go."

## CHRONICLES OF PITSVILLE.

### NO. III.—THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

"THE TRAVELLERS" were a goodly company, reckoning among their numbers men of various ages and grades in society. The bond between us was of this nature:—Each of us had travelled by land, or sea, or both; and those among us who had not pursued great game in their natural wilds were animated by a desire to do so at some future time, and in the meantime by a simple admiration for those who had. Some of us were on the shelf—old, invalided, or touched with "dry rot;" others young, inexperienced, and immature. But we met on common ground—that of a sanded parlour in a Bloomsbury tavern—and nursed in each other's breasts the love of roaming, risking our lives, and preying upon those of the inferior orders of created beings, which proclaims the affinities of our race to the goat and the tiger through all the double windows and baize doors behind which civilized man intrenches himself. Some of our

members being married men, others in terror of a landlady or a mamma, we only met once a week, and our custom was that as the clock struck ten one member (each in due rotation) should rise upon his legs, and relate an anecdote of personal adventure by flood or field, or failing that, should "stand glasses all round" and sing a good song.

The Wednesday evening in question was set apart, so to speak, for Adolphus Grimshaw, Esq., an eccentric man with a fat pale face, a squint, a sandy moustache, and a body in shape like a kilderkin. His reputation among us depended upon his having begun life as a lad in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, and upon a certain gift in the art of narration, which enabled him, though somewhat prolix in the outset, invariably to "warm to his subject," and hold our undivided interest before his story would come to an end.

The clock struck. We cleared the course for Mr. Grimshaw with a respectful silence, and he began as follows:—

"Mr. chairman and gentlemen: I have a brief anecdote to relate which relates to a grizzly bear; in the far west designated "a bar," for short. In order to maintain the scientific character of our club, I shall name the story by the zoological title of that hairy quadruped—

*'Ursus Candescens.'*

"With a certain middle-aged, masculine, and decidedly unprepossessing denizen of the Monte Diablo, in California, I had more than one encounter, owing to the rapidity with which I can run down hill, and the great length of the bear's hind legs, which disqualifies him for competition with me at that little game. On the present occasion I shall limit my remarks to the circumstances of our first engagement.

"It fell out thus: my friend, Don Miguel, whose acquaintance I had made previously at a small town on the sea coast, had asked me to join him in the month of February upon an estate of his, a perfect solitude, in the region which I have mentioned above. The *Rancho* was one of great promise. It was stocked with upwards of two thousand head of cattle, thirty horses broken to the saddle, a band of thirty brood mares with several colts rising two and three years old. Don Miguel, himself a keen sportsman of the true Californian type, had been selected by his father among five sons, for his special qualifications, as the happy inheritor of this domain. I was accordingly, in the early days of February, 1854, wending my solitary way from Santa Barbara,

on the coast, to "*El Viejecito*." Such was the odd name which the estate had received from the enemies of Don Miguel's grandfather. The *Ranchos* in that part of the country are estates of vast dimensions, and it often happens that large tracts of mountain or sandy plain remain without an owner, so that you have to travel a long distance from house to house; and welcome, indeed, is the crowing of the distant cock to the lonely traveller, or the barking of the pack of dogs who herald his nearer approach to the abode of man. So well known was Don Miguel—as indeed was his father, Don Jorge, and had been his grandsire *El Viejecito*—that from house to house, as I journeyed northwards and eastwards, I had scarcely to ask for *posada*, but found a hearty welcome as soon as I had passed the usual cordon of dogs, was treated to the *Ranchero's* best, and in the morning had a fresh horse allotted to me, my previous one being turned out with the *caballada* of the estate, as is the custom of that country. Latterly, as I neared my destination, being now in that broken territory formed, or rather deranged, by the confused ridges of that ill-sounding range of mountains, I was warned of two enemies; and kindly hosts, or their sons, or sons-in-law, or sons-in-law's sons-in-law (for the custom is, that daughters bring their husbands to the paternal home,) would ride half-a-day's journey with me, returning with seeming sorrow to leave the *povre Inglesé* exposed to the perils of the road. The first danger was Solomon Pico, the veteran bandit, who for seventeen years has held his own on the borders of western civilization, and was at that time said to be in those parts. The second was—bears. I do not exaggerate, nor do I wish to flatter myself, for I am small of stature, as you see, gentlemen; I squint, and at the time of which I speak my chin was disfigured with a beard which verged on the caroty; but many a comely matron, or sweet *donzella*, crossed herself piously, and audibly prayed the Blessed Virgin to succour me if I crossed the tract of the angry bear alone. Pico had pity, and would hold me to ransom. The bear had none. It was the period of his dam's gestation—consequently he raged. He went about to destroy the lonely traveller—so they said. *They* went out twelve or fifteen strong, always, to encounter him in the mountain. Even then, almost always one was missing at the return, sometimes two. What could a stranger do alone? On three several occasions—I think they were the three last stages of my journey—I was asked to stay for company.

Some cause or other prevented my being escorted in force on the morning after my arrival; but in two or three days a dozen men would escort me to the next *Rancho*. I declined these offers. My little vanity is, not to be thought handsome, but to be thought brave. I liked the timid sympathy of the women. The hearty restraint, or sneering inuendoes of the men, some of whom evidently thought their lady-folk valued the safety of Don Miguel's friend too highly, only urged me to proceed; and as I knew it would be impossible for me single-handed, and without a knowledge of the country, to fight with Don Solomon and his seventy bravos, or to attempt to evade them if once in their lines, I sincerely hoped that I should not fall in with that free-booter, but that I should be able to signalize my courage and prove the efficacy of my arms (for I carried a revolver and a General Jacob's rifle) by offering the ears or paw of a grizzly bear to Don Miguel on my arrival.

"The last day of my solitary journey dawned," continued the narrator, refreshing himself with a deep draught from the tumbler of his neighbour on the left, which had just been replenished with steaming brandy and water. "The genial acts of hospitality and homely courtesy which signalled it had inspired me with a positive reverence for a people of whose faults I had formerly been too observant. Benavente was my last halting-place. Starting at daybreak, I was yet regaled beforehand with a cup of frothing chocolate stirred by fair hands; *tortillas* were thrust into my saddle-bags, and my flask was replenished with *agu' ardiente*, a rare luxury in the interior of a country where the people are abstemious and temperate enough for the State of Maine. For about three leagues I followed a gradually ascending trail, which kept pretty closely to the line of a small watercourse, at this season full to the banks with a bright swift stream, which bathed the feet of innumerable kine, and babbled in the burning heat with a sound as of gushing springs in cool grottos and dark clefts in solitary mountains.

"At a certain point, of which I had been well forewarned, I turned aside and began the long ascent which awaited me before the summit could be reached, from which the territory of Don Miguel might be descried."

"Cut it short, old man!" This ejaculation was somewhat irrelevantly uttered by the gentleman, whose previous potation had moistened the traveller's throat, but who had since replaced it with a similar draught, which he kept well on his left hand, and seemed anxious to

devote to an intelligent appreciation of that encounter with the bear which was to be the event of the evening.

"At length," resumed Grimshaw, "with far less of unseemly brevity than that which is forced upon me by our impetuous friend, those altitudes were attained. The promised land was in view. And why should I conceal the virgin blossom of this primeval Paradise? Don Miguel had a daughter."

A general murmur, and cries of "Name, name!"

"'Bella,' her father fondly called her: 'Isa,' I called her, from a combination of which two diminutives you will gather that her sponsor had conferred upon this—ahem!"

"Prairie Flower," happily suggested Mr. Spriggett.

"Well, not exactly; the prairies are eastward of the Rocky Mountains; we were far to the west. This—a—this mountain hairbell had received at the font the name 'Isabella.' But I scorn flattery, and rejected the affix. 'My kingdom for a horse,' cried the baffled king at Bosworth. If that irascible monarch had achieved the ascent of the Monte Diablo in my company, he would probably have learnt to shout for a mule, and to experience a sentiment possibly instigated by 'the spleen of fiery dragons' towards the whole equine race. The truth is, that a horse in a rocky pass is little better than a full-rigged ship on a turnpike road, or a post-chaise at sea. When I scrambled ahead of the brute he planted his fore-legs at an angle of forty-five degrees with the slope of the mountain, that is, in a plane parallel with the horizon, and threatened to roll backwards. When I drove him before me he kept stumbling up nature's stairs in a reckless fashion, and kicking such awkward masses of rock back upon me that I had some difficulty in pursuing the dangerous track."

"Excelsior!" cried Spriggett; now safe from the chance of a geographical retort.

"Another glass with you? Certainly," continued Mr. Grimshaw, "with pleasure. And, gentlemen, you will allow me to observe that Mr. Spriggett has embodied my sentiments on the memorable occasion in a manner at once concise and poetical. We stood between two regions, aloft, far above either. Chasms yawned beneath us: cataracts roared. Around us rose the heaven-kissing summits of the everlasting hills. Only the golden eagle and the *Sarcophagus Californianus*, that king of vultures, to which the condor is but as the cypress to the *Wellingtonia gigantea*, tenanted these solitudes. But no instinctive horror of these

royal birds possesses the horse. Why, then, does my courser stare wildly before him, with red distended nostrils, glaring eyes, and heaving flanks? On a sudden, swifter than conjecture, he turns; uttering a shrill cry, and with a frantic plunge, which nearly topples me over a precipice, sets off homewards in a desperate headlong career, by the way which we have just ascended with so much toil and risk. I had loosened the girths to aid his ascent; consequently, as he turned upon me with that terrified plunge, he cast off the heavy saddle with its trappings; his hind feet escaped the girth, and away he scoured, down, down, down. All I saw was a cloud of steam, and dust, and sand; all I heard was the rattling of stones and the crashing of larger rocks, which seemed to accumulate upon his course, and assured me that the poor brute would speedily involve himself in ruin."

"Was he killed?" inquired Mr. Gammage, from the other side of the table. But no notice was vouchsafed to the interruption except by Spriggett, who, elated with the success of his last interlude, casually observed, "Hold *your* row, Gammage;" and again fixed his glassy eyes on Mr. Grimshaw's countenance.

"I turned away," resumed the latter, "sick with horror at the inevitable fate of an animal which, only a few minutes previously, I had verbally consigned to more than bodily perdition. I turned. So did the track by which I must now pursue my solitary way. Some one has observed, that the being who is superior to the rest of creation in virtue of a lordly intellect, is 'never less alone than when alone.' So it proved now. At the bend of the trail appeared a cluster of large ragged grey boulders. The foremost of these, within five paces of where I stood, was—an enormous bear."

A great sigh of relief here escaped from several bosoms, which had begun to despair of bruin for that evening.

"Out of a mass of grizzled hair which hung all over him, like *byssus* on the crags, twinkled two little green glistening eyes, with a glare of cunning and hate which seemed absolutely fiendish. Beneath them sparkled—yes, gentlemen, sparkled in the blaze of sunlight, like splinters of quartz in granite—two horrible rows of teeth. In the awful silence of that moment, the creature moved. Such was the dense mass of hoary locks which concealed his form, and such my terror, that at first I scarcely comprehended the movement. Two huge paws, each ending in five talons like large tenter-

hooks, now appeared under the face, but rather beyond it on either side; while the whole mass became somewhat taller, and towered above the boulders on either hand. Then I understood the attitude: it was the sitting posture from which this giant makes its deadly spring. If I retreated one step he would assuredly bound forwards, and seize me with those ten grappling-irons. If I advanced a step they would grasp me in a fell embrace, and one of the hind feet (now concealed) would disembowel me instantly. A cold clamminess came over me: my teeth chattered: my vision grew dim. The brute thought I was defying him, and glared with a more concentrated fury. Without daring to take my eyes for a moment off those of my enemy, I became aware that the great saddle, with its large leather covering, lay at my feet. It was actually between us two. With the first glimmer of thought, courage began to return: with courage, a quicker operation of the mind. Weighted as I was, with the heavy Jacob rifle slung across my back; with revolver, knife, and ammunition in my belt; stiff and weary with climbing as I was, I stooped, and with spasmodic energy snatched up the ponderous saddle, and rushed at my foe. A terrific shock—a blind scramble. Swift as a wild cat, I then vaulted on to an immense rock, and unslung my rifle. At my feet was the furious monster tearing the saddle, tree and all, to shreds and fragments. I cocked the rifle, placed the muzzle against his head, and fired. Another shock. A cloud of smoke and dust, out of which I saw him emerge, shaking his head violently, and moving (apparently blinded) in the direction which the horse had taken before. I had the presence of mind to suspect that he was only half-stunned and dazzled; also to remember that the great length of a bear's hind legs prevent it from going down hill as fast as up. Without an instant's delay I sprang off the rock, and, abandoning my rifle as Horace did his shield, set off down the opposite descent faster than ever human legs carried a human body before or since, I verily believe."

At this point of the narrative Mr. Grimshaw, who almost acted his adventure while relating it, so energetic was his manner, and so thoroughly did the past seem present to him in recital, exhibited symptoms of real distress. Late hours, brandy and water, and an atmosphere less impregnated with ozone than with tobacco smoke had told upon his nerves. Besides which he was evidently a man of a highly nervous excitable temperament. Poor

Mr. Gammage rose silently from his seat, handed his glass to Grimshaw, and heroically ordered, "Welsh rarebits for two," whereupon the hunter, refreshed and expectant, resumed his tale.

"I spurned the trail with flying feet. Encountering obstacles, I leapt, I swung from rock to rock, I bounded, I dropt from ridge to ridge like falling water. Coming after awhile upon a tolerably smooth descent, I again took to my heels legitimately, and raced along, with the valley now in sight, now lost behind some prominence, when unhappily my toe caught in a ledge of rock, and I spun head over heels like an acrobat for some score of yards, being brought to a dead stand-still against—what? [In vain he looked round, appealing to the company.] Against what did I roll, maimed and mangled?"

"*Ursa Minor*," suggested the facetious Sprigett. But Adolphus was worked up now with the memory of his hair-breadth 'scape, and could not brook a joke. He turned on Sprigett an eye of unfathomable scorn.

"*Convolvulus Minor*! you mean. Six-and-eightpenny quill-driver! How dare you interrupt a traveller in the recital of genuine adventures with your Chancery-lane witticisms? Against the neat fore legs of a mule, gentlemen—an animal of pure Andalusian blood, worth 500 silver dollars, ridden by the courtliest gentleman in the western hemisphere, the Señor Don Miguel Badajoz Salamanca de Santander! [Another glance, this time of sublime pity, at the diminished head of Sprigett.] Don Miguel, who, counting his yearlings in the spurs of the mountain, had heard the ring of my trusty rifle, and knowing the hardihood of his expected guest, was ascending promptly to rescue me from the claws of death. The noble moke—ahem!—I mean mule, lifted a compassionate foot shod with pure silver, but carefully withdrew it, and waited for his master to dismount, and welcome a guest who knows how to appreciate the blue blood of old Castile.

"With some difficulty Don Miguel unscrewed the top of this flask, gentlemen, which, as you see [here the flask was handed round], received a severe contusion during my somewhat abrupt descent into the hidalgo's estate. Conveying the neck to my parched lips he poured the exquisite stimulant down my throat, and I revived. When sufficiently restored to bear the blaze of sunlight again without dizziness, he pointed out to me what seemed at first a rock, or boulder suspended on a natural pivot in mid air, high above our

heads. Detaching his double glasses from their case, and directing my hand carefully towards the object of interest, he enabled me to obtain a distinct view of a form which I quickly recognised as that of my late adversary, sitting disconsolately on a bold promontory, contemplating my escape, like Xerxes after the battle of Salamis. Thus I was assured of the truth of the proverb that 'He who fights, and runs away, lives to fight another day.'

"Welsh rabbits for two, sir. Yes, sir. Here y'are, sir." So saying the sprightly waiter put an end to the narration,—and Adolphus Grimshaw supped with Mr. Gammage amidst a murmur of general satisfaction.

### THREE DAYS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

Then was it written in the sky  
And in the stars above,  
That but three moments should be given  
To me for life and love.

One moment for us to meet,  
And one to part, and then  
One moment for a rainbow dream  
To melt in tears again.

Yes, thus 'twas written in the sky,  
'Twas thus the stars decreed,  
And we, far parted, wander on  
Where'er these stars may lead.

But there's a happy distant land  
Where the bonds of fate are riven,  
And there we two shall meet again  
Beyond the starry Heaven.

*Translated from the German.*

YES, it is very true, though life be long, yet as one looks back, a few days only stand out from its monotonous level and give their colour to one's existence. One such day—divided from me by forty years—rises on my memory now in undiminished brightness, and neither time, nor space, nor any other thing, nor death itself, I sometimes think, shall quite do away with its influence upon my soul.

I had risen early, and as I threw open my bedroom window and breathed the dewy freshness of the morning, I turned away in discontent at its calm brightness, for to-day *he* must go away!

This thought had repeated itself in my uneasy dreams and troubled waking, till I felt angry with myself, but neither pride nor reason can avail against the pain that wearied my heart that morning. I dressed myself, and wandered out into the garden. I stopped by a little sparkling fountain and gazed abstractedly at its shining waters, and the waving trees, and the brilliant flowers—gazed

and thought. To-day he is going away. I sat down by the fountain's brink and dreamed past scenes over again, mixed with vague fancies of what the future might have in store.

Suddenly I was aware of a shadow between me and the sun. I looked up. Ralph Trafford stood before me. With a suppressed cry I started to my feet, for a dream that changes to a reality, a thought that becomes a bodily presence, has something awful in it; my face must have expressed as much, for with an amused smile he said, "I am sorry I frightened you—but what makes me so very alarming this morning?" All my heart's blood rose to my face—I tried to speak and could not, but tears came instead, tears that washed away the last slight defences that kept our hearts apart; and ah! what echoes of heavenly music did the voice I listened to awaken in my heart, what strange glory passed over the face of the earth! Then fell the shadows, and the drop of gall from which no earthly happiness is free, and mingled itself in my cup of bliss. His dark eyes were looking into mine with tender pity, and the tone of his voice was sad, almost remorseful, as he said, "Forgive me, Alice, I did not mean this."

"How? I do not understand you."

"I have been weak, base, selfish. What right had I to throw the smallest shadow of my own trials on your bright young life? A few more hours of silence and forbearance, and I, with my wretched fortune, would have been out of your way for ever. I should speedily have been forgotten, and some one with a home to offer—"

"Oh, Ralph!"

"My poor love, do not look as if I meant a reproach; but my prospects are so little hopeful, God knows whether it will ever be in my power to claim you as my wife. It would be the very height of selfishness to sacrifice your future to a vision that possibly, nay probably, could never be realized; better be nothing to you than a vain regret!"

"Stop, Ralph. It is *you* who do not understand *me* now. Could it have been better for me to believe that you had made it a day's amusement to win my heart and gone away to play the same careless frolic perhaps with another? To have both my self-respect and trust in others poisoned by the harassing doubt whether I had been misled by my own silly vanity or your cruel deceit. No! henceforth come what may, I can bear it. I may never see you again, but I have your love. You may forget me; may even transfer your love to another; but I shall know I had it once.

You cannot deprive me of that comfort now !”

His self-blame was chased away, at least for the moment, and we sat together by the fountain, silent and happy—the past forgotten, the future unthought of, the present all in all. We made no vows, plighted no troth ; but we loved one another, and we knew it. A few more hours, and he was gone away into the wide world, the deep sea between us, and barriers far more impassable dividing us from each other for ever ! I, too, returned to my own home, and no trace remained of the day that had so great an influence on my life, save in the depths of my own heart.

I have never seen that garden again ; but once since I have been old I dreamed that I was there. Once more the fountains sparkled in the sunshine, the trees waved, the birds sang, the very scent of the flowers—all, all was as on that day so long ago. For one moment I was young again,—it was a strange sensation ; the next there was a pang of something lost or mislaid, a doubt as of my own identity, a struggle to think and recollect ; and I awoke. It was only a dream ; nay, only the reflection of a dream—the shadow of a shade.

The mists gather over the magic glass of memory. They clear, and another picture forms itself to my mind's eye.

I am in my old room at home. The shadows of evening are darkening in the autumnal sky, the large heavy clouds drift about like uneasy spirits. I raise my eyes to the casement window and watch the faded, falling-leaves flutter by and vanish like the hope and promise of my youth. The moaning of the wind sounds in my ears like the wailing dirge of the past, and the fast darkening heavens seem the emblem of my future. With a heavy sigh I stirred the smouldering fire into a blaze, and stooped to read by its light those sentences of the letter I held, and which were already imprinted in fiery characters on my brain. It was my sister Eleanor's kind, unconscious hand that had given me this mortal blow—yes, a mortal blow ! for that which had been for three years the life of my life died out as I read—died and made no sign. Her story was merely this:—“Do you remember Ralph Trafford ? Perhaps not, it is so long since you met him ; though you ought, for, by-the-bye, he used to be a great admirer of yours, dear Alice. Well, Mr. Lewis has been at Munich, where he saw a good deal of him. Just before he left, it came out that Ralph had been privately married for some weeks to the widow of Count —, who died not above six months

ago. There had been some scandal about Ralph and this woman last year, so Mr. L. says, but whether the reports were true or not of course he could not say ; but, at all events, it was not the first scandal *she* has been the heroine of. My husband is vexed, for he has always had a great regard for Ralph ; and what makes the matter more annoying is that his elder brother is now quite given over, and only sent to Madeira to die, so that we may soon expect the bride and bridegroom to take possession of D—— Hall, and I must decide what to do about calling on her,” &c., &c.

Not I, then, but another, was to share his home, when he had one to offer. I crushed the letter together in my hand, and flung it into the fire. The feelings of my heart, as I watched it shrivel and perish, I am as unable to describe as to forget.

I had answered quietly and collectedly when asked, “What does Eleanor say ?” I remember, as I put down the letter to pour out my mother's tea, that I searched the sugar-basin with minute perseverance, in order to find a lump of the precise size. I went through the ordinary occupations of the day as usual. My inner life had long been too distinct from the external for this to be difficult ; but *at last*, alone in my own room, the icy numbness that had gathered round my heart gave way. I flung myself on my knees by the bedside, and covered my face with my hands, though there was no one to see the tears that came to my relief. Ah ! my vain trust. Ah ! my foolish hope. But he had loved me once, and there was still comfort in the thought. Who has not once in his life been happy in a visionary Paradise, and been driven out by the flaming sword ? But the degree of suffering depends on the capacity to suffer, and mine was great. On some minds an impression is no sooner made than it begins to be effaced. Time alone, with light imperceptible touches, suffices to smooth away its traces ; but on *others*, a strong impression once made is ineffaceable ; like characters chiselled on a hard stone the marks may be overgrown, but beneath the moss and lichen that hides them they still remain, till the stone itself shall perish. The letter was consumed. I started up and paced the narrow room with the feeling of a caged animal. I longed to rush out into the woods and fields, and there, in solitude under the stormy sky, do battle with the fiery pain that gnawed at my heart ; but no, I must wrap myself in the Spartan cloak of resolute reserve, and I did it, but it was a hard struggle. I do

not love to contemplate it even now. Let the picture go.

Years pass away, and another day arrives, the last on which I was ever destined to feel a strong emotion.

I had arrived at the age of thirty. I was in the drawing-room of a small house in Torquay, where we were passing the winter for the sake of my mother's failing health. She, wrapped in a large shawl, is sitting in the warmest corner by the fire talking with unusual cheerfulness to my brother Charles and his wife, who were staying with us; but I, withdrawn from the bright fire and cheerful talk, sit by the window looking into the dreary street, bleak and dismal in the lengthening days and strengthening cold of early February. Ah! my poor mother. I know why she is so cheerful. I had on that day received an eligible offer of marriage.

"I can depart in peace now," she said, when I showed her Colonel Griffiths's letter. "I shall see you in a home of your own, my Alice."

Yes, it would be better so. I was a very fortunate woman. Colonel Griffiths would have been a good match for me when I was in the zenith of my beauty—how lucky then to make such a marriage now! I had struggled with my wasted love, my vain regrets. There was something buried deep down in my heart, but it lay very still. It gave no sign of life. I wished to forget it was there. Yet on this day there were ominous stirrings and heavings in the grave where it lay hid, a sort of convulsive sob; but no, it *must* be dead, it had been so long buried. Why should not my future life be bright? and then my eyes and thoughts wandered to the opposite house. It had been tenanted by a lady, of whom all I knew was that she was solitary and a widow, but I had watched her gradual decline with interest that was partly pity and partly envy. She was young, certainly not older than myself, and her task was done already. The soul that looked out of her bright limpid eyes was fast departing to some calm region of eternal rest; whilst for me, how many weary years had to be traversed before my pilgrimage should be over? Yet to see her dying amongst strangers so lonely and forlorn was a sad and pitiful sight, but that was all over now, she had departed, and the hearse which was to carry her frail faded form to a distant grave stood at the door. A travelling carriage was there too; that must be for the brother, who had come to her only the day before she died. Very sad and dispirited as I was feeling, the contem-

plation of death was more congenial to me than the thought of life. I continued to look on dreamily, but when the door opened and he, her brother, advanced to the threshold, what made my heart stop and then throb so tumultuously? Why were life, and death, and eternity, *all* forgotten in the absorbing agony of expectation with which I watched to see his face. I did see it, he looked up. Oh! will nothing keep him one moment whilst I look at the grave care-worn features once more? *Once more!* No, he gets into the carriage, he pulls down the blinds, and he is gone! I walked slowly back towards the fire.

"Why, Alice, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" was the exclamation that greeted me. And so I had. I had seen one who for me had no longer an existence upon earth—I had seen Ralph Trafford, and, like an apparition from the land of spirits, he came in time to warn me from the evil I was about to do. Yet, after that strong yearning to look upon his face again had passed, it was not so much love that woke in my heart as a despairing conviction that this man was my fate. That to be his sacrifice was my destiny, and that I could not fight against it. I had never been so near hating Ralph as at the time when I resolved to offer up all the remainder of my life to the memory of the love I once bore him; never felt so tender a gratitude to the other as when I determined to reject him; but that one electric moment had lighted up every hidden corner of my heart, and shown me the dishonour it would be to accept that for which I could give no equivalent. That day was the last of my life. I seem to myself since then to have had nothing to do with this world, only to wait the end, and muse over the painful riddle of existence with patient wonder, and a hope, more lively as the time of my departure draws near, that when the veil of material things is removed, this life of mine, so suffering and apparently so purposeless, may, in the unknown world which is to come, turn out after all to have had a use and a meaning.

#### TABLE TALK.

"SCRINIA DA MAGNIS: ME MANUS UNA TENET." We have been asked by more than one correspondent for a translation of the motto that appears on our new cover. At first we were inclined to be the least bit contumacious, and advise our questioners to use their dictionaries; but we cannot, either in gallantry or sense, resist the appeal of a lady,



from her writing, evidently, both young and fascinating, who frankly says—naturally enough, dear girl—"she knows no Latin." Then, for the information of this fair querist, and all our numerous lady readers who, like her, "know no Latin"—we love them quite as well without it—to whom the universities are not yet thrown open, we suggest the following rendering in the vulgar tongue:—

Your bookshelves give to weighty tomes,  
One hand's enough for me.

The line was originally written by Martial, the poet of the first century, A.D., and applied to a volume of his epigrams, which certainly may be considered the nearest approach to a modern magazine known in Roman literature. Quotation has been said to be the passport of men of letters all over the world, and we offer no apology for bearing a Latin motto at the head of our wrapper. We selected it because it seemed to us more appropriate for our purpose than any short sentence of Shakspeare's we could think of. Perhaps some of our readers, well skilled in the writings of the great bard, can suggest to us a suitable motto for our magazine from his plays, in the shape of a short sentence of one or two lines. Though too late for present use, it will not be too late for us to learn.

THE ROYAL OPENING of the new bridge and viaduct naturally recalls memories of the last pageant of this kind—the opening of London Bridge, August 1, 1831—at which her Majesty, then a girl of twelve years of age, was present, in company with King William IV. and his Consort. The weather on that day was all that could be wished for such an occasion and for a water pageant. A state barge, with the royal party on board, attended by a flotilla with the ministers and members of the court, left Somerset House at three in the afternoon, and glided down the river under Waterloo, Blackfriars, and Southwark bridges, to the steps on the City side of the new structure, where they were received by the civic authorities. The bridge itself was partially converted into a splendid pavilion, in which the chief ceremony of the day took place. After this the royal party were conducted to Somerset House, which they reached at seven in the evening, attended by the lord mayor's barge and the twelve barges of the great City guilds—the entire ceremony having passed off with the greatest success. A few days since the *Times*, in reverting to this opening of London Bridge, says:—"It was essentially a water pageant,

and there is still in the Library at Guildhall a picture of it, painted shortly after the occasion, which conveys a good idea of the whole ceremonial." The writer would not seem to be aware that the Queen possesses a large and important picture of the ceremony, in which her own youthful figure is clearly to be seen. The picture, which is eight feet long by five feet in height, is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle, and was painted by Clarkson Stanfield, by the command of King William IV., who had ordered a boat to be at the painter's services during the day. Mr. Stanfield has introduced his own portrait in the front of the picture. The view is taken from the Surrey shore, looking alongside the bridge, across to the stairs at which the royal party are just about to land, the monument rising in the background. The pavilion on the bridge is shown with its crowd of flags and swarm of visitors, and the river is alive with a floating population in every variety of boat and barge. The well-known figure of the King, with the star on the breast of his blue coat, is seen standing in the barge, acknowledging, with uncovered head, the enthusiastic reception with which he is greeted. The picture is painted with all Mr. Stanfield's conscientiousness of execution, every individual figure and detail being clearly defined, and the whole treated with breadth and power. It was engraved on steel for the *Art Journal*, January, 1858.

ARE WE EVER TO HAVE BLUE ROSES or blue dahlias? We are now in the month of fogs, colds, coughs, and, our neighbours on the other side of the Channel say, of suicides: in November the great horticultural shows of the year are over, and we have not yet got any nearer the much-coveted blue rose. Our trusty friends, the Scotch, who are to the front in most things except journalism, are great gardeners, and have had some notable horticultural displays this year in that land of "noble wild prospects" across the border; but even the skill of a Scotch horticulturist fails to produce either a blue rose or a blue dahlia. The natural colour of the rose is pink or white. Cultivation has given us the yellow, or tea rose; the black, or, more properly, purple rose; and various striped varieties of our favourite and national flower. The Horticultural Society of Paris, we have heard, offered for years a handsome premium for a blue variety, but in vain. It has been said by an eminent authority that cultivation will change yellow into red or white, but never into blue;

and that blue may in time become red, but never yellow. The difficulty of obtaining a blue rose is of course increased by the fact, that there is no hybrid variety approaching to a blue colour; and all the hybrids fertilise their seeds in an indifferent manner. But in the case of the dahlia there ought not to exist such great difficulty. We have blue salvias, a good blue verberna, blue and white variegated hyacinths, and blue and yellow mingled in the same petals of the pansy. Have any of our correspondents seen a hybrid rose or a dahlia approaching to a blue shade?

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON—for the chief magistrate of York is also a Lord Mayor—would seem, in early times, to have walked when he went in procession on the ninth of November. In Elizabeth's time we find him riding on horseback; and this continued to be the custom until 1712, when the Lord Mayor, for the first time, drove in his coach. Hogarth shows this coach, with Royalty viewing the procession, in one of the plates of his "Industrious Apprentice." The coach that Cipriani so expensively adorned did not make its appearance in the Show until 1757. The last Lord Mayor who rode on horseback in the procession on the ninth of November was a more than ordinarily notable personage—Sir Gilbert Heathcote, ancestor of the present Lord Aveland. He was one of the founders of the Bank of England, and was the original for the "Sir Andrew Freeport" of the *Spectator*. Pope speaks of him in his "Imitations of Horace" (Book II., Epist. ii., l. 240)—

Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men.

Bramble also speaks of him in his "Letter;" and Dyer, who had been presented by him to the living of Coningsby, lauds him in his poem of the "Fleece." Sir Gilbert Heathcote was created a baronet in 1733, and, in 1753, purchased Conington Castle, Huntingdonshire, in the dining-hall of which, the present possessor, John Moyer Heathcote, Esq., has a fine three-quarter length, life-size, sitting portrait of Sir Gilbert, dressed in his Lord Mayor's robes. In the same room is another celebrated picture, the portrait of Master Heathcote, by Gainsborough, the interesting history attached to which will be found in Fulcher's "Life of Gainsborough," p. 224. Although Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last Lord Mayor who rode in the procession on Lord Mayor's day, yet he was not the last of those officials who could ride; for Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter, Lord Mayor in 1811, was so proud of his eque-

trianism, that he usually gratified himself and his subjects by displaying himself on horseback. This gave rise to the following epigram:—

An Emp'r or of Rome, who was famous for whim,  
A Consul his horse did declare;  
The City of London, to imitate him,  
Of a Hunter have made a Lord Mayor.

THE COST OF THE NEW BRIDGE AND VIADUCT will, in all probability, be upwards of three millions sterling, of which sum the viaduct will consume nearly two-thirds. It was stated in the *Times*, Oct. 25, that, "London Bridge, including its approaches, cost altogether £1,458,300." This sum is quite near enough for all useful purposes; but, as a matter of curiosity, it may be stated that the actual sum claimed in the bills of the engineers (George and Sir John Rennie, sons of Mr. Rennie, the architect of the bridge) was £1,458,311 8s. 11½d. In such a costly undertaking, there is a great significance in that odd "11½d.;" and the idea that the expense of London Bridge was calculated to a farthing, is certainly an original conception, and, perhaps, bolder in its execution even than the structure itself. Yet, it would seem to be in harmony with the chief bridge of the capital city in the nation, if we take for granted the saying of Buonaparte's that ours is a nation of shopkeepers.

LOOK OUT FOR METEORS, on the nights of the 12th, 13th, and 14th of this month. There may be some sort of a display—not such a one as we had three years ago: then we passed through a thick part of the meteoric ring; now we have to cut a part less densely populated, and we must expect to find the "stars" fewer and farther between. The head of the astronomical and meteorological department in France has organized an elaborate scheme of concerted observations over that country, to glean the best data that the shower, if any should occur, will yield: true to the paternal character of his government, he has even prepared instructions for the tyros who desire to become observers for the nonce, and has published maps of the heavens, at fourpence each, for the delectation of those who cannot call the stars by their names, to the end that these amateurs may do the state some scientific service, by mapping down any striking meteors they may chance to see. For, although we have learnt that meteors are allied to comets, in so far that they lie in the same tracks, and may possibly be crumbs dropped by the bearded star along its flying

course through space, we do not know all that one would like to know concerning them. Science appetizes on its food—hungers as it fills : what it has gained in meteoric lore only stimulates it to further efforts in pursuit of greater knowledge. So this possible shower, thin though it may be, of 1869, will be watched by the philosophers with as great, if not greater, interest than was its predecessor of 1866. If any desire to help them, they may do so by simply counting the meteors that appear in successive intervals of time, say in each quarter of an hour, while the fall lasts. If they can accurately define the times of appearance and the paths in the sky of any conspicuous individuals, so much the better.

A NEW ART UNION—the Goldsmiths'—has been started. It is to be conducted on the principles of the well-known Art Union, giving away goblets and salvers as prizes to the lucky ticket holders, instead of engravings and statuettes. The prospectus says "it is intended, at a nominal outlay, to place some of the choicest works of art within the reach of all who admire the productions emanating from native artistic genius." This native genius in art wants cultivation, and the new Union may do something tending towards improved designs. In workmanship our countrymen are not behind continental artificers ; but their artistic taste requires careful training to place their designs on a par with those of their French competitors. There is no reason why the Goldsmiths' Art Union should not be successful if it is honourably conducted, and the prizes are sufficiently numerous and tempting.

"PLAGUE THE BOYS! what? holidays again?" said a friend and father the other day, opening a letter at the breakfast table from Hopeful, Esq., jun., at a public school. Really it is high time parents brought their influence to bear upon the school authorities, and secured some change in the matter of vacations. Seven or eight weeks in the summer, when the weather favours out-door exercises of all kinds, no friend of the boys will object to. But is not a week—or at most ten days—at Christmas enough? And what do holidays at Easter and Michaelmas do for the boys but upset them for study and hinder their progress at school? It is said the origin of the lawyers' Long Vacation was to give them an opportunity of helping to get in the harvest. School summer holidays may have had a similar reason in some degree for their institution. Had we not better do without holidays when there

are no crops about, and so reduce them to two months in the year? In this age of competitive examination few boys can afford to waste their time.

IT IS REMARKABLE how deep-rooted in the bucolic breast is a love for wonder-working charms. It was only the other day that I was talking to a highly respectable tenant farmer, the churchwarden of his parish, and asking him how his rheumatism was ; when he replied with great gravity, that although it had been as bad as it was possible to be, he hoped that it would soon be quite cured, as he was now carrying in his trousers-pocket a piece of alum ; but, that as he had only begun with it on the previous day, it had not yet had time to do him much good, although he fancied he was a little better. This wonderful specific had been given to him by another farmer, aged 75, whom it had "completely cured," and who knew of "several" whom it had similarly cured. As nothing more is required than to put a piece of alum in your trousers-pocket, this "cure" has simplicity and cheapness to recommend it ; and I here make it more widely known "in the cause of suffering humanity," as the quack-doctors say.

OUR GREAT HISTORIAN and essayist, Lord Macaulay, had a strong objection to the use of the words *elegant* and *genteel*. Mortals less distinguished in letters have a right to similar distastes. We confess to a very strong dislike, amounting almost to hatred, of "*gifted*" (an American vulgarism), "*talented*" (why not shillingsed and penced?) and "*moneyed*"—generally written in defiance of all decent systems of orthography, *monied*; but what was our horror to find the usually correct *Spectator* writing of the "alarm of the *propertied* classes" in Spain. Let us protest against *propertied* becoming English.

*All contributions should be addressed to the "Editor," and if considered unsuitable will be returned, providing stamps for that purpose be enclosed.*

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the rector had delivered himself of these words, he moved his chin about uneasily on the edge of the broad white cravat that he always wore, and took hold of one of his own wrists after his usual manner upon giving out the text for a sermon. Fenwick received the letter in silence, and read over the first few lines before he had quite recovered from his surprise.

"Yes, it is my writing," he said, "and was sent by me to Mary. We have just been searching for it in the garden. May I ask where you found it?"

"Oh, that is not of much consequence. It was brought to me about half-an-hour ago. From the sentiments expressed in that letter it appears that you have become—in fact, become attached to Mary."

"I love her sincerely, devotedly, and if—"

"Very well; I am willing to assume that such is the case," said Mr. Clare, interrupting him. "But that is not all, otherwise I should only have to regret that you had allowed such a feeling to take possession of you. Believe me, Mr. Towers, I don't wish to say anything unnecessarily harsh, yet I consider it my duty to tell you that your conduct in this matter has been excessively reprehensible. You have taken advantage of the opportunities afforded by my having received you as—as a visitor, and have secretly endeavoured to win the affections of my daughter. You have even gone beyond that, and have induced her to give you clandestine interviews, besides inveigling her into a correspondence not sanctioned by her parents. All this is unworthy of a gentleman—unworthy of a man of honour. Had any one told me this morning that you

could be guilty of such conduct, I should have refused to credit it."

"Then why do you credit it now?"

"Why! Is not that letter which you hold in your hand sufficient proof?"

"It only proves what I have already admitted—that I love Mary. There is nothing in it about clandestine interviews, nothing which shows that she is in the habit of corresponding with me. I intend to be perfectly candid, Mr. Clare; but I wish to ascertain from whom you received all this additional information."

"From the same person who brought me that letter. It is quite unnecessary that I should be more explicit. I have formed other projects for my daughter, Mr. Towers. In fact, her marriage with you is out of the question—quite out of the question. I must beg of you to return all her letters that you have received, and to avoid any further communication with her. It is the only amends that you can make for having acted so—so badly."

"At present my position is such that, even with your consent to our union, I should not venture to make her my wife. But when I have made some progress in the profession that I intend to adopt, you will not, I hope, refuse your sanction to a marriage upon which our future happiness depends."

"I have, of course, had no opportunity of speaking to her upon this subject; but, I am quite convinced that you exaggerate a mere girlish fancy into a much more serious feeling. If you really have her future happiness at heart, the best proof you can give of it is to act as I have suggested. Under any circumstances, I tell you plainly that you must not hope for my consent, and I know my daughter's disposition too well to have any anxiety as to her marrying without it. I have endeavoured to express myself as temperately as possible; but, I do not feel the less strongly, nor will you find me less determined to exert my authority, should it become necessary."

"Am I to conclude that you object to me

personally, or is it simply because I am poor, that you speak thus?"

"Don't inquire into my reasons. One of them certainly is, that you have no means to support my child as I could wish. Take my advice. Forget this foolish passion, and—*and*—emigrate. The climate of New Zealand is delightful, and I am told that large fortunes can soon be realised there by sheep-farming."

"Much obliged for your disinterested advice," said Fenwick, drily, "but I shall not endeavour to profit by it."

"At any rate, you will send back the letters, and promise to refrain from all further communications."

"Since our engagement I have not received a single letter from her."

"It is very gratifying to find that she has acted with so much discretion."

"There was one sent to me a day or two ago, but it has not yet reached me, owing to the stupidity of the people at whose house I have taken lodgings."

"You will, I trust, return it unopened," said the rector, earnestly.

"No; I decline to promise anything of the kind. It might be construed into my having abandoned a hope which is dearer to me than life. Let me take this opportunity of telling you frankly, that as soon as my circumstances will admit of such a course, I shall come to you and ask for the hand of Mary Clare."

"You will only subject yourself to a second refusal."

"Then I shall marry her without your consent," said Fenwick, quietly.

"Supposing that you succeed in doing so—which I very much doubt—it's as well that you should understand that she will not receive even a sixpence from any of her family."

"That is a matter of complete indifference to me. Indeed, I should much prefer that it should be so."

"But you forget that your intended wife may not share your feelings on that point. To ask her to make such a sacrifice appears to me very like gross selfishness on your part."

"I have the most perfect confidence in her love, as she has in mine. Were our relative positions reversed, I should not feel that it was a sacrifice," said Fenwick, simply.

"And how long do you suppose it will be ere you make a descent upon us, and carry off my daughter? Am I to anticipate a visit from you as soon as you find yourself in receipt of a couple of hundreds a-year, or do your ideas of competency go beyond that?" said the rector, ironically.

"If I have not been misinformed, you married when your income was much less than the sum you have named."

The rector was a little disconcerted at this unexpected reference to his marriage with the banker's daughter.

"Really, Mr. Towers, I don't think that—in fact, that there is any similarity in the two cases. I married a lady *with* money, you propose to marry one without any. The difference is very obvious, and the necessity for your making a proper provision for your wife and family equally so. I sincerely hope that you will reflect upon what I have said, and abandon your matrimonial intentions, so far as my daughter is concerned. You have very little idea of the misery you may entail upon a woman by taking her from a comfortable home to share your anxieties and struggles to obtain a bare subsistence. There is Mr. Rushton, who made a match of this kind, nearly twenty years ago, and has been living for years past, with a family of eight children, on a hundred and fifty pounds a-year, part of which is derived from a small sum left to him by his father. In all probability he will get the living of Haggerthorpe, when it becomes vacant, but that is but a very small one. I have not inquired into the extent of your resources, nor into the prospects that you have, because, as I have already said, your proposal cannot for a moment be entertained. Had you consulted me in the first instance, you might have ascertained this long ago, and saved us all a—*a*—great deal of annoyance."

"I thought it prudent to say nothing about the matter, till the time came when I should have some chance of gaining your consent."

"But you were not sufficiently prudent to refrain from saying anything to Mary. You have behaved badly, and you will behave still worse if you don't determine upon giving up all intention of proceeding further in this silly affair."

"I cannot do so. It is useless therefore to urge me further," said Fenwick, decisively.

"Then I shall appeal to Mary, and henceforth——"

A tap came to the door of the study, and Mrs. Clare entered. She had just been engaged in a long conversation with Mrs. Graves-Parr, and had learnt from that lady that a letter had been found by her upon the stairs, and that she had taken it to Mr. Clare. It was her duty to do so, she had said, because it was in a man's handwriting and addressed to Mary. Then she had explained that she had long suspected that Mary had a secret

attachment. Mrs. Graves-Parr's reasons for arriving at this conclusion being, that she had once seen Mary and her lover talking together in the twilight at the top of Elmtree Lane. The rector's wife had listened to all this, and much more, without appearing quite so shocked as might have been anticipated. She was a few years her husband's senior, but she had not forgotten the days of her own courtship; and besides, she rather liked Fenwick, though she had a great horror of his father. So when she found that the young man had been summoned to Mr. Clare's study, she thought it might be as well to make her way there, for she knew the strong prejudices entertained by her husband as to the Towers family, and wished to soften the refusal that Fenwick's proposal would receive. Mrs. Graves-Parr had taken upon herself the responsibility of delivering a pretended message to Mary from her mother, but as yet Mrs. Clare had not had any opportunity of speaking to her daughter. The rector did not appear particularly pleased at the interruption, for he was accustomed to decide matters of this kind without the interference of his wife. But in reply to her inquiries he briefly stated the substance of his conversation with Fenwick.

"I have told him," continued Mr. Clare, "that even should he induce Mary to become his wife he will get nothing from us. I may now add, that from the day she receives his name she shall become a stranger to her family."

"Homeless, friendless, and penniless, she will be all the more dear to me," said Fenwick, with fervour.

As he stood there in deep mourning, the fresh colour in his cheeks increased by emotion, he certainly looked handsome enough to have been accepted as the son-in-law of an archbishop—supposing it possible that manly beauty could have any influence in such cases. In stature he was nearly six feet, but so admirably proportioned was his figure, that you would not have imagined he was nearly so tall. Looking into his face the only fault that could be discovered was, that his grey eyes were rather small, but they were capable of great expression; and his light brown hair, curling loosely over an ample forehead almost as white as alabaster, gave to the upper part of the head something of a classic appearance.

Mrs. Clare looked earnestly at the young man, and a tear slowly trickled down her cheek, but she did not speak.

"It is quite in vain to argue further with you," said the rector, coldly. "If you will give

no promise as to your future conduct, I think that this interview had better terminate. I need not tell you that our acquaintance with you is at an end."

"Oh Baldwin! do not speak so harshly," said Mrs. Clare. "In after years we may yet be able to receive Mr. Towers as a friend, though for the present, perhaps, it would be better that his visits here should cease."

"I shall not enter this house again till I come to request your consent to my union with Mary. How long it may be ere I am justified in asking her to be my wife depends upon the will of Providence. I shall not forget the few kind words that you have just uttered, Mrs. Clare."

He held out his hand to her, and she pressed it in silence. The rector walked to the window; when he again turned towards the writing-table Fenwick was gone.

## CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH nearly a month had elapsed since the attack upon Richard Towers, the unknown assailant had not been captured. After much questioning, Mr. Bender had learnt from the foreman of the boat-builder's yard, where the handspike was bought, that there was some difficulty in giving Ralph Fletcher the change out of a five-pound note which he had tendered in payment, so he had gone with the man to a neighbouring public-house, and while there, had paid for some ale for himself and his companion. It so happened that Ralph Fletcher was heard to complain that the liquor was sour. He had added that the best ale he had ever drunk was to be obtained at the "Blue Unicorn," in Finsbury, where he sometimes dropped in to smoke a pipe. As to the number of the note no information could be obtained, for the landlord had forgotten to whom he had paid it away. But Mr. Bender considered that he had obtained a strong clue to the whereabouts of the man that he sought, and after his visit to Wilmington House he followed it very perseveringly for many successive nights. He was too cautious, however, to make any inquiries at the "Blue Unicorn," lest they might reach the ears of the individual he was so anxious to secure. A fortnight had passed, during which the detective had each evening joined the company which assembled in the smoking-room of that tavern, but he had seen no one answering to the description given by Richard Towers. Mr. Bender had then been called upon to proceed to Manchester in pursuit of a couple of burglars who had broken

into a watchmaker's shop. Success had rewarded his efforts, and he now determined upon renewing his visits to Finsbury, though it must be confessed that his confidence had somewhat abated.

The residence of Mr. Bender was in Hanging-Sword Alley, Whitefriars.

"Besides being very central, it has a professional sound," he said one day when giving this address to a friend.

The household of the detective consisted of his wife, two children, and his invalid father, a superannuated watchman, who implicitly believed that his son possessed extraordinary sagacity in all matters relating to the discovery of criminals. Mrs. Bender, on the other hand, was at no pains to disguise her opinion that the partner of her bosom was a person of very inferior capacity for such an occupation. Perhaps the recollection of the wonderful ability displayed by her first husband, the late Inspector Clinker of the detective department, had caused her to take a somewhat prejudiced view of things. Mr. Bender was by no means unconscious that his wife made comparisons much to his disadvantage. Indeed, she was always particularly careful to prevent any misapprehension on that point, for there was scarcely a case in which he was engaged that did not give rise to remarks far more complimentary to the defunct inspector than to his conjugal successor. When, therefore, Mr. Bender retired to the domestic hearth in Hanging-Sword Alley, he lost much of that confidence which distinguished him on all other occasions.

"Foller him up, Jack ; foller him up !" said Bender, senior, when his son announced that he was about to resume his visits to the "Blue Unicorn." "If any one in the force can catch him, I should like to know who it is if it ain't you ; and there's money hanging to it, Jack. Don't forgot that !" said the old man eagerly, his eyes glancing towards a small cupboard near which he always sat.

"Ay, there's money to be got out of the job, but as to finding him, I don't know, guv'ner."

"I should think you didn't," said Mrs. Bender, emphatically ; you're always a-making of difficulties when there ain't none."

"Why, what's the matter now, mother?" said Mr. Bender, taking a pair of handcuffs from the chimney-piece ; "you can't expect things of this kind done in a moment."

"Done in a moment !" she repeated, contemptuously, as she commenced combing out the hair of her daughter, Tilly. "So you call

watching for a man, over a fortnight, doing it in a moment?"

"You never mind, Jack," said the old man, "keep at it and you'll get him at last."

"He had better," said Mrs. Bender, severely, "or I shall recommend him to take to some other line of business, and let me apply for his place. There's that young man, Porson, next door, that I spoke to you about, before you went to Manchester, and you promised to take him down to the superintendent ; much good your promises are !" she continued, giving a withering look at her husband.

"Well, he's in no great hurry, I suppose. He has got a situation to go on with, and if he hadn't there has not been much time lost since you told me about him."

"Oh, of course !" exclaimed Mrs. Bender, giving the hair of the unfortunate Tilly a wrench which caused her to utter a piteous howl. "Everything is time enough with you. I told you that he had only got a few days' work at that warehouse in the City, and he came here to-day to say that he is not employed there now."

"I can't help that," replied the detective, sulkily. "He don't expect that I am going to run after *him*, I hope. Why hasn't he come here when I've been at home?"

"Because you never are at home when you ought to be. However, you shan't have that excuse, for I'll go and fetch him at once."

"Then you had better be quick about it, for I am off to Finsbury," he said, putting on his coat.

In a few minutes Mrs. Bender returned and ushered in the man that had taken hold of the handle of Bentley Wyvern's brougham as it passed along Cheapside. Anxious to propitiate his amiable spouse, Mr. Bender received his visitor very graciously, and renewed his promise to recommend him to a certain superintendent of detectives.

"If you *do* get anything to do in our way you'll have to be uncommon sharp, I can tell you," said Mr. Bender, slipping the handcuffs into his pocket. "I suppose you can read and write?"

"Oh yes," replied Porson. "I went to a pretty good school when I was a boy. But I am not much of a hand at figures," he added, gravely.

"Are you clever at faces ? That's more in our way," said the detective, with a laugh.

"Fiddlesticks !" exclaimed Mrs. Bender. "I don't believe any of you are a bit more clever at that than other people. And as to

your being so sharp, why, I'm sure, Bender, you needn't brag."

"Well, we won't quarrel about that, mother—particular before strangers. It isn't gen-teel. You drop in to-morrow a little before this time, Mr. Porson, and we will talk over this here little business of yours."

"I don't want to be pressing," said Porson, dejectedly, "but if you could manage to do something for me before the end of the week it would be a great service to me. You see, I was laid up with a bad foot for over six weeks, and what with that and being out of employment, I've got a good deal behind in my rent next door."

"No friends in London, eh?" said Mr. Bender.

"None that I know of."

"Ah! It's bad to be poor and have no friends," said Bender, senior, shaking his head and again glancing at the cupboard. "You foller Jack's advice, and he'll make a man of you in his line, if any one can."

"But," said Mr. Bender, "what about previous character, and so forth? Not as I doubt your honesty, I'm too good a judge of——" he caught his wife's eye fixed upon him, and stopped. "What I mean is, that things of this kind must be done according to rules—the rules of the Swedes and Persians, that can't be broke, under any circumstances, for anybody. Now you will have to get two or three testimonials—the more the better; and when I get a chance, you shall have my good word in the right quarter. How long have you been in London?"

"Close on six months."

"What county do you belong to?"

"Cheshire."

"And what did you do for a living before you came up here?"

"I've been porter on a railway."

"Very well; you come to me to-morrow. Meantime, mother here will speak to that party next door. Mrs. Pryor is an uncommon nice woman for her years, but she is apt to turn dreadful rusty when any of her lodgers don't pay up to time. I've known her lock the door on them at night, which is not legal; but she don't stop to consider matters of that kind when her feelings get the better of her."

With this parting hint to Porson, the detective set out in search of Ralph Fletcher.

Mr. Bender did not take the most direct way to Finsbury: he had a call to make at the police-station in Cloak Lane, and so came round by the Bank of England. There his attention was attracted by a woman of lady-

like appearance, who seemed to be waiting for an opportunity to cross towards the Mansion House. It was not yet dark, and as he caught the expression of her eyes he had a distinct impression that he had seen her at some former period; but where, he vainly endeavoured to recollect. This was somewhat annoying to him, for he always maintained—except when in the presence of his wife—that when once he had studied a face he never had any difficulty in recognising it. The crowd of vehicles still prevented her from crossing, so he had a further opportunity of scrutinising her features. On this occasion, however, he confessed to himself that he was at fault, though each moment he became more convinced that they had met before. He had half resolved to address her in the hope that her voice might recall her more clearly to his memory, when a well-dressed man, with iron-grey hair, passed close to her shoulder. She became deadly pale, and her eyes followed him with a startled look till he was lost in the crowd.

"You will excuse me, mum," said Mr. Bender, politely raising his hat, "for saying that I think you are took a little ill. Perhaps you would like to lean on my arm till it passes off?"

The woman turned and looked at him in surprise.

"I am quite well," she said: "why do you suppose otherwise?"

"One can only go by looks; and I certainly thought, when I saw you lose colour just now, that you were going to drop."

"You appear to have been paying a good deal of attention to my looks," she said, frowning.

"Well, I have, and I will tell you why," replied Mr. Bender, with engaging frankness. "The fact is, I recollect your face very well, but I can't, for the moment, call to mind where we last met. Now, I've generally found that those as make my acquaintance remember me," he added, with a searching glance.

"Then, when I inform you that I have no recollection of you, it may be taken as good proof that you are a stranger to me."

"But you haven't thought it worth while to ask who I am."

"No; there is not the slightest occasion to do so."

"What! you know me, then?" said Mr. Bender, quickly.

"I never saw you before," she said, looking him full in the eyes.

"That's curious," he said, thoughtfully; "I could have sworn that this is not the first time



you and I have talked together. However, it's a mistake, I suppose, as far as *that* goes."

"It is a mistake altogether."

"Oh no, it isn't; I have seen you before, though you may not have noticed me. But I shall find out all about it yet, and if we ever meet again, you ask me where I have seen you, and my name ain't John Bender if I'm not able to tell you."

"You are very eccentric to give yourself any trouble about such a subject. Be assured I shall never make any inquiry of that kind."

"Perhaps not," he said, with a peculiar smile; "but then, you see, it's as well to refresh one's memory in my business."

"And what has your business to do with me? Are you a portrait painter, and do you mistake me for some one who has given you sittings?"

The last question seemed to amuse Mr. Bender, for he indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Well, there's one thing I like about you, and that is, that you're not easily offended. Many a lady would have walked away and left me before I had said twenty words. That makes me think that we are old acquaintances after all. As to my being an artist, you're not so far wrong, if taking likenesses, as we call it, has anything to do with it. I've took a many in my time, and that's why its vexing to come across one as you can't find the exact place for."

"You are quite right—I have allowed this conversation to continue too long. I only wish to ask you one question before leaving you. What is your occupation?"

"I belong to the detectives."

She made no reply but walked calmly away.

"If I'm right, she must be a cool un," muttered Mr. Bender, as he entered the "Blue Unicorn."

His frequent visits to the smoking-room of this tavern had rendered him tolerably familiar with its frequenters. He had entered into friendly chat with every one, and Mr. Smearham, the wealthy baker—who was a constant visitor—had been heard to say that Mr. Bender was a decided acquisition to the company. The evening was unusually sultry, and to this may perhaps be attributed the fact that the baker and a smoothly shaven man of middle age were the only occupants of the room. On a previous occasion the detective had observed the latter individual, and had been somewhat struck with his extreme taciturnity. Mr. Bender, not wishing to be completely at the mercy of the wealthy baker for a gossip, now en-

deavoured to engage the silent stranger in conversation.

"Anything in the paper to-day?" said Mr. Bender, observing that he was reading a copy of the *Times*.

"Hurricane in the West Indies."

"Much damage done?"

"Read for yourself," said the man curtly, as he held out the newspaper.

The sleeve of his coat was drawn back by the action of the arm, and the letters "R. F.," pricked in India ink upon his wrist, caught the eye of the detective.

### SMALL EARTHQUAKES IN ENGLAND.

ANOTHER little shaking; another of those infantine earthquakes which once now and then fill a paragraph or two in the provincial newspapers. They are just sufficient to remind us that England is a favoured land among nations, in so far that the earthquakes which have been recorded seldom produce any very considerable amount of mischief.

In the twelfth and three following centuries there were earthquakes in England, which, though not important in themselves, produced much dismay among credulous and timid people. Passing these by, and advancing to the sixteenth century, we find three of these visitations recorded in the time of Elizabeth. One, in 1571, occurred near Kynaston, in Herefordshire, where the ground rose on the surface of a hill amid much rumbling noise, became detached from the subsoil, and shifted or slid some distance, carrying with it trees, flocks, and sheepfolds. It laid bare a gap covering something like twenty acres, consisting of a rugged disturbed patch of ground. The convulsion overturned a chapel, shifted a yew tree many yards out of its place, distorted two or three roads, "made tilled ground pasture, and turned pasture into tilled ground." The second of the three earthquakes, in 1574, was less violent, but more widely diffused; it was felt in five different counties, but amounted to nothing more than a trembling of the ground. The third, in 1580, occasioned great alarm in London. Many of the church bells were set ringing; part of the Temple Church was thrown down; stones fell from St. Paul's Cathedral; two persons were killed in a church by the fall of a stone during sermon time; and people rushed out of their houses in all directions. The earthquake was felt in many parts of England; and Queen Elizabeth ordered a

special prayer to be prepared, to be read by families every night before going to bed.

The next century, the seventeenth, was not much marked by these excitements. In the autobiography of Sir John Braunston it is said, that "on the 8th of September, 1692, after two of the clock in the afternoon, in London and the suburbs, there was plainly felt a trembling and shaking of the houses, the stools and chairs hitting together; many persons taken with giddiness. It lasted about two minutes. Such as were above stairs were most sensible of it, in all parts of the city." Evelyn, in relation to this event, said, "I happened to be at my brother's, at Wotton, in Surrey, when the shaking was, and at dinner with much company; yet none of us at table were sensible of any motion. But the maid who was then making my bed, and another servant in a garret above her, felt it plainly; and so did my wife's laundrymaid here at Deptford; and generally whenever they were above in the upper rooms they felt the trembling most sensibly. In London, and particularly at Dover-street, they were greatly affrighted." One narrator even asserts that the city merchants were driven from 'Change, and the people from their houses; that the streets were thronged with a panic-stricken crowd, some swooning and some aghast with amazement. Certain it is that many forewarnings were given from the pulpit concerning the approaching end of the world, and many moral exhortations to sobriety, decent language, and proper conduct.

The eighteenth century presented a much larger list of earthquakes in England. The year 1750 opened with an unusually high temperature. In February a shock was felt, and in March one of much more decided character. Horace Walpole said, that one night he felt his bolster lifted under his head, as if somebody was getting from under the bed; then he felt much trembling, and heard much roaring; heard, too, the church bells set ringing, and some people running out into the streets in their nightdresses. On the next day wealthy families hastened out of town. The betting men at White's Club\* laid wagers whether the rumbling sound was that of an earthquake or of a gunpowder explosion. Bishop Secker and Bishop Sherlock preached earthquake ser-

mons; the Methodists, at that time exceedingly zealous and active, declaimed fearfully on the subject; and George Whitfield went into Hyde Park at midnight, preaching "a sublime and terrific sermon." Quacks did not fail to take advantage of the occasion, for one of the fraternity sold "pills against the earthquake." Some persons went mad with thinking about it; prophets of future evil were abundant; and "earthquake gowns," for women to wear while sitting out of doors at midnight, were in much request. A half-demented soldier having predicted that a terrible shock would occur on April 5th, the roads out of London were crowded with the vehicles of noble and genteel families hurrying away; many persons sat in coaches all night in Hyde Park, "playing at cards by candle-light." Walpole names four ladies of quality who went to spend the night at an inn some miles from town, playing at brag until four in the morning, and then returning to town, "I suppose," he adds, "to look for the bones of their husbands and families under the rubbish." This expected shock, however, did not come on the predicted day, and the soldier-prophet ended his career in a madhouse.

There was another earthquake in the same century, more really serious than the much talked-of affair in 1750. Near Madeley, in the year 1779, large fissures suddenly opened in the ground, trees and even fields were moved, bridges destroyed, a river turned out of its proper channel, fish found strewed over the fields, a barn entirely moved away, and roads broken up. In addition to brief local notices of this event, there was an elaborate account of it published by the Rev. J. Fletcher. Speaking of an out-field between the road and the river, he said, "I found it had been tossed in so strange a manner, that the old mounts had sunk into hollows, and the hollows raised into mounts, one of which is eight or nine yards higher than the road. This is not all. The field is rent throughout. . . . Near the river there was that morning a bank, on which, besides a great deal of underwood, grew twenty-five large trees; this wood shot with such violence into the Severn, that it forced the water into great columns a considerable height, like mighty fountains, and gave the overflowing river a retrograde motion. I came to the ruins of a farm, which, after travelling many yards towards the river, had been absorbed in a chasm, where the shattered roof was still visible. The tossing, tearing, and shifting of so many acres of land below was attended with the formation of stupendous

\* There were bets laid in those days on all subjects, solemn as well as trivial; insomuch that Walpole said, "I protest they are such an impious people that I believe, if the last trumpet were to sound, they would bet puppet-show against judgment."

chasms above. I found the road raised in one place, sunk in another, concave in a third, hanging on one side in a fourth, and contracted as if an uncommon force had pressed two hedges together. But the higher part of it surprised me most, and brought directly to my remembrance those places of Mount Vesuvius where the solid stony lava has been strongly worked by repeated earthquakes; for the hard beaten gravel that formed the surface of the road was broken every way into huge masses, partly detached from each other, with deep apertures between them, exactly like shattered lava." Unless the worthy pastor allowed his wonderment to overcome his steadiness of observation, this must certainly have been an earthquake of rather remarkable kind.

In the present century, one of the first earthquakes recorded was that of 1811, which was felt on the south coast, about the neighbourhood of the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. Families sprang out of bed to ascertain the cause of a shaking and tremulous movement which they felt. To many persons it appeared as if some heavy bodies had been moved in the lower part of the house, shaking the whole fabric; to others it was a sudden motion of the bed, as though caused by the main strength of a person standing near it. The furniture in the rooms creaked, and the handles of drawers moved. In 1816 there was a slight earthquake felt nearly all over the counties of Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, and in the southern parts of Yorkshire. It occurred about the same time at all the places mentioned, between twelve and one o'clock. At Lincoln it lasted two minutes, making a kind of undulation from east to west, sufficiently perceptible to frighten persons in their houses. At Derby the noise was compared to that of a rising tempest; the commotion shook windows, doors, chandeliers, chairs, and tables, rang the bells, and caused a mangle to move on its rollers. In some towns the plaster was shaken from the roofs of churches. One narrator states: "When we were at church, the whole building shook, or rather oscillated. Some people went out of church; some said there was a rumbling noise, as if a waggon was passing by. In some houses the bells rang, and the clocks stopped. At Mrs. —'s the cook was making pies and puddings, and the flour became laid all in regular little heaps on the dresser before her." This observation has more cogency than the cook was probably aware of; seeing that, if a stretched surface, such as that of a drum or tambourine, be

made to vibrate by sounding, any powder sprinkled on the surface becomes distributed with singular regularity, on the same principle as the flour on the kitchen dresser, however different in apparent cause.

A better-remembered earthquake of 1816, however, was that which occurred in Scotland. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, describing, in the "Annals of Philosophy," the effects of this visitation, near Inverness, said:—"Several of the inhabitants who had retired to rest were fairly tossed out of bed. The concussion in the houses was dreadful; and such was the terror it inspired that the houses were soon evacuated. Infants were torn from the cradle; and men, women, and children, of all ages and ranks, many of them just as they had risen from their beds, and almost naked, were seen rushing into the streets, which were filled with the most doleful shrieks and lamentations. Under the dreadful apprehension of a second and more violent shock, which might, perhaps, bury them under the ruins of their houses, the motley and terror-stricken groups of inhabitants crowded in various streams through the different outlets leading towards the country, where many of them remained all night in the fields." One of the inhabitants, writing to a local newspaper, said:—"Our principal steeple is a good deal injured, and a great many chimney-pots thrown into the middle of the street; bells were rung by it, and bell-wires broken to pieces. Women fainted, and many were seen in the streets almost naked, calling out that their children had been killed in their arms. I had gone to bed, and began to sleep. After a crashing noise, I never was so tossed on board a ship as I was in bed, before I could rise, for full five minutes." Another:—"It is very difficult to describe the immediate effects. The first shock seemed to remove the bed in which I lay; and, for fifteen or twenty seconds, the walls of the room appeared falling. It was accompanied with great noises, from stones falling down the chimney, and fragments rolling on the slates; the chimney, though solidly built of hewn stone, was rent from top to bottom." Further north, at Dornoch, a mound, crossing a narrow part of the Frith, was overturned. A Perth inhabitant noticed that birds were thrown off their perches in their sleep. In various towns in Scotland it was ascertained that such articles of furniture as rested against the walls of rooms were rocked to and fro, and, in some cases, moved bodily aside.

In 1825, Colonel Windham, while at Newstead Abbey, seated writing, suddenly felt

three distinct vertical jumps, at intervals of a few seconds. He knew, from his experience as a soldier in tropical countries, that this denoted an earthquake. Running out as quickly as he could, he found many parts of the house, especially the south front, marked by numerous fissures in the stone-work—not descending in a regular line like the results of settlement, but horizontally, and principally in the joints between the stones. The tomb erected by Lord Byron to his dog “Boatswain,” was nearly shaken to pieces.

Leaping over an interval of fourteen years, we find a number of very small shocks in and around the town of Comrie in Perthshire—quite harmless, but frequently repeated during four or five months. The affair of 1842, which many of us remember here in London, was not an earthquake at all, but a foolish fright. It began among the labourers at the docks and the east end. A rumour spread to the effect that a great part of London would be overwhelmed by an earthquake on the 16th of March. Many poor persons at once removed to the east of Stepney Church, which, it was believed, would mark the limits of the devastation. Others received pressing letters from their friends in Ireland, entreating them to quit London before the evil day arrived. The panic was not confined wholly to the east end. A tradesman in Marylebone sold off a flourishing business, in order that he might be out of the way in good time; and a clerk in the receipt of two hundred a year gave up his situation for the same reason—or *unreason*.

Two years afterwards, in 1844, there was a real, though small, earthquake at Newcastle, which broke up a dry dock, and opened several fissures in the ground. In 1852, a Liverpool inhabitant gave the following account of an earthquake which happened in that town:—“About four in the morning I was awakened by two or three sudden jerks, and found that my feet had been quite jerked out of bed. I got up and looked out of window, where the sky in all directions presented a curious lurid appearance. I then went down stairs, and found a sofa in the parlour pushed out of its position, the seat-cushion off one end and lying on the floor. . . . I had no notion of an earthquake at the time, and thought no more of the affair until morning when I went out. At the north-west corner of the street there was a wall enclosing a timber yard; this wall I found partly thrown down, and the timber lying across the ruins. I ascertained in the course of the day that the

shock—or rather three or four shocks—had been felt, but more particularly in the higher parts of the town.”

In 1862, the Astronomer Royal on one occasion found some of the instruments at Greenwich Observatory affected by a slight earthquake, as if they had been “bent like a shaken tree.” In 1863 there was an earthquake which spread over a large part of England and Wales, from Burton-on-Trent to Milford Haven, and from Liverpool to Plymouth. The sky was clear and the air still. The shocks were in many, if not in most, places unaccompanied by any subterranean noise. Generally the effects were—furniture shaken in houses, gates rattled, lofty buildings made to oscillate. A vessel at sea, twenty miles from Milford Haven, felt the earthquake, and rolled as if she had struck on a rock. The main shock proceeded along a zigzag line from Liverpool to Dudley; Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Worcester, Hereford, and Taunton, to Exeter. South Staffordshire, and the neighbouring iron and coal districts of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, marked the centre of the most general disturbance.

Within the last two years similar instances have been abundant. There was the small earthquake in Somerset, in the district between Langport and Taunton, in January, 1868, marked by low rumbling noises, the shaking of beds and windows, sounds which seemed to some persons like that of a railway train passing at full speed, and other sounds more like a distant explosion of gunpowder. There was the Jersey earthquake in April of the same year, when, in the middle of the night, people were awakened by a grating noise compared to that of a heavy vehicle dragged over rough paving-stones, and by the shaking of furniture; everyone thought there must be something wrong in the next house. There was the commotion at Lochaber, in Scotland, in March, 1869; noises were heard compared to boats grating along a pebbly shore, and to the beating pulsation of a high-pressure screw steamer; while some persons felt the ground trembling “like pins and needles” against the soles of their feet. And there was the quaking in the north of England later in the same month, when, in West Yorkshire and East Lancashire, there was a good deal of rattling felt and heard; shuttles and bobbins were shaken down at the mills; railway trucks jostled together; everybody thought that the next neighbour’s house was falling; and the wall of Haslingdon railway station was rent.

## A NEW WAY TO SETTLE OLD FEUDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.

"VAUGHAN, do you know why we didn't meet Pugh Jones and his son Baldwyn at the Powells' last night?"

This was the question asked by pretty, clever, young Mrs. Vaughan Morris of her husband, as they sat at breakfast in the sunny morning-room of their fine old Welsh residence, Penrallt. She might as well have spoken to the carved oak mantel-shelf, or to the beautiful mountains that were to be seen from the wide high windows, or to the great expanse of glittering white sea beyond. Mr. Vaughan Morris was intent on the *Times*, sent down to him from London daily. He had no ears for words addressed to him, and no eyes for anything but the black and white of the newspaper's nicely-printed page.

Mrs. Vaughan Morris was driven, therefore, to repeat her question, and she did repeat it in her own good-tempered, cheerful way. "Vaughan," she said, and her words were a little loud and emphatic, but to no hazardous excess; "Vaughan, do you know why Pugh Jones and Baldwyn were not at the Powells' last night?"

It was of no more use than before. So Mrs. Morris quarter-filled her husband's coffee-cup with his own Penrallt delicious cream, cut bread for him made from his own Penrallt-grown corn, served ham to him from his own Penrallt-fed great pink pigs, and finally tapped the top for him of some two or three Penrallt-born eggs. For Mr. Vaughan Morris was a big man, and he was hearty; he was handsome, also, and he was rich; a good sportsman loving sport; a good companion loving company; and a good man loving everything that seemed to him right or good, and hating everything that seemed to him indifferent or bad; and as he liked to see every one well served at his hospitable table, it was only right he should be well served himself, and to exactly as much as suited; and Mrs. Morris, knowing precisely what *did* suit him, very wisely gave it; and whilst she did so, ventured on just the echo of her unanswered question.

"Eh! Vaughan? she asked, "do you know, Vaughan, dear, eh?"

Mr. Morris was roused then—(a slight, and, of course, thoroughly accidental, and thoroughly womanly rattle of spoon and cup coming, possibly, to help him)—and he looked up, with his newspaper politely and entirely put down.

"Lucy, my love," he said, "I beg your pardon; I am very rude."

There came, then, a very decided stop of emphasis between each of Mrs. Morris's words, but there came, also, a very happy smile; so it was clear that emphasis meant only fun, not bitterness.

"Why—" Mrs. Morris cried; "why—did—we—not—meet—Pugh—Jones—last—night—and—Baldwyn? you deaf, inattentive, newspaper-loving man!"

"Why did we not meet them?" cried Mr. Morris, briskly, repeating the question to get the full meaning of it into his not yet quite free brain. "Why? Oh! because they had had no invitation, I suppose." And Vaughan Morris thought he had exhausted the whole of the inquiry, and that it was for ever laid upon the shelf.

But Mrs. Vaughan Morris entertained a very different idea.

"You are ready enough, of course," she laughed out. "But the answering one question only brings me on to another. Do you know *why* the Powells did not invite Pugh Jones and Baldwyn?"

"Um—" Vaughan Morris hesitated, beginning now to be as charmingly concentrated on the stowing away of his own estate's productions, as he had before been on the reading of his news. "Um! Small rooms, perhaps. Or large list of friends. Or have them next time. Or did have them last. Entirely satisfactory to them, doubtless."

"Yes; but not satisfactory to everybody," said his wife. "And I will just tell you. You know Ap Evans Rees was there?"

Vaughan Morris disengaged himself enough then from breakfast to give a real laugh.

"Why! he was my partner at whist, Lucy," he cried. "Of course my memory is long enough for that."

"Well," said his wife again, with all the point properly appertaining to a plot; "if ever Ap Evans Rees is going anywhere, Pugh Jones stays away. And if ever Pugh Jones is going anywhere Rees stays away. Isn't it *absurd*?"

"It's thorough nonsense," decided Judge Morris, ordering the prisoner (as it were) from the bar, with a sentence never to be revoked.

"Yes," acceded Lucy, though dismissal was not to come from her with such masculine rapidity. "They have quarrelled about some ecclesiastical etiquette for which no one cares a jot, and this is the end. Rees, being rural dean, has offended Jones, and though their rectories are only that little mile and a half

apart, nothing can make them visit at the same time under the same roof."

"Well, Lucy, love," said Mr. Morris, "you and I cannot help it. If two neighbours like to quarrel, they must. It is nothing to you, or me, or anybody."

"Oh, Vaughan!" deprecated Mrs. Morris, "because *we* have had such a nice long three years' honeymoon, have you forgotten all the inconveniences of a little tiny town?"

"My love," Vaughan Morris answered her, "in the happy three years we have been travelling, I have seen enough to make me hate the pettiness of a tiny town, and to determine that they who like it may indulge in it, but that there shall be none for me, and, certainly, not the shadow of any for you."

"Of course not," his wife cried, proud of him, and grateful for his care. "Why, you couldn't, Vaughan dear, do anything petty if you tried. What I meant was, for you to take all the pettiness away. That was all the doing I meant for you."

Mr. Morris took the hand his wife extended to him, and gave it a kind squeeze.

"Can I?" he inquired, seeing that, to appear to be interested, afforded her pleasure. "Is it to be done?"

"You great unconscious steam-wheel, you!" he said, "you have no idea what men's quarrels are? Men don't quarrel for a riband or a thimble, and they can't be made to kiss and make it up, like a couple of silly girls."

"Then they shouldn't fall out like silly girls," said Lucy Morris, sensibly. "Men as old as Rees and Jones shouldn't take a step so inconvenient to themselves, and so disagreeably troublesome to all the country round."

"Come, Lucy," cried Mr. Morris, "don't take such a magnificent circumference. What can the rectorial disputes have to do with other folks at Llanddona and Llanegan?"

"Oh! they spoil every gathering that has been, and every gathering that is to come," exclaimed Lucy, impressed with her subject's serious import. "Didn't you see Gwen Rees sit listless last night, and that she did not enjoy herself a bit?"

"Gwen?" ruminated Mr. Morris, wandering from the point, miles. "Gwen! and which, pray, is Gwen? I am sure I don't remember."

"Why, the pretty one," explained Lucy, in a brief parenthesis, having little patience with

the digression. "She with the nice shaped head, you know; who wore the lilac gown. The one with whom Baldwyn is in love."

"Eh! what?" interrogated her husband, absolutely now on his own account opening his eyes. "Baldwyn? Our favourite Baldwyn in love with Gwen?"

"Didn't you know *that*?" cried Lucy, in full woman's delight at having hit upon something that was new. "Why, I was told that the very day we came. And don't you remember we were sure Baldwyn was in love when we met him at Narbonne?"

"Yes," said Vaughan; "but I thought it was with the sister of that sick young Fenton he was attending; and I knew the Fentons of Fenton would never let their daughter marry their medical man; and that was how I wrote the last chapter of *my* little romance. Oh, oh! It is Gwen Rees, is it?"

"It is, indeed," said Lucy. "And I suspected it when we were at Narbonne; at least, I suspected it was *some* little Welsh lass at home; for he used to ask so particularly if you had heard from Llanegan; and then, when the Fentons and he left us for Algiers, he begged me when we wrote to tell him all the news."

"Surprising!" declared Vaughan, ironically. "Immense! Mighty facts to build a little love-tale on!"

"Mighty enough to be quite true, you see," cried Lucy, with befitting triumph. "And surely you don't wish for anything more?"

"Well," acquiesced Vaughan, with a smile, "I will condescend to let it give me respectable satisfaction. But, Lucy, now that Baldwyn is no longer travelling-doctor to the Fentons, but is established here for himself, what on earth can this quarrel between the two rectors have to do with him and Gwen?"

"Blind person! blind person!" laughed out Lucy, with a shake of her head. "Don't you know, that when neighbouring barons have a feud, their sons and daughters are not allowed to make love!"

"Romantic trash!" responded Vaughan, derisively. "Rees and Jones are ordinary clergymen of the establishment—good, kind, scholarly men, too, both of them—and their son and daughter can meet at any time along the country-road, and bill and coo among the heather as long as they please. How can you talk such rubbish!"

"And supposing you and I had only billed and cooed along the country road," demanded Lucy, "should I ever have been mistress of this beautiful Penrallt? Don't you know it

depended *ever so much* on mamma's conservatory, and on chat in snug recesses after waltz, and on that exact moment in the supper-room when I was arranging the guests' names upon the plates? Oh, you very forgetful, and dull, blind man!"

Vaughan Morris gave in with a laugh and a shrug. "Go on," he said, "go on: connect your theory with your facts. Proceed."

"Well," Lucy said, convincingly, "Gwen and Baldwyn want a conservatory as well as every other Gwen and Baldwyn in the world: and as long as their wise fathers indulge in this silly feud they can't get it. And it is a very troublesome, inconvenient thing, and I should like to put an end to it. You see, there is not a party given anywhere now in the neighbourhood that is a success. It is of no use asking the Reeses and Joneses both, the people tell me; if you do, neither set will come. The only way is to ask one, and then to tell the others you have done so, and that, therefore, you can't ask *them*. And in a tiny place like this, where there is only a handful of people, it is *so* ridiculous! And then see the nuisance it is about the churches. Before this quarrel, you know, Rees and Jones exchanged pulpits now and then."

"And a great convenience to *them*," growled Vaughan. "The same sermons did again: it saved their brains."

"Exactly," accepted Lucy, for this gave her argument one more turn; "the very thing. And now one would not set foot in the other's church for all the money in the world."

"Excessively foolish!" went forth Vaughan's verdict; which, he saw, was being waited for, now Lucy's statement had come to an end. "Extremely silly! And I think both Rees and Jones should have longer ears than ever I saw them with, for their pains."

"Exactly," Lucy accepted again, and this time conclusively. "I was sure you would think so, because I do—and we have thought alike just once or twice before! And now, Vaughan, dear, I want us to *do* alike. I want us both to drive the absurdity away. I want you, especially, to have new game for your gun, and shoot it all into the air!"

But Mr. Morris rose from the table at this moment, and two dogs—with wistful eyes and heavily wagging tails—rose from the rug beside him, and the trio began walking to the door. With change of posture came change of thought—how wonderfully a little physical exercise alters an opinion!—and the master of Penrallt shook the facts from him he had been listening to, as easily as he shook his waistcoat free from crumbs.

"After all," he asked disparagingly, just as he might as though every one of Lucy's forcible phrases had been left unsaid, "do you think things *can* be as bad as you say? Country people talk so, you know. Don't you think facts must have become perverted?"

It was very aggravating, and enough to make any earnest little woman persist. But Lucy had her own arts and wiles, and she knew thoroughly well how to use them.

"Let us find out for ourselves," she suggested. "We are going for a ride this morning; let us call on both the rectors, and hear how things are. Will you?"

Vaughan Morris saw he could please his wife by taking up the little thread she was spinning, and he took it.

"Yes," he said, "we will. We must ride somewhere, and we must call at the rectories within a little while; so you shall have your whim, and go. I will order the horses to be ready directly after luncheon. Good bye now."

Lucy's hand went up to Vaughan's great foreign-grown beard, caressing it; and Lucy's face looked up into his, and she smiled.

"Thank you"—her pleased words came—"for letting me have my way. Thank you very much." And she walked with her husband till he passed through the great glass garden-door; and then she looked after him a moment, and went off, happy and singing, to the unpacking and directing there was left yet for her to do.

#### CYMBELINE.

**H**ARD by the garden-seat,  
Where rose and woodbine meet,  
And all sad things are sweet,  
Stands Cymbeline.

Where, through the trellised leaves  
The wan moon softly weaves  
A chain of light, that cleaves  
O'er her sweet face.

*Faith* keepeth watch above,  
But false the faith thereof,  
While at her feet lies *Love*,  
For love of her.

Amid red roses' breath,  
That sicken unto death,  
My Lady stays and saith,  
Not anything.

The trembling leaves are sad,  
And *Love* with *Grief* is clad,  
Not anything is glad,  
Because of her.

She tarrieth in vain,  
For her swarth knight is slain,  
And cometh not again,  
To Cymbeline.





CYMBELINE.



## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

TO all Europeans, except perhaps the Dutch, there is scarcely any part of the globe regarding which less is known than the Eastern or Malay Archipelago. It extends for more than 4000 miles in length, namely, from the Solomon Islands on the east, to the Nicobar Islands on the west, and is about 1300 miles in breadth from north to south, or from the Philippines to Northern Australia; and, as Mr. Wallace, in his delightful volumes on "The Malay Archipelago" tells us, it would stretch over an expanse equal to that of all Europe, from the extreme west far into central Asia; or would cover the widest part of South America, and extend far beyond the land into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. It includes three islands larger than Great Britain, and in one of these, Borneo, the whole of the British Isles might be included, with a goodly margin to spare on most sides. New Guinea is supposed to be larger even than Borneo, while Sumatra is equal in size to Great Britain.

In his first chapter, which treats of the Physical Geography of the Malay Archipelago, Mr. Wallace brings forward strong arguments to show that it should be divided into an Asiatic and an Australian region; or, in other words that some of these islands were originally parts of the Asiatic continent, while others formed a portion of Australia. The evidence on this point afforded by zoology is especially strong, and shows in a most striking manner that the great islands of Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, "must have once formed a part of the continent, and could only have been separated at a very recent geological epoch. The elephant and tapir of Sumatra and Borneo, the rhinoceros of Sumatra, and the allied species of Java, the wild cattle of Borneo and the kind long supposed to be peculiar to Java, are now all known to inhabit some part or other of Southern Asia. None of these large animals could possibly have passed over the arms of the sea which now separate these countries, and their presence plainly indicates that a land connection must have existed since the origin of the species. Among the smaller mammals a considerable portion are common to each island and the continent. Birds and insects illustrate the same view; for every family, and almost every genus, of these groups, found in any of the islands, occurs also on the Asiatic continent; and in a great number of cases the species are exactly identical." As

might be expected from the comparative identity of the animals inhabiting the Asiatic continent and these islands, it may be mentioned that "all the wide expanse of sea which divides Java, Sumatra, and Borneo from each other and from Malacca and Siam is so shallow that ships can anchor in any part of it, since it rarely exceeds forty fathoms in depth." Hence we should infer that the present configuration of this part of the globe is due to a comparatively recent subsidence of intervening tracts of land consequent on the volcanic action which is still going on in Sumatra and Java.

Turning to the south-eastern portion of the Archipelago we find that all the islands from Celebes and Lombok, eastward, possess a fauna more or less closely resembling that of Australia, which, as is well known, differs wholly in its animals from any other part of the globe. Instead of cats, bears, wolves, deer, sheep, oxen, horses, and the other familiar types of quadrupeds, it has marsupials, such as kangaroos and opossums; while in birds it is almost as peculiar. Instead of woodpeckers and pheasants, families of which exist in every other part of the world, it has "the mound-making brush-turkeys, the honey-suckers, the cockatoos, and the brush-tongued lorries, which are found nowhere else upon the globe. All these striking peculiarities are found also in those islands which form the Austro-Malayan division of the Archipelago." As in the case of the other portion of the Archipelago, so also here we find that the sea connecting New Guinea and some of the adjacent islands to Australia is uniformly shallow.

If our readers will take the trouble to glance at a map of this part of the world they will easily find a strait separating the island of Bali (which lies at the eastern extremity of Java) from that of Lombok. This narrow strip of water, which is not more than fifteen miles across, separates two great divisions of the earth, which differ as essentially in their animal life as Europe does from America. "In Bali we have barbets, fruit-thrushes, and woodpeckers. On passing over to Lombok these are seen no more; but we here have abundance of cockatoos, honey-suckers, and brush-turkeys, which are equally unknown in Bali or any island further west."

It is worthy of remark that there is nothing in the soil or in the climate to account for this difference. The great volcanic chain runs through both parts, and exercises no apparent effect upon their productions. In the corresponding group of islands (as the Moluccas and the Philippines, Borneo and New Guinea, Bali

and Timor, &c.), "constructed as it were after the same pattern, subjected to the same climate, and bathed by the same oceans, there exists the greatest possible contrast when we compare their animal productions." How is it that the fifteen miles of water which separates Bali from Lombeck causes an incomparably greater zoological difference than the hundred miles which intervene between New Guinea and Australia? The difference is to be sought in the different depths of the seas. The narrow strait is of considerable depth, and a deep sea is generally an old sea; while Torres Strait is a shallow sea, and consequently, in all probability, is of recent origin, and indicates a recent land connexion.

The human inhabitants of the Malay Archipelago fall, like the other mammals and the birds, into two well marked divisions or types—the Malay or yellow, and the Papuan or black, which "differ radically in every physical, mental, and moral character." The line which separates these races approximates to that which divides the zoological regions, but is somewhat to the east of it; which is readily accounted for by the fact that man can traverse straits impassable to other mammals; and the Malays, from their higher civilization and greater enterprise, have long encroached upon the territories of their Papuan neighbours.

It may not be generally known that for these and other researches which were conducted during his eight years' wanderings (from 1854 to 1862) in the Archipelago, Mr. Wallace received, in 1868, from the Council of the Royal Society, one of the two royal medals which are annually awarded, and are regarded as the highest scientific prizes in this country. Out of the somewhat limited scientific world it is certainly not known that while on these travels he sent, in 1858, an essay to the Linnæan Society "On the Tendency of Varieties to depart indefinitely from the Original Types," containing a distinct statement of the doctrine of natural selection which he had developed independently of Mr. Darwin. "Of Mr. Wallace and his many contributions to philosophical biology it is not easy (says Dr. Hooker, in his Presidential Address to the British Association, in 1868) to speak without enthusiasm; for, putting aside their great merits, he, throughout his writings, with a modesty as rare as I believe it to be in him unconscious, forgets his own unquestioned claims to the honour of having originated, independently of Mr. Darwin, the theories he so ably defends." These remarks sufficiently attest the high position which Mr. Wallace holds in the

scientific world. We shall now proceed to glean from his delightful volumes some of his most important natural history observations and discoveries; and with them we shall intermingle occasional observations by two other travellers who have recently followed more or less in Mr. Wallace's footsteps, viz., Mr. Bickmore, the author of "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," and Dr. Collingwood, the author of "Rambles of a Naturalist on the Shores and Waters of the Chinese Sea." By a strange coincidence all three of these works were published within a few months of one another. The two last-named books, and especially Mr. Bickmore's, are very inferior, in a natural history point of view, to Mr. Wallace's volumes. Long before he started for the east, Mr. Wallace had obtained a first class place amongst men of science by his "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro;" while Dr. Collingwood and Mr. Bickmore make their first appearances as authors. The former is a graduate in medicine of the University of Oxford, and his explorations were made in 1866 and 1867 on board her Majesty's vessels, *Serpent* and *Scylla*; while the latter is an American professor, whose strong point is conchology, and who undertook his eastern travels, which extended from April, 1865, to May, 1866, mainly for the purpose of searching for the shells figured by Rumphius (a Dutch doctor, who lived for many years at Amboyna), in his "Rariteit Kamer," or "Chamber of Curiosities," which was published in 1705.

We shall commence with a sketch of some of the most remarkable natural history products of the island of Singapore, which, as our readers doubtless recollect, is separated by a narrow strait (at one point not more than half a mile broad) from the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, and lies about a degree north of the equator. It is not more than twenty-five miles long from east to west, and fourteen from north to south. In the small wood-crowned hills, which afford excellent sport to the entomologist, the inexperienced traveller must keep a sharp look-out for tigers, and, what are perhaps still more dangerous, tiger-pits. "These traps," says Mr. Wallace, "were carefully covered over with sticks and leaves; and so well concealed, that in several cases I had a narrow escape from falling into them. They are shaped like an iron-furnace, wider at the bottom than at the top, and are fifteen or twenty feet deep, so that it would be almost impossible for a person unassisted to get out of one. Formerly, a sharp stake was

stuck erect in the bottom; but, after an unfortunate traveller had been killed by falling on one, its use was prohibited. There are always a few tigers roaming about Singapore, and they kill on an average a Chinaman every day, principally those who work in the gambir plantations, which are always made in newly cleared jungle." That there are tigers in Singapore is unquestionable. Mr. Wallace himself heard a tiger roar once or twice in the evening; but Dr. Collingwood thinks that their number is overrated, and that six or eight tigers would be a nearer estimate than the twenty couple which Mr. Cameron (in "Our Malayan Possessions in Tropical India") supposes to exist in the island. In an old guide-book it is stated that the tigers were so numerous, that, on the arrival of the steamers, the passengers used to see them coming down to the water's edge to drink. Salt-water must obviously have been the favourite beverage of these remarkable animals. The officers at Fort Canning believe that in most cases in which John Chinaman mysteriously disappears, the tiger is unjustly blamed.

The Klings (a body of Mahometans from the Coromandel Coast of India, who, with the Chinese, constitute the eastern residents in Singapore) have a method of obtaining small birds which, Dr. Collingwood thinks, might prove useful to the practical ornithologist. Armed with a straight tube about six feet long, and a piece of soft clay, the bird-catcher seats himself beneath a banyan. Breaking off a morsel of the clay, he rolls it into a little ball between his hands, and placing it in the tube, takes aim at a small bird singing in the branches above him. He seldom misses, and the bird falls to the ground killed or stunned, but with its plumage uninjured.

In about two months Mr. Wallace obtained no less than 700 species of beetles, a large proportion of which were quite new, and amongst them were 130 distinct kinds of the elegant Longicorns, so much prized by collectors. Almost all of these were collected in one patch of jungle not more than a square mile in extent. The cocoa-nut, which of late years has been planted largely in Singapore, suffers from two terrible enemies in the shape of beetles, which destroy thousands of nuts. One is a large *Curculio*, nearly as big as the English stag-beetle, and is called by the inhabitants the *red beetle*, from a blood-like mark on the thorax: while the other is an *Oryctes* (*O. Rhinoceros*), so-called from its projecting horn. Men ascend the trees in search of these enemies, which they find in abundance; and, after

piercing them with a sharp stick, pass a string through them, and hang them in festoons at the entrance of the plantation.

In all tropical regions there seems to be a superabundance of ants—at all events so far as the personal comfort of travellers is concerned. Singapore is no exception to this rule, for it abounds in different kinds, from the small red ants only just visible to the eye, to gigantic black fellows (*Formica Gigas*) of an inch in length; while there are brown ants half an inch long, armed with formidable pincers, which they will freely use whenever they have a chance. These brown ants make curious nests of leaves, resembling a ball as large as the head, which are often found amongst the foliage of small trees.

In an excursion which Dr. Collingwood took to the rocks on which the Horsburgh Lighthouse stands, about twenty-eight miles east of Singapore, he met with the remarkable animals known as leaping-fish (*Periophthalmus*). They "were of a large size, and were pretty numerous; and it was amusing to see them climb up the steep and smooth sides of the rocks, by a series of jumps, assisted by a wriggling movement from side to side, so that each time they alighted the tail was strongly curved on either side alternately."

Still more wonderful perhaps was a curious little crab which was common on the sandy beaches of the coast. Dr. Collingwood has the credit of being the discoverer of this little animal, which he found not only at Singapore, but at Labuan and other places, and which has consequently been named the *Spharapaia Collingwoodii*, or Collingwood's Pill-maker. Immediately after the tide has gone down, the smooth beach presents numerous holes of various sizes, from that of a small pea to that of a large filbert, the former being the most common size. From these holes there are minute radiating paths, amongst which are little balls or concretions of sand, of a size proportionate to the calibre of the holes. How the little animal makes these balls is not very clear from Dr. Collingwood's description. Kneeling down and remaining motionless for a few minutes on a patch covered with their holes, he noticed a slight evanescent appearance, like a flash or bursting bubble, which the eye could scarcely follow. This was produced by one or more of the crabs coming to the surface, and instantly darting down again as if alarmed at his presence. Seeing that he remained motionless they at length ventured to come out and set to work. Their most common size was that of a largish

pea. Each little crab, after coming to the surface and seeing that all was apparently safe, would venture about its own length from the mouth of the hole; and then rapidly taking up particles of sand in its claws, it deposited them in a groove beneath the thorax. "As it did so, a little ball of sand was rapidly projected as though from its mouth, which it seized with one claw and deposited on one side, proceeding in this manner until the smooth beach was covered with these little pellets or pills corresponding in size to its own dimensions and powers. It was evidently its mode of extracting particles of food from the sand." These little crabs are so swift in their movements that they are not easily caught. It was only after repeated attempts that Dr. Collingwood secured two specimens, which immediately curled themselves up and feigned death; and one of these he lost, for putting it on the sand to see what it would do, "it rapidly sunk into the sand, and disappeared by a twisting and wriggling movement."

It is not our intention in these sketches to enter, as a general rule, into any notice of the vegetable products of the Islands of the Eastern Archipelago. We must, however, make occasional exceptions, and Singapore produces some plants of so singular a character that we cannot pass them over in silence. This island is one of the localities in which the Traveller's Tree (*Urania Speciosa*) is to be found. Its banana-like leaves spring, says Dr. Collingwood, from the opposite sides of the stem, the whole tree representing a gigantic fan. The rain falling on the leaves and leafstalks runs down a channel in the latter until it reaches the base, where a reservoir is formed by the sheathing petioles, which so closely embrace one another that it cannot escape. Hence, an incision through these sheaths produces a constant fountain of pure, refreshing fluid, of which the thirsty traveller may avail himself. Another tree, or rather shrub, found here, and described by Dr. Collingwood, is the Face-leaved plant or Caricature plant (*Justicia Picta*), every leaf of which exhibits a caricature resemblance to the human face.

It is worthy of record that gutta percha was first introduced from Singapore. In consequence of the great and sudden demand for this substance, the gutta percha tree (*Isinandria Gutta*), which was formerly abundant, has now disappeared from the island. The forests of Johore in the adjacent peninsula yield a vast supply, although these must fail in time unless duly protected, since the method

of obtaining the juice is by cutting down the tree, and each tree does not afford an average of more than twelve pounds of gutta percha.

In our next sketch we shall consider the most remarkable of the forms of animal life occurring in Borneo, "The Land of the Orang-utan."

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

(ACCORDING TO DRYDEN'S PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES).

### PART I.

THE great epochs which characterize the history of a country and preside over the periods they inaugurate, may be regarded as the parents of that genius which develops itself in different men, who, by their extraordinary vigour and originality of mind, establish new schools of thought and fancy, and are, in time, particularly honoured, as the epochs, as it were, of the several literary eras they command and introduce. A great national event is the parent and model of a host of others, of which the most important are the first born, but those are inferior to the parent source; and when the stock has more and more degenerated by time, the nation looks with complaisance upon the advent of a new epoch which is likely to inspire real spirit and independent influence for a period. And so a great national genius gives life and soul to the culture of a nation, and is the parent of many imitative sons, the earlier of whom possess a strong solution of their father's vigour, while the weakness of the later brings the old patrimony to ruin and contempt. There can be very little doubt that the grand event of the Reformation, with its revolutionary effects on the thoughts and customs of the nation, generated the genius of our greatest dramatist, who was succeeded by his apt pupils, Jonson and Fletcher, and they by the host of little imitators who were easily extinguished by the new and brilliant power of Milton, himself the effect of a new national epoch—the struggle for popular liberty. Milton's influence on his immediate successors was fleeting, owing to the abruptness of another political epoch which suddenly annihilated the Puritanical tendency of the country, and gave rise to a new master who had the opportunities of time and patronage to enable him to firmly establish his new school, and to leave his impression on that public ground from which his worthy prede-

cessor had been rudely expelled by untoward events. The national epoch referred to is—The Restoration; and its consequence, the prince of a new era of culture, is—John Dryden.

The critics maintain, with the force of much argument and the show of many illustrations, that the highest excellence in literary art is attained by those authors who employ their imaginative or their retrospective faculties to inspire their minds; by those, in fact, who soar above the passing events of every-day life; in short, it has been generally received as an orthodox rule of faith in the world of letters that imaginative power—in its two principal forms, dramatic and narrative—is superior to didactic, although that may be somewhat elevated when directed by the influence of satire. Granting the rule to be, on the whole, correct and substantiative—for no one would deny that the orders of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton are above those of Chaucer and Dryden—still our delight at the grand spectacles, the costly jewels and ornaments, the infinite riches displayed by the former, should not, in justice, greatly exceed our admiration for the comforting homeliness of the latter. In a human point of view the rule is decidedly faulty, for it indirectly places the senses before the heart. Be that as it will, there can be no doubt that painters of characters and scenes of contemporary life are at least the most useful if not the most ornamental in the profession, not the least point of their utility being that they perpetuate subjects which inspire the “imaginative” minds of succeeding ages. Dryden was, essentially, both in himself and his works, a man who lived almost exclusively in and for his contemporary times; and nowhere—not in his political satires and personal lampoons, nor in his versified theological essays, although they all abound with timely allusions—does he present such a varied and interesting picture of contemporary life as in the many prologues and epilogues he attached to his own plays, and to those of his fellow dramatists who claimed his friendship. From them we are made acquainted with the most interesting questions of the day, the customs and manners of the people, the resorts of the London citizens, and a thousand valuable and pleasing particulars which are ignored or forgotten in the dull dissertations of grave historiographers, whose immense tableaux of great events and great personages are void of life and almost of interest through such omissions. Before proceeding to present any of Dryden’s descriptions of contemporary life from his prologues

and epilogues, it may be well, perhaps, to state that that form of literary composition was originally intended as a means to recommend the play which was being represented for the first time, and to ask for the kind graces of the audience towards it; and that Dryden was the innovator who made it a vehicle for satire against the follies and faults of the time, and for comment on the multitudinous questions of every-day life. From external evidence we know that these compositions were sold at the entrances to the theatres and were printed on large sheets of paper. We learn also that they were eagerly caught at by the public, who soon learned to regard them with more interest than the plays of which they were professedly the mere adjuncts, and that the usual author’s fee for the same was five or six guineas, which Dryden, after some years of success, raised to ten. Other information respecting them is evidenced both directly and indirectly by the compositions themselves, and will be noticed in its proper place hereafter.

Dryden’s prologues and epilogues, commencing with those written for his first drama “The Wild Gallant,” produced at the King’s House in 1662, and ending with those in his “Secular Masque,” produced in 1700, shortly before his death, are, one and all, remarkable for variety and originality of thought and expression, for pungent wit or inimitable satire, and often for that perfect command of the English language which has placed their author in this respect above all English writers, both past and present. For the sake of convenience, they may be divided into three classes:—first, those written before the amalgamation of the two rival theatres; secondly, those written after the amalgamation; and, thirdly, those composed for the University of Oxford. For the same reason, the subject matter of most of them may be said to arrange itself either as bearing upon the political or the social questions of the day; but of these divisions the latter is by far the more interesting and important, not more for its greater variety and power of treatment, and for its fund of amusing and particular information, than for its novel, refreshing, and historical value; indeed, supplying so pleasantly good materials that had been neglected or despised in the chronicles of the period.

Of the prologues and epilogues written before the union of the theatres, one of the principal themes is the rivalry between the two houses, the Duke’s House (first established in Lincoln’s Fields, and afterwards settled at

Dorset Gardens, Fleet Street), under the successive managements of Sir William Davenant, Lady Davenant, and their son, Dr. W. Davenant; and the King's House (situated in Drury Lane, temporarily removed, after a calamitous fire, to the premises in Lincoln's Fields vacated by the opposition company, but finally re-established at Drury Lane in Wren's new building), under the guidance of Killigrew. The King's company were thoroughly Royalist and Tory, and were supported by the greatest talent of the times,—Haines, Hart, Kynaston, Nell Gwyn, Mrs. Boutell, Mrs. Reeve, and Mrs. Marshall among the actors and actresses, and Dryden, Rowe, Otway, and Southerne among the authors; the Duke's company who, on the other hand, were Whig, and endeavoured by every means to court public and popular favour, had to content themselves with the inferior talent represented by such men as Settle and Shadwell. To compensate for inferiority of talent, however, the Duke's House introduced foreign and other novelties,—dancing, machinery, and gorgeous scenic effects; and by these means achieved not a little success over their rivals, whom year after year found in a more deplorable condition with regard to finances and popular recognition. The ignorant and vitiated taste of the public for sensation—a taste indeed which has a counterpart in the present day—Dryden never wearied to expose, and to attack with his sharpest sarcastic weapons, at the other house, where plays were cast in the ordinary homely manner, and depended for success upon the intrinsic value of the piece and the acting. He complains in one of his early prologues, "we're matched with gorgeous theatres and new;" and in the prologue to his "Marriage à la Mode" (1672), contemptuously speaks of the sensation-loving citizens thus:—

Our city friends so far will hardly come;  
They can take up with pleasures nearer home;  
And see gay shows, and gaudy scenes, elsewhere;  
For we presume they seldom come to hear.

Alluding to the luxurious innovations at the rival house of lounges and couches, he says, in the prologue just quoted—

We'll follow the new mode which they begin,  
And treat them with a room and couch within.

The occasion of the opening of the new house in Drury Lane, 1674, gave Dryden an opportunity of expressing himself strongly on the subject in question. He calls the new premises "a plain built house," but its homeliness he finely recommends in the line "A country lip may have the velvet touch;" and, at any

rate, he maintains with a sneer at the extravagances of the other house—

A plain suit, since we can make but one,  
Is better than to be by tarnished gawdry known.

The neighbourhood of Dorset Gardens, ill-paved and miserably lit, and the interior of the Duke's House, decorated with the poets' heads, will explain the allusions in the following quotations:—

Our house relieves the ladies from the fright,  
Of ill-paved streets, and long dark winter nights;  
The audience from worn plays and fustian stuff  
Of rhyme, more nauseous than three boys in buff.

Though in their house the poets' heads appear,  
We hope we may presume their wits are here.

The possible union of the two houses had been alluded to by Mrs. Reeve in Dryden's epilogue to his "Secret Love," as far back as 1672, when the play was revived and enacted entirely by women, a practice which had recently come into vogue, and had been found to be successful in drawing large audiences when every other attraction failed. That consummation, however, did not take place for fully ten years after, during which interval both companies were generally reduced to the greatest straits. So poor, in fact, did the King's company become, that Dryden—referring to the ruined cavalier gentlemen of the day, who were allowed by the King to issue certain lotteries to beg a little sustenance of life—is obliged to confess that "Not lottery cavaliers are half so poor," and that their means would not even allow a tolerably regular representation of the drama.

We act by fits and starts, like drowning men,  
But just peep up, and then pop down again.\*

Between 1680 and 1682 the King's company made several visits to the University of Oxford to endeavour to retrieve their fortune; and it was for these occasions he wrote those prologues and epilogues which will be described hereafter. In one of them he alludes to the cause of ruin thus:—

Discord and plots, which have undone our age,  
With the same ruin have o'erwhelmed the stage.

And, even as far back as 1675, he felicitously terms the struggle between the two houses the "Tragedy of Wit."

We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,  
Like monarchs, ruined with expensive war;  
While, like wise English, unconcerned you sit,  
And see us play the "Tragedy of Wit."†

\* Epil. on opening the King's House. 1681.

† Prol. to Dryden's "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.

Such a state of affairs could not be expected to continue for any long duration. Every month pointed nearer and nearer towards the climax of theatrical woes. The signs were unmistakable, and there seemed to be no escape for either company from utter ruin. Davenant, however, the manager of the Duke's company, had the good sense to foresee a *possible* means of evading the difficulty, by quickly uniting the houses; an idea not his own, for it had been hinted at years before in one of the prologues referred to; but one of which he alone, of all his contemporaries, apparently understood the full value, and at the same time could reduce to real business-like practice. Davenant proceeded to accomplish his designs in good earnest; and, if the means he employed were sometimes unscrupulous, and perhaps dishonourable, they were the only ones that could be used to be really effective. He endeavoured, at first, to obtain the services of Dryden; but that dramatist was too far pledged to the Royalist cause to be able to go over to the enemy, even if his inclination or avarice should prompt him to do so. He next tried to seduce the affections of the actors, and contrived to pension off Hart and Kynaston, the principal histrionic supports at Drury Lane, on condition of their renouncing the stage for the future. His method, indeed, was, by bribing the enemy's servants to desert, to finally destroy the foe. The King's company succumbed to this cowardly manœuvring; and, by the advice of King Charles II., made terms with their conquerors, late in the season of 1682. The two companies were united; but what seems to us an almost unaccountable turn of this circumstance is, that the views of the vanquished, and not of the vanquishers, were immediately adopted by the new company. The apparent victory of the Whigs was virtually nothing but utter defeat. The democratic Duke's House had outlived the Tory King's House, and Settle and Shadwell had overpowered Dryden and Rowe: but Shadwell, the Whig oracle, was discarded, and Dryden acknowledged the presiding genius of the united companies; Liberal Dorset Gardens was deserted for aristocratic Drury Lane; and Whig actors openly recanted past errors, and promised to take up the full measure of Toryism in the future, in the following uncompromising style:—

We'll take no blundering verse, no fustian tumour,  
No dribbling love, from this or that presumer;  
No dull fat fool shammed on the stage for humour.

\* \* \* \* \*

We've given you tragedies, all sense defying,  
And singing men, in woful metre dying;  
This 'tis when heavy lubbers will be flying.

All these disasters, we well hope to weather;  
We bring you none of our old lumber hither;  
Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang together.\*

Perhaps this wonderful revolution of sentiment may be somewhat accounted for by the all-powerful influence of Dryden, and by the probable interference of the King and Court. There can be very little doubt that self-interest had a great deal to do with the matter, and that recent political events had led to the supposition that Whiggery was on the decline.

In connection with the particular history of the King's Theatre, it may be added that Dryden, in his prologues, &c., attributes several reasons for its poverty, besides the opposition at Dorset Gardens. He enumerates, with great bitterness, the successes of a French troupe, the cravings of the public for scenes and shows, and the bad taste universally in the ascendant. Of the taste for farce and sensation, he says:—

And for surprise, two bloody-minded men  
Fight till they die, then rise and dance again.†

In his epilogue to Sir Robert Howard's "The Indian Queen," he sneeringly remarks to the audience, you have "the poet's scenes, nay more, the painter's too;" and, on another occasion:—

While scenes, machines, and empty operas reign,  
And for the pencil you the pen disdain.‡

Again he refers to the subject, thus:—

No song, no dance, no show, he fears you'll say;  
You love all naked beauties, but a play.§

And farther on in the same epilogue adds, with great contempt:—

Who would excel, when few can make a test  
Betwixt indifferent writing and the best.

He tell his audience, plainly, "he takes care to keep for better marts his staple ware," and farther remarks:—

True wit has seen its best days long ago;  
It ne'er looked up since we were dipped in show;  
When sense in doggerel rhymes and clouds was lost,  
And dulness flourished at the actor's cost.  
Nor stopped it here: when tragedy was done,  
Satire and humour the same fate have run,  
And comedy is sunk to trick and pun.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* From Prologue spoken before King and Queen on the occasion of first representation by united companies. 1682.

† Prol. to "The Rival Ladies." 1664.

‡ Prol. on opening King's House. 1674.

§ Fpil. to "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.

If now and then he takes a small pretence,  
To forage for a little wit and sense,  
Pray pardon him, he meant you no offence.\*

The ghost of Shakspeare is made to say, in the prologue to Dryden's adaptation of "Troilus and Cressida":—

For humour, farce; for love, they rhyme dispense;  
That tolls the knell for their departed sense.

The weak taste of the public was a theme that never seemed to fail. In 1680 Dryden writes:—

Weak stomachs, with a long disease oppressed,  
Cannot the cordials of strong wit digest;  
Therefore thin nourishment of farce ye choose,  
Decoctions of a barley-water muse.  
A meal of tragedy would make ye sick,  
Unless it were a very tender chick.†

Some of the popular diversions of the times—the rope-dancing of Jacob Hall, the feats of female gymnasts, and the agility of St. André, a famous French dancing master—are distinctly mentioned in the following passage, quoted from Dryden's prologue composed for the occasion of the opening of the King's House in 1681:—

Will nothing do? oh now 'tis found I hope;  
Have not you seen the dancing of the rope?  
When André's wit was clean run off the score,  
And Jacob's capering tricks could do no more,  
A damsel does to the ladder's top advance,  
And with two heavy buckets drags a dance.

### TABLE TALK.

THE APPLICATION OF THE FUNDS of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, together with the general administration of its affairs, has received considerable attention from the press lately. The *Times*, the other day, had an able article on this great City charity, but the historical views of the writer were somewhat peculiar. He said, "The Hospital was founded by Rahere, in 1102, and was richly endowed with land by early English kings; among others by Henry VIII." Now, assuming that he reckoned his kings of England from the Norman Conquest, as nineteen monarchs sat on the throne before it was graced by "Bluff King Hal," and only sixteen (counting William and Mary as two sovereigns) have filled it since, it certainly was an error to put Henry's name in the list of "early" English kings. Had the reviewer, in his youth, committed to memory the *memoria technica* lines in "Scrip-scrapologia; or Collins's Doggrel Dish of All

Sorts," he would, in all probability, have recollected the sixth verse:—

Poor Teddy the Fifth, he was kill'd in bed,  
By butchering Dick who was knock'd on the head;  
Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,  
And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig;  
Yet barring all pother, the one and the other  
Were all of them kings in their turn.

And so avoided all blunders about their turns—though the editor of the "leading journal" must have the eyes of Argus and the arms of Briareus to keep everybody straight.

A CORRESPONDENT: Mr. Punch has lately published some curious Amsterdam advertisements composed in a most remarkable dialect of Dutch and English combined. The following, which I copied from a wall in Antwerp lately, may amuse your readers:—"Grate Hall of the young and beautiful geantess from the black forest. This young woman that not at been in Antwerp been only aged of 19 years and is highnesse measure nearer whom 2 m. (? metres) wel make and wel proportioned, she hat a verry wel physiogomy because his beauty the fineness and the regularity been admired by al the man which hat see her. Miss Angele dare tell upon the goodwill and the visitation of the inhabitangs from this city. This hal been vairy wel decorated and worth visit." Is it not a curious "jumble?" It is strange that, in a town where English is so commonly spoken, they cannot set forth a better written advertisement than the above.

NOVEMBER 11th is St. Martin's Day—the saint who would seem to have been a special favourite with painters; for Van Dyck's famous picture (at Windsor), of "St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar," is but one of many subjects in which this saint has pictorially figured. But, in France, St. Martin is represented as attended by a goose; and the French eat goose on November 11th, just as we do at Michaelmas. It may be asked, what is the connection between St. Martin and a goose? Mrs. Jameson says, "In the old French ecclesiastical sculpture and stained glass, St. Martin has frequently a goose at his side. The attribute alludes, I believe, to the season at which his festival was celebrated—the season when geese are killed and eaten—called with us Martinmas-tide, which used to be solemnised in France, like the last day of carnival, as a period of licensed excess." ("Sacred and Legendary Art," ii., p. 354.) Mrs. Jameson here ignores our Michaelmas goose, and she

\* Prol. to "Limberham." 1678.

† Prol. to Tate's "Loyal General," 1680.



also does not mention the following legend: "A goose so sadly disturbed St. Martin, when he was preaching, that he retired to a cave to be out of the goose's way; but even there the bird pursued him: and, finally, the saint made a too hearty dinner of goose, which proved his death. Hence, the French ate goose on St. Martin's Day." Perhaps the geese who disturbed the preacher by their silly cackling were human geese. An actor who is hissed, is said, in theatrical slang, to be "goosed." It was St. Thomas à Beckett who said of roast goose, of which he was specially fond, that it was a dish not invented for the sinners only. So here is an English saint who might contest with St. Martin the honour of being represented with a goose as his emblem.

IN OUR CONDEMNATION of the use of *propertied* and other similar words in "Table Talk" of last week we were guilty of an unintentional plagiarism. In his "Table Talk," p. 181, Coleridge says: "I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented* stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *skillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle-passive from a noun is a license that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse." What would he have said to the *Spectator's propertied*, to which we called attention? Coleridge, however, appears to be in error himself when he calls *talented*, *gifted*, &c., participles-passive. They are more properly adjectives formed from nouns. *Good-tempered*, *good-natured*, &c., are examples of similarly formed adjectives: these words are sanctioned by very general use, and seem well enough in their way; but no first-rate writer that we know of uses either *moneyed*, *talented*, or *propertied*.

A WRITER in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, a short time ago, in a severe critique upon the faults of Dr. Cumming's style and grammar, both English and Latin, laid himself open to ridicule, like a schoolmaster, who, in caning a boy, should over-reach himself and topple on his nose. Dr. Cumming, it seems, has written that "unpolite means literally living out of the city." This his Zoilus calls "gross ignorance," adding, "everyone that knows Latin ought to know that unpolite means unpolished." To this one feels inclined to answer in the words of Mrs. Gamp, "who deniges of it?" The elephant of Hindu mythology stands on the tortoise, but what does the tortoise stand upon? What does *unpolished* mean? Surely

its original signification is "unlike dwellers in cities." *Polite*, *civil*, *urbane*, as "anyone who knows Latin ought to know," mean the same thing (only one is Greek and the others Latin), viz., *townified* in contradistinction to *countrified*. The idea expressed is, that men, by the constant close contact they undergo in town life, rub off their roughnesses and acquire a certain smoothness and uniformity of surface which we therefore call *polish*.

THE LATE LORD DERBY was a special lover of children, and he wrote at least one book designed for their special use. It may not be so generally known that some of the designs in Mr. John Parry's folio guinea book, "Ridiculous Things, Scraps and Oddities," were originally drawn by him, at Lord Derby's request, for the amusement of his family.

IRON would become an important material in the ornamental arts if it could have imparted to it a surface pleasing to the eye, and durable. We could decorate our dwellings with figures and vases as beautiful in design as the famous bronzes of France, and cheaper than their zinc imitations that tempt the pockets of Parisian visitors. But iron, unless it is painted, wears a gloomy complexion, and to paint is to spoil the delicacy of a casting. Let us, then, hope that there is soundness in the assertion of a continental chemist, who says that, by dipping iron articles into melted sulphur, mixed with lamp-black, they assume a bronze-like surface, which is very durable, takes a fine polish, and resists corrosion by dilute acids. Our ironfounders can cast small things exquisitely: a means of giving them a presentable exterior ought to open a new and desirable branch of art-industry. Of course, there will be plenty of clamour against iron ornaments on the score of their small intrinsic value. There are folks who snub zinc-bronzes: they forget that what is bought in a figure is *form*, and that both zinc and brass are cast from the same patterns. If valueless clay can be fashioned by the potter into costly shapes, why should not iron, passing through the hands of the founder, become valuable by the impress that is put upon it?

*Books or Music for Review to be sent to Messrs. Thomas Cooper & Co., 81, Fleet Street, London.*

"ONCE A WEEK" is registered for transmission abroad.

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 100.

November 27, 1869.

Price 2d.

## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

“**T**HANK you, but I don't care much about reading just at present. Besides, under the circumstances, it wouldn't be quite polite to Mr. Smearham. He's fond of a little friendly talk, and so am I. What is life without it?”

“Oh, don't mind me,” said the baker, rising, “for I'm just about going home.”

“That's a pity,” said Mr. Bender, nodding to him as he left the room, “for *you* always try to make yourself pleasant company, which is what I like. Now I shouldn't mind laying a wager,” he continued, drawing his chair nearer to the table at which the stranger was sitting, “that you've seen a deal of the world since you was christened.”

“Why should you think I have seen more than other people?”

“Because I've got a notion that you have often been in foreign parts.”

“Well—suppose I have?”

“Then I should say you had been a sailor.”

“How did you get to know that? *You* have never been to sea, unless I am very much out in my reckoning.”

“No; not exactly in the way you mean, but I was once in a heavy gale of wind off the coast of Ireland, and I've made two or three trips to the Continent; so you see I know a little of sailors' ways.”

“But what ways of that kind have you noticed about me?”

“Well, you don't cry ‘avast heaving, shipmate,’ nor yet ‘shiver my timbers,’ as I have always heard seafaring men say on the stage of the theatre, but looking at your face—and your wrist—I came to the conclusion that you weren't a landsman.”

“My wrist!”

“Yes; you've been doing a bit of tattooing. I suppose them letters stand for your name?”

“You're right enough, they do,” said the man, refilling his pipe and taking up the newspaper.

Mr. Bender felt that he had not made much progress towards getting the stranger into conversation. It was plain that R. F. was not a person given to much speaking, so the detective thought he might venture with less danger to make a few inquiries about the man whom he sought.

“You have been frequenting this house for some time?” he said, after a pause.

“Two months or more.”

“I was going to tell you, when we began talking about sailors, that a cousin of mine is in the merchant service. Now, it's a very curious thing that, although his ship has arrived, he has not called upon me, nor can I find out his address. I've made every inquiry about him, and all I can learn is, that he is not going to sail in her again, and that he sometimes comes to this here room to spend an hour or two. What makes me still more anxious to see him is, that there's a small sum of money left to him by a relation. It has just occurred to me that you may have seen him here within the last few evenings, Mr.—. You didn't tell me your name, I think?”

“My name is Fletcher.”

“Very glad to make your acquaintance, sir,” said Mr. Bender, graciously.

“I'm not sure as it is made,” replied Ralph Fletcher, in a surly tone.

“Anyhow, I hope so. But, as I have said, you may have seen this cousin of mine during some of your visits here. He is a square-built man, about my age, and has a dark beard.”

Ralph Fletcher put down the paper that he held in his hand, and looked hard at the detective.

“I'm not certain as I recollect anyone like that.”

“Oh, you can hardly make any mistake

about him. I should be able to recognise him anywhere."

"Aye; but you're not everybody."

"Of course not. Shouldn't like to be, as I might get a bit lonely. Perhaps when I tell you he has got a mark—a scar upon his left cheek, you may be able to call to mind whether you've seen him."

"And how long is it since you last met with him?" asked Ralph Fletcher, slowly.

"How long? Why, just before he went on his voyage to America."

"I think I know the man you mean. He was in this room a few weeks ago. What name?"

"Same as mine," said Mr. Bender, promptly.

"Oh, indeed! But I'm not clever at guessing people's names."

"Never mind that, Mr. Fletcher. It won't take me long to tell you that little matter. You call me Robert Rimmer and I'll answer to it. So he was here a few weeks ago, was he? I heard as much; but I think he must have dropped in more recently than that."

"Not as I know of."

"Is he known here by name?"

"Can't say as he is."

"I thought he wouldn't be. He was always shy in making himself known. I suppose, now, you couldn't tell me the exact date when you saw him last?"

"Saw him this morning, if I'm not making a mistake," said Ralph Fletcher, passing his fingers over his chin.

"This morning!" exclaimed the detective, in surprise. "Then you met him?"

"Yes; I came upon him in a street by St. Paul's Wharf."

"Didn't speak, I suppose?" said Bender, eagerly.

"No."

"Well, it's satisfactory to know that he's not gone abroad again. If you should come across him once more, it wouldn't be very difficult for you to find out his address for me."

"Best way is to give him yours."

"The fact is, there's just a little objection to that course. It's most likely he wouldn't come to me, and I'll tell you why. He's uncommon obstinate, is that there cousin of mine. I've reasons for thinking that he took offence at something which was said to him by my wife. It's not right to speak against one's relations, but I'm afraid he's unforgiving. Now, if you can get to know where he is, without saying anything about me, it would be a service to both of us."

"Do you mean to say he wouldn't go to you, even if I told him as there was a legacy for him?"

"I do," said Mr. Bender, shaking his head gravely. "He wouldn't believe it."

"And where am I to send you a letter, in case I happen to see him?"

"Direct it to the care of the landlord, here."

"Why not to your own house? You don't come here every day, I suppose?"

"For a time I shall," said Bender, hardly knowing what to reply, and beginning to have misgivings as to the propriety of the course that he had suggested. He had not the faintest suspicion that he was addressing the person whom he was so anxious to capture; for he had allowed the idea to take possession of his mind that a scar upon the cheek of the man would be an infallible means of leading to his identity. At their first meeting the detective had scrutinised the face of Ralph Fletcher, but finding no mark there, had turned his attention to others in the room.

"But suppose I should not see him much before Christmas—where are you to be found in that case?" asked Ralph Fletcher, desirous of ascertaining if his surmises as to Bender's real motives were correct.

"That's a very sensible question of yours, and reminds me that I ought to give you as little trouble as possible. If I don't hear from you within a month, I shall take the liberty of calling at *your* house."

"You had better wait till you're asked. What's your reason for making a mystery as to where you live?"

"There's no mystery about me. Domestic differences," said Mr. Bender, with a sigh, "sometimes oblige a man to be cautious about receiving letters—particular when his wife insists upon opening them. You have asked me for my confidence, and I won't refuse it. Mrs. Rimmer is dead against my cousin, and don't wish me to have anything to say to him. However, as I'm not intending to give you any offence, let it be understood that the 'Blue Unicorn' is the place where letters will find both of us."

Ralph Fletcher briefly expressed his acquiescence in this arrangement, and relapsed into a silence which was only broken by his monosyllabic replies to Mr. Bender's remarks.

On his way back to Hanging-Sword Alley, the detective again called at a police-station; but he was unaware that he had been cautiously followed, and seen to enter the latter place, by Ralph Fletcher.

## CHAPTER XIII.

SIR CHARLES PENNINGTON had prolonged his stay at the Old Hall to a fortnight, during which, as may be anticipated, he had been a frequent visitor to the rectory. Hardly a day passed without his going over to accompany Florence in her rides, and as neither the rector nor Mary made one of the party, Sir Charles had as favourable an opportunity for prosecuting his suit as could possibly be desired. Despite his embarrassed circumstances, he had more than once been upon the point of declaring his love; but, on these occasions, Florence had adroitly changed the conversation to subjects so completely disconnected with the tender passion, that he felt it would be no easy matter to introduce such a theme without the risk of making himself ridiculous.

As yet, Bentley Wyvern had not received the desired intelligence from Devonshire, and he was beginning to get very anxious in reference to the success of his plan, when, one morning, a letter came from Fenwick Towers, stating that he intended, among other places named, to go to Doddington within the next day or two. Since his residence at Upfield, Bentley Wyvern had spared no effort to increase the favourable impression made upon Mr. Clare's mind, and had even hinted that he had some intention of getting the much-coveted stained glass window put into the church. A series of lectures were to be given in the school-room during the winter months, and he had at once volunteered to deliver one of them, which should have for its subject the importance of encouraging provident habits among the working classes. At church, which he attended morning and evening, he had read the responses in so loud and distinct a voice, that Solomon Wardle, the clerk, had shown much depression of spirits in consequence. On each occasion, too, when the rector preached, that reverend gentleman had not failed to observe that his new parishioner listened to the sermon with a rapt attention, which seemed not to admit of his eyes being removed from the face of the speaker even for a moment. All this was very gratifying; and when a dinner party was about to be given at the rectory, Mr. Clare expressed a wish that his neighbour at the Old Hall should be included among those invited.

"I suppose, Wyvern, you have been asked to go to the Clares' this evening," said Sir Charles, as they entered the billiard-room, which had been added to the Old Hall.

"Yes. We can go over together in the brougham. Do you know any of the people that are likely to be there?"

"Oh! there won't be many. Florence—I mean Miss Clare—says that Dr. Craven has promised to come; but his practice is now so large, there is no certainty of his putting in an appearance. Who else there may be, I don't know."

"You have made pretty good use of your time since you have been down here. I suppose you no longer have any doubt as to Miss Clare's feelings towards you?" said Bentley Wyvern, taking down a cue.

"Well, we certainly have been a great deal together of late; but I am rather more in doubt than ever as to whether she cares anything about me. Perhaps it's as well that it should be so, for there is no probability that I shall be able to make her my wife. The fact is, Wyvern, I am getting sick of the kind of life that I am obliged to lead."

"It appears to me that it's rather a pleasant kind of life, judging from the way in which you have spent the past fortnight."

"Extremely pleasant when a man is followed down here and served with these kinds of things," said Sir Charles, taking a strip of printed paper out of his pocket.

"Another writ, eh?"

"Yes; and what is worse, for a deuced large sum—nearly a thousand pounds."

"Very awkward. You know I can't be of any assistance in the matter, or I should be most happy."

"There is only one course for me to take. This Bideford affair seems likely to come to nothing, so I shall not wait till I have a visit from a sheriff's officer."

"What do you intend to do?" asked Bentley Wyvern, in some surprise.

"Leave the country. This morning when I was in town I met old Colonel Crawford, and we had a long conversation about my affairs. He has promised to get me a commission in the service of the Argentine Republic, if I choose to accept it."

"If you really have any intention of that kind, I should recommend you not to mention it to any of your creditors, or you may find yourself under lock and key before to-morrow night."

"I don't intend to let them know anything about it."

"It is complimentary to find that you don't regard me as one of them," said Bentley Wyvern, drily.

"Oh! I know that I owe you a lot of money,

old fellow, and you'll have to trust to the fortune of war as to whether you ever get any of it."

"No; I told you, that if you never became a peer, the bills that you have given me should be looked upon as void, and I shall not fail to keep my word. If you make up your mind to go abroad, my dear Pennington, I must try to let you have a hundred or so before you leave. Although, as a man of business, when I speculated upon a contingency, I got you to make yourself liable for a much larger sum of money than you received from me, do not imagine that my friendship for you is the less sincere on that account."

"Thank you, Wyvern: I wish that I could do something for you in return. It's too late now to get you proposed at the Lyceum Club, or —"

"Then you have quite decided upon leaving this country?"

"Quite—unless some good angel pays the amount of this claim upon me; and, even then, as the Colonel said, it's only putting off the evil day for a short time. Not that I shouldn't be glad enough to do that if it were possible; but the attorney who is suing me refuses to take anything less than the whole amount. Of course, nothing of any importance has been done towards the discovery of that marriage-register, or you would have told me of it."

"So far, all inquiries have proved in vain. You will see by that letter that I am not neglecting your interests, but I really begin to despair of success. This is the fifth county that I have sent people to with the same object."

Sir Charles took the letter, and eagerly read the contents, for this was the first time that his friend had vouchsafed to give him any particulars respecting the proceedings which had been adopted.

"Fenwick Towers!" he exclaimed, upon seeing the signature: "I remember meeting a gentleman of that name a few months ago."

"Indeed! I was not aware that you were acquainted with him. It is possibly a mere coincidence in name."

"It was in this neighbourhood that I was introduced to him: in fact, he's a friend of the Clares. How did you get to know him?"

"He applied to me to get him some employment."

"Well, there's not much in the letter to raise one's hopes," said Sir Charles, with a sigh. "By-the-bye, you asked me something about the younger Miss Clare the other day.

I suppose you have not fallen in love with her, have you?"

"Would you have any objection to my becoming your brother-in-law?" said Bentley Wyvern, glancing furtively at the baronet.

"There's very little chance of my becoming a family connexion of yours. I asked the question because it struck me that you were rather attentive to her coming from church last Sunday."

"And how did it appear to you that my little attempts at making myself agreeable were received?" asked Bentley Wyvern, his very wide mouth becoming still wider as he endeavoured to smile.

"I can't venture to give an opinion on so delicate a subject. But if you really have any serious intentions towards her, it may be as well to inform you that you have a rival. At any rate, I have reasons for thinking so."

"You don't mean that she—that she loves anyone?"

"It's quite possible that she doesn't. But that she has a lover I am almost certain. When one is suffering from a malady of that kind," said Sir Charles, with a faint laugh, "one is able to detect the symptoms in another more readily."

"And who is this love-sick swain?"

"Mr. Fenwick Towers."

"It is fortunate that I have not a more formidable individual to contend against."

"Well, I don't know that there is much to congratulate you about. He's rather a good-looking fellow."

"Oh! you think that I shall be placed at a disadvantage," said Bentley Wyvern, sneeringly. "I'm afraid you know very little of the world, and very little of —" He checked himself, and began knocking about the billiard-balls.

"Pray go on," said Sir Charles, with a laugh. "If I have unintentionally said anything rude, you are at liberty to point out my shortcomings, by way of punishment."

Bentley Wyvern had no intention of availing himself of this permission. He quickly repressed the feeling of annoyance occasioned by a remark which seemed to imply that his personal appearance was less prepossessing than that of Fenwick Towers.

"My dear Pennington," he said, cordially, "I have nothing more to add. Your shortcomings must be very trifling, for I have never noticed them, and therefore am not very competent to lecture you about them. If I should decide upon making a proposal of marriage to her, I wish you to promise that

you will render me all the assistance in your power."

"Why—how in the world can I assist you? Have you forgotten that I am about to leave England?"

"You may alter your determination. Will you give me the promise I ask?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Sir Charles, feeling considerably puzzled. "But, under any circumstances, I don't see that I can be of the slightest service to you."

And then they commenced playing billiards—a game at which the baronet was remarkably skilful. In fact, at the Lyceum Club, before his great proficiency became generally known, he had managed in this way to keep himself supplied with money for his immediate wants. It must not be supposed, however, that he played unfairly. If his opponents so frequently lost, it was no doubt because they either underrated his skill or over-estimated their own.

Mr. Bentley Wyvern was dressing himself with great care to go to the dinner-party at the rectory, when a knock came to the door of his room, and a servant informed him that a gentleman was below, and desired to see him.

"Who is he?" he inquired, as he vigorously applied a couple of hairbrushes to the back of his head.

"I think he gave the name of Tanson, sir."

"You should have told him to call at some other time. You knew I was engaged. Say that I can't see any one this evening."

The servant took this message, but returned in a few minutes to say, that the stranger would wait till it was convenient to give him an interview.

"But I am going out to dine, and have no time to spare."

"I told him so," said the man, in that quiet passionless tone which is the characteristic of a well-trained servant.

"Then tell him to go to the devil!" exclaimed Bentley Wyvern, impatiently.

"I beg pardon, sir; I made a slight mistake when I brought you the gentleman's name: it's Mansfield, not Tanson."

"Eh, Mansfield! Then give him my compliments, and say that I shall see him at Lombard Street to-morrow. If he has anything of importance to communicate, let him leave a note with you."

The servant did not again return, and Bentley Wyvern proceeded with his dressing. At the expiration of nearly an hour he made so satisfactory a toilet, that he smiled compla-

cently as he looked at himself in a cheval glass. As he was about to enter the drawing-room, where Sir Charles Pennington was awaiting him with some impatience, the same servant approached him.

"Well, has he left any message, George?"

"I thought it best not to disturb you again, sir. Mr. Mansfield said that he must see you, and is waiting in the dining-room."

It was already quite time to set out for the rectory, but Bentley Wyvern, upon reflection, found that he could not with any propriety decline to have a few minutes' conversation with so important a visitor.

Mr. Archibald Mansfield had been about five years in the employment of the Leviathan Assurance Company. Beyond his having been an assistant to an actuary, very little was known of his previous career. He was a reserved, watchful man, with small reddish-brown eyes, and an immense capacity for work. It was supposed, among the clerks at Lombard Street, that his habitual dejection, to which allusion has been already made, arose from the loss of his wife many years previously, in memory of whom he still continued to wear a deep mourning band upon his hat, and always dressed in a suit of black. He was by no means a favourite with the manager, for that astute gentleman had of late come to the conclusion that the cashier was far from disposed to limit himself to the performance of the duties which devolved upon him.

"You have called at a most unfortunate time, Mr. Mansfield, for I am just going out to spend the evening," said Bentley Wyvern, hurriedly.

"I should not have troubled you, if the business that I have come about had been less important."

"Is it of a private nature?"

"Oh no: it refers to the company."

"I suppose the offices have not been burnt, nor the bank stopped payment."

"You are quite right, but there was a policy made out for——"

"My dear Mr. Mansfield, I have observed of late that you harass yourself unnecessarily about mere trifles. I really must decline to discuss business subjects at my private residence, and at such a time. If there has been any mistake made about a policy, tell me about it in the morning."

"There was a policy made out on the life of Colonel Crellin, on which the premium had not been paid," continued Mr. Mansfield, without heeding the interruption. To-day the money was brought for it——"

"Is that a very extraordinary circumstance?"

—but the policy for some time could not be found. It was last seen on your table, where it was left when you placed your signature to it. The colonel was going to Ireland to-night, and particularly wished to have it in his possession before his departure, so we made every search for it. At last it occurred to me that you must have locked it up by mistake in the large safe which stands in your room."

"Very possibly; I'll look for it to-morrow."

"I have already found it."

"You didn't come out here merely to tell me that. What is the sequel to the tale? Did the colonel drop down dead in the office immediately upon receiving the policy? If so, the fact—well advertised, and with all the additional publicity which the inquest is sure to involve—will go a long way towards reconciling me to the loss."

The heartless indifference with which he spoke brought a slight flush to the pale face of Mr. Mansfield, as he replied—

"Thank God, nothing so dreadful as that took place."

"Then, in the name of patience, what *did* take place?"

"Happening to look towards the safe, I observed that you had left the key in the door."

Bentley Wyvern had taken out his watch, and still held it in his hand, when these words were uttered. Involuntarily he clutched it so tightly that the glass of it fell in pieces upon the carpet.

"So you locked the door and have brought me the key?" he said in a husky voice.

"Exactly. But before doing so I took the liberty of looking for the policy."

"And you found it there?"

"Yes."

"Have you anything more to tell me?"

"Knowing that the securities of the company were kept there, and that the room had been entered by several people in the course of the day, I thought it would be prudent to look over the papers and compare them with my books. I discovered that the whole of the Turkish guaranteed bonds amounting, as you are aware, to more than £9,000, were missing."

"Is that all you have to say?" said Bentley Wyvern, quietly.

"All!" exclaimed the cashier, in amazement.

"Have you mentioned your wonderful discovery to anyone else?"

"Not yet. I know how easily the report of such a loss might damage the credit of the

company, so I determined to communicate with you first."

"You have acted discreetly, Mr. Mansfield, for the bonds are quite safe."

"In whose possession are they?"

"In mine. I was looking over them yesterday, and temporarily put them in my small private safe."

"I am really very sorry that I should have so unnecessarily troubled you; but you must admit that, under the circumstances, I was justified in doing so."

"May I trouble you for the key that you have brought me?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Mansfield, handing it to him.

"For the future, when you are desirous of consulting documents to which I alone have access, you will oblige me by first asking my permission."

"By Jove, Wyvern," said Sir Charles, putting his head into the room, "we sha'n't get to the rectory till dinner is half over."

"Good-night," said Mr. Mansfield, in a melancholy voice. "Perhaps you will forgive me if I remind you that the interest on those bonds is payable to-morrow; so we must get them out and apply for it."

"You are looking rather queer, Wyvern," said Sir Charles, as he was about to enter the brougham.

"I am merely a little faint. The heat has been rather oppressive this afternoon."

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

(ACCORDING TO DRYDEN'S PROLOGUES AND  
EPILOGUES).

### PART II.

IN 1672 a French company migrated to London and attracted much public attention and patronage, for Dryden pungently remarks in a prologue of that year:—

And with our alehouse scenes and clothes bare-worn,

Can neither raise old plays, nor new adorn;  
If all these ills could not undo us quite,  
A brisk French troop is grown your dear delight;  
Who with *broad bloody bills* call you each day,  
To laugh and break your buttons at their play.

\* \* \* \* \*

We dare not on your privilege intrinch,  
Or ask you why you like them?—they are French.  
Therefore some go with courtesy exceeding,  
Neither to hear nor see, but show their breeding;  
Each lady striving to out-laugh the rest,  
To make it seem they understood the jest.

Their countrymen come in, and nothing pay,  
To teach us English where to clap the play.\*

The *broad bloody bills*, mentioned in the prologue quoted above, were bills printed on red paper, a novelty introduced by the French company to attract notice.

It would seem that the Frenchmen performed before London audiences during two or three seasons, for as late as 1674 we find Dryden complaining that still—

Troops of famished Frenchmen hither drive.

And in an epilogue of the same period, he says, that when every endeavour to please the public failed to succeed,—

You know the French sure cards in time of need.

The French, it appears from an epilogue written some years after, and reminiscent of theatrical reverses, "left their itch of novelty" behind, and were succeeded by "Italian merryandrews," whose entertainments had a more pernicious effect than those of their predecessors on the taste of the public.

It is very refreshing to find amongst this mass of evidence exposing the ignorance and folly of Londoners of the Restoration period, that the poet could except some few individuals from his contemptuous condemnation of the sight-seeing community. The following eulogium, indeed, gathers new importance and worth from the rarity of such sentiments—Dryden, undoubtedly, seeing more cause for satirical than for encomiastic comment in the public:—

Yet, scattered here and there, I some behold,  
Who can discern the tinsel from the gold.†

He was a very new aspirant for theatrical honours, and, over-impressed, as most young authors are at first, with his own importance and with the difficulties he had overcome, when referring to Jonson and the authors of the past generation, he said, "Fame then was cheap, and the first comer sped;" and that

Our ladies and our men now speak more wit  
In conversation, than those poets writ.‡

A better acquaintance with his audience opened his eyes to its short-comings, and experience and study taught him properly to appreciate the literary grandeur of the past.

The frequenters of the theatre are, in their different characters, intimately associated with Dryden's pictures of the people of his time,

being, in fact, the models he employed for his work, and those who severally exhibited the social failings and caricatures he delighted to ridicule and satirize. There were the critics, the gallants, the fops, the cits, the vizard-masks, and others; as distinct, one from the other, as were the characters of different portions of the house. The critics, it appears, sat in the first row of the pit; the grave and attentive listeners in the middle; and the "Hot Burgundians"—the fast gallants of the time—occupied one side of it,—the part immortalized by Dryden as "Fop Corner"—where they fashionably quarrelled and talked, and interrupted the performance, lounged over the benches, and paid attention to the "vizard-masks"—a name given to the loose or fast women who, either to excite curiosity or really to disguise themselves, appeared masked at all the places of amusement in town. The upper-boxes were frequented by gallants who, apparently, were more licentious, but rather less noisy than their friends in "Fop Corner." The price of a pit seat was half-a-crown, which was doubled on the first night of a new piece; a seat in the upper-boxes cost four shillings, and one in the gallery eighteen pence. As money at that time was worth at least three times its present value, it will be perceived that none but the opulent classes could indulge in the luxury of theatrical visits. "Popularizing" is a modern term for a modern improvement in theatrical management; the King, the Court, and the richest citizens were the sole supporters of the drama, and it must be understood that it was against these—the representatives of the highest positions and the greatest wealth in the land, that Dryden directed the full force of his ridicule and contempt, and the many shafts of his wit. The King's House catered for the King and Court, and often professed its animosity towards the citizens—who, as a rule, preferred the Duke's House, that theatre being within the City walls, and moreover, representing plays conformable in sentiment to the liberal and rather revolutionary ideas then prevailing within the region of Bow Bells. Dryden distinctly distributes his audience into three divisions:—first, the Court, comprising the King, his ministers, mistresses, and attendants; secondly, the town, including the aristocratic loungers about town, the well-born gallants and fops having no occupation or profession; and lastly, the city, comprising the wealthy citizens and their wives and families, who were familiarly styled in the prologues and epilogues, "cits" and "citesses." The method of deciding the fate of a new piece—

\* Prol. to "Arviragus and Philicia." 1672.

† Epil. to "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.

‡ Epil. to "Conquest of Granada." 1669.



the plan that answers to the modern practice of criticism in the daily papers—is best described in the poet's own words:—

A jury of the wits, who still stay late,  
And in their club decree the poor play's fate;  
Their verdict back is to the boxes brought,  
Thence all the town pronounces it their thought.\*

Among the epithets which Dryden flung at the occupants of the house, may be enumerated "little Hectors of the pit," "peevish critics," "puny censors," who came to "stab his play," "hot Burgundians," "keeping tonies† of the pit," "cursed critics," and "British fools." The audience appear to have borne this kind of abuse like Britons, for either through stolidity or stupidity of character, it is certain that they never attempted to resent it. Neither the poet nor the people show out to advantage in these episodes of personal attack, for the wit of the former too often degenerates into vulgar abuse, and all respect due to the latter is lost when either of the two alternatives is considered—that they deserved or that they endured the satire.

The following quotations furnish many interesting particulars of the resorts and customs of the citizens, the manners and dress of the fops, besides giving interesting descriptions of the personages themselves.

With the Restoration began the era of the coffee-houses, which soon became the resorts of authors and wits, and, in the next century, became particularly famous through their associations with Addison and Dr. Johnson, and their literary contemporaries. Dryden says in 1665, in his epilogue to "The Indian Emperor":—

To all his sons, by whate'er title known,  
Whether of court, or coffee-house, or town.

And it appears he had a poor idea of the abilities of the coffee-house frequenters, for he continues:—

As for the coffee wits, he says not much;  
Their proper business is to damn the Dutch.

Of the critics he remarks:—

But you, loud sirs, who through your curls look big,  
Critics in plume and white vallancy wig,  
Who lolling on our foremost benches sit,  
And still charge first, the true forlorn of wit;  
Whose favours, like the sun, warm where you roll,  
Yet you, like him, have neither heat nor soul;  
So may your hats your foretops never press;  
Untouched your ribbons, sacred be your dress.‡

\* Epil. to "Sir Martin Mar-all." 1667.

† Tonies, or simpletons.

‡ Epil. on Opening King's House. 1674.

And again he writes:—

What flocks of critics hover here to-day,  
As vultures wait on armies for their prey,  
All gaping for the carcase of a play!  
With croaking notes they bode some dire event,  
And follow dying poets by the scent.\*

Of the fops and vizards he says:—

But as when vizard-mask appears in pit,  
Straight every man who thinks himself a wit  
Perks up, and managing his comb with grace,  
With his white wig sets off his nut-brown face.†

And again:—

But leave you by each other's swords to fall;  
As you come here to ruffle vizard-punk,  
When sober rail, and roar when you are drunk.‡

Of turbulent "Fop Corner," he remarks:—

Fop Corner now is free from civil war,  
While wig and vizard make no longer jar.§  
So may Fop Corner full of noise remain,  
And drive far off the dull attentive train.||

The expenses of ancient foppery may be imagined from the following:—

But only fools, and they of vast estate,  
The extremity of modes will imitate;  
The dangling knee-fringe, and the bib-cravat.¶

Haines, the actor, was exceedingly clever in his impersonation of the fop of the period, as will be seen:—

Yet, to your praise, the few wits here will say,  
T'was imitating you taught Haines to play.\*\*

Such opportunities did the fops offer for satire and caricature, that the subject began to become quite common-place; so much so, in fact, that Dryden complains at last, "Fops and knaves grow drugs and will not sell."

The next quotation contains allusions to some of the fashionable pastimes of the age. The passage relating to the hiring of night murderers, probably alludes to the cowardly attack by hired ruffians on Dryden himself in Rose Alley, and "the new poisoning trick of France," refers to the recent poisoning of the Duchess of Orleans by her husband:—

Scouring the watch grows out of fashion wit;  
Now we set up for tilting in the pit,  
Where 'tis agreed by bullies chicken-hearted  
To fright the ladies first, and then be parted.  
A fair attempt has twice or thrice been made  
To hire night murderers, and make death a trade.  
When murder's out, what vice can we advance,  
Unless the new-found poisoning trick of France ††

\* Prol. to "All for Love." 1678.

† Prol. to "Conquest of Granada." 1669.

‡ Epil. on Opening King's House. 1674.

§ Prol. to "Marriage-à-la-Mode." 1672

|| Epil. on Opening King's House. 1674.

¶ Prol. ditto 1674.

\*\* Prol. to "Assignment." 1672.

†† Prol. to "The Spanish Friar." 1681.

The degeneration of theatrical criticism must have been extreme, if we are to believe that

Poets have cause to dread a keeping pit,  
When women's cullies come to judge of wit.\*

Dryden draws an inimitable portrait of Beau Hewitt, the model fop of the day, in his prologue to Etherege's "Man of Mode; or, Sir Fopling Flutter," 1676. The description of the dress and manner of the fop is perfect, and, for brilliancy and finish, stands, perhaps, first among all the bits of portrait sketches in the language. The beau, it appears, combined in himself the gaits and fine niceties of a number of the fops of the time, constantly obtaining new dandyisms and mannerisms with his experience of life.

His various modes from various fathers follow;  
One taught the toss, and one the new French  
wallow;

His sword-knot this, his cravat that designed;  
And this, the yard-long snake he twirls behind.  
From one the sacred periwig he gained,  
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profaned.  
Another's diving bow he did adore,  
Which with a shag casts all the hair before,  
Till he, with full decorum, brings it back,  
And rises with a water-spaniel shake.

Dryden, in these compositions, ridicules the "sonnetteers," the poets of the metaphysical school, now dying out, whom he terms "scribbling Chloris's and Phyllis' fools;" and he alludes to "Morecraft," a fashionable London hairdresser, to "Mamamontchi," a popular drama at Dorset Gardens, and to counterfeit money coined at Birmingham, among other social matter, whose interest is almost lost to the present generation.

It only remains now to notice what Dryden says of himself and of the actors with whom he was associated, to complete the social allusions in the prologues and epilogues from the time of the Restoration to the union of the houses. A brief account of the political allusions will then bring the history of this period to a conclusion.

## CHRONICLES OF PITSVILLE.

NO. IV.—A RACE FOR LIFE.—PART I.

IN our company at "The Travellers' Camp," as we called our club-room in the modest tavern where we used to meet, was a man without a name. He was an old member of "The Travellers," but as yet no one had seen him open his mouth except to the small extent necessary to introduce a pipe-stem, or to sip

\* Epil. to adapt. of "Troilus and Cressida." 1679.

his modest glass of rum and water, which was brought perfunctorily by the waiter, who knew his silent though unchanging habit.

To all the world, as well as to us, he remained a mystery. Even Mr. Bowles, the junior partner of the firm which owned him as a client, regarded him in the light of a sphinx. They had an iron chest full of deeds and valuables belonging to him at Bowles's office. It was lettered "A. S." only, and in documents of importance he was styled "Able Seaman."

In appearance he was a dark, serious man, with a head like a Scottish Runt, with very deep-set, keen grey eyes, and with immense tanned sinewy hands, which yet seemed to be endowed with great delicacy and precision of touch.

One evening he detected me observing these hands with curiosity, and, seeing that I was embarrassed, gave me a kindly glance, and, with a half-nod towards me, took up his glass and sipped his grog.

I was much pleased one evening to find that he had admitted, for the first time, the obligation imposed upon him by our rule, and was about to relate an adventure.

When the clock had struck ten, he rose and said: "Mr. Chairman, may I si—si—si—si—si—"

"Certainly, Mr. Seaman," replied the chairman courteously.

In a moment we all perceived, not only that he was troubled with a most unrelenting stutter, but that (probably from some injury of the spine) he was unable either to rise to his feet or to sit down again without much difficulty, and apparently some pain.

As he proceeded with his narrative, the stutter yielded almost entirely to his powerful will; but evidently the sustained effort of talking distressed him, for now and then he placed a hand on his side, and a kind of spasm passed over his face.

"I shall begin pretty nigh the beginning," he said, "and if my story interests you, I can take it up some other evening: for the only two persons who could have been injured by what I have to tell are dead; and I am released from a long habit of silence which was always natural to me, but which I have practised on purpose for many years, lest I should be betrayed into saying what would have done harm to one person, at least."

A hum of gratified curiosity went round the room, and then he continued:

"As a boy, I was brought up by my old grandfather, the only relative I had above ground or above water. The old man had

been at sea pretty well all his life, and latterly had owned a brigantine, with which he cruised and traded from one port to another in the Pacific. Like most men who have lived an active life, he was fond of talking about what he could do no longer; and as I was an inquisitive lad, and had set my heart upon being a sailor too, I picked up a deal of information from him about the Spanish Main and the islands in the Pacific; and, before I left the old man for good, received from him special instructions about certain places in which he still had interests, which I was particularly enjoined to follow up.

"At twelve years of age I was started in life as 'boy' on board a barque bound for San Francisco, with a cargo (so it was said) of hardware; after disposing of which she was to load with tallow and hides, and return to England.

"Thanks to my granddad, who had rigged with his own hands models of a cutter, a brigantine, and a barque, and taught me the name and use of every stay, shroud, sheet, and halyard, as well as every spar and sail on each, I was never called or thought 'a lubber,' though my silent way often laid me open to suspicion of being 'a sneak.' Three or four years before my first voyage as 'a hand' on board ship, I had been several cruises in a revenue cutter, the master of which was an old messmate of my grandfather's. He took a pride in me, called me a smart lad, and said I should be fit to command a ship before I was five-and-twenty. And, better than all that, he taught me to stay out a whole watch at the wheel, steering 'full and by' with the cutter close hauled when the sky was clear, and two hours at a spell on a dark night, when you could see little but the light in the binnacle, and had to keep a sharp ear for the first little flutter of the sail, which warned you to ease her off half a point, and remember to keep 'full' as well as 'by.' Nothing afloat sharpens a man's wits, not to say a child's, better than a spell at the wheel; and in my whole time as boy, middy, ordinary, and able seaman, I have never known a good helmsman who wasn't a 'cute, careful, and resolute man, put him where you would.

"The barque *Princess Charlotte* steered as easy as a cutter; and down to Portland Bill, as long as the pilot was in charge of her, I was off and on at the wheel. But after he left us, taking ashore the last letter of mine that ever reached the old man alive, I was eternally aloft, greasing spars, or rigging royal-masts and sky-scrapers, and was hardly ever allowed

to bear a hand on deck, except with the buckets and swabs and holystones at six bells. In *that* department of ship's work I enjoyed a kind of sole responsibility; for if the captain's eye ever *did* discover a speck of dust, or a drop of oil or tar on deck, it was never, 'Mr. So-and-so, how is this?' Of course not. The officer on watch at six bells, when decks were holystoned, swilled, and swabbed, couldn't be expected to account for it—but it was always, 'Aloft, there! You boy, come down.' And I was sharply overhauled for the fault of my betters, and set to work ignominiously to amend it.

"Now, gentlemen, don't you suppose the barque *Princess Charlotte* was meant to astonish the natives in the bay of San Francisco? I ought to have thought so, and if I had, shouldn't ha' minded my swollen knees and bleeding heels. For, mind you, eternally on your marrow-bones holystoning decks, or aloft greasing spars, between the tropics, *does* puff the knee joints and bark the heels, especially on a diet of junk and biscuit, which you must either bolt, maggots and all, or break in little bits and rap half out of every bit before you pop it in. Grandfather had neglected my sea education in three things. He had taught me to like beef-steak, to keep my wits at work, and to love justice. Captain Wynne thought a boy ought to relish bad junk, to see nothing but spots on deck or cracks in spars, and to submit to any treatment which suited his humour. To the first and last I could have knuckled under, for I knew that men are whimsical creatures—especially shipmasters—and that good food will sometimes turn bad when ill stowed. But blind I could not be, nor deaf. You bear in mind that as long as pilot was aboard I was in favour. Captain Wynne had promised my grandfather to teach me navigation, and for ten days (four of which we were at anchor off the North Foreland) I was in and out of the captain's cabin, picking up bits and scraps of knowledge. I'm not going to tell you his name; but a gentleman belonging to the firm which chartered us came on board at Gravesend, and only left with pilot at the Portland Bill. As the ship was entirely under pilot's orders, captain had nothing to do but take observations and prick his charts; so he spent a good deal of time chatting with the merchant, who was a foxy man, always leering and peering about, and invariably leaving off speaking whenever a third person came within earshot.

"One night, after two hours at the wheel, under the pilot's eye, I stepped into captain's

cabin, with no shoes on, to ask if I was wanted before turning in. 'Juan Fernandez,' Captain Wynne was saying, 'or the Galapagos, would suit *me* better: but off the Horn would be safer, as far as *you* are concerned.' Then catching sight of my face in his shaving-glass, which hung against the bulk-head opposite the door, he stared at it as if he was petrified. The foxy man, too, looked kind o' scared when he saw me in the cabin; but he came-to quite spry, and said to me, 'Ever hear of Cape Horn, my boy? Fine climate! Immense deal of iodine in the atmosphere, I'm told.'

"But captain turned upon me with an angry scowl, and said, very slowly and distinctly, 'The next time *you're* wanted I'll send for you. D'ye understand?'

"Yes, sir,' says I.

"And wait till I do,' he adds. Then as I was going out, 'Tell Mr. Sedley to come here.'

"I did so; and a few minutes afterwards, just as I had turned in and was pondering over the mystery, Mr. Sedley, the second mate, a solemn, cadaverous-looking man, came in to me and said, 'Last night for you in this berth, my son. Pilot and broker go ashore to-morrow; boatswain, Chips, and the other boy to attend on captain. Come aft, and you bundle your traps into the fo'c'stle.'

"Why, what have I done that I should be sent for'ard?' asked I, 'when granddad paid £50 premium that I should learn navigation and be under the captain's eyes?'

"Take a word of advice, boy,' Mr. Sedley went on, kindly enough. 'Under the captain's eye or up above it, but within range you'll be, sure enough. He's a way of sending his pets up ever so high. But don't you fancy your granddad can help you here. Captain's captain aboard his own ship. Give in and do your duty, I say, and things 'll come round.'

"But what *have I done*, Mr. Sedley?' I asked again.

"Done? You've been eaves-dropping, I take it. And aboard this ship there's more to be learnt that way than captain undertook to teach *you*.'

"I denied the charge, and besought Mr. Sedley to stand by me and befriend me. I feared he was a coward; but he evidently suspected something wrong, and felt kindly towards me, and I foresaw that I should want a friend. When he was gone I lay awake, no longer weary, but wretched, indignant, and perplexed. For a moment the temptation to throw myself upon the pilot's mercy was strong; but how could I persuade him that people were going to abuse and ill-treat me

for no fault of my own, or to accept the suspicions of a mere child about the fate which I began to suspect was in store for the barque? Besides which, granddad had always in word and deed been very positive on this:—'Consider well before you take a thing in hand. Satisfy your mind it is worth doing, and may be done with courage and patience. Then *do it*. Let nothing but death make you leave it undone.' What would he have said to me, had I sneaked back? I couldn't ha' looked him in the face. So I was to be branded unjustly as a sneak, and at the same time charged with a terrible secret, and afraid to take a single confidant.

"You will understand, gentlemen, that a boy of twelve who has been constant companion to a man of sixty-five, is in some respects like a man of five-and-twenty. Also that I couldn't avoid knowing something of geography, especially that of the Western World and the Pacific Ocean. When the foxy man asked me if I 'had ever heard of Cape Horn,' he little thought I knew the chart of the Pacific as well as he did the Royal Exchange; or that there were just one or two little bays out there as familiar to me as his garden could be to him; and in which, child as I was, I took a far deeper interest, and felt a stronger sense of property, than he did in the contents of his cash-box. But more of this some other time. I'm running away from my yarn. There I lay, a-pondering. Why did that merchant leave off talking to the skipper whenever a hand hove within earshot? Why did they both look so scared of a little boy, when they saw I'd overheard that strange remark? What business should we have at Juan Fernandez or the Galapagos, bound for San Francisco, with a cargo of hardware? Seeing that we were to load with hides and tallow, and that with a quick passage we should still be late in the market; for we sailed late in November, and could hardly expect to arrive till April, while the coast would be swarming with buyers during the whole of February and March. In the latitude of Juan Fernandez we ought to be fifteen degrees of longitude to the westward. On the equator, if we ever reached it a second time, we ought to be some two thousand miles, or thirty degrees of longitude, to the westward of the Galapagos. As to Cape Horn—every landsman knows it's the most dangerous offing on the high seas.

"Safer than Juan Fernandez!' Maelstrom safer than the Solent! Yes, though: for *one purpose*, it would be more secure. The

islands named would be pleasant places off which to let a ship founder at sea and to take to the boats, and so might suit the captain. But Lloyd's agents have spies in those parts, from whom Cape Horn, with its dark skies, and rough seas, and sunk reefs, and stray icebergs, may be free. With this object in view, and, as far as I could see, with this object only, was Cape Horn safer than the Pacific Archipelagos. Thus, instead of sleeping off my fatigue, I wore the watch out, acting the part of a conspirator captain, weighing in my mind the inducements to lose a ship pleasantly off Juan Fernandez, or perilously off the Horn, afar from the long sight of prying underwriters. I resigned myself to chance. I trusted captain would prove an Athenian, not a Spartan, and would prefer a pleasant shipwreck to a safe insurance.

"The next day at eight bells, pilot and the foxy man left us, and I felt that I had seen the last of my protector, and was sailing under a malignant eye in a ship doomed to destruction. I carried my little kit for'ard, and was huddled into a dark bunk in the very angle of the bows, where I found that even in fair weather I was subject to an oozing of sea-water along the seam above my mattress; for we were below water-mark, and the seam was not tight. This, however, was a minor evil, and one which my good friend the ship's carpenter, who had been installed in my former berth, soon set to rights for me by caulking the seam and providing me with two or three dozen sharp little wedges to drive in if the pressure from without should impair his handiwork.

"I never *was* a sneak; but my way of estimating men, and telling true from false, and understanding what they're driving at, which often puzzles me sorely, is by saying little, listening much, and pondering more. There were two very old tars in our watch. One of 'em was over fifty, and ought to have been boatswain by rights, if the office had gone by seniority and merit. But, fortunately for me, he was not; as the first watch was in charge of the chief officer (or first mate) and the boatswain, and ours in charge of the captain and second mate. Captain, of course, only took active command in wearing ship, or in stress of weather; so I had two powerful friends in our watch—Mr. Sedley and old Bowles; and (let me repeat what I said a while ago) Chips, the ship's carpenter, who belonged to both watches, and was never in the way when not wanted, nor out of it when wanted. A brave, gentle, and true man he was, and thought much of others and little of himself. He was

my friend too. I was down in the martingale one bright day, boy-like, fishing for bonitos, and watching the pretty dolphins playing under my feet—we were crossing the tropic of Capricorn, in about 30° west longitude—when I heard two voices above me in lively conversation between the blows of a mallet.

"I tell you she was a-drawin' eleven foot of water, and nothing but rubble in her hold," said one.

"You should 'a' told me when I come aboard in the river," said the other. "What's the use of gettin' into trouble now, by interferin' with our betters, and imputin' motives?"

"'Putin' motives, indeed!' sneered old Bowles. 'It's along of setch softs as you that wolves get taken for sheep. *You* sor they chestisses a-bust open when we was takin' in cargo, and be blowed to you! And pray what sort o' cutlery tumbled out o' *they*?'"

"It wor sand, Bowles; and that is true," replied Chips: but it wor fine white sand, as is used in makin' o' glass; and Mr. Crays, he said they wor only six cases, and had ought to 'a' bin branded different."

"Do Mr. Crays—that, gentlemen, was the name of our chief officer—"tell bangers, Chips, or do he speak truth?"

"Truth, I says," answered Chips, 'till I knows to the contrary."

"Is hardware packed in sand, Chips?" inquired Bowles.

"Why, no."

"And Mr. Crays, he said the sand wor only in six chestisses. Well, I've got a little gimlet here. Did you ever miss e'er a gimlet, Chips?"

"I did, Bowles," was the answer.

"And with this 'ere little tool I've a' bored holes in *sixty* o' they chestisses, and fitted 'em all with tight pegs as won't let no cutlery tumble out, *nor yet sand*. But if you jest pass yer hand down the lee side o' they, next time wind's on her starboard quarter, and draw out them sixty pegs, you'll fancy we've a' got HOUR GLASSES aboard, not 'ardware."

"Is there one of you, gentlemen, now, who has never heard much about lading of vessels, and yet wouldn't wonder at a ship's being sent on a long costly voyage with half a cargo of stone, and half a cargo of sand packed in cases to represent hardware? No country on the face of the earth wanted hardware worse than California; whereas all her coasts are edged with sand, and half her rivers choked with it. As for the rubble, whoever heard of a barque drawing eleven feet o' water in ballast?"

## ANGELA.

AY! the proudest owned her peerless,  
And the coldest called her fair,  
With the sweet Madonna features,  
And the wealth of chesnut hair!

But they never won the secret  
Of her spirit's virgin shrine;

And they never shared the guerdon  
Her young heart bestowed on mine.

All as clear as yester-evening  
Comes the vision o'er me now,  
With the brave song of the throstle,  
And the waving beechen bough.



Late we lingered in the sunset,  
Where its longest shadow fell;  
Cloudless then as seemed the future,  
Yet we loved the present well!

Then I drew her nearer to me,  
And our lips met—once for all—  
One deep draught of soul communion,  
Ere I let the goblet fall!

I was mad with such possession,  
And I whispered in my sin:—  
“Preach me Heaven when Heaven can offer  
Aught as worth a life to win!”

As I spoke, her soft look hardened,  
And I read my sentence there;  
Then methought a saint-light glistered  
Round the folds of chesnut hair!

\* \* \* \* \*

So she passed away and left me.  
Fool! could I have hoped for more?  
Fared the men and angels better,  
When they dared to love before?

Never after, from that evening,  
Till I heard her passing-bell,  
Lit one ray upon the darkness  
Of that stern unspoke farewell.

But, at sunset, 'neath the shadow  
Of the waving beechen bough,  
When the throstle sings his bravest,  
She is often near me now.

Near me—yet the pride of passion  
Quails before a thing so fair,  
Where a saint-light ever lingers  
Round the folds of chesnut hair!

## TOWN AND GOWN.

ON the 5th of November, 186—, Ben D— and myself, two Oxford undergraduates, were starting homewards from the rooms of our common coach, at Corpus. It was about ten o'clock at night, and we were proposing to ourselves to stimulate our brains by a cup of strong tea, and devote the next two or three hours to a steady grind at Aristotle. But we had no sooner left the gate than we were reminded by the fitful roar of human voices in the High Street, that the night had come round, on which it is customary for the gentle students of Alma Mater to join in mortal combat with the city roughs. We, as senior men, were inclined to despise the amusement of pummelling dirty blackguards, as a senseless institution, mainly supported by patriotic freshmen. But we were destined on that night to have such a dose of it as should compel us, however much we might ignore the reason, at all events to fully appreciate the fact.

My companion was, considered physically, about six feet two, with breadth proportionate, and I believe I am justified in describing him, morally, as the most good-tempered man I ever met. It was simply impossible to annoy him. The most cruel practical joke, the most scurrilous chaff, could not offend him; and no one throughout the university was the victim of so many merry conceits, or persecuted with such pitiless railery. Frequently, on entering his rooms, he would find that some of his lively friends had been making hay there—in other words, turning everything topsy-turvy: his pictures would be hung with their faces to the wall, his sofa turned upside-down, his fender and fire-irons set on the table. Or he would be beset by half-a-dozen men at once, armed with all manner of strange weapons, from an arm-chair to a hearth-brush, who would strive to bait him into some act of violence. But all in vain; he could hardly be induced to exert his huge strength, even in self-defence, and usually submitted with the mild deprecation—"I say, you fellows, I wish you'd shut up."

A little Ben had lately appeared in college, in the shape of a younger brother. He was some four years younger, slightly built, contrasting strangely with Ben's patriarchal appearance. They were never to be seen together; different amusements, and a different set of friends separated them so completely that it was commonly said that Ben knew every one in college except his brother. Still, I believe

that each felt the keenest affection for the other.

Well, as I said before, we had just left Corpus, and it soon became evident, as we approached the High Street, that we must either go through the midst of the row, or make our way home by some circuitous route. I confess, for my own part, that I did not relish the idea of encountering a streetful of assailants with only one comrade; but the latter alternative did not seem to suggest itself to Ben, and there was nothing for it but to thrust my books into my pocket, pull my cap down firmly on my head, and imagine myself a hero. We did not at first attract much attention, and I began to hope that Ben's colossal size and our peaceful aspect would enable us to pass through the crowd in safety. But soon, the ill-clad vagabonds who thronged the road, though they kept out of reach of my friend's long arms, began to follow us in a half-circle, hissing, hooting, and throwing mud. The careful enactments of the college authorities, in anticipation of a row, and the skilful disposition of the university forces, the proctors, pro-proctors, and specials, seemed to have cleared the streets of undergraduates, so that the crowd in which we found ourselves were apparently glad to meet with an object on which to vent their warlike propensities, and egged each other on to begin the fray. Still, Ben looked an awkward customer, and there was a dangerous glance in his eye, as he unlinked his arm from mine, muttering—"By George, we shall have to drop into some of these fellows."

At length one, bolder, if I may use the expression, than the rest, made a rush at me from behind, and struck me full on the back of the head. In an instant, we were at it, right and left. Ben's long arms flashed out with terrible execution, and, in a moment, the path immediately around us was cleared. We took up our position against the wall, and were gathering ourselves for a charge across the street, when the red sleeves of the proctor's robes, and the bland face of the little man himself appeared as a *deus ex machinâ*, to extricate us from our uncomfortable position. We had nothing to do but to give up our names and college, and to surrender our persons to the safe keeping of the "bull-dogs," whom I need scarcely explain to be the proctor's minions, who were to convey us home.

But the business of the night was not over yet. As we reached the top of the street, we were met by a torrent of roughs, yelling triumphantly, among whom a handful of gownsmen

were carrying on a desperate but hopeless combat. The little proctor was off like a shot. "Gentlemen! gentlemen! your names and colleges, if you please?" But, as no one considered himself justified in acting as spokesman for the whole number, this demand met with no response. The "bull-dogs" made a few captures, and the little man was almost lost in the *melee*.

Meanwhile, we learnt the cause of this particular uproar. A rough had been seized and ducked in the fountain in Tom Quad, and his friends had caught a 'varsity man, and were carrying him off with a view to retaliation. "By George, said Ben, they'll be murdering that fellow; hadn't we better go and fetch him out of it?" Of course, we were bound to make an effort. The "bull-dogs" ventured to raise an objection, but Ben, though willing enough to submit to their guardianship, as a security to a couple of peacefully-disposed individuals, flung them off now like Samson's green withs, and we dashed headlong into the thick of it. Ben's ponderous weight carried us clean into the middle of the crush, and within a few yards of the captive, who seemed to recognise us, and, as I struggled in the press, I heard Ben's voice beside me, yelling—"By heaven! it's my young brother." I have said that Ben was an unusually good-tempered man; and at no other time have I ever seen him even annoyed, but at that moment his face glowed like a fury.

**Καὶ, πρὶν περ θυμῷ μεμαῶς Τρώεσσι μάχεσθαι,  
Δὴ τότε μιν τρίς τόσσον ἔλεν μένος—**

he shrieked with rage, and rushed wildly among the crowd, dealing tremendous blows at everything that came in his way, and now and then, when an adversary turned cowering away, administering a hearty kick. I kept as close in his wake as I could, and in another instant we should have reached our object, but, by ill-luck, in his desperate struggles, he tripped against a paving-stone, and fell, amid the derisive shouts of the mob. He was up in a moment, but it was too late; the roughs had whisked off their prey, down an entry, where pursuit seemed impossible, and even Ben was in despair. The throng was thicker than ever round the doorway, but it struck me they might yet be within our reach, if we could make our way through a neighbouring beer-shop. Off we rushed again, and, before the crowd could guess our object, we had upset the burly landlord, who tried to check our progress, and penetrated to a yard at the back of the house. This was surrounded by a wall

some nine or ten feet high, and shouts on the other side of this soon told us that we had guessed right. By the assistance of a convenient hen-house, I was soon enabled to reach the top, and there I could see Ben's brother, game to the last, standing at bay, with his back against the wall. He was pale as death, his cap and half his coat were gone, his waistcoat torn open, and his head streamed with blood; but still he seemed to keep off the crowd for a moment, by wielding a broom-handle he had chanced to find there. But, before I could reach the ground, they had closed on him, and one great ruffian had felled him to the ground. Retribution, however, was at hand, and Ben's great fist came, like a battering-ram, against the man's head, driving it against the wall with a force that must have smashed his jaw. He then turned to his brother, who lay insensible, raised his head on his knee, and stroked off the hair from his forehead. The roughs held back, apparently overawed by what had occurred; and, when the lad was sufficiently recovered to be able to walk, with his brother's assistance, we were allowed to pass out unmolested—his pitiable aspect even eliciting a cry of "Shame! shame!" as we made our way homewards.

For the next three or four days, Ben was a different man; he could not laugh or talk as usual, and the renown of his gallant exploit gained him, for a time, a little more respect from his friends. But, by degrees, he relapsed into his usual easy-going behaviour, and, a month later, it would have been hard to recognise in the good-humoured butt of the dinner-table or wine-party, the man whose furious rage had terrified a streetful of ruffians.

### THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.\*

THE study of Homer, and of everything connected with Homer, presents unfading attractions to English readers. On the one hand, the efforts of great statesmen, whether directed to translations of Homer, or to dissertations on the personages, objects, and moral intent of the poet, serve to render the knowledge of Homer popular. On the other hand, the scepticism of men like Mr. F. A. Paley fans the flame of controversy concerning the individuality of the most ancient of Greek

\* *The Fifth and Ninth Books of the Odyssey of Homer rendered into English Verse.* By ERNEST EDWIN WITT, B.A., of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and Member of the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1869.



writers. In all this animated devotion to Homer one feature is very remarkable, namely, the excess of worship which the "Iliad" has received above the "Odyssey." There is something of fashion in this, and something of truth, but possibly the reason lies in the better pretence of the "Iliad" to be the work of one man, or rather in the existence of fewer apparent difficulties in the way of the popular belief in the case of the "Iliad;" at any rate, it may fairly be urged that the "Odyssey" deserves more admiration than it gets in an age professing to love the pursuits of peace and the enterprise of travel more than the dreadful heroism of war. Indeed, on this ground Mr. Witt puts his translation forward, and justifies his selection of the two particular books, the fifth and ninth, for translation. He says that they have been selected "on account of the picturesque descriptions of scenery and vivid narrative of adventures presented by them." And he addresses his work "to those who prefer poems of peace and legends of travel to epics of war." And his selection is a happy one, the fifth book portraying Calypso's Isle, and detailing the departure of Ulysses; and the ninth book narrating his adventures among the Cicones, the Lotophagi, and the Cyclops.

In reference to the execution of the translation we observe that Mr. Witt has adhered rigidly to the original, and has not shrunk from grappling with passages which, from the defective state of the text or the difficulty of the subject-matter, demanded equal accuracy of scholarship and poetical power. Thus the famous passage describing the construction of the ship, in the fifth book, which has so often proved the delight of examiners and the torture of the examined, is rendered with perfect precision, although the translation is throughout literal in the highest degree. Yet the work presents charms for readers who are utterly ignorant of Greek and look merely for a pleasing piece of poetry. We need say no more by way of criticism on the book before us; but we give two passages that seem to furnish a fair example of Mr. Witt's style.

The following is the description of the Cave of Calypso on the visit of Hermes :—

A mighty fire was blazing on the hearth,  
And far away the smell of cedar cleft  
And incense, as they burned, the isle perfumed.  
While she within beguiled with tuneful voice  
Her labour, as she walked before the loom,  
And weft in warp with golden shuttle wove.  
Around the cave there grew a leafy wood,  
Alder and poplar and the cypress sweet;  
There lodged the myriad lengthy pinioned birds,  
The falcon, owl, and long-tongued cormorant,

The fisher-bird of ocean. There around  
The hollow cave with ripening tendrils bloomed  
A vine, and bare a load of luscious grapes.  
Four fountains in a row threw silvery jets,  
Contiguous, yet each from other turned.  
And all around were spread soft verdant meads  
Of pansy and of parsley.

Thence onward still we sailed with troubled heart,  
And came to land where the Cyclopes dwell,  
Lawless and proud, who in God's bounty trust,  
Nor plant nor plough: unplanted and unploughed  
All things there thrive, barley, and wheat, and vines  
Bearing them wine-juice from large-clustered  
grapes,  
Whose growth the genial rain from heaven doth  
swell.

They have no senate, laws, nor government,  
But dwell upon the lofty mountain tops  
In hollow caves, and each man rules his own,  
His wives and children, nor another heeds.

## A NEW WAY TO SETTLE OLD FEUDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.

MRS. MORRIS was ready in her riding-habit, when she and her husband met again for luncheon; and as they ate and chatted, they saw the horses they were going to ride being led up and down in readiness on the gravel-path before the door. Mrs. Morris never looked so well as in her closely-fitting riding jacket and her tiny feathered hat. She had just the pretty, even, oval face that could bear the absence of all accessories, and look good and fascinating when framed with simple bands of smooth and dark-brown hair. She had a pretty figure, too; neat and not over-tall; and as her husband looked at her, he rejoiced he had such a charming mistress for his charming Welsh home, and he led her to the mounting-steps with very agreeable pride. She was quickly in the saddle, and when her stirrup was as she liked it, and Vaughan had handed her her whip, he flung himself upon his horse, too, and with their groom to follow them, they were soon in the wooded bridle-way leading down to the level road.

"How beautiful everything is!" cried Lucy, as they went slowly on—the path was too steep and too over-grown with brush-wood and knarled tree-roots to serve for quick progression. "What a treat living here will be!"

"Yes," Vaughan answered her, "these scenes lose nothing in comparison with those we have seen abroad. I must have this path widened though, if we intend using it for riding often. Your habit will be torn to shreds

by these briar twigs, and your veil and feather clean gone, Take care !”

A quick pull of the bridle had to be given by both Mr. and Mrs. Morris here, to draw their horses sharply to the upward side. The servant was trying to pass them, to get first to a gate and open it, and, as his horse brushed by, its far leg lost its footing on the narrow path, and both man and horse would have had an awkward descent upon the shelving rock, if room had not been instantly given them to manœuvre. The slight danger was quickly over, and Lucy took advantage of it for her purpose nicely.

“Ah, well !” she laughed and said, “we shall have everything to our taste in time ! We will begin with a little moral setting to rights ; and we will let the other come !”

Vaughan laughed with her, for he was ready to understand.

“Are you sure you can compass social reform,” he asked, “as easily as you can enlarge a path ? Are rectors as manageable as roots and briars ?”

“I don’t despair,” Lucy cried : “I will do my best.”

And the ride went on ; past a little grey stone cottage, at the end of the pretty bridle-way, where they emerged upon the road ; past a cottage that was more imposing, and that had clumps of magnificent hydrangeas before it, pink and lilac, and a bright lavender-blue ; along a rough-piled low stone-wall, on the other side of which a frothy river ran, rushing over giant boulders, and bubbling and hissing into a thousand miniature cascades.

“We will call at Llanegan first,” Mr. Morris said, as, after passing many other beauties on which Lucy delightedly commented, they came to Llanddona village, and in sight of the Rev. Pugh Jones’s gate. “We will go the longest distance first, and call here on our return.”

On, therefore, went the ride again. Only a short mile and a half more ; on a fine level road, cut between rock and sea, on which Lucy enjoyed a canter, and the view from which, of mountains, tilled land, and sunny bay, called forth more enthusiastic expression of her always enthusiastic praise. Then, close upon the road, was little ivy-clad, moss-grown, Llanegan Church, with its tiny bell-tower instead of steeple, and its sombre bordering of flat slate graves ; and there, on the hill-side overlooking it—overlooking, also, the sand and waves of the beautiful sunny bay—stood the pretty rectory, a bouquet, almost, of clambering flowers, that carried their pink and white, and scarlet blossoms far beyond the

topmost windows on to the ridge of the low and sloping roof. Mr. and Mrs. Morris dismounted here ; and they toiled up the steep slate steps leading to the rectory ; and the rector and his wife came out to greet them, and they were cordially welcomed in.

The Rev. Mr. Rees—or Rees Thomas Ap Evans Rees, as his full name ran—was a fine, open-looking, free-tongued man of fifty ; Mrs. Rees was a dear, little, soft-voiced, friendly woman of forty. She had a face always lit up, and a mouth always parted with a tender smile ; and she had filled the rectory with half a score or a dozen children. Of these manifold representatives, the three eldest were “grown-up” girls—green and fresh and flexible, as yet, as slim young saplings—and the others were boys and girls mixed, shy or frisky, or bold or demure, as their ages prompted, and as their characteristics led. With the whole of these Mrs. Morris was at home at once ; and while her husband and Mr. Rees were engaged in proper country talk, she had all the less important members of the tribe before her ; the last new baby, even, which had been brought down in its warm and tumbled wrappings, that it might have its wonderful development beheld with fitting admiration, and be chilled and startled by a kiss and fondle of its little purple brow and fist.

“I hope we shall be real good neighbours,” was one of the things Mrs. Morris said, as she see-sawed the baby on her lap. “I have looked forward so much to this nice Welsh life, and intend that we shall be true friends.”

“Indeed,” said little Mrs. Rees, gratefully, “if it can be done, we shall be only too glad ; it will be a great privilege for us. My big girls here will especially enjoy it. They will find it a thorough treat,” and the “big girls” seconded their mamma by words and smiles quite confirmatory, and they all evoked Lucy’s pity keenly when she saw them cast involuntary glances of doubt and solicitude at their papa, and when she heard Gwen give testimony to the uneasiness of her hindered love by the utterance of a smothered sigh.

At last Vaughan Morris broached the subject of which all their minds were full.

“By the way, Lucy,” he turned from Mr. Rees to his wife and said, “can we fix the day yet ? We are going to ask *all* our neighbours here to come and see us ?”

“I think not,” was Lucy’s answer ; and *one* person was glad she could not effectually nurse a baby and attend to such a momentous matter at one and the same time—this was the old Welsh nurse. She had been hovering

over the last young Reeslet, as if it were possible Mrs. Morris might drop its tiny head off, or break some essential bone: and her grim fear relaxed radiantly directly the child was returned to her intact. "I think not," Lucy repeated, reluctantly; "at least, if you mean when we hope to see all our friends *together*; not when we hope they will come without ceremony and very often. It depends, you see, upon when our packages arrive from town; but it will be as early as we can. Not later than next week."

"Well, whichever day it is," said Vaughan Morris, heartily, "we hope you and Mrs. Rees and the three young ladies will not fail to come. You know how thoroughly welcome we shall make you."

The rector became quite ponderous with solemnity, and Mrs. Rees and her daughters became constrained and uncomfortable, and suddenly dropped their eyes. "That is just"—said Mr. Rees, shyly, quite aware of the nature of his ground, "just what I should like to speak to you about. You must forgive me; excuse me being perfectly free and frank. You know you are not *my* parishioner, don't you? You know *my* parish cannot claim Penrallt?"

"Why, yes, I know that," laughed Vaughan Morris, with a sly look across a monster fuchsia plant that stood between him and his wife. "I belong to Jones of Llanddona, not to Llanegan Rees."

"Well, then," fidgetted the rector, "pardon me for what I am going to say; pardon me for taking what may seem a liberty; but"—and here the rector caught hold of one of his little boys, and began to play pit-a-cake, pat-a-cake, with his hand upon his knee, that his nervousness might have some legitimate outlet—"of course, you would like—would wish—to have your own rector at your table—indeed, it is only right you should—and I beg you—I beg you will put me and mine here out of the question, and let—let us remain quietly at home!"

"But I want you all," Vaughan Morris, looking up merrily, said. "I could make no difference, because of the parish to which Penrallt belongs. Why should we not have a merry party, or a succession of merry parties, and all meet up there together?"

"That is right, Vaughan," began Lucy.

But Mr. Rees again solemnly interposed. "Forgive me," he said, "I would avoid plain-speaking if I could. But if Pugh Jones knew I was to be of your party he would keep away. He would not come."

"Nonsense!" cried out Vaughan Morris,

just as the word had burst from him when he had first heard this from his wife.

"We have had a misunderstanding," Ap Evans Rees solemnly, and in perfect sincerity, explained. "It would be unpleasant for him to meet me."

"Would it be unpleasant for you to meet him?" Mrs. Morris put quickly in here; she thought if she could proceed on the bundle of wood principle and vanquish one combatant at once, she should be sure of victory. "If we could get over his scruples, could you get over yours?"

Ap Evans Rees' answer was, at first, such as to make Mrs. Morris think she had already won.

"I have no objection to meeting Mr. Jones," he said. "My conscience is quite clear with regard to Mr. Jones. I have done nothing to warrant any ill-feeling on the part of Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones has chosen to take offence at some business I had to do with him,—business that is not worth talking about now; it was appointed for me to do by the bishop, and if I had not done it, I should have been making a nonentity of my position as rural dean—and if Mr. Jones likes to acknowledge that what I did was merely in discharge of my duty, I am very ready to pass it by. It is inconvenient enough for me, heaven knows, to be at war. Let Mr. Jones confess he has misconceived me, and it shall all pass by."

Oh, dear! The terrible "Mr. Jones" made Lucy's hope ooze out more and more every time it was repeated; and, by the end of Mr. Rees' speech, his manner had become so perfectly cold and incisive, both she and Mr. Morris saw there was much overgrowth of stiffness, and perhaps temper, to be bitten through before any good result could be effected; and, after some general expressions of their sorrow at the existence of any misunderstanding, and their belief that it would one day disappear, they rose and took their leave.

Lucy's opinion came straight and loudly from her when she was once more upon her horse, and out of danger of being heard. There was a little sensitive mother, she declared, anxious for her girls, and there were her girls debarred from pleasure she could have procured for them, by a silly quarrel of their father; and she spoke of the disturbed faces that had appealed to her, and of her sympathy with Gwen's little plaintive sigh; and, at last, the very pity brought to her by her speaking drove the difficulties away; and when Llanddona village was in sight, and Llanddona rectory close at hand, she was

again thinking some 'solution might be discovered, and she had once more as much courage as before.

Llanddona rectory was a different place, quite, to the flower-hidden residence from which Lucy and Vaughan had just come. The great grey stones composing it were bare, and its windows looked into the marshes and the valley, with more to be seen from them of a recently-discovered slate-quarry than of the ever-varying sea; but it had its advantages over Llanegan for all that; and possessed a bachelor air of discipline and easy wealth that, for some things, was very nice, and that Llanegan certainly was without. Llanddona's rector, also, was a very different man to him from whom Mr. and Mrs. Morris had just come. He had been a widower for five-and-twenty years—his married life had only lasted, in fact, a few months—so he was as much an old bachelor as if he had never had a wife; and he included, among the attributes of old-bachelorhood, the being very prim and ceremonious, and the having everything scrupulously plain and clean. He had been very handsome once, and he was handsome still, with his bushy black eyebrows, contrasting markedly with his thick grey hair; and he was aware how far correct costume would help to keep him handsome, and he wore the white tie typical of the clergy, and was dressed in properly-made and nicely-fitting ecclesiastical black. His son Baldwyn chanced to be within; and when the Morrises and he had exchanged an almost affectionate greeting, and they had questioned him, as their liking for him warranted them to question, Mr. Morris began with the new rector as he had begun at his recent visit. "We shall hope to see you at Penrallt often," he said. "My wife has been used to company abroad, and it will be charitable to help to make as many parties as you can. She will be dull here without them. So we hope you and Baldwyn will be sure to come?"

Baldwyn was standing with Mrs. Morris at a cabinet of curious coins. Under cover of examining these, she had been telling him of her knowledge of the feud, and of the efforts she and Vaughan would make to overcome it, on account, chiefly, of him and Gwen; and when Vaughan approached, thus, the important subject, Lucy touched her young friend gently upon the arm, and they were both eagerly and amusedly on the watch to hear what the rector would reply.

"There," Mr. Pugh Jones, hesitatingly, but with all courtesy, began—"there is an im—an

impediment to *very* free visiting. I—I am a—awkwardly situated, rather, with re—with regard to that. There is a—"

"So little society here, you mean?" interposed Lucy, giving Baldwyn another touch upon the arm, and launching a comic glance at Vaughan. "It *is* tiresome, certainly, but we mean to do away with that. We mean to be the gayest of the gay! You, and the Reeses, and everybody, must be with us as often as you can!"

"That—that is just what—what I should like to bring before you," the Rev. Pugh Jones commenced lamely to explain; and his words and tones were so comically like those of the counter-confidence Lucy and Vaughan had just been listening to, that they nearly laughed. "I"—he went on—"that is—it happens—" and the thread was unwoven, as before it had been unwoven, and the story was told.

"But you don't mean to say," Vaughan asked the rector, reasoningly—"you *can't* mean, Jones, that I musn't ask Rees and you to Penrallt the same day?"

"Nay," Mr. Jones replied in his most courteous manner, "it is not for me to say whom you may ask and whom you may not. All that I mean to say is that, if Mr. Rees knows I shall be at Penrallt, he certainly will not go. It is sad and unneighbourly; but so the matter stands."

"Nonsense!" Vaughan Morris cried, in the same tone and manner he had used so short a time before; and then he repeated it again, with a laugh and a shrug—"nonsense!"

"It is not that I have any objection to meeting Mr. Rees," the Llanddona rector added to his serious and solemn explanation. "I have been guilty of no aggression on Mr. Rees. Mr. Rees made ungentlemanly remarks in connexion with some business on which he was engaged—simple business, answered by me in a business way—and, if Mr. Rees will assure me he meant no personal attack, I have no wish to be ill friends."

"But if Mr. Rees will never do that?" demanded Lucy—"never so long as you are both under the shadow of these hills?"

"Then I must decline to meet him," answered the Llanddona rector, conclusively. "That is, I could never meet him without such an uncomfortable feeling, that it would not be worth while. It would be much better to say no."

Precisely as I was told!" Lucy cried to Vaughan, when they were again alone. "I was sure the report was not wrong!"

"It is absurd nonsense!" declared Vaughan,

twitching his riding-whip, testily, against an overhanging bough—"nonsense, every bit of it!"

"And have you no more to say about it?" inquired Lucy.

"Not a word!" came from Vaughan, shortly. "It's too childish. Too childish by far. I'll say, though, if you like, as a finis, that they are both a couple of fools!"

"Yes, yes, quite so," said Lucy, patting her horse's neck, as it started at some children playing in the road. "But what shall we do?"

"Ask both when you want them, and let them settle it themselves."

"But neither will come, you see, if we do!" argued Lucy.

"Ask neither, then," growled Vaughan. "Let them stop away."

"But my party!" was Lucy's further plea.

"Arrange without them, as best you can."

"But my drawing-room without those Rees girls would be like my flower-vases without flowers! I couldn't!"

"I shall not ask one without the other," declared Vaughan; "you may depend upon that. I will have no invidiousness. I shall make no choice"—at which moment the horses, having reached the summit of a hill, were urged down it at a trot, and all talk was for a little while suspended.

Lucy had worked out a plan by the time another hill was being ascended.

"I know what to do," she said, as soon as the hoofs were quiet. "I have concocted something."

"Well!" said Vaughan, carelessly. "What is it?"

"I don't think I will tell you," answered Lucy; "I will keep it to myself, if you will let me."

"Hey! Let it be a secret if you like!" cried Morris. "Because a love affair is connected with it, you take it to your heart, and you may have it. You would not care a flick of your whip if it were only the rectors who stayed away. Gang your ain gait. It is pretty sure to be a good one."

"Thank you," Lucy said, and laughed. And then she added, "I must enlighten you, of course, before it can be carried out; but I am afraid that if I tell you now, you will be telling some one else, and then it will get round. So I will mature the mighty plot, and then, when all is ready, call you in."

So Lucy feigned to be an arch conspirator, and to have heavy matter on her mind when her husband, once or twice in the next two days, asked how she was progressing; and she kept her secret *all that long space of time!*

## TABLE TALK.

A NEW BOOK, printed "for the author" by Messrs. Blackwood, will revive the Ossian controversy, which, indeed, has never been allowed to die out since the days of Johnson and MacPherson. A writer in the *Times*—who, from the internal evidence of the article is presumably Mr. J. F. Campbell, the author of "The Popular Tales of the West Highlands"—reviews the evidence as to the alleged authenticity of the Ossianic poems, and arrives at the conclusion that, in one sense, the poems are really authentic, but that MacPherson arranged his Gaelic materials "and made them up with stuff of his own, and made a very liberal and greatly enlarged paraphrase, which he published and called a translation." And we believe this to be the general opinion of scholars on this vexed question. The *Times* writer speaks of Smith's Gaelic collection, "printed in 1787," as "popular poetry, unmercifully cooked by a good scholar and very clever man." This Dr. Smith had, in fact, published, seven years before that date, a quarto work, containing "a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian," together with fourteen annotated poems, treated precisely in MacPherson's manner, and based on Argyleshire legends which, he says, "had escaped the inquiries of the able and ingenious translator of Ossian, whose researches were more chiefly confined to the more northern parts of the Highlands." MacPherson had published "Fingal"—his first Ossianic poem—in 1762, when he was twenty-four years of age, and by his epical treatment of the ballads and traditions of his native land, has won that worthy place amid his country's poets which is often denied to him. His Ossianic poems were such favourites with the great Napoleon, that, as Sir James Mackintosh tells us, they formed a chief portion of Buonaparte's poetical library ("History of England," i., 86). Some of MacPherson's additions to the Gaelic legends, committed him, perhaps, to the charge of dealing with anachronisms; and a critic who takes the Irish-Celtic view, points triumphantly to MacPherson's frequent introduction of chariots, both in and out of battle-scenes, as a proof that the legends were of Irish origin, and were merely transferred to Scottish scenes and mountainous districts where it would be impossible to use chariots; so that when Columba's servant Colmanus had neglected to furnish the saint's chariot with linchpins, it was accounted that he had wrought a miracle

in travelling in safety for a whole day over an Irish plain. Anyhow, this chronic controversy as to the authenticity of MacPherson's Ossianic poems is, of itself, a full proof that they are worth the fighting for.

HAVE you any live snakes to part with? This is a question which the gentle reader may be presumed to answer with an emphatic, if not ungentle, negative. But serpent-charmers are still to be seen; and serpent worship is a very ancient *cultus*; and, perhaps, we moderns may live to see serpent pets taking their places among our domestic favourites. Anyhow, Mr. Higford Burr is now founding the most novel addition to our asylums and other philanthropic institutions; for (so *Land and Water* tells us) he "now offers an asylum to English snakes" in his beautiful park at Aldermaston, near Reading, and requests anyone to send him all the snake's eggs and live snakes that may be found—an occupation which is certainly suggestive of some unaccustomed recreations of a country life. The same journal says, that "a snake hunting for frogs along the margin of a still pond in the hot noonday sun, is one of the most interesting sights that a naturalist can witness;" and is, doubtless, more funny to him than to the hapless frog. In fact, such a circumstance would convert into a reality Count Smorltork's perversion of Mrs. Leo Hunter's "Ode to a Perspiring Frog." By-the-way, I wonder what the Count would have made of the titles of many of the papers that appear in our scientific periodicals? Here, for instance, is a recent number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal*, with a paper on "The Proboscis of the Blow-fly;" and here is *The Student*, with a paper on "The Parental attachment of the Miller's Thumb." But, if Mr. Higford Burr's experiment is encouraged, we may soon expect to read a paper, the title of which may be (to adopt the words of *Land and Water*) "Curious and interesting Points in the Natural History of Snakes, which are allowed to have their own way." And it is to be hoped that *that* way will not throw them into our way.

A CORRESPONDENT: In a late number of your magazine, you speak of the bucolic love for, wonder-working charms; but, I think, Londoners are not exempt from the same love. Recently, while riding up Ludgate Hill, I was assured by a bus-driver that he knew an infallible remedy for rheumatism, and on inquiry he informed me that if I would carry

about in my pocket a potato which I had stolen, all rheumatic pains would disappear. Shortly afterwards, mentioning this to a gentleman who has made his fortune in trade in the City, he produced from his pocket what appeared to be a flat black pebble, which he told me was a potato that he had stolen, and had carried about in his pocket till it had shrivelled up to its then state. He assured me that its effects in relieving him of the pain had been marvellous; but that it had got worn out now, he supposed, from the time he had had it, and he thought he must steal another, as the pains were returning.

THE SPECTROSCOPE is continuously revealing new wonders in the departments of physics—even astronomy. A Swedish astronomer, Angström, has succeeded on several occasions in obtaining the spectrum of the luminous arc which bounds the dark circle of the aurora. The light of this arc is almost monochromatic, and exhibits a single brilliant band, situated to the left of the well known group of calcine lines, and (which is very remarkable) not coinciding with any of the known rays or bands of simple or compound gases. Another circumstance which, as the discoverer observes, gives a special and almost cosmical importance to this observation, is this, namely, he succeeded in observing the spectrum of the zodiacal light, and here the same bright band was seen. "Indeed," he adds, "during a star-light night, when the sky was almost phosphorescent, I found traces of this band visible from all parts of the heavens." In addition to the bright band, he also observed in the auroral spectrum traces of three feeble bands, situated near to the line F of the solar spectrum. Angström's observations on the aurora were corrected to the winter of 1867-8, and have since been confirmed by himself and several other physicists. The spectroscopic examination of the zodiacal light completely overthrows the view generally held by astronomers, that this phenomenon is due to the reflection of the sun's light from a belt of meteors circulating between the sun and the earth, and shows that, like the auroral light, it must be due to magnetic disturbance in the firmament. It may startle some of our readers to learn that, according to Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, the true discoverer of the law of the conservation of forces (although our distinguished countryman, Mr. Joule, independently arrived at the same grand result), the aurora is indirectly due to the trade winds. In a very elaborate memoir which Dr. Mayer

read at the September meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association, in which he discussed a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the conservation of forces, he stated that, in his opinion, the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism are due to the trade winds. He sums up his reasons as follows :—The lowest strata of the trade winds assume, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition, the opposite of that of the water. The air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it towards the pole, when, from its high state of electric tension, it produces the aurora. He adds that the constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium which is manifested by the frequently varying direction of the magnetic needle, is due to the greater electric activity of the southern hemisphere than of the northern, owing to the physical conformation of the globe.

IN THE SAME MEMOIR to which I referred in the preceeding paragraph, Dr. Mayer discusses the following vital question which also arises out of the law of the conservation of forces :—Does it follow, from Sir W. Thomson's theory, that the heat of the sun is due to the fall of meteors into it, that the universe is likely to be brought to a stand-still by the ultimate absorption of the cosmical bodies into one absorbing mass? It is pleasant to think that, for various reasons which he assigns, Dr. Mayer has come to the conclusion that this catastrophe is not at all likely to occur.

"BREAD plays a more important part than we think of, in the most sumptuous feasts," Sidney Smith remarked one day at dinner. It serves as a landing place to the flights of stairs we call courses. It reposes the palate between the various dainties we are summoned to *taste*, not merely to *eat*. It supplies us with a resource when we are taken aback in any way. If some one at table touches on an awkward subject we can look away and call for some bread. If we do not wish to answer an inconvenient question we can fill our mouths with bread. If we are nervous or shy we can trifle with it, "as you are doing now [to a young lady beside him]. You are a little afraid of me?" "Oh no, I am not," she answered, blushing. "Yes, my dear, you are. You have made quite a little heap of crumbs. I always crumble my bread when I dine with the Archbishop of Canterbury." If I had time to grapple with the subject I would publish a

little essay—"Thoughts on Bread." Bread is to delicate flavours what light is to colours. It brings them out, separates, blends, and gives its due preponderance to each. In artificial fabrics we employ white for this purpose. The most brilliant colours put side by side without this relief will be comparatively dull. They mix together and lose their distinctness. It is the white that shows them off to advantage. See how sparkling are the English and French flags, for example, or that of the T.Y.C. They glitter like jewels in the air. What bread is to a feast, what white is to colour, such is commonplace to conversation.

A CORRESPONDENT: Such of your readers as perused with interest, your recent article on "Literary Similarities," may be amused by the annexed extracts—one from the writings of a Persian poet, the other from Suckling:—

Thine eyes rival those of the deer: why then add  
Kajallah? Is it not enough that thou slayest thy  
victim, but thou must do it with poisoned arrows?  
*Persian Poet.*

Th' adorning thee with so much art  
Is but a barb'rous skill,  
'Tis like the pois'ning of the dart  
Too apt before to kill. *Suckling.*

IT IS exactly forty years since Messrs Goodrich, of Boston; published three volumes of "Specimens of American Poetry," which introduced to English readers, Messrs. Willis, Perceval, Halleck, and other writers of pleasing and graceful, if not very vigorous, verse. Of these writers, Halleck is chiefly known to us by his very spirited poem of "Alnwick Castle." His visit to that "Home of the Percy's high-born race," awoke memories of the days of chivalry, of Chevy Chase, and the gallant Hotspur; and with the past he contrasts the present, which he finds to be a very prosaic and unromantic age, in which:—

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt  
The Douglas in red herrings.

One is reminded of these lines by the circumstance that the Earl of Dudley has been the proprietor of the market-tolls of the town from which he takes his title; and the value of such tolls may be judged from the fact, that they were purchased from him by the Town Council of Dudley for the sum of £10,000. Thus, this noble patron of the arts was, up to that time, also the proprietor of the market-tolls of a country town.

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XIV.

THE rector had taken the earliest opportunity of remonstrating with Mary upon her imprudence in encouraging the hopes of Fenwick Towers. She had listened to her father very quietly till he ventured to speak of the complete estrangement from her family which such an alliance would occasion. Then, instead of tears, he saw her face flush and her eyes sparkle. He was watching her closely, and felt that this was not reassuring. In fact, ere their conversation had terminated, he found that all his efforts to obtain a promise that she would endeavour to forget Fenwick were so far from being successful that she announced her intention of marrying him whenever he chose to call upon her to leave her home. This caused Mr. Clare considerable vexation and anxiety, but he was somewhat consoled by the reflection that for a year or two at least there was no probability of her lover claiming her hand. Meantime, it was to be hoped that absence would do much towards weakening her affection. And then, was it not possible that the opportunity for making a much more eligible match might arise? There was young Coomber, who had been rather attentive to Mary on several occasions, and who always sent her cards of admission to the fêtes at the Botanical Gardens. His family was not, perhaps, all that could be desired, as far as ancestry was concerned; but the alderman his father, though he commenced life as a cheesemonger's boy, was now enormously rich, and ere long would attain to the highest civic dignity. Coomber, junior, was his only son, and if the great City sewer could be completed during the mayoralty of this worthy alderman it was said that a baronetcy would

be conferred upon him. He was one of the churchwardens at Upfield, and was never tired in the hearing of the rector of expatiating upon the abilities and excellencies of his son Tom. So, upon the whole, Mr. Clare considered that such a marriage was very desirable. If he proved to be mistaken as to Mr. Tom Coomber's feelings, there was still a chance of other suitors making their appearance before Fenwick Towers came to claim Mary's hand.

The party assembled at the rectory were still waiting the announcement of dinner, when Sir Charles Pennington and his friend entered the drawing-room. Mr. Clare advanced, and shook them both by the hand very cordially.

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Wyvern," he said, "Mrs. Clare was afraid that the invitation had miscarried, as we did not receive any reply.

"A sad piece of forgetfulness on my part, which I must beg of you to excuse. We City men are hardly civilised, and get so engrossed with business, that social——"

"Oh, make your apology to Mrs. Clare," said the rector, with a laugh: "you will find her in the corner there, talking to Mrs. Graves-Parr. And if you still have anything to say against the manners and customs of the City," he continued, turning towards a very stout man with a very red face, "come back to us, and my friend Mr. Coomber will be happy to discuss the subject with you."

Mr. Bentley Wyvern made his way across the room rather awkwardly. Somehow he was not quite at his ease in the society of ladies. He found Mary standing near her mother; and leaning on the chimney-piece by her side was Mr. Tom Coomber—a young man with weak eyes and flaxen hair—who was speaking to Mrs. Graves-Parr.

"But you like an oratorio?"

"No I don't," said Mr. Tom Coomber, "I detest them. The governor has dragged me off to Exeter Hall twice, but he won't get me there again in a hurry. I don't believe *he* cares much about them either, for he fell fast asleep on the last occasion, and snored



abominably. Couldn't possibly awake him, till I luckily thought of kicking him on his corns. And then he *did* rouse himself with a vengeance; you should have seen the tears run down his cheeks, Miss Mary. Gad!" he exclaimed, with a loud laugh, "it was the funniest thing I ever saw."

Mr. Bentley Wyvern made his apology; but did not feel inclined to return to the rector.

"I suppose you go to the opera sometimes, Mr. Coomber?" said Mrs. Graves-Parr.

"Well, yes. I went once last season; but I'm not very fond of that kind of thing."

"You don't like music, I am afraid?" said Mrs. Clare.

"Oh! but I do—that is, music of a lively class."

"Offenbach, for instance?" said Mr. Bentley Wyvern, blandly.

"Exactly. And then those tunes they play in burlesques are awfully pretty. If you will allow me, Miss Mary, I'll send you the music of some of them."

"Thank you," said Mary, coldly, "I beg that you will not give yourself the trouble. I am inclined to think our tastes do not accord on the subject of music."

"How do, Mrs. Graves-Parr?" said Sir Charles, approaching with Florence. "I thought you had left for Leicestershire."

"It was my intention to have done so; but, upon consideration, I thought it better to remain with my little Amy, as her health is so *very* delicate."

"By the bye," said Florence, carelessly, "I forgot to tell you that there is a paragraph about your Leicestershire friends in the *Morning Post*, to-day."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Graves-Parr. "Something about Mr. Thornbury going into Parliament, I dare say?"

"No; it alludes to his having been taken very ill a fortnight ago, and states that his condition is still very precarious," replied Florence, drily.

Two little patches of red came upon Mrs. Graves-Parr's cheeks, as she stammered out—

"I heard that he was rather poorly; but I had no idea that it was anything serious."

"It was fortunate that you did not pay your intended visit," continued Florence, remorselessly.

"It was, indeed, my dear. But, living as you do almost in the country, and able as you are to ride out every day with an agreeable companion, it is difficult for you to understand how glad I feel to get away from London for

a few weeks in the year. I suppose Sir Charles and you always go out alone?"

"There's the groom," said the baronet, feeling rather sheepish.

"Oh yes, the groom, of course," said Mrs. Graves-Parr, with her sweetest smile. "But then, as grooms don't follow very closely, it's quite a *tête-à-tête*, isn't it?"

The announcement of dinner caused a general movement, and saved Sir Charles from the necessity of replying.

An invitation had been sent to Mr. and Mrs. Rushton, but the curate alone came. His threadbare suit excited no attention; but, if the truth may be told, had he brought his wife, her rather scanty wardrobe would not have furnished her with a becoming dress for the occasion. As to getting one specially made, it was not to be thought of. Such an outlay becomes a serious matter when a man has eight children, and an income of only a hundred and fifty pounds a year. So Mrs. Rushton remained at home, as she had done on many previous occasions. But, at her solicitation, he always made it a rule to accept two invitations in the year to the rectory. Perhaps it may be thought that, as the wife of a clergyman, she had no right to feel any ridiculous pride of this kind, and that she ought to have made her appearance in that old-fashioned black silk gown that she attended church in every Sunday. No doubt it was very wrong not to have completely abjured all the pomps and vanities of this very wicked world. But then, after all, she was a woman, and was still a very handsome one; so we must not be too severe upon her because she had not quite lost all her vanity, and preferred staying at home to going out to dinner-parties dressed like a guy.

At table Mr. Bentley Wyvern found himself sitting opposite to Mary. By her side was Mr. Tom Coomber, and the alderman himself occupied the next chair. Before the soup was removed Dr. Craven entered the room.

"I had given up all hope of seeing you," said Mr. Clare, as the doctor took a seat by the alderman's wife, who wore a dress of maroon-coloured velvet and was adorned with an abundance of jewellery.

"You must make allowances for a man who is worked as hard as I."

"When I was a boy," said the alderman, "I worked for thirteen hours a day, and got six shillings a week for it. It makes me laugh to hear people talking of hard work now-a-days, and grumbling at the way labour is remunerated. Think of my getting only six

shillings a week for all that I did!" he continued, appealing to the doctor.

"Perhaps that sum was quite as much as you were worth," said that gentleman, coolly.

"No, sir, it was *not*," replied the alderman, indignantly.

"Well, I can form no opinion on the subject, as I don't know anything of the nature of the duties which you discharged."

"Then I'll tell you, and——"

"Edward, I really wish you wouldn't make any further reference to the subject," said Mrs. Coomber, sharply.

"Why not? I'm not ashamed of what I have been. It's my pride—my boast. There ain't many that began the world as I did, who have raised themselves solely by their own abilities to the position occupied by me. There's nothing of the snob about me, I can tell you. I only ask to be judged upon my merits, and what those merits are I expect the citizens of London will testify before the year is out."

"I am happy to find that you have been able to turn your abilities to good account; but may I inquire to what particular object you have directed them?"

"Object! Tallow, sir," answered the alderman, sternly. "That's been my business for the last five-and-twenty years, and uncommon well I've made it pay me."

"No doubt," said the doctor, laughing.

"But, besides that, I have always taken care never to be guilty of a dishonest action."

"Extremely creditable indeed. So much self-denial deserves to be publicly rewarded. In fact, we ought to erect statues to all our honest men," said the doctor, sarcastically. "By the bye, Wyvern," he added, "have you heard anything of Mr. Fenwick Towers lately?"

"He has gone to Devonshire for a short time."

Bentley Wyvern glanced at Mary as he replied, and saw that a flush had spread over her face. Was this occasioned, he asked himself, by the mere mention of Fenwick's name, or did it arise from something that Coomber, junior, had just said to her. A certain question suddenly put to her might assist him in arriving at a conclusion; so Bentley Wyvern took advantage of a pause in their conversation to address her.

"I was not aware till this afternoon that Mr. Towers was an old friend of yours," he said, in a subdued voice, as he bent towards her across the table.

Except that there was a tremulous motion

about her lips, she replied, with tolerable calmness,

"I have known him since he was a boy."

Florence, who was sitting near Bentley Wyvern, heard his remark. Now, she was by no means sentimental, particularly on the subject of love, but she quite appreciated the embarrassment that such a conversation was likely to create. And here it may be mentioned that she had much more knowledge of the world than the majority of young ladies, and besides a keen sense of humour had a considerable amount of shrewdness and tact. But her head seemed to have developed at the expense of her heart, for there certainly was no human being in whose welfare she felt half so absorbing an interest as in her own. However, she sympathised to some extent with her sister in the present instance, and hastened to the rescue by abruptly asking Bentley Wyvern the precise difference between the picturesque and the beautiful.

"Really, Miss Clare," he replied, hesitatingly, "I don't quite understand the meaning of your question. I believe everything that is picturesque must be beautiful."

"But is everything that is beautiful also picturesque?" cried the doctor. "When so many people apply the word beautiful to everything that impresses them agreeably, from an epic poem to a pot of beer, I am afraid we must reply in the negative."

"If Miss Clare had asked me to give her an example of the beautiful, I should have had no difficulty in doing so," said Bentley Wyvern, gallantly.

"I had no idea that you had so good an opinion of yourself," she replied, wilfully misunderstanding him.

Bentley Wyvern detected the mischievous expression in her eyes, and he felt by no means amiably disposed towards her.

When the ladies had left the dining-room, the alderman began to enlarge upon the brilliant prospects of his son Tom; and explained that at the coming general election that young gentleman was to enter Parliament.

"And what constituency do you depend upon for his election?" asked the doctor, with a droll twinkle in his eyes.

"I don't depend upon any constituency."

"That's rather singular," said Mr. Clare, elevating his eyebrows.

"Not a bit of it," replied the alderman. "I depend upon a certain electioneering agent, who tells me that he can guarantee my son's return for a particular borough, provided I pay a stipulated sum for what he calls expenses."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Rushton, "that such a proceeding is a palpable encouragement of bribery."

"But I have distinctly told him that he is not to bribe anybody," said the alderman. "I believe that's according to the British constitution, ain't it? If, after that, he chooses to break the law, he must take the consequences in case it's discovered. Anyhow, neither I nor Tom can be held responsible."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Coomber," rejoined the curate warmly. "You cannot be held innocent in such a case. Your own conscience must tell you that."

"My own conscience tells me nothing of the kind," said the alderman, in a loud voice.

"So you really think — although you deliberately give a man a sum of money to enable him to accomplish an object by illegal means — that you are free from blame in the matter, because you *tell* him not to use the money in that way?"

"That's my opinion exactly."

"Have you any other influence in the borough?"

"Don't know a soul in it, and I am informed it ain't necessary. The agent will find a nominator and seconder, so you see, Mr. Rushton, Tom has nothing to do but go down, make a little speech, and let himself be elected. I don't see there's anything wrong in that, and you'll find it very difficult to persuade me that there is."

"My dear Mr. Rushton, it is hardly worth while to argue the matter further," said the doctor. "Mr. Coomber's notions of his moral obligations are rather peculiar. Perhaps a life devoted to tallow should be taken into our consideration, when judging of his conduct in this case, which, after all, is no worse than that of a great many others who cannot plead any extenuating circumstances of that kind. Let Mr. Coomber, junior, go down to his borough, make his little speech on the hustings, and return a member of the House of Commons."

"I'm not going to make any speech," said Mr. Tom Coomber, sulkily.

"Indeed! that will be somewhat ungracious to so confiding a constituency," rejoined the doctor.

"But I couldn't make a speech, if it were to save my life. It's all very well for the governor to talk about sending me into Parliament; but I've told him, repeatedly, that I had much rather remain out of it. Gad! I never shall forget the three hours that I once spent with him in the strangers' gallery, listening to the debates. I do believe that my hair would fall

off in handfuls if I had to sit there every night for months."

"Ah, but you won't be required to do that," said the alderman; "you've got talents, and that's the proper place for you to display them."

"I wish to goodness I were an M.P.!" exclaimed Sir Charles, suddenly, as he thought of the immunity from arrest that he would enjoy in that case.

"You surprise me!" said Mr. Clare, with unusual animation. "I should have thought that you would be the last man to have any desire of that kind."

"You suppose that I have no ambition to legislate."

"I imagined from all I had heard," said the rector, with emphasis, "that you were very likely, in a short time, to become one of our hereditary legislators."

"I certainly *had* some hopes of that kind," said Sir Charles.

"You have still," said Bentley Wyvern, quickly.

"Well, yes. But I get deucedly impatient about their fulfilment," said Sir Charles, pushing about the olive-stones on his plate.

"Very naturally so. But I presume there is no doubt about your ultimately obtaining a judgment in your favour, and that I shall have to congratulate you upon becoming Earl of Bideford?" said Mr. Clare, gravely.

"In the present state of the case, I don't think Sir Charles would be justified in giving a positive reply," said Bentley Wyvern, pressing upon the baronet's foot.

They rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room soon after. Mary was seated at the piano, playing an exquisite composition of Mendelssohn, with an artistic feeling and executive facility that did full justice to the piece. At the request of Sir Charles, she subsequently sang Bellini's "*Qui la voce*." Her delicious soprano voice, and finished vocalisation, enthralled everyone; even the alderman, who had shown symptoms of drowsiness during the instrumental music, left his seat and approached the piano.

"Gad!" said Mr. Tom Coomber, when she ceased singing; "I wish you would get some of those songs I speak of. There's one called '*The Young Woman of Pentonville*,'—that would suit your voice exactly."

"Who is the composer?" asked Mary, laughing.

"First-class man. I don't remember his name, but he's the author of the famous song, '*Nine Little Red Men*.'"

Bentley Wyvern, in a fit of abstraction, was

sitting in the cushioned recess of one of the windows, when Mr. Clare approached him. The rector was not quite at his ease with regard to the prospects of Sir Charles, and determined to have some further conversation on the subject.

"I am afraid you feel rather dull," he said, laying his hand on his guest's shoulder.

"Not at all, I assure you. It would be impossible to experience such a feeling with so accomplished a musician as your daughter to entertain one."

"Ah! you like her singing, then?" said the rector, with a gratified smile.

"I am charmed with her altogether. So much beauty, refinement, and good sense, must—"

"Come, come, Mr. Wyvern," interrupted the rector laughing; "you are taking advantage of a father's weakness."

"Every word that I utter comes from my heart," replied his interlocutor, in a low voice. "With such a woman for a wife, it must be a man's own fault if he does not attain to the summit of domestic felicity."

The rector appeared rather astonished at this outburst, but he merely said,

"I was about to ask you to look at the conservatory, as you have not, I believe, seen it since it was enlarged. If you have no objection—"

"It will give me great pleasure. I am passionately fond of flowers."

As they passed out of the drawing-room, Bentley Wyvern saw Mr. Tom Coomber leaning over the back of Mary's chair.

"Sir Charles does not seem very sanguine as to the result of his case," said the rector, carelessly.

"If you will regard the communication as confidential, I can explain that to you."

"You may rely upon me."

"Then I may venture to say, that it merely arises from the delay which has taken place in procuring some evidence of importance. That it will be forthcoming I have very little doubt. In fact, it is merely a question of time. From what I know of his case, it appears a certainty that his claim will be established. A peerage and eighty thousand a-year will render him a great match for some one."

"A most excellent young man, and one for whom I feel a sincere esteem," said the rector.

"And now I have something to say to you which very intimately concerns myself. Providence," said Bentley Wyvern, rolling his eyes, "has prospered all my undertakings so signally that I have abundant means at my

disposal. I am not so egotistical as to assert that my abilities have in any way conduced to the remarkable success which has attended my efforts, nor am I going to make a boast of my integrity."

"Ah, I perceive. You are indulging in a sly cut at the alderman."

"Well, perhaps I *was* thinking of him when I made the allusion. However, I merely wish you to understand that I am now completely independent of business, and that in a short time I shall cease my labours in the City. For years I have taken a considerable interest in politics, and it is my intention to take the earliest opportunity of entering Parliament. Not like Mr. Coomber, junior, merely to vote at a division, but with the firm resolve to distinguish myself."

"And I have no doubt you will be able to do so."

"You wonder why I tell you all this?"

The rector did wonder, but he was too polite to express himself to that effect.

"Well, I am about to give you my reason," continued Bentley Wyvern. "You have already heard me say how greatly I admire your daughter Mary. Let me now frankly add that I love her, and desire to make her my wife."

"Really, Mr. Wyvern, this is so—so unexpected a communication that I hardly know what to reply," said the rector, after a pause.

"So far I have not had many opportunities of enjoying her society; but when I obtain your permission to pay her my addresses, I hope to be able to make a favourable impression upon her. There is no previous attachment, I trust, which would cause any difficulty?"

"There is none which *should*. But we had better defer entering further upon the subject."

"I am particularly anxious to have your reply to my proposal with as little delay as possible."

"Come and see me to-morrow," said the rector "and you shall learn my decision."

"Is there any reason to doubt that it will be favourable?" asked Bentley Wyvern, as they returned to the drawing-room.

"At present I am not aware of any. If I hesitate it is because, but a few hours ago, I had other intentions as to my daughter's future husband."

The rector retired to his study when the last of his guests had departed, and spent some time in thinking over the unexpected proposal made to him in the conservatory. At any rate, this Wyvern had some brains, and was likely to make his way still further in the world; but as

to young Coomber, though prospectively the richer of the two, it was plain that he was little better than a simpleton. And then the elder Coomber ! The rector gave a little shudder as he thought of the insufferable vulgarity shown that evening. If he could secure a peer for one son-in-law, and a rising member of parliament for the other, was there not a possibility that the Reverend Baldwin Clare might, in time, preach in lawn sleeves, and take his seat in the Upper House ? At the end of his cogitations he sat down and wrote a letter to Dr. Craven.

#### CHAPTER XV.

ON the same evening that the dinner party took place at Upfield Rectory, Fenwick Towers returned to London. He had gone to the old church at Doddington, and with very little difficulty had discovered the required entry in the register. Old Jacob Rule had given him a detailed account of the visit paid by a certain Paul Grantley, but the old clerk was much puzzled to understand why that gentleman, as he afterwards learnt from the post-master, should have entered the vestry and taken down the registers.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Fenwick reached Northumberland Street, where he had continued to retain his rooms during his absence in Devonshire. He rang the bell several times without bringing anyone to the door. Meanwhile the cabman who had brought him drove away. At length a head was projected from a window of the first floor, and a stentorian voice asked what he wanted. Fenwick explained that he had lodgings there and desired admission. In a few minutes he had the satisfaction of hearing footsteps descending the stairs, and the door was opened by an old man attired in a tattered dressing gown, and with a Turkish fez upon his head. A long beard and moustache, white as a snow drift, gave him quite a patriarchal appearance. In one hand he carried a flat candlestick, and slung upon the other wrist was an old infantry sword. He peered at Fenwick from under his shaggy eyebrows before allowing him to pass in. The sight of a portmanteau which had been deposited on the door step when the cabman drove away appeared to reassure him.

"Come in," he said, in a tone almost as loud as that which he had used at the window.

"I am sorry to have troubled you," said Fenwick, eying the sword in astonishment. "Are the people of the house in bed ?"

"They are gone to a theatre, or some other place of amusement, and will not be back till twelve. What is your name, sir ?"

"Towers."

"I remember it. The postman left a letter for you yesterday. Why are you looking so hard at my sword ? Do you think I am going to murder you ?"

Fenwick laughingly disclaimed any suspicion of that kind, and made his way upstairs. Mrs. O'Sullivan had locked up his rooms, so he descended to those of the eccentric lodger, and asked permission to remain there till her return. The old man was lying upon a huge tiger-skin spread upon the floor, and was smoking a hookah. Above the chimney-piece were suspended a Turkish scimitar, a couple of silver-mounted pistols of curious workmanship, and a double-barrelled rifle. In a corner of the room was a pile of parliamentary blue books, and on the table lay what appeared to be a large plan of an estate.

"Take a chair, if you can find a sound one," he said, putting down a book that he was reading. "The room is wretchedly furnished, as you can see. But I dare say yours above is worse still."

"You are quite right, mine is very meagrely furnished, but for the present I cannot afford more expensive quarters."

"Poor, eh ? I pity you. Perhaps you imagine that I am very little better off than yourself. If so, you are utterly mistaken."

"I am very happy to hear that you have sufficient for your wants," said Fenwick, smiling.

"Sufficient for my wants !" exclaimed the old man. "I have sufficient for the wants of thousands !"

#### FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

(ACCORDING TO DRYDEN'S PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES).

##### PART III.

DRYDEN first introduced the rhymed drama into England, an innovation he learned from the French, as well as the system he enforced, as far as possible of the "unities," or the perfect agreement of the play with regard to action, place, and time. He gives the programme of his rules of guidance, in a prologue he wrote for his "Secret Love," in 1667, where he says :—

He who wrote this, not without pains and thought,  
From French and English theatres has brought  
The exactest rules by which a play is wrought.  
The unities of action, place, and time ;  
The scenes unbroken ; and a mingled chime  
Of Jonson's humour with old Corneille's rhyme.



Once a Week.]

ARRIVAL OF FENWICK TOWERS.—(See "CAUGHT BY A THREAD," page 380.)

[January, 1870.]



The professed standards of his art were highly refined, and should serve as golden rules to direct criticism in all ages. His admirable precepts, unfortunately, were not always borne out by practice, his works being too numerous and voluminous to allow of that perfect care and finish which they required, and of which he, of all men, knew the true value. In his works he maintains:—

His characters were good,  
The scenes entire, and freed from noise and blood;  
The actions great, yet circumscribed by time,  
The words not forced, but sliding into rhyme,  
The passions raised, and calm by just degrees,  
As tides are swelled, and then retire to seas.\*

He soon became tired of the rhymed drama, having at last discovered that the blank verse "barbarisms" of Shakspeare and Fletcher were better adapted to produce the strongest passions in, and to give the greatest power to, a play. The revolution in his ideas on this score, he thus explains:—

But he has now another turn of wit;  
And to confess the truth, though out of time,  
Grows weary of his long-lov'd mistress, rhyme;  
Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,  
And nature flies him like enchanted ground.†

Dryden first fell back upon the style of Shakspeare in his "All for Love; or the World Well Lost," 1678, in the prologue to which play he tells the critics "he fights this day unarmed—without his rhyme." His influence must have been immense at this period, for his example directed immediate and pretty general attention to the works of the great dramatists of the preceding generation. It has been shown before, that at the beginning of his career, he held the genius of Jonson and Fletcher in moderate estimation; in one of his earliest prologues, the one prefixed to Sir W. Davenant's desecrating adaptation of "The Tempest," 1668, he says of them:—

If they have since out-writ all other men,  
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.

Experience improved his judgment; and the following quotation shows how much, in his matured years, he respected the works of the men of old, as well as his own:—

As with the greater dead he dares not strive  
He would not match his verse with those who live.‡

He appears to have been possessed of two great antipathies; one against the Dutch, and the other against the Whigs. As an earnest

Royalist, he saw nothing degrading in the courtly tendency to truckle to the French; in fact, in one of his compositions, he advocated an alliance of England and France to put down the encroaching prosperous little maritime enemy, which, he maintains, could only be done by "two kings' touch." In one place, he tells his audience, if they ill-received his play, their children would "wish themselves born Dutch," an expression meant to convey the poet's utmost horror and contempt. He wrote his "Amboyna," 1673, for the express purpose of inflaming the people against the Dutch during the war. The prologue and epilogue written for this play are mere transplantations from his "Satire on the Dutch," published some twelve years before. The character and manners of the Dutch, their enterprise and business-like habits, and their awkward gait are admirably hit off; and the East Indies are displayed as a prize to be won, in the event of a struggle.

The dotage of some Englishmen is such,  
To fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.  
They shall have all, rather than make a war  
With those who of the same religion are.  
The Straits, the Guinea trade, the herrings too,  
Nay, to preserve them, they shall pickle you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Be gulled no longer; for you'll find it true—  
They have no more religion, faith, than you.

\* \* \* \* \*

With an ill grace the Dutch their mischief do,  
They've both ill-nature and ill manners too.  
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,  
For they were bred ere manners were in fashion.

\* \* \* \* \*

Their sway became them with as ill a mien  
As their own paunches swell above their chin;  
Yet is their empire no true growth, but humour,  
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.

His hatred of the Whigs was most intense, and he never tires of venting his spite against them about the time of the amalgamation of the two companies, when the country was in a fearful state of excitement owing to the revelations of Titus Oates and others. One of the triplets which occurred in the prologue delivered on the occasion of the union of the two houses, in 1682, will exemplify his antipathy towards the liberal agitators:—

When men will, needlessly, their freedom barter  
For lawless power, sometimes they catch a Tartar;  
There's a damned word that rhymes to this, called  
Charter.

His intensity of feeling against Whiggery was only equalled by his fervent admiration, or rather adoration, of royalty, which he flatters in expressions of almost sickening adulation. In his prologue for "The Unlucky Favourite,"

\* Epil. to "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.

† Prol. to "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.

‡ Prol. to "Aureng-Zebe." 1675.



1682, performed before Charles II., the king is described as a dove, "the sweet harbinger of love," who is the very impersonation and the disposer of peace. The fulsome panegyric concludes thus:—

What civil broils have cost, we know too well;  
Oh! let it be enough that once we fell!  
And every heart conspire, and every tongue,  
Still to have such a king, and this king long!

In the same year the Duke of York returned from Scotland, and at the King's House he received quite an ovation and the usual overdose of laudation; and on the appearance of the Duchess of York a few weeks after, Dryden, in a prologue written for the occasion, fairly exceeds himself in the eulogium he pronounces. She is described as the "queen of beauty," and her household as the "court of love." She is called more fair than Venus and more chaste than Thetis; and Love and the Graces are said to have fled northwards, and to have returned with her. Her presence is to disperse all evils in church and state—discord, troubles, seditions, and cankered hate; and harmony and love, through her influence, are to commence a new era of existence. This remarkable prologue contains the following:—

For her the weeping heavens become serene,  
For her the ground is clad in cheerful green,  
For her the nightingales are taught to sing,  
And nature has for her delayed the spring.

The opening couplet in his prologue to "The Assignation," 1672-3, conveys in terse language an admirable idea of the relative value of the prologue and the play in the estimation of the public; and it must not be forgotten that it was Dryden's power alone which, in vulgar parlance, "put the cart before the horse":—

Prologues, like bells to churches, toll you in  
With chiming verse, till the dull play begin.

Of Dryden's coadjutors on the stage, mention has been already made of Haines, Hart, and others; but by far the greatest of them all was Nell Gwyn, for some years the lively and fascinating attraction of the King's House, and afterwards mistress of Charles II. The prologues and epilogues were usually delivered by women in men's attire, and in this manner were spoken by Mrs. Reeve and Mrs. Boutell. Nell Gwyn was particularly fascinating in these assumptions; her buoyant spirits and saucy, piquant manner being especially favourable to such exhibitions. As a proof of the utter depravity of the times, it may be mentioned that if a composition were particularly broad and immoral in tone, or contained more than the usual amount of coarse jests and *double entendre*, its delivery was invariably entrusted

to an actress who took good care that the meaning of the author should not be lost for want of decided emphasis. An actress is made to say, in one of Dryden's epilogues,

Since modesty's the virtue of our kind,  
Pray let it be to our own sex confined; \*

but assuredly modesty could scarcely be found with the fair sex of the period, when actresses unblushingly gloried in vice, and ladies apparently enjoyed the exhibitions of immorality displayed before them. The bad character of the stage is referred to in the couplet—

His nuns are good which on the stage are shown,  
But sure behind the scenes you'll look for none.†

Nell Gwyn delivered the epilogue to a dreary play of Dryden's—"Tyrannick Love," 1668—in which she bore the principal character, and had to die in the last scene. When the bearers were carrying her body away, she started suddenly up, and dismissed them thus:—

Hold! are you mad? you damned, confounded dog!  
I am to rise, and speak the epilogue.

She then, in her own person, addressed the gentlemen and gallants of the house in a bantering and good-humoured style, condemning the dull poet "so senseless to make Nelly die for love," and by the sprightliness and gaiety of her manner, and by the novelty of the pleasant surprise, completely enchanted the whole audience. Her fascinating delivery of this epilogue, is said to have won for her the affections of the king, who was present at the theatre.

Nell Gwyn spoke the prologue to Dryden's "Conquest of Granada," 1669, in the famous hat as broad as a cart-wheel—to caricature the caricature of French fashions at the Duke's House, which our polite ancestors had the good taste to display before the Duchess of Orleans and suite, who were then on a political mission to this country. Nokes the actor, referred to in the quotation from the prologue, was the reigning star at Dorset Gardens, and the perpetrator of the jest:—

This is that hat, whose very sight did win ye  
To laugh and clap as though the devil were in ye;  
As then for Nokes, so now I hope you'll be  
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.

Some of the political allusions of the period, 1660—1683, have been noticed already, as, for instance, the war with and natural hatred of the Dutch, the mission of the Duchess of Orleans, and the French alliance. Previously

\* Epil. to "Princess of Cleves." 1681.

† Epil. to "The Assignation." 1672—3.

to 1679, the prologues and epilogues touched, almost exclusively, on social matters; but from that time, owing to the intensity of popular excitement aroused by plots and counter-plots, and by the peculiarly rancorous display of party animosity, politics occupied the largest portion of these compositions. Every one knows the history of these plots: how they were originated by Titus Oates, who contrived to make the whole country believe in the existence of a Popish conspiracy to overthrow the King, and place the Duke of York on the throne: how Oates received the thanks of Parliament, and a pension of £1,200 a year, for his information; and how his success prompted other adventurers to follow his example, and swear away the lives of scores of influential Catholics: how these wretched impostors, the Oateses, and the Dangerfields, and the Bedloes, were patronized by Shaftesbury and the ladies of the popular or anti-court party, who prosecuted the Papists, and brought forward the Exclusion Bill to deprive the Duke of York of his rights to the throne: how Parliament after Parliament promoted the popular cause, and passed the Exclusion Bill, an event which was invariably followed by instant dissolution by will of the King: how the King's obstinacy, or vigour, completely changed the current of popular idea, and the impostors upon public credulity swallowed their former oaths, and swore counter-plots against their friends, and even implicated Shaftesbury himself, who was tried for high treason, but acquitted; and how, after having everything their own way for more than two years, the popular party were obliged to humbly succumb to the King and court. These are facts well known to all students of English history, who are also well aware that this party struggle originated the names Whig and Tory—then applied as terms of mocking contempt to the popular and courtly sides respectively, and occasioned the passing of the Habeas Corpus Act, (1679) one of the great foundations of English liberty.

## GEMS AND GEM-DIGGING IN CEYLON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE island of Ceylon is about the same in area as England. The southern centre is occupied by an extensive group of mountains, rising to the height of 7000 or 8000 feet, and falling in successive ranges of hills, diminishing in height till they rest on the alluvial plains of the low country.

The south-west face of this group forms a bold range, crowned at its western extremity by Adam's Peak, called by the people *Sreepada* (the Holy Foot), which rises in a sharp point to the height of 7500 feet, and forms a centre of pilgrimage from all parts of Ceylon and India. At the eastern end of the range is Kirizalpota, which rises in abrupt precipices 8000 feet above the subjacent plains.

The annexed sketch is an outline of part of this range from Ratnapoora; to which the descent of the mountains is so abrupt, that, although this place is barely 200 feet above the level of the sea, the distance to the summit of Adam's Peak is less than eight miles in a direct line, and the temple built on its point can be seen with the naked eye. The station of Ratnapoora, about sixty miles from Colombo, is the centre of the gem-producing district, which extends for about fifty miles along the base of this mountain range. Gems are occasionally found in other parts of the hills, but seldom of sufficient value to repay a formal search; but in this district alone, comprising Safragam and the Three Korles, it is a regular occupation of the people. Here the digging is carried on in the beds of streams, and in the alluvial plains lying in the valleys upon their banks.

The gems found in this locality are the sapphire, the ruby, and topaz. The spinel ruby is also found, but more rarely; also the cat's-eye, amethyst, and beryl.

During a residence of many years at Ratnapoora, I availed myself of the facilities afforded by the operations of the gem-diggers to make a collection of the mineralogy of the district—more especially of that composing the strata in which the precious stones are found—not as a professional mineralogist, but as a lover of natural history in all its forms; and the facts collected may be found of some use to the scientific investigator. Much of my collection was lost during my subsequent travels; but I have saved a sufficiency of specimens to illustrate my subject.

I propose first describing the mode of digging for gems, and then offering some remarks, derived from personal observation, on the gems themselves.

Gem-digging is principally carried on by the native Cingalese. In the intervals of their agricultural operations, parties of villagers—from three to six—join in partnership, contributing their labour and the implements required. They camp out for weeks, and often months, for the purpose. The work is carried on either in their own land, or on waste or

crown land, and, if successful, the produce is sold and the proceeds divided among them.

Rich natives and Cingalese chiefs often employ hired coolies, or the serfs of their estates, in gem-digging; in such case, some of the family watch the labourers with unceasing vigilance, to prevent robbery and concealment of gems. The produce they convert into ornaments for their women, hoard them, or sell them; and there are always to be found Moor traders from the towns, who haunt the diggings with the object of advancing money to the diggers and purchasing gems at a cheap rate.

English residents sometimes attempt digging from curiosity or speculation, but rarely with success; because, as it is impossible for a European to watch all day in the sun by a river bank, with safety to health, it is absolutely necessary to employ an overseer in whom full confidence can be placed, and this it is so difficult to find, among the natives, as to amount almost to an impossibility. The expense of hired labour for a European is also heavy. Six men at 1s. a day, and an overseer at 2s., for a month or twenty-seven days, is £10 16s., and it is always doubtful whether you will find stones to that value, and it is much safer to buy them. The pursuit, however, is very interesting and exciting. I once succeeded in finding an honest overseer, who brought me all the gems that were discovered.

Although there is no change from winter to summer in Ceylon—the climate being always warm, and the trees ever green—there are heavy rains in June and October, causing floods which prevent any operations being carried on in the streams until the waters have abated.

Now, as to the locality: picture to yourself a brook, varying from ten to fifty feet wide, bordered by luxuriant vegetation, among which plumed groups of bamboo are the most conspicuous, winding through a narrow level strip of grass or rice land, abutting on abrupt hills, clothed with evergreen woods and clumps of palm-trees, above which the higher hills ascend draped in dark primeval forest. In such a secluded spot may be seen half-a-dozen natives in scant clothing, and with coarse straw hats, carrying three or four long hoes, and as many sifting baskets, and a few dried talpac palm leaves, each eight or ten feet long, to form a tent, until they can build a hut from branches and materials on the spot. The first thing they do is to probe the sandy bed of the stream with a twelve feet rod; and, from long practice, the natives, accustomed

to the work, can form a good guess of the nature of the subsoil, and the probability of finding the gem deposit of which they are in search.

When the place is decided on, they form a loose dam of sticks and stones above the spot to turn off the force of the stream, leaving a sufficient current to carry away the sand and earth excavated: within this dam a pit is dug, six or eight yards square, according to the nature of the soil, from which the sand is dragged into the tail of the stream to be carried away by the current. The hoes used are a little larger and more hollowed than those used for scraping mud from our roads, but the handles are fifteen or twenty feet long, for the layer of gravel in which the gems are found is often that depth below the bed of the stream. The men work up to their waists in water, and in favourable weather it takes four or five days or a week to dig a pit twelve or eighteen feet deep, if all goes on favourably; but, being dug under water, it has a constant tendency to fill up by the action of the stream. It often happens, also, that after all the labour of opening a pit, they are disappointed at finding no indications of gems; the work has then to be abandoned and begun over again in another place. If the diggers bring up boulders of milky quartz they are sure of success, these stones always occurring in the gravel in which gems are found. Another sure position for gems is under a thin hard crust of ferruginous stones; but as this has to be broken through with crowbars, it is more usually worked on dry ground—a method which will be presently described.

For the present we will suppose that, after a week's work, they have hit on a favourable deposit; the excavators draw up their hoes carefully, and pour the gravel they contain into the baskets held by their companions standing in the water. The baskets are about two feet across, woven closely and evenly of fine bamboo splints, with a strong round border.

The basket-men now throw out the large stones, break up the mud and gravel, and sift it in the water, which carries off all the refuse. The coarse gravel is then washed out of the baskets by a circular motion under water, while the baskets are being constantly replenished. The gems are so much heavier than the other stones that they always make their way to the conical point at the bottom of the basket, and the operator can wash out all the gravel to the last handful without fear of their escaping. He then examines this small quantity, which consists of garnet sand and seed

gems, and having secured any stones of value for cutting, he throws away all the rest.

The digging for gems in dry ground is more laborious, lacking the aid of the water of the stream to carry away the mud. The localities are the same; but, instead of digging in the bed of the stream, large pits are dug in the adjoining meadow-land until the gem stratum is reached; the gravel is then carried in baskets to the bank of the stream and sifted in the water as before. This, however, is a more certain mode of obtaining all the precious stones which are in the pit, many of which escape notice by the other mode, where the work is carried on under water, and, as it were, in the dark, and many good stones escape the hoe; on this account old diggings under water often prove very remunerative. When pits are thus dug in dry land, the water which runs in has to be constantly baled out with buckets. When the rock previously mentioned is struck on, it is broken up by crowbars; it is of various thickness, from a few inches to a foot, and is composed of a conglomerate of indurated ferruginous clay, in which are embedded pebbles of quartz, tourmaline, garnet, and corundum. Very good sapphires and rubies are found in the gravel that lies under this formation, or adhering to its lower surface. Where a digging has been successful, the stones are sold in the lump, good and bad together, to the traders, for ten, twenty, or even one hundred pounds. In some cases, when stones of very large size and beauty are found, quarrels arise, and lawsuits are very common in consequence; the value of the subject of dispute being usually eaten up by the expenses of litigation. I knew of one case, of a very fine sapphire the size of a bantam's egg, on which a lawsuit arose which lasted three years.

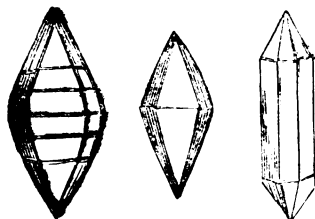
The Moor traders are very expert in the manufacture of false gems. On the occasion of the building of a church in Kandy, a Moorman bought up all the broken coloured glass from the painted windows; and on being asked for what purpose, confessed that it was "to make precious shtone for English steamer-passenger at Galle." They also imitate the rough stones, and occasionally even deceive the more experienced. They are sometimes themselves taken in. On one occasion a Moorman endeavoured to induce one of a party of native diggers to sell him a sapphire surreptitiously, to which the Cingalese agreed; and the next day the Moorman came prowling about, and watching the digging and sifting, till a beautiful rounded blue stone appeared

shining among the wet gravel; a bargain was struck by a few signs, and the money and stone exchanged with the utmost secrecy. The Moorman disappeared to gloat over his knavery and his gains; but, to his dismay, found that his beautiful gem was a piece of roughed glass, which the Cingalese had provided himself with and quietly slipped into his basket. The Moorman had the folly or effrontery to try to recover his money, but was only laughed at, as the very nature of such a transaction precluded the possibility of the evidence of witnesses; and the seller, of course, insisted that the stone he sold was a good one.

The core of the mountain-range of Ceylon is solid gneiss; and some of the mountain-passes show where this has been upheaved and torn asunder, leaving the opposing cliffs, with such corresponding faces and fissures, that if allowed to subside to their former level they would almost resume their original position.

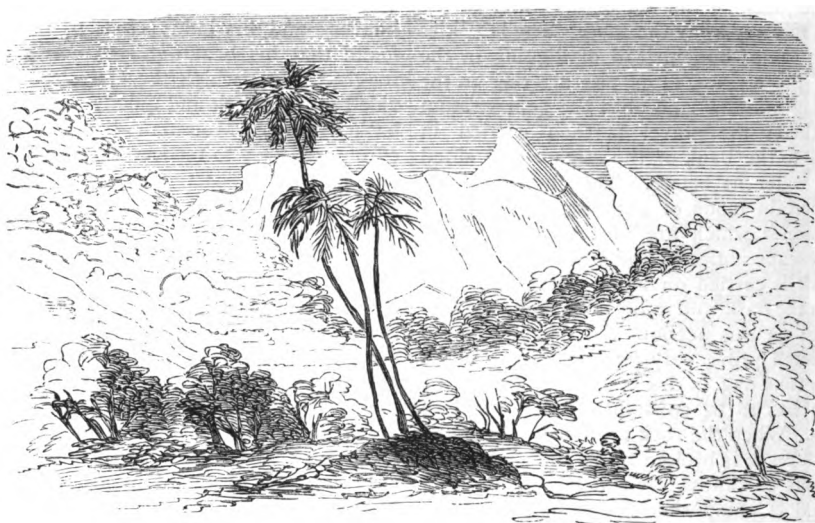
A common, but erroneous, belief is that gems are formed in the mountains and washed down by the abrasion of the rocks and deposited in the alluvial bottom. If it were so, they would have been traced to their source, and sought for in the mountains, where they would naturally be found in greater quantities; but the natives never think of searching for precious stones in such places, and in the localities where they are found there does not appear to have been any local alteration in the veins of gravel since they were first thrown there; and my own conviction, formed from observation on the spot, and for this and other reasons following, is that the sapphire and other gems have been formed and are still forming in the places where they are now found:—In the first place, rounded sapphires and sapphire crystals with faces of brilliant lustre are found lying side by side.

Secondly, both the rounded stones and the



numerous perfect crystals, with their pyramids unbroken, show that they were never broken from other rocks, but were formed unattached to any matrix in a soft medium, such as fine sand or clay. I have seen hundreds of these taken loose from the same spot.

Thirdly, crystals of sapphire are found with their edges reduced, yet with brilliant facets, which is inconsistent with their reduction by rolling.



ADAM'S PEAK.

Fourthly, sapphire being much harder than any other stone with which it could come in contact, it is not easy to understand how any attrition could be brought to bear upon it, to



NATIVE GEM-CUTTER.

bring it to the beautifully translucent polish which the rounded stones usually bear—more especially, considering the short distance from the mountains to the alluvial bottoms, between which the water-wearing process is supposed to be effected.

It is remarkable that the rounded sapphires and rubies are always the densest, and of the finest water and colour, showing that they were formed by different chemical forces from the others. In short, there is no more reason for supposing rounded sapphires to be water-worn than for supposing that the boulders of jasper, for instance, on the Egyptian desert, were so formed, when a fraction shows them to have been formed in concentric layers, and to be in their original state.

The same remarks apply to the crystals of some other minerals, as zircon, tourmaline, and spinel.

The oriental ruby, or red variety of corundum, is the most esteemed, but the rarest, and when large, and pure in water and colour, is of great value. The oriental sapphire, or blue variety, is only inferior in value, but found in greater abundance; but so capricious is the colouring, that it is very difficult to find two stones of the same tint of blue, unless cut from the same piece; they vary from the deepest velvet blue, to the palest and almost imperceptible tint,—even losing that and becoming colourless, when they form a very beautiful gem, remarkable for its whiteness and the absence of prismatic colours. The commonest variety is the oriental topaz, which is of every shade of yellow; when pure it is highly valued, but among hundreds of specimens it is very few that are found without a milky opalescence, which is intensified on the stone being cut, which renders them worthless. These gems are coloured by metallic oxides; but the manner in which these combine with the gems, I do not pretend to explain, leaving these points for scientific investigation.

## CHRONICLES OF PITSVILLE.

### NO. IV.—A RACE FOR LIFE.—PART II.

“A REPORT got abroad among us before we made the Falklands, that the boat-swain and other men in the larboard watch counted fully on parting with the barque off the coast of Chili or Peru. One man was said to have a wife and children in Valparaiso. Presently it was rumoured that the barque was not seaworthy, and wouldn't stand any straining in foul weather. It so happened that since we hove anchor off the North Foreland we had carried a fair wind with us all the way. Nor had it once freshened to a gale; but our troubles were yet to come.

“On the first of February we made our land-

fall, and leaving the Falklands on our weather quarter, steered away merrily south-west by west, with the wind freshening every hour. Royal and topgallant masts had all been lowered beforehand; every precaution was taken, and the barque rode snug and trim. At sunset it blew half a gale. All hands were called to shorten sail, and the order was given to run south-west all night under close-reefed courses. But at midnight it blew great guns, and the barque laboured heavily in the trough of the sea. Captain turned out, growling at Mr. Sedley as though he had whistled up the gale, and hove her to under a fore-topmast staysail and main trysail half set. Then he turned in again, and we never saw him nor the light of heaven again for twenty-eight days. Sun, moon, and stars disappeared behind a grey, cold, wall of fog and sleet, and driven spray and darkness; while the captain, who had been drinking hard all the voyage, fell ill with delirium tremens and dysentery, and was reported worse every watch, until at last we had no hope that he would recover. It was a serious matter for us. If any of the heavenly bodies ever should become visible again, he was the only man on board who could avail himself of the chance. Neither Mr. Crays nor Mr. Sedley could take an observation.

“Now, whenever the gale abated we steered S.W. under close-reefed topsails; when it freshened again to a gale, which it would have done pretty often if it hadn't kep' blowing the same one nigh all the time, we hove her to under a fore-topmast staysail and main trys'l, *if she could carry 'em*, if not with a hammock in her fore shrouds. And a swingeing leeway she made with either.

“But, mind you, we never wore ship once in that month. For why? The wind kept jobbing from N.N.W. to W.N.W. in such a perverse way, that if we stood on the starboard tack under canvas, we could only run N.E. and fall foul of the Horn, or drift past it to the Falkland Islands again. And captain's life was too precious for us to lay to on the starboard tack, and jerk him out of his bunk, to save a knot or so of leeway.

“Mr. Crays did all he could, so did Mr. Sedley, though they both seemed to regard each other with silent suspicion; and Mr. Sedley grew more cadaverous and solemn every day. They hove the log twice a watch, and made *their* calculations aft, while we made *ours* for'ard. Grog was served to all hands every time eight bells struck: lime-juice every other time. On Sundays a pig was killed and shared equally among the ship's company.

And the officers were always on deck, doing all that good seamanship could do. But the thermometer seldom rose above  $16^{\circ}$ —that is fourteen below freezing point; and it often fell below zero now that we had got down amongst the drifting ice-floe of the Antarctic circle. No swabbing decks nor greasing spars now. The shrouds and stays were as thick as a man's thigh with ice: the yards were jammed with frozen snow. Oil froze in the binnacle lamp. Weather side of the ship was crusted with great masses of ice; and Mother Carey's chickens and Cape pigeons crowded on board.

"On the 1st of March Mr. Crays gave out that we were on or about  $62^{\circ}$  south latitude, and still in  $70^{\circ}$  west longitude. According to *our* reckoning, we were somewhere about the sixtieth parallel of longitude, at least one degree farther south, and in serious danger of sunk rocks off the South Shetlands. You see *we* had allowed more for leeway and steerage way, and a stronger south-easterly current than the mate had. The water becoming very green on the 2nd, and the masses of floe-ice larger and more frequent, though both wind and current were carrying them out of the course which we wanted to follow, Mr. Sedley put a man in the chains; and, after heaving the lead for a couple of hours in vain, we found ourselves in soundings, and took up sand and small pieces of broken coral from the bottom of the sea.

"Night soon closed in upon us—a night which changed our fortunes, and relieved us from one set of dangers only to plunge us into another. The sun had shone out brightly for an hour or two that afternoon, as if he wanted to take a last look at us before we went to pieces on No-man's-land. But before the last level rays of sunlight had quitted the crests of the great waves that surged up all round us, it fell calm for about five minutes, when the barque rolled most terribly, dipping her yard-arms, first on one side then on the other, into the sea. Then puffs of wind came up from the south and south-east, veering about, but freshening, and steadying each minute, until it blew a strong gale from the latter quarter; and at four bells—that is six o'clock in the evening—we were heading N.W., and scudding under a treble reefed fore-tops'l before the wind.

"Laying our course at last! All hands crowded aft to the capstan, on the quarter-deck, with a common impulse. A murmur of great satisfaction rose into a hearty English cheer, three times repeated. Then followed one for Mr. Crays and one for Mr. Sedley. Then three for the dying captain, and recovery

and long life to him. High above the whistling and screeching of the gale among the icy cordage, hushing for a few moments the crash of enormous seas which came rolling after us and curling and foaming over our bulwarks, resounded the great cheer of six-and-twenty Englishmen and two English boys. Mr. Crays standing on the poop deck above us, and steadying himself by the mizen shrouds with one hand, waved his cap towards us with the other. We just caught sight of him so doing in a flying gleam of moonlight. The night was cloudy, and set for wind; but the weather was no longer dirty and thick, as it had been for four weeks, with the wind in the wrong quarter.

"Suddenly, in the middle of us, appeared a figure in a long white robe, which fluttered and flapped in the eddy of wind under the lee of the poop deck. The face was livid, the eyes glared, and the head bristled with shaggy black locks and a stubble beard of a month's growth. Many of us shrunk back a pace, and clutched the spare spars lashed under the bulwarks. Some of us attempted a sort of scrape and a bow, for the figurehead was captain's, sure enough; and we soon heard the well-known voice.

"'Bo's'n, pipe all hands. aft to grog!' he shouted, loud and shrill.

"Just then the top of a great roller came rushing past the angle of the poop, and burst in among us, sweeping captain off his pins, and driving him, feet foremost, between my legs. I lifted him out of the foaming water in the crack of a jiffy, and set him up again—for he was a little man, and worn and wasted with sickness. But he turned upon me with the old angry scowl which I had reason to remember, and said, 'So, you'll trip me up, and incite the crew to mutiny; will you, my lad?'

"I was nigh stunned—with surprise, first, and then with anger, and couldn't answer him a word. He glided back into the cuddy; and presently Mr. Sedley came out with a jug of rum and a noggin, and served all hands *except me*, sending the carpenter aft to the two men at the wheel, with their allowance. Then he said to me very gravely, 'I want you, my bo', and I followed him into his cabin. Only on that very afternoon I had been helping Mr. Sedley to lash his chests and drawers, and to put away some things—amongst others, some handcuffs. 'We sha'n't want those this voyage, if we want anything much longer,' he had said. Now he produced a pair of these sorrowfully, and fastened them on my wrists, and took me into the steward's storeroom. Then he went

away, and presently came back with his own mattress and bolster, and, placing them in a corner, helped me to sit down, and went away again without a word. So I was left in irons, in solitary confinement, for putting my captain on his legs when a sea had knocked him down.

"The barque rolled considerably, and I had some trouble to steady myself with my fettered hands. Before an hour had passed, I heard unusual sounds, and a strange confusion of bumps, and heavy blows, and the song of sailors at work. What could it be? I could tell by the steady roll and rush of the waves that there was no abatement of the gale. And above all the noises on deck the wind still whistled and howled in the rigging.

"All night I sat, half numbed with cold and wet, wondering what was going on, and jerked from side to side helplessly as the vessel rolled seemingly more and more, till midnight, when she canted steadily over to starboard, and left off rolling—from which I knew that our course must be altered, or that the wind had shifted to the south. The strange Babel of noises on deck and under my feet still continued; but now among all the others I clearly made out the sound of *the pumps*, and could tell that it never left off, except just for long enough to let one gang off and put another on.

"Shortly after daybreak, a key turned in the lock, and the steward came in. Sure I was he had been forbidden to speak to me; but knowing that the carpenter and he were friends, I reckoned on a kindly feeling in him.

"'Nod, if I ask right; shake your head if I ask wrong,' I said to him. 'Is her course still N.W.?' He nodded. 'Have we sprung a leak?' He nodded. 'Are there three feet of water in the well?' Again he nodded. 'Four?' The same assent. 'Five?' The same. 'Six?' To my great delight he shook his head, and having filled his basket was going away when I cried out, 'Have they been heaving cargo overboard?' But away went my oracle, chucking me a huge lump of something brown, which proved to be gingerbread, and gave some warmth and vigour to my poor empty stomach. So, then, the continual strain had told upon the good ship at last. She had sprung a leak. The enemy was on board, as well as all around us. Nearly six feet of water in the hold, and the leak in all likelihood gaining on the pumps. All hands tired to death with heaving cargo overboard. A large sum of money secured from the underwriters on false pretences; and the captain going to Davy Jones's locker,

with a boy, whom he had promised to befriend, manacled like a felon, and every soul on board in jeopardy, to gratify the avarice of a scheming knave. I sat there all day, huddled up in a corner to leeward, or occasionally getting up and staggering about the little clear space among the bags and chests, listening with ears sharpened by hunger and anxiety to every sound. The room that was turned into a prison on my account was the starboard stern cabin in the poop. In former times, when the old barque was a troop ship, it had been one of the two state cabins for general officers or their ladies. Now Captain Wynne occupied the one next to it, on the port side; but this was crowded with steward's stores for the officers' mess; dead lights were screwed down over the stern windows, and not a glimmer of light reached me except through a bit of thick green glass in the deck overhead. During the previous night the noises below had come nearer and nearer until they were right under my feet, from which I guessed that they had begun heaving out cargo at first for'ard, to ease her by the head, and had worked from bows to stern till they had made a clean sweep of everything between decks. But now the continuance throughout this day of similar sounds, though more distant and half drowned by the rush of the waves past the poop, and the shouts of men on deck and wind aloft, assured me that the work was going on in the hold, and that if the barque should ever reach port very few of old Bowles's 'hour-glasses' would be left to betray the plot against the underwriters. Throughout the confused Babel of noises, which never abated for one minute all that interminable day, I distinctly caught the monotonous jarring of the pumps, which at length became painfully audible, as the ticking of a clock or the singing of a kettle will, sometimes, when one tries not to hear it.

"It was indeed a race between the gallant barque and the cruel sea—a double race. Assisted by a reefed fore-top's'l, which was all we dared to carry, she was flying from immense rolling waves, each half a mile long and forty feet high, following one another at a distance of fifty or sixty yards, any one of which, if it had struck her, would have laid open her stern and engulfed us instantly. Gallantly she sailed, scudding through and cleaving asunder these mighty seas with a velocity superior to their own, far inferior as she was in weight and strength. Each wave, as she rose buoyant upon its slope and passed swiftly through its summit, coiled a foaming



crest around her, and swept the deck from poop to fore-castle with a storm of seething spray. Now and again when the wind lulled ever so little, and consequently her speed failed, she had to struggle for life half-way up the slope of a billow; and a solid mass of green water would burst in over her bulwarks, deluging the decks, and washing the men at the pumps to and fro like drifting bales. But they were lashed together in a row, and so saved one another from going overboard.

"I said it was a double race. Not only were we flying from these watery giants and cutting our way through them, but an enemy had undermined us and was in the midst of us. We spent nigh all our strength upon it, yet it gained every hour. All we could do was to fly at the top of our speed, steering towards a haven of refuge, and never to leave off fighting as long as we could stand to the pumps. No one had the hardihood to calculate chances. To calculate was to despair. With the pumps incessantly going the leak gained upon us five inches a watch, and might soon be gaining much faster. Accidents will happen to pumps; and the working power of men is limited, even with drowning as the alternative of work. Happily, a good feeling had prevailed in general among the crew before our troubles began, and now this stood us in good stead. Every man and boy on board the barque wished to float her to the last hour. Every one was loth to part company and desert her. So one gang relieved another at the pumps with unfailing regularity; no one shirked, no one murmured, and no one calculated. The wells told of five feet seven inches of water on board in the morning: at sunset the story was *eight feet and one inch*. Nor could any disguise avail. Who of that devoted ship's company would allow himself to be hoodwinked? When carpenter sounded the wells all hands crowded round him in painful silence. When he reported eight feet one inch the barque was down in the trough of the sea, with a great wall of green glass before and another astern. She scaled the one ahead, and again plunged down into the trough of the sea before a word was spoken. Then Chips said, and life and death seemed to hang on his words,—

"If the wind holds fair, and the sea goes down a bit, we'll give Davy Jones the slip yet, my lads."

"But I forgot to tell you how I came to be on deck again. When I was huddled up in my corner, with irons on my wrists, it made me wild to think that I was idling, when every

morsel of strength and industry and pluck was wanted to keep the ship afloat. Also a sense of being ill-used kept my wits on the alert. I thought considerably about the skipper and his plot, and how it would end. Did a ship ever, before ours, steer south, or heave to on the same tack and be drifting south, day and night for a whole month, off the Horn? Granddad used to slip round in twenty-four hours, sometimes in less; and had often doubled the Cape without shortening sail or taking down a spar. But then a brigantine is not a barque; nor is a vessel of a hundred and fifty tons the same as one of eight hundred. Still I couldn't forget the strange conversation between Captain Wynne and the foxy man. It seemed to me very likely that the poor old barque would be purposely condemned to a test the severity of which she was unable to endure. Had captain's illness then been feigned, to throw the conduct of the vessel on Mr. Crays, and to oblige the mate always to heave to on the port tack? You, gentlemen, understand that, with a captain dying in a bunk on the port side, a mate could hardly heave to on the starboard tack. But it was not necessary for me to condemn the captain for shamming. The barque was to be strained and cargo heaved overboard; for which purposes he wanted to steer south awhile. Weather served. But being ill with delirium tremens and dysentery, cold, discomfort, and anxiety, had strained *him* too, and started *his* timbers; and he was in as fair a way to be abandoned on the high seas as the ship was.

"Just as I had come to this conclusion, Mr. Sedley came in with a pannikin of hot tea and a biscuit for me. He took the irons off my wrists; but didn't seem much more cheerful than when he put them on, so I supposed the leak was gaining on us, and asked him.

"Drink yer tea, my bo': 'twill do thee good,' was all he said then. While I rubbed my sore wrists, and sipped the scalding tea, and wondered, he opened his mouth again. And when Mr. Sedley did open his mouth, he used to look like a boiled cod-fish.

"Out of arrest; and to return to work with the starboard watch; by Mr. Crays' orders,' he said, quite mechanically, and as if he was talking to the bulkhead.

"Mr. Whose?" I screamed out, upsetting my precious tea. For well I knew no Mr. Crays would dare to oppose Captain Wynne.

"Mr. Crays,' Mr. Sedley repeated, doggedly.

"Then Captain Wynne is ——?" I asked.

"Dead!" was the answer: and still Mr. Sedley sat staring before him stolidly. And by the cuddly light through the open door of the cabin, he looked himself like a messenger from the world of the dead. We said no more, but sat together on good Mr. Sedley's mattress, deep in thought, for a few moments. Had he his suspicions, too? And was he amazed at the turn things had taken? I called to mind that, when he had announced to me my first disgrace, he had said that by eavesdropping I should learn more than captain undertook to teach me. But this was no time for idle musing. We hastened on to deck, and there Mr. Crays was in the very act of ordering men aloft to shake a reef out of the foretops'l.

"From that moment the race for life quickened every hour, until we reached the utmost limit of speed that a fair wind and ample sails can impart to a vessel. And we made a running fight of it, working at the pumps without ceasing, and caulking seams in her side wherever we could reach them. At eight o'clock that evening the maintops'l was set, at midnight the foresail; two hours later the mizen reefed; and by daybreak the next morning we were flying under full sail along the surface of the sea, no longer broken into vast wave-columns, but heaving with a steady rolling swell, and streaked with long seams of foam. Before noon the sea had gone down. A steady breeze had succeeded to the gales of lower latitudes; and the mercury rose to 'set fair.' All hands worked almost incessantly. The pumps never ceased, but were more easily worked now; and one man at a time was able to steer the barque. Ice vanished from the rigging. Top-gallant and royal masts were rigged again, yards sent aloft, and sails bent. Stuns'l-booms were run out on both sides and every stitch of canvas spread, right and left, below and aloft.

"So we raced along—fourteen knots an hour, or nigh 350 miles a day. Would she float till we made the harbour of Valparaiso, or must we run ashore on an iron-bound coast? So we talked before the mast, but soon we found ourselves at fault. The coast was to be given a wide berth: the course was N.N.W. We were in blue water, and ought to see Juan Fernandez before the sun had set twice more.

"There was a slight murmur when Mr. Sedley announced this decision to the crew. No observation had been taken since we left the Falkland Islands. It was possible—more than possible—to miss a small island in the broad

Pacific. The barque was *settling down*, in spite of her acre of canvas—every inch drawing like a cart-horse. Why be 400 miles out at sea?

"Give a vessel sea-room to the last,' said Mr. Sedley, and ordered the last pig to be killed, and the jolly-boat—which had been the sty—to be fitted for sea. But now a new difficulty arose: carpenter examined the boat and pronounced her to be as rotten as touchwood and utterly incapable of being made seaworthy. A great gloom fell upon the whole ship's company at this piece of news; for both the quarter boats had been carried away in our first gale of wind. And now for a crew of six-and-twenty men and two boys there was nothing left but a sinking ship and a toy longboat which a dozen men and a week's provisions would load to the water's edge. Mr. Crays offered to put to sea in the jolly-boat, with the port watch—his own—if carpenter would patch it up and go with them; but Chips said he would rather stay by the old barque.

"Now all hands foresaw a struggle. Treachery there would be for certain: perhaps bloodshed, desertion, and despair would happen among us. And hitherto we had been good companions—some of us friends—and even now were loth to fall out. Mr. Crays, Mr. Sedley, the carpenter, the steward, old Bowles, the other veteran, the other boy, and I, swore to each other to stay by the barque, come what would. And from that time I noticed that the two mates (or rather captain and mate, as they now were) became friends, which confirmed my opinion that they had previously suspected each other of having evil designs on the vessel, and that really they were both innocent. To prevent strife, we formed a council, and resolved that the other men should draw lots for the longboat, eleven against eleven; that we would resist foul play to the death; and that the winners should be free to go at once, the losers staying and sharing good or evil with us.

"The sun was setting on the second day after the captain's death, when we parted company. It was sad to see them go, good fellows, who had worked and suffered with us. Some of 'em turned on deck, and offered their places to some of us; and one of the unlucky eleven was mean enough to take the offer; and so we got a good man for a bad one. There was some excuse for nervousness—the brave old barque was staggering as she went. Still, stately and swiftly she flew along, but rolled and staggered; and every now and again she shivered right along her length from stem to stern. *There was a whole sea in her: and it*

was cockling, as she pitched. Boatswain left us in charge of the jolly-boat. He said we should have help from the coast, if we could keep afloat for four days. We knew that four watches would see the end of the *Princess Charlotte* above water. He steered due east. We held on, N.N.W., and in two hours his little white sail vanished on the clear moonlit horizon. Then some of our men called for the key of the store-room; and when it was refused, five of them walked aft with hand-spikes, resolved to get at the rum.

"Mr. Crays stood by the companion-ladder, and drew out a pistol:

"Stand back!" he shouted.

"Still they went on.

"Some of us ran aft to assist the officer in discharge of his duty; and, as we ran, the cap of the ringleader, with his brains in it, flew in our faces, and for an instant we were blinded with smoke from the pistol. Meanwhile, another man had closed with Mr. Crays, and they fell together. The other three burst through the cuddy door, and were in the store-room before we had released Mr. Crays and secured the mutineer.

"On deck, ho!" was heard aloft.

"Aye, aye!" replied Mr. Crays, evidently thinking no more about the foolish mutiny or the silly corpse at our feet.

"Sail, on the larboard quarter," was now heard distinctly from aloft.

"Boys!" cried Mr. Crays, though some of the men were old enough to be his father; "boys! have I been a good officer, or a bad one?"

"GOOD!" we all shouted.

"Then batten those scoundrels down in the store-room, sharp. Pitch that dead man down the hatchway, two of you. Bowles, go with Mr. Sedley and bring the signals aft, sharp. The rest of you, look alive, and obey orders."

"It was all done in a trice.

"Then double duty was being performed with splendid alacrity and precision by half a crew.

"Mr. Sedley, Bowles, and a boy, were taking orders from Mr. Crays, and running up signals to the mizen-peak. Mr. Sedley was examining through his glass the return signals made by the vessel to windward, which rapidly gained upon us, while Mr. Crays with the rest of the crew were shortening sail.

"Two hours after sunset, the barque was reeling along under a tremendous press of sail; a mutiny broke out, and the true men were resolving to die worthily. At midnight the mutiny had been suppressed. The ringleader was dead, the other four in custody. The

barque was once more hove to (though now in a fair wind's eye, on a smooth sea) under a fore-topmast stays'l. And hand over hand a magnificent English frigate was coming down upon us. And we were so mad with joy that we felt as if we had all mutinied; and broken into the spirit-room; and, somehow or other, we all fancied we were so fond of the old barque that we couldn't leave her, and made quite a favour to the captain of the frigate to accept a passage on his vessel to Guayaquil, to which port he was bound from Valparaiso.

"What sort of a place is Guayaquil?" asked a member of our company who was interested in the Republic of Ecuador.

"I never went ashore there," was the answer.

"For some reason, best known to himself and Mr. Sedley, the captain of the *Ajax* offered me a berth among his midshipmen, which I accepted. The appointment was confirmed by the admiral, and a formal commission was procured from England, so that I served as an officer in the British navy for several years; until the anxiety to carry out romantic schemes which I had formed in childhood overbore my love for the service and my appreciation of its advantages. I quitted it sorrowfully, having, I fear, done little for my country, and having invariably received justice at the hands of my superiors and more than justice from my comrades and all hands in the Pacific squadron."

Thus ended the Able Seaman's story; and small as the amount of incident in it was, he told it with such a genuine air of experience, and with so much intelligent interest in his own subject, that we had all listened with attention, and all regretted when the tale was ended.

## A NEW WAY TO SETTLE OLD FEUDS.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.

BY the third day Lucy's conspiracy was ready to be hatched. It was well, perhaps, that incubation was not more protracted, or the thing might have bubbled right plump over, and then it never would have answered; and Lucy, like many another unsuccessful general, would have been sneered at as a charlatan, instead of crowned with wreaths and praise. All leakage, however, having by promptness been avoided, on the third morning Lucy told her husband that she should be glad now if he would help.

"Well, what am I to do?" Vaughan asked—

much as if he were at blindman's-buff, and were waiting to be spun round three times before declaring his father's horses to be black, white, and grey.

Lucy had her answer ready for him, without any waste of time:

"Ride over for me," she said, "to Llanddona and Llanegan rectories, directly you have had lunch."

"Um! Well, what am I to say?"

"Beginning with Llanegan first, won't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell Mr. Rees we want him to dine with us to-day, to meet our great friend Mr. Moore."

"But, Lucy, child, we don't!"

"But, Vaughan, dear, we do! At least, according to my wonderful plan, we want to tell him so."

"Well," Vaughan laughed out, "go as thou wishest. And what am I to say to Jones?"

"That we particularly wish him to come to dinner, to meet our great friend Mr. Hoyle."

"But we don't Lucy, child, again."

"I know that," cried Lucy; but that is what I want you to go and say. And will you humour me, and go and say it?"

Vaughan hesitated before he made a reply:

"Remember, Lucy," he said, after pausing, "they have given us to understand they would not like to meet. We cannot plead that we did not know."

"Pardon, Vaughan, dear!" said Lucy. "They have told us each would not like to meet the other: each repudiated that any objection was felt by him."

"Ho, ho, Lucy!" laughed Mr. Morris; "you have brought that from Italy. Machiavelli was tutor to you for that."

"But they clearly drew the distinction themselves," argued Lucy; "they were both very particular about it. And I have heard since that each is in a fury, almost, of sorrow at any obstacle against visiting at Penrallt. I was not told whether it was I who had fascinated them so much, or you; but they would give—their best sermon, let us say—if they could have as much of our society as they pleased. They have become tired enough of their forced abstinence from company, I can assure you."

"If so, why on earth then," asked Vaughan, "don't they drop their quarrel, and give in?"

"Because each one has said so much about his dignity and his unflinching determination,—each is ashamed. Both have proclaimed their folly so far over the country-side, they must commit more folly to try and prove themselves

wise. They will be glad to have the thing over, believe me."

"Uncommonly likely, that," Vaughan admitted."

"Besides, dear," Lucy went on arguing, "we can't make them worse friends than they are. If we can do no good, we can certainly do no harm."

"It is so," Vaughan acceded. "That is very true. So give me all your directions. My office shall be to obey."

He was to tell Mr. Rees, then, Lucy's instructions ran, that Moore, whom he was to meet, was coming to spend a few days at Penrallt; a letter had been received that morning to say he would arrive that very afternoon. It would not do to say he had already come—Lucy reminded Vaughan—for Rees's curiosity would be sure to lead him to ask in the village about the gentleman the coach had set down, and then he would find out. Neither would it do to send the invitations for to-morrow, for then he would make other inquiries, and would hear that no one was expected, and further, that Jones was invited also; and then he would not have come. There must be no time allowed for village telegraphing. No time even for thought. The only plan was to make everything hot and hasty, and then it would take place all in a froth and ferment, and in that way go safely down.

"And tell Pugh Jones word for word the same," Lucy said, when Vaughan was ready to depart. "Only say Hoyle, you know, for Moore, or any other names that come into your mind. And be sure you say they are great friends of ours; very great friends; and that we want them to be friends of theirs as well. Say they are classical scholars—Oxford men, from Balliol; that they will value the introduction very much; that they have a fund of brilliant anecdote; are favourites wherever they go; choice men; wits; millionaires; philanthropists; sportsmen; authors; wranglers; prizemen—anything in the world you can think of that will soothe their *amour-propre* when they find you have only been describing themselves. Take a flight of the imagination, Vaughan, dear! Heap it up! Pile! Pile!"

"And be sure, Vaughan," Lucy cried, when her husband was in the saddle, and she was beside him at the door, "be sure you say—let me see—six is our dinner hour; say half-past five for Jones, and six for Rees; or else they will be meeting in the pine-walk, and there will be a duel, or—worse still—they will

both run away! Manage it nicely, Vaughan, and it will be such fun!"

It was all right, Vaughan Morris told her, when he returned from his ride. Both the rector's had been very happy to accept her invitation, and Mrs. Rees had been so captivated with his description of Mr. Moore, she had said she hoped to see him at Llanegan, and that they would fix a day for it soon. And Vaughan had seen young Baldwyn—had met him, indeed, riding home from a patient, with whom he had been all night, and that at Llannerch, nine miles away—and Baldwyn had told him, as they rode together to the father's house, that it *was* Gwen Rees who was his choice, but that he did not know how anything beyond choice could come about, with their fathers assuming such an antagonistic air. And Vaughan Morris told Lucy how the young fellow's eyes had glistened and his cheeks flushed; and how, though he had nerve enough that very visit to perform an operation requiring the greatest skill, he trembled when he was telling his simple love-tale like any smooth-faced girl.

"Poor fellow!" Lucy cried. "He shall meet Gwen, and ask her whether she loves him, before many days are over, and if I can manage it, in this very house! Poor fellow! Poor boy! I have not forgotten how he nursed me through the fever at Narbonne!"

And Lucy was so sure of her woman's conquest (her guns being knives and forks instead of needles, and her programme peace), she began to think, whilst her maid dressed her hair for dinner, where Baldwyn and Gwen should live, and of what lay in her power to do them good. It is clear, of course, that all generals must have faith in themselves and their manoeuvres, or no field upon earth would ever have yet been won; it does not follow from this that self-belief brings victory, but would there ever be courage to go through a battle, to bear blows and rebuffs and bitterness, if self-belief were not? Lucy went on bravely, at any rate. Nevertheless, she doubted her powers a little as half-past five drew on; that is to say, she judged she could spare nothing, and that it would be needful to bring all into play to evade any chance of a defeat. Accordingly she was very particular about her dress. Toilette had been such a study in *la belle France*, she had learnt to ascribe something to its influence, and she looked with complacency on the mauve silk she had elected to wear, which suited a daylight dinner deliciously, and which was well set off by gold and pearl ornaments, and by trimmings of rich point

lace. Then, as it was a hot June day, she took care to have the conservatory inner-doors wide open, and her oleander plants moved near them, that their languid odour might be wafted in the drawing-room, and seem to fill the air. And she had bouquets gathered, and all her vases filled; and treasures in gilt and ivory taken from their careful packages and spread about; and caskets opened of silver filagree and malachite that had been brought from Rome. And there was her greyhound-pet, slender, dainty-coated Enanthe, sleeping at her side; and there were her other pets, her red-beaked love-birds, nestling near her in their cage; and she seated herself in a recess by the far conservatory-door, so that her guests should have to walk the whole length of the drawing-room and be impressed by it before she could take their hand, and so that the last comer should not see the first to whom she was talking, till the two were inevitably face to face.

"I think all will do now," she said to Vaughan, when he had come to look at her before going to get out some of his choicest wines; "and leave me to entertain Mr. Jones. He is to be the first to come, you know. And then you loiter about, and at last bring in Mr. Rees." And, seeing the Rev. Pugh Jones then upon the gravel path, Vaughan went away to carry out his orders; and Lucy spread out her silks and laces, and opened her fan and gently stirred the air.

Pugh Jones's bow was very low when he was shown in. All his old courtliness and gallantry were in his handsome face and form, when he touched Lucy's hand and seated himself, at her gracious signal, close at her side. The charm of novelty and elegance worked on him well. His whole manner betrayed how deeply he was touched, and, when Lucy saw it, she was sure the groundwork was safe; and that she had the right reins in hand. She knew the time had been when the rector, young and petted, had thought all things in his life-road would have been as gilt and silken as those before him now; and she knew the temporary realization of such splendour would be pleasing to him, and that, in its atmosphere, it would take much to make him throw the enjoyment of it away; but she knew the blow must be struck quickly, whilst the blush was on. In the familiarity of added moments, effect would resolve itself into things, and things be quickly catalogued into mere items of manufacturer's ware. So, whilst she spoke captivantly, and with skilful praise, of the expected Mr. Hoyle, taking care to let the

praise rebound on Mr. Jones, she was fearing the time was getting over, and she listened anxiously for the opening door.

She was relieved at last. "I hear my husband and our friend coming," she cried in her excitement, feeling, the minute after, that she need not have said anything of the kind. And then she looked at Enanthe, and the the flowers, and the birds, to see if they were in position to affect the advancing Rees; and she re-spread her becoming silks, and once more unfurled her fan.

Mr. Rees came. Lucy and Mr. Jones rose to greet him.

"Mr. Hoyle," Lucy said, with a suave bow, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore, Mr. Hoyle."

A dead pause. One—two—three—beating quickly in Lucy's fluttering bosom; but not a word said. The two rectors stood suspended in the courteous salutation each had begun to lavish on the other, and each stared stiffly in blank amaze.

"You are surprised!" cried Lucy, forced into something, but still all fascination. "No ceremony, I pray! Friends at my house are meant to be friends indeed, and so no bows only, but at once shake hands."

A dead pause still. The love-birds fluttered, the greyhound Enanthe roused herself from her silk-lined couch, the flower-scent was de-coyingly in the room, *the dinner-bell rang*.

Vaughan Morris, at this last and most successful argument, laid a cordial hand upon each rector's still half-bent back. "Lucy is right," he cried. "You gentlemen seem to have met before; but that is no reason why you should not be introduced again. Be friends!"

And Lucy said, "Mr. Hoyle, your arm!" and up Evan Rees gave it, and Vaughan led away Mr. Moore, and the thing was done.

It was great amusement to Vaughan and Lucy to find the rectors calling each other Hoyle and Moore, all the dinner long. And it was greater amusement to them still to find that, when they prepared to walk home down the pine-walk together, the good viands that had been provided for them, the wit and wine, had made them relapse into ordinary Rees and Jones. But, a fortnight after, came the greatest pleasure of all. There was then the most brilliant party at Penrallt that had been known in all the country round—it was to have the feud settled before this that had been Lucy's haste—and at this party Baldwin Jones had a sweet "yes" from his blushing Gwen, and the two went straight up to their hostess Lucy, and thanked her heartily for their great new joy.

And twelve months from that day there was one more man and wife (made so in the most approved way, with *two* rectors to make the knot indissoluble); and in twelve months more the young couple were rejoicing at the birth of a little girl, and, if any one had looked into the local registry, there would have been seen there that the names given to the child were those of its pleasant, happy god-mamma,—Lucy Castleton, Mrs. Vaughan Morris.

## TABLE TALK.

THE case of a man without a breastbone can scarcely be an enviable one, but he may be a very useful member of society; especially if fate makes him a surgeon. Dr. Groux, a native of Hamburg, but practising as a physician in New York, came into the world without this osseous member, and his misfortune has made a hero of him, and given him opportunities for physiological research within the reach of few. At a late meeting of the American Science Association—a migratory body akin to that of our own which lately met at Exeter—he was brought upon the platform to illustrate a lecture on the human heart, delivered by a fellow physician, Dr. Upham; and some wonderful phenomena were exhibited, for it appears that the gentleman in question can, in consequence of his deformity, make the beating—that is, the pumping action—of his heart, visible and audible to persons at a distance: he has also the remarkable power of stopping the action altogether. This was done at the lecture, much to the astonishment of the spectators; but not without danger to the patient, who was exhorted never to repeat the trick; for there was once a man who could stay the beating of his heart at liberty, but he played with it too often, till at last he could not make it go again, and of course death was the consequence. When Dr. Groux some years ago went upon a journey, he got the famous Rufus Choate, the Erskine of the States, to make his will, a witty document conveying the imperfect body of the testator to the surgeons, to be by them dissected for the benefit of science.

A BEAUTIFUL and useful garden-flower, at this present season, when the glories of bedding-plants are over, is the autumn crocus (*C. Sativus*), whose delicately-coloured blossoms make so striking a contrast to the sear and yellow leaf, which gives the prevailing tint to the scenery around. A kindred flower also

blooms wild in many a mead; but, though so similar to the autumn crocus of the garden, this wild variety really belongs to another family—to the *Melanthaceæ*, and not to the *Iridaceæ*—and it may readily be distinguished by having six, instead of three, stamens. Moreover, there is another great difference between the two; for, the wild variety is poisonous. It is, in fact, the *Colchicum Autumnale*, or meadow saffron, which came to us from Arabia, where its name is *Sahafaren*, and which became so domesticated in many parts of England, that the parish of Saffron Walden took its distinguishing name from the profusion of these pretty flowers, that seem indigenous to its soil. At this time of the year, they are all blossom—a delicate lilac and purple—their leaves and foliage appearing in the spring. It is only a few days since that I was walking through a lovely district in Herefordshire, close upon the borders of Wales, when I came into a low-lying field, literally carpeted with the blossoms of the meadow saffron. I remarked upon their beauty to my companion, of whose estate that bedecked field was a portion: but I soon found that he looked upon these flowers as a ruinous pest. “I would willingly,” he said, “give ten pounds to anyone who would clear the field of them. They ruin what would be one of my best pastures. For some years past, I have annually employed people to dig up the bulbs; but it would seem to be impossible thoroughly to exterminate them. Two years ago, I lost several lambs, that had fed on their poisonous leaves; and, last year, I lost four heifers from the same cause.” I did not wonder, therefore, at this meadow saffron being considered more ornamental than useful, when growing in a pasture meadow. But it is of great use in medicine, though, like all other poisons, it should only be taken under doctor’s orders. From this plant is prepared the colchicum, that, from the days of Sir Everard Home to the present time, has been considered so valuable a remedy in gout. But we may bear in mind, that the meadow saffron is a very different plant from the autumn crocus, although so frequently, but erroneously, called by that name.

A CORRESPONDENT: In your “Table Talk” for September 4th, I noticed, a day or two ago (what I must have overlooked when first reading the number) a suggestion relative to the name of Dogberry’s lieutenant—Verges. It is, of course, impossible to say that Shakspeare did *not* derive this name from *verd jus* or verjuice, in order that it should

chime in with the name of his companion, Dogberry. But I think I can suggest another derivation of the name, for which positive reasons can be given. In reading the play, I have always connected the man’s name with the duties of his all-important office; and have taken it for granted that Shakspeare had no other derivation in his head than the now obsolete Anglo-Norman word *verge*—a rod—when I say obsolete, I refer, of course, to its meaning as derived from *virga*; and not to its other sense as derived from *vergo*, I bend, &c. This is still the French word for the same necessary article, and it is derived, or rather corrupted, from the Latin *virga*, a twig, &c. (Bear it in mind, by the way, our still-used term “*verger*,”—Latin, *virgifer*.) This derivation has at least the recommendation of being consistent with the man’s station; while the derivation from “*verjuice*” is, I venture to say, entirely at variance with the man’s character as it may be gathered from the play. There is not a word there that points to acerbity in the man’s temper or disposition; while Shakspeare puts expressions in the watchman’s mouth that lead to an opposite conclusion. For instance: “you have been always called a merciful man, partner,” and, “If you hear a child cry in the night, wake the nurse, and bid her stop it.” Such expressions as these would tend to discover the bent of the man’s character, and to show us that his heart was as soft as his ideas were muddled.

A CORRESPONDENT requests us to find a place for the following lines:—

#### ROWING.

ROWING on the rippling waters,  
‘Neath the shadow of the trees;  
Our little bark, so smoothly gliding,  
Wafted onward, by the breeze.

Distant music softly stealing,  
Floating gently on the air,  
All around to us revealing  
Nature’s beauties everywhere.

Late, the sun’s bright rays declining,  
Tinged everything with gold;  
Now the stars are brightly shining,  
The sight is glorious to behold.

Transcendent beauties past my naming,  
We see anon, between the trees.  
What’s that I hear? a voice exclaiming,  
Yer hour’s hup, Sur, hif yer please.

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

**H**E raised himself into a sitting posture on the tiger-skin, and looked defiantly at his visitor, as though expecting that this assertion would be openly discredited, and preparing to maintain it. But Fenwick only allowed a slight smile of incredulity to appear upon his face, as he seated himself in a well-worn arm-chair, and asked to whom he was indebted for being able to avoid the alternative of waiting in the dark upon the landing or of emerging into the street again.

"Hurlston! My name is Hurlston!" replied the stranger, in the same loud voice. "Of course you will say, if you are candid enough, that you never heard of me before, and don't much care if you had remained in ignorance of my existence till doomsday."

"You are quite right in your first assumption; but as to the second, you forget that you have already been of some slight service to me, and therefore my having met with you cannot be otherwise than a circumstance upon which to congratulate myself."

"At least you are honest enough to avow your selfishness, which is better than attempting to hide it under the thin lacquer of a polite reply. Had you told me that you were delighted to make my acquaintance, irrespective of my having saved you some inconvenience, I shouldn't have believed it. Politeness! Bah! The very word is become hateful to me. A pilgrimage extending over eighty-five years has enabled me to estimate it at its real value. It leads to lying and deception. If I were to ask whether you care a fig about ever seeing me again I could easily guess your answer. You would assure me, without in the slightest degree meaning what you said, that my so-

ciety was much too agreeable to make meeting me again a matter of indifference. If those exact words were not used, others would be substituted to the same effect."

"What would your reply be if I were to put a similar question to you?"

"Oh, it's a rule with me to say what I think. Your face happens to interest me, and as I have but very few visitors you may come in here whenever it suits your purpose. Oftener than that my knowledge of the world teaches me that I must not expect to see you."

"If I only come when I have a purpose of my own to serve, you will rarely have any of my company. However," continued Fenwick, unconsciously fixing his eyes on a couple of very conspicuous rents in the shirt-front of Mr. Hurlston, "when similar feelings prompt *you*, suffer me to hope that you will pay a visit to *my* rooms."

"Do you play chess?"

"Yes; but I have no men."

"Never mind that," said the old man, with some degree of eagerness; "the landlady has an old set of pieces left by a previous lodger; and as to a board, that can be easily made by you."

Fenwick thought that for a gentleman who boasted that he had sufficient to supply the wants of thousands, this was a very economical way of providing a chess-board."

"Come down to-morrow night and I will play a game, giving you a castle," added Mr. Hurlston. "Of course, if you don't feel that you require any pastime of that kind, there is no probability of my receiving the visit I suggest. Mankind has grown so utterly selfish that I blush—absolutely blush, sir—for our common humanity."

He took off his fez, dashed it upon the threadbare carpet, and looked at it with so contemptuous an expression, that it might have been supposed to represent the whole of the human race.

"My time will not admit——"

"I knew it. Just the reply to be expected. You don't clearly see that an evening spent



with me is likely to yield any enjoyment, and therefore you discover that a previous engagement will prevent your having the very great pleasure of coming," said Mr. Hurlston, shaking his fist at the fez, which he still allowed to remain on the carpet.

"To-morrow it certainly will not be in my power to command sufficient leisure. But if it will afford you any gratification, I am willing to comply with your request on the following day."

"In other words it suits your inclinations and convenience to come then. Isn't that so?"

"You want me to admit that my visit will be dictated by selfishness. Very well, put that construction upon it if you like. I take it for granted that *you* are never actuated by any feeling of that kind," said Fenwick, taking up the sword that Mr. Hurlston had brought with him to the door.

"I should despise myself if so base a motive ever influenced me. It is my great consolation in looking back upon a somewhat long life, to be conscious that I have never hesitated to sacrifice myself for the good of others."

Mr. Hurlston gave a long-drawn sigh as he said this, and in an unguarded moment thrust his hand into the breast of his shirt, thereby materially increasing the size of one of the rents in it.

"May I ask why you armed yourself with this sword, when you were good enough to open the street-door for me?"

"Because I thought it might be an attempt to rob the house. I have lived in countries where a man is never without means of defence of that kind. Since my return to England, about two years ago, there have been outrages enough in London to make one who is beginning to get old rather cautious when he is left alone in a house and finds a stranger demanding admission at a late hour. With all our civilization there are just as great ruffians in this country as in any other. When my affairs are settled, I shall return to Australia, where I shall spend the remainder of my days in endeavouring to benefit others."

Fenwick could hardly refrain from smiling at the idea of a man in his ninth decade speaking of himself as one who was *beginning* to get old.

"Yes," continued Mr. Hurlston, when he had refilled his hookah; "with the vast means that I shall have at my disposal much good may be done among the colonists. But I expect no gratitude when all is accomplished. Who ever met with a grateful man? Why, an

ornithologist might as readily find a living specimen of the dodo."

"From whom do you expect to obtain the money with which to carry out your benevolent intentions?"

"Say rather from what."

"You have recently succeeded to some large property, then?" said Fenwick, after a pause.

"It has been in my possession these thirty years," replied Mr. Hurlston, in a voice even louder than usual. "I told you at the outset of our conversation that you were not to imagine me as poor as you confessed yourself to be. My property has been valued by competent persons, including a surveyor appointed by the Government, at three millions sterling."

Fenwick stared at his interlocutor in astonishment, and an unpleasant suspicion crossed the mind of the young man that he was sitting with a madman.

"You look surprised, Mr. Towers. Perhaps you don't believe my statement?"

"Oh, implicitly!" answered Fenwick, remembering that lunatics often become enraged by contradiction.

"Is that assurance to be regarded as a mere desire on your part to be polite? It would not offend me in the least were you to say that you consider what I have just asserted a fabrication. In fact, it would rather please me to find you had candour enough to express some doubt as to my veracity."

"Very likely; but I have no intention of saying anything of the kind. Do you wish me to understand that you are in undisputed possession of land worth three millions of money?"

"Distinctly! So much wealth is no doubt a great responsibility. Occasionally it is a source of regret that I have no relative to inherit part of it when my death takes place. It is wrong, however, to repine. Within the next fifteen or twenty years there will be many opportunities afforded me of distributing it in such a manner as cannot fail to ameliorate the condition of thousands."

"Within the next fifteen or twenty years!" exclaimed Fenwick.

"Oh! you think I cannot reasonably hope that my life will be prolonged to that extent. But I have been blessed with a constitution of iron, and at this moment feel more youthful, more vigorous than men who are twenty years my junior. Depend upon it, in the course of nature—or perhaps you prefer my saying *out* of the course of nature—I shall live as long,

nay, even longer than I anticipate. On another occasion you shall see the plans of my estates. The object of my visit to this country is to raise a sum of money upon the property, in order to make certain improvements of the utmost importance to the colony in which it is situated."

"Have you met with any success?" asked Fenwick, his doubts as to Mr. Hurlston's sanity gradually leaving him.

"The selfishness and stupidity of those to whom I have mentioned the matter have hitherto been a great obstacle to getting the necessary arrangements made; but in a short time I hope to obtain the money. It is not much that is required—only half a million. Is it not wonderful that in a country like this there should be the slightest difficulty in obtaining such a sum upon security so ample?"

"Is there anything in the nature of the security which makes it rather hazardous?"

"Hazardous!" exclaimed Mr. Hurlston at the top of his voice. "Certainly not, sir. Such a question after what I have said is enough to make one lose all patience. I began to think you had some common sense; but it is to be feared that I have fallen into a mistake. There is one of the plans lying on that table. Look at it, and then tell me if an unencumbered property, such as that it refers to, is not of itself security enough for the sum I wish to borrow. You are not disposed to give yourself that trouble," he continued, observing that Fenwick merely glanced towards the table. "Very well, then we will defer that to another occasion."

Just then Mrs. O'Sullivan made her appearance, having become aware that there had been an arrival in her absence by stumbling over the portmanteau left below. Fenwick rather hastily bade Mr. Hurlston good-night, and followed the landlady as she ascended to unlock the doors of his rooms. He ventured to ask her, as she busied herself in drawing down the blinds and putting a cover on the table, whether the lodger on the first-floor had resided there for any length of time. Mrs. O'Sullivan was evidently by no means favourably impressed with the possessor of so much wealth, for she answered very curtly that he had only lived there for a few months, and that she earnestly hoped he would not remain much longer. Fenwick felt that it would be an impropriety to encourage her to be more communicative, so he was soon after left alone. Then he remembered that Mr. Hurlston had mentioned a letter which had arrived the day previously. He found it lying on the

chimney-piece, and anticipated that it was from his brother Frank; but a glance at the writing on the envelope showed that it was unknown to him. The exact purport of this letter may be more readily explained by giving it verbatim:—

*"Chuffneythorp, Devon, 5th August.*

"SIR,—Having found the book that was missing when you were down here, I went through it carefully, as I promised. There is no marriage entered such as you want to find. There is only one entry where the name of Pennington appears; but his wife's maiden name was not Pontifex. Hoping this will find you at the address given.

"Your humble servant,

"JAMES SCAIFFE, P. Clerk."

As Fenwick had found all he required at Doddington, a few days after his visit to the village of Chuffneythorp, Mr. Scaiffe's communication appeared to be of no importance, and was speedily forgotten.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

THE following morning Mr. Bentley Wyvern rose much earlier than usual, and spent nearly an hour walking backwards and forwards in a secluded avenue at the furthest extent of the spacious grounds attached to the Old Hall. As he afterwards sat alone at the breakfast table, his face, generally so impassive, wore an expression of anxiety, all the more apparent from his drawing down the corners of his mouth at intervals and breathing hard. Was he calculating the chances of Mr. Clare accepting him as his son-in-law? Upon the whole, he was tolerably confident that the reply to his proposal would be such as he desired. With Mary, however, there was every probability of difficulties presenting themselves not easily to be surmounted. He had watched her closely whenever in her society—so closely, indeed, that it would have become intolerably irksome to the object of his scrutiny had she been conscious of it. But for reasons which I have previously explained, it was no easy task to discover when his eyes were directed towards you. He had noted every change in the expression of her face as she listened to Mr. Tom Coomber's prattle. Even before accompanying the rector into the conservatory, Mr. Bentley Wyvern had become quite convinced that as far as her own predilection was concerned, there was nothing whatever to be feared from the attentions of the harmless young gentleman, who was about to

enter Parliament in so simple and expeditious a manner. Of her feelings towards himself he was unable to form any decided opinion. She had shown no marked dislike to him, but then, on the other hand, he could hardly disguise from himself that she had exhibited an unmistakeable indifference almost amounting to contempt, which was the reverse of encouraging. It might be that this demeanour arose from her having become attached to Fenwick Towers. If it proved so, he thought that such an obstacle was not very formidable; for, although he was ignorant of what had really taken place, he entertained no doubt that parental authority would be exerted to the utmost in order to prevent a marriage with one whose worldly prospects were so doubtful. It was not, however, the possibility of his contracting an alliance with Mary which caused the anxiety under which he was labouring, nor was it altogether to be attributed to the news which he hourly expected from Doddington. Perhaps, if the truth were known, the visit of Mr. Archibald Mansfield was not entirely disconnected with the causes which combined to render Mr. Bentley Wyvern unconscious, when he prepared to leave for the City, that his breakfast was still untasted.

Early as was his arrival at Lombard Street, the indefatigable cashier was already at his post, and poring over a huge ledger. Half an hour afterwards he entered the manager's room.

"I hope that, upon reflection, you have quite forgiven me for the intrusion I was guilty of last night," he said, looking steadily in the face of Mr. Bentley Wyvern.

"Your having called upon me is not what I complain of: it is of your having interfered in matters which do not properly belong to your department."

"My duty," said Mr. Mansfield, with more of firmness in his tone than he ordinarily displayed, "is to protect the interests of the shareholders in this company. When I find that a security for a large amount has disappeared from its usual place, it cannot be doubted that I am justified in making known the fact to the manager with the least delay possible. Had you been out of town, I should have unhesitatingly communicated with the directors. In either case, I quite fail to perceive that my conduct is open to the slightest blame. If you entertain a contrary opinion, let the question be submitted to the directors at the next meeting."

"Very fairly argued; but you fail to convince me that you have any right to search for a

policy in a safe that I have inadvertently left open."

"Why not? It only contained the papers of the company. As cashier, I am tolerably well acquainted with the financial position of the concern, so there was no secret that I was likely to learn with which I was not already acquainted. In fact, as you are probably aware, I know exactly the extent of our liabilities, and the value of our assets."

"I have merely to repeat what I said to you at my house."

"Well, you will not dispute that it comes within my province to see that the interest on the investments is duly received."

"To a certain extent you are right. By which I mean that if you found any default made in that respect it would be proper to draw my attention to it. Have you anything of that kind to communicate to me on the present occasion?"

"Oh no! But as I am going to Bishopsgate Street, where the interest on the Turkish bonds is payable to-day, perhaps it will be convenient for you to let me have the—"

"Come to me in the course of the afternoon. I am too busy to attend to the matter at this moment."

"But the money is payable between the hours of ten and three."

Mr. Bentley Wyvern was sitting at a large table covered with papers. He turned suddenly and faced the cashier. "In that case I shall save you any trouble in the matter by calling at Bishopsgate Street myself."

Mr. Mansfield hesitated when he received this intimation, and glanced towards the private safe. A suspicion was seizing upon him that if its door were thrown open the bonds would not be found within. That morning he had walked into town from his residence, at Brixton, in company with a friend in the employment of a certain firm of stockbrokers. The friend had confidentially informed him that Mr. Bentley Wyvern was in the habit of speculating extensively in the funds and other securities. Further, that during the last two months his losses had been considerable. This and other circumstances which had come to Mr. Mansfield's knowledge did not tend to increase his confidence in Mr. Bentley Wyvern. The latter had not failed to detect the changed manner of the man standing at his side. He saw that he was suspected, and correctly interpreted the meaning of the look directed towards the safe in which the bonds were alleged to be lying. Rising from his chair, he walked across

the room, poured out a glass of water with a steady hand and drank it.

"After receiving the cheque at Bishopsgate Street, I shall not return here again to-day, Mr. Mansfield. But as I pass the bank, I shall pay it in to our account."

"That is rather irregular. I think you had better retain it till to-morrow, and let me have it, in order that it may first be entered in my book."

Mr. Mansfield, when he said this, knew well enough that, even if his suspicions were well founded, there would be no difficulty in providing the money for the half-year's interest. The question which he wished to solve was whether the cheque would be really drawn by the agents of the Turkish Government or by Mr. Bentley Wyvern.

"Very well," replied the manager, his face assuming a peculiar and by no means pleasing expression. "The adoption of either course is not of the slightest importance. I made the proposal because it obviated the necessity of carrying about a cheque for £480 in one's pocket."

"Oh, I can quite understand your motive," said Mr. Mansfield, as he left the room.

There was nothing at all significant in the tone in which this was uttered, yet Mr. Bentley Wyvern remained motionless for some minutes after the door closed upon the cashier.

"Danger, danger," he at last said, softly, as he roused himself from his reflections. He unlocked his private safe, took out a book of cheques, and filled one up for £480. Despite his implied promise to Mr. Mansfield, he determined to pay in to the bankers of the company the interest due on the bonds. But he intended to take the precaution of handing in the sum in gold. As to the bonds themselves, it is hardly necessary to state that they were no longer in his possession; but, if all went as well as he expected, there was a possibility of replacing them before many weeks elapsed. Meanwhile he hoped that the cashier's suspicions were not sufficiently strong to induce him to communicate them to the directors of the company. Such a step would involve exposure, ruin, and the punishment of a felon. As he sat gnawing the end of a quill pen, he resolved upon endeavouring to ascertain the exact extent of the danger he ran from Mr. Mansfield. Until the day following, however, there was nothing to be apprehended, so Bentley Wyvern, after much consideration, came to the conclusion that it would be better to defer alluding to the subject till then. He was looking over the acceptances that he had re-

ceived from Sir Charles Pennington, when Fenwick Towers was announced. Hastily thrusting the bills into his pocket, Bentley Wyvern advanced towards his visitor with extended hand.

"I hope that your unexpected return is to be taken as an indication of success?"

"Yes. I found the entry in the register at Doddington church."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Bentley Wyvern, showing all his teeth as an evidence of his gratification. "And where is Doddington church situated?"

"Some twelve miles from Exeter."

"Did you make an exact copy of the entry?"

"Here it is," said Fenwick, taking out a paper; "and with it is the certificate."

Bentley Wyvern read both over attentively.

"The discovery is of great importance to a friend of mine, and he will be overjoyed to hear of it," he said. "In his name I beg to thank you for the care and diligence that have brought about so successful a result."

"I am extremely glad to have concluded my labours, for the truth is, I was getting heartily tired of the business. Looking over old registers of marriages day by day is not a wildly exciting occupation, I can assure you. From what you told me before my departure for Devonshire, I suppose there is no longer any necessity for secrecy; so, perhaps, you will inform me who it is that expects to derive some advantage from the discovery."

"Well, really, I am not quite sure whether I am at liberty to mention the facts of the case just yet. However, they cannot be concealed for many days longer, so I may tell you that the proof of this marriage involves the right to an earldom and eighty thousand a year."

"And who is the fortunate man?"

"A gentleman with whom, I believe, you have some acquaintance."

"I think you must be mistaken in that respect," said Fenwick, in surprise.

"Do you know Sir Charles Pennington?"

"Very slightly."

"Well, he is now the Earl of Bideford."

"It is at least satisfactory to learn that one has not been labouring in the cause of an entire stranger."

"By the by, Mr. Towers, I was not aware when I last saw you, that you were intimate with the Clare family."

"Indeed!" said Fenwick, coldly.

"Still less that you were the accepted lover of Miss Mary Clare."

"You seem to be unconscious, Mr. Wyvern, that such an observation as that is an impertinence."

"An impertinence!" echoed Bentley Wyvern in astonishment.

"Unquestionably."

"Perhaps you will condescend to explain how such a construction can be put upon what I have said."

"When a comparative stranger gratuitously refers to a subject of so private and delicate a nature as my engagement to a lady in no way connected with him, he is guilty even of something more than impertinence."

"I beg that you will accept my apology—I begin to fear that I have committed an indiscretion. Perhaps, after all, I was misinformed," said Bentley Wyvern, with a covert sneer.

"May I come in?" said Sir Charles Pennington, opening the door.

He started when he saw Fenwick.

"By Jove! Mr. Towers, I thought you were in Devonshire, poking about among dusty parish registers."

"I have just returned, and have good news for you," said Fenwick, smiling.

"Eh!—what? Do you mean to say that you have—have found anything?" stammered Sir Charles. "Pooh!—it can't be. There's no such luck for me," he continued, recovering himself.

"My dear Pennington," said Bentley Wyvern, "let me be the first to congratulate you. At length, my perseverance in your cause has been rewarded. The paper that I hold in my hand is the marriage certificate which has so long been sought."

The baronet stared wildly at the speaker—an hysterical laugh broke from him, and he fell forward on the carpet.

## GEMS AND GEM-DIGGING IN CEYLON.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

IT is not uncommon to find the colours in the gems mixed. When the red and blue are equally combined the stone is called Oriental amethyst. But the Ceylon ruby is seldom free from a tint of blue; and it is a remarkable fact that while the blue colour can be expelled from such stones by heat, the red colour is indelible, and the native jewellers avail themselves of this peculiarity to improve the colour of their rubies. I have had specimens in which the colours were separate in the same stone—one half of the crystal being red and

the other half blue. Stones of mixed yellow and blue are also frequent; but I do not remember seeing the red and yellow in the same stone, or the three colours combined in one. It is very common to find stones one half blue and the other half colourless, and some have merely a crust of blue on one or more sides. The native lapidaries take advantage of this in cutting, and by leaving the coloured part on the under surface form a foil, which gives a fine blue to an otherwise valueless stone. It is not easy to speculate on the erratic nature of this colouring; the water of crystallization may contain the mixed colours purple and green, but how the colouring matter comes in contact with the surface of crystals is not easy to understand.

The opalescence above mentioned is found in rubies and sapphires as well as in topaz; it is worse than any flaw in depreciating their value; a crack or cavity can be cut out, but opalescence, which is most difficult to detect in an uncut stone, reveals itself in the cutting, and often runs in a pencil through the whole breadth or length of a gem, destroying its clearness and colour, and rendering it comparatively worthless—although it has happened to me to have this "peculiar light" pointed out in a sapphire by a London jeweller as a recommendation. It is, however, caused by imperfect crystallization, allowing the lines or laminæ to be visible by reflected light. When such stones are cut hemispherical "*en cabochon*" at a certain angle to the axis, they form the star stone, showing a star of six rays in a strong light. This is very pretty as a fancy stone, but is of no value as a gem.

The subject of the formation of gems is one of great difficulty. My own impression, as before stated, is that they are formed *in situ*; but in what manner is a matter only of conjecture. They may be formed from the fusion, by heat, of their component parts, and subsequent crystallization by cooling, or they may be deposited from liquid solution; in either case under great pressure, and probably by the agency of electricity. The region in which these gems abound is highly electric, and I have seen the sky illuminated night after night unceasingly with sheets and streams of lightning, more resembling the aurora borealis than an ordinary thunder storm; and in standing on a hill to watch these phenomena, I have more particularly noticed the columns of electric fluid rise from the earth to meet the lowering clouds, and it does not seem probable that these volumes of electric fluid could pass through the surface of the earth without some

powerful effect on the mineral deposits which they traversed.

Both the crystal and the rounded form of sapphire have yellow clay imbedded in their superficial cavities, and in some of their internal ones, showing that they were formed in this medium. May they not have started from one point or centre, and been gradually formed by the deposit of successive layers of crystallization, in the same manner as a pearl is formed in a shell by the deposition of successive scales? This would account for the difference of form, according to the pressure of the substance surrounding them—a soft sand or mud giving room for the development of the perfect crystal; a harder one forcing it into round or irregular forms.

It should be noted that of the many sapphires and rubies found, not more than one in a hundred of all sizes is sufficiently clear and well coloured to be worth cutting. Beginning with opaque stones in pyramidal or crystalline forms, they run through every gradation of opacity, translucency, and transparency, till we reach the stone of pure water and colour—the gems of the deepest colour being found in rounded drops, some of the most beautiful specimens being the seed gems, resembling sand; but which, under the magnifier, give the most perfect forms and colours. In sifting the gravel, these small crystals, mixed with garnet-sand, usually occupy the apex of the basket.

The enclosing of foreign substances in quartz and other crystals had been noticed by mineralogists, and the occurrence of such substances in sapphire could not escape my observation, as also the presence of fluids within cavities in crystals. I had one large crystal of amethyst, in which a drop of fluid moved to and fro in a cavity half an inch in length. After being packed up for some time, I found this crystal had burst, leaving a little cavern inside with clear faces and angles of crystallization. The outer faces of this amethyst are covered with black specks and flakes of red, and these red flakes also appear on the surface of the internal crystals, seeming to show that they were derived from the water of crystallization, for the inner surfaces could not come in contact with the clay in which the amethyst is found, and in which it is formed, as shown by the clay imbedded in its cavities. Fluid cavities in sapphires are very common, and supposing that the enclosed fluids were water, I naturally inferred that the crystals enclosing water could not have been formed by heat. This subject has now been investigated by Mr. Sorby, F.R.S., who has come to the conclusion

“that ruby, sapphire, spinel, and emerald were formed at a moderately high temperature, under so great pressure, that water might be present in a liquid state.” He also shows that some of the liquids in the cavities are saline solutions or carbonic acid; and I would refer the reader to his paper on the “Microscopical Structure of Crystals,” from the *Journal of the Geographical Society* for Nov. 1858, for further insight into this interesting subject. I have several of these stones containing fluid cavities, and in one sapphire the cavity is one-eighth of an inch; they are very rare of this size, most of them requiring the aid of the microscope.

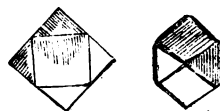
Among the forms of sapphire which came under my notice was one which was very peculiar. It was opaque, of a pale-blue colour, sometimes translucent on the surface; in some places large quantities of this occurred in the form of gravel, the edges and surfaces of the fragments whitened like chalk as if by chemical action. I have also found it embedded in masses of friable mica, and very perfect specimens in crystallized carbonate of lime. This sapphire is never found with the facets perfect, but distorted and moulded into different forms by the pressure of the mineral which contains it. The carbonate of lime here mentioned is semi-translucent, and is sometimes used for burning into inferior lime. Limestone is found in Ceylon, but it is so rare that rewards were offered by the Public Works Department for the discovery of veins fit for working.

I have also found metallic ores imbedded in sapphire, but not in sufficient quantity to allow of their identification by analysis. Among the crystals in my possession I may notice the following:—Zircon, in opaque brown prisms; a



clear variety is found in the south of Ceylon, and called the Mætura diamond; and transparent specimens, of various shades of green and brown, are not uncommon.

Bright hard crystals of iron pyrites are rather numerous in this form. Iron pyrites are also common in lumps that disintegrate and resolve into salts on exposure to the air, which the crystals do not. It is not, however, the moisture that affects them, for they are



found under water. They are also of recent formation, as I have found masses of them formed on logs of wood similar to bog-oak which are sometimes dug up from the beds of the streams.

The beryl is found in pillared crystals, and rounded; and here again the rounded stones are always the purest, while the crystals are full of cracks and striae, going to prove that the one is not rolled out of fragments of the other, but formed under different circumstances. I have a specimen of rounded beryl in which are prints of crystals, which have been made while its substance was soft: one print in the centre of the axis is this, as enlarged, the stone of a pale green of this shape and size.



Tourmaline is very abundant, both in round drops and in crystals: some of the latter are found embedded in white quartz, from which I infer either that they were formed simultaneously, or that the tourmaline was first formed, and its crystals subsequently enveloped in the quartz while in a soft state.

Crystals of spinel are abundant, but are of no value to the native lapidary; they are of every colour, jet black, purple, pink and blue, in octahedrons, and rounded.

Smoke stone, or Cairngorm, is found in masses; also rock crystal, full of needles of schorl or some similar mineral.

Mica is very abundant in masses and crystallized, and the beds of some of the streams glitter like gold from the sand being composed of its spangles. One specimen of quartz I had was traversed by mica in square channels one-eighth of an inch each side.

Crystallized magnetic iron is common. I have never known any instance of the diamond being found in Ceylon.

We will now take a look at the proceedings of the native lapidary (for portrait, see p. 386). His means and appliances are few, consisting of a pair of laps attached to spindles by a composition of rosin and sand melted together. One lap is of lead, on which pounded corundum or adamantite spar is used for reducing the stones and shaping them in the rough. The other is of copper for polishing the facets. Instead of diamond powder, they use for this purpose a fine silex extracted from the calcined husks of rice. The laps are lodged in a frame and worked by a bow. The native lapidaries use no gem pegs or mechanical instruments for regulating the angles, but work entirely by eye

and touch, and it is wonderful the precision they attain, although it is difficult for them to bring the gems to a perfect level by hand, and consequently all native-cut stones are known by a slight bevelling of the facets. In the towns they have now adopted the European horizontal laps and fittings. The stone to be cut is fixed on the end of a stick with the same luting of rosin and sand, and applied by the left hand to the vertical plate, while the right hand works the bow.

In cutting a stone, the natives sacrifice everything to size. Gems, to show their most beautiful light and colour, should be cut across the axis; but as in most cases the stones are longest in the direction of the prism and pyramid, they cut them parallel to the axis—and their brilliancy is lost. They rarely use a slicer, and the waste of gems is consequently great—the whole mass being ground away to form the end which is largest and clearest.

I have before noticed the combination of colours in sapphire—the Ceylon ruby being never found without a tint of blue. To expel this, when the stone is formed for polishing, it is rolled in a ball of wet lime, and placed in a pan of charcoal, which is gradually raised to a white heat, with a primitive bellows or blow-pipe made of a tube of bamboo; after being kept at a white heat for about twenty minutes or half an hour, the ball is taken out and allowed to cool, and when broken open the stone will have lost the blue tint without injuring the crimson. By the same process, the tint of blue can be expelled from a stone which is nearly white; if, however, there is any crack or flaw in the stone, it is liable to fly to pieces. I should imagine that the natives discovered this evanescent quality of the blue colour by accident. I knew a gentleman who had been very successful in digging, and had a number of fine blue sapphires; unfortunately his bungalow was burnt down, and among the ashes of his furniture he found many of his gems, but all as white as glass.

### THREE DAYS IN THE CANTON TESSIN.

#### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

**S**T. GIACOMO'S DAY is the 26th of July, and that day is kept as a great festival and holiday in Italy and the Italian Cantons of Switzerland. In one of these latter—the Canton Tessin—we found ourselves on the 26th of July, 1869. We had been mountaineering in the Meyringen and Zermott districts, and on the 24th—a Saturday—had walked

from Münster, in the Rhone Valley, by the Gries Pass, to the Falls of the Tosa, at the head of the Val Formazza, where we put up at the little hotel of the cascade. Up to this time we had had very fine weather, but on this day it began to rain, and we entirely lost the view from the top of the Pass, being enveloped in cloud the whole way. The hotel was empty, and we had sole possession of the comfortable little *salle-à-manger*. The rain continued all the evening, so we amused ourselves as best we could with a pack of cards and the society of the guide who had accompanied us from Münster—a very intelligent and well-informed man, named Antoine Guntren. The people of the inn were full of the approaching festival, which we had not heard of before; although I recollected that a friend of mine in London had told me of some popular holiday and procession at the Tosa, which he intended, if possible, to see this year.

The Sunday turned out so resolutely wet and stormy that travelling would have been by no means pleasant; so we took our ease in our inn during the morning, ordered dinner at the primitive hour of twelve, and attacked it with a fierce determination to be as long over it as possible. At last, however, we came to the end of our six or eight courses of nicely-cooked dishes, four of which, at least, we strongly suspected to be different combinations of the same material—goat's flesh, to wit—and were sitting over the dessert and wondering what on earth we should do next, when the door opened and a figure appeared enveloped in mackintoshes and wraps, the rain-drops from its broad-brimmed hat falling picturesquely on the floor around it. On a close inspection this interesting object turned out to be no other than my aforesaid friend, who had fulfilled his purpose of coming to see the fête. Of course we were delighted to see him, and had occupation for some time in comparing notes with him as to our respective peregrinations.

About this time shrill sounds, as of a rustic violin, began to make themselves heard. Sun-dry peasants in their brown frieze suits, had dropped in during the morning, and we had seen them regaling themselves in the public room, with two or three Italian *douaniers* stationed on the frontier near the inn. Presently was added a loud stamping, with an occasional shout or burst of laughter; and on going into the passage I saw through the open door of the public room the pretty little smiling waitress who had attended on us, dancing vigorously with a huge young countryman in

gigantic boots. This amusement was kept up for some time, although the number of couples was necessarily limited, the ladies of the neighbourhood having apparently been afraid to venture out.

In the afternoon we walked a few miles down the valley; the Tosa was much swollen by the rain, and the magnificent cascade looked even finer than usual. This fall, I believe, is not very frequently visited, yet in its way it has no rival in Switzerland. As a sheer fall of a large volume of water from an immense height, that of the Aar at Handeck is perhaps finer; but the Tosa is certainly the most beautiful *cascade* imaginable. It is by no means difficult of access, on foot or on mules, either from the Rhone Valley or Domo d'Ossola; and every one who has not seen it should certainly do so as soon as possible.

In the evening we had a long consultation with our landlord, our newly-arrived friend, and an Italian guide who happened to be in the hotel, as to our route for the next day—the great day of St. Giacomo. We were told that a procession would start from the valley early in the morning for the Chapel of St. Giacomo, at the top of the little pass of that name, where it would meet another procession from the Val Bedretto on the further side of the pass, and celebrate a mass in honour of the saint. We had before intended to cross this pass, and attempt to make our way over the mountains on to the Furka Pass or Rhone Glacier; for although the guide-books mentioned no pass in this direction, yet from the map it appeared quite practicable.

We finally decided to start early the next morning for the chapel, so as to see the procession, and afterwards to be guided as to our movements by the weather. At six o'clock on Monday, therefore, we were all prepared to get under weigh; but, alas! the whole valley was wrapped in cloud, and heavy rain was falling, nor were there any signs of improvement. We waited some time for the appearance of the procession, but it did not come; and at last we were told that there would be no procession from the Val Formazza. However, we determined to cross the pass to All' Acqua, the first village on the other side, so as to be able to attempt our pass to the Furka next day, if the weather permitted. We knew that there was no difficulty whatever on the St. Giacomo Pass, which could easily be done in any weather. About seven, therefore, we set off, with a porter to show us the way (for there is no regular track the whole distance), my friend accompanying us as far as the chapel. The pass



ascends pretty sharply for some distance, but the greater part of it is a long and very gradual ascent over a flat marshy valley, through which runs a stream that looks as if there must be trout in it, flanked on either side by snowy ridges. The greatest height is not more than 8000 feet. Altogether, it is of a different character from most Swiss passes, and reminded us strongly of some of the wild Welsh passes in Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire—although of course on a much larger scale.

On approaching the top, we saw two barn-like structures of rough masonry, some 200 yards apart—the chapel was distinguished by a group of rustics, with umbrellas, clustered round it. This showed that the procession from the Val Bedretto had been before us, and that the mass was over. We turned into the other building, which our porter said was an old frontier custom-house, and, getting out our provisions, commenced a second breakfast, watching the proceedings of the votaries of St. Giacomo through an opening where once had been the door. The people turned out of the chapel to the number of some fifty or sixty, and despite the wraps and umbrellas with which they were fortified against the rain, the women looked sufficiently picturesque in their holiday costumes.

With the last of his flock, the priest made his appearance. He wore a richly-worked surplice over his cassock, and on his head the cap usually worn at mass; but he trudged bravely off down the steep descent to All' Acqua, in full canonicals, preceded by a man bearing a crucifix, and followed by his congregation in loose order, under their umbrellas. As soon as the procession had started, a man who had stayed behind clambered on to the roof of the chapel—no difficult matter—and, scrambling up to the little bell-turret on the top, detached from its beam the solitary bell. This he handed down to an old woman standing below, who put it in a large basket strapped on her back, and the two marched off after the procession. The chapel was thus left dismantled till the next 26th of July—the only day on which it is ever used.

Having finished our repast, we followed the procession down a very steep and slippery descent, through woods and over pastures, to All' Acqua, which we reached in less than four hours after starting, having halted about a quarter of an hour on the top.

All' Acqua is not a village, it is merely a couple of *challêts* and a little inn or *hospice* lying near the top of the Val Bedretto, a small

valley which runs parallel with that of the Reuss, and joins the St. Gothard Valley at Airolo. It is not, I believe, much frequented—except by people crossing the Nüfinen Pass from Airolo to Obergestelen; but this is a long and tedious pass, and not often traversed by tourists. The little inn—a mere ordinary *challêt*—we found crowded to overflowing by the procession, or by such part of it as had stopped here instead of going further down the valley. However, we were received with the greatest civility. Place was made for us at a table in one of the rooms; and after pulling off our outer skin of mackintosh, rubbing down our hair, and shaking the water out of our boots, we sat down to a very respectable dinner, with capital red *vin du pays*.

In the afternoon the weather cleared, and we got a good walk down the valley towards Bedretto, the principal village. This little valley is celebrated for its liability to avalanches, and we saw frequent traces of them. In many places the stream—a large glacier-torrent—was bridged over with masses of snow yet unmelted, its surface black with soil, stones, and dead branches of the pines it had uprooted in its course down the mountain sides; while that course could be distinctly traced by the great rifts in the overhanging forests. When we returned to our “hostelrie” we found that the fun had set in in good earnest. A fiddle was scraping and squeaking away at a great rate in the large room, and the tremendous stamping and shouting showed that a grand ball was going on. Indeed, so crowded was the little *challêt* that several adventurous couples actually danced out of the door as we looked on, and continued their gyrations on the wet mountain side in front. Here and there a very rough flirtation was going on, the swain's advances generally culminating in an attempt to seize the lady round the waist, probably with a view to a chaste salute in honour of St. Giacomo; if this did not please the fair one, she “made no bones” of administering a dig in the ribs with her lusty elbow, which might have knocked an ordinary ball-room dandy out of time. The confusion inside was so great that we thought it would be useless to try to get anything to eat down stairs, so having with some difficulty got hold of the landlord's son—a very smart, civil young fellow of about twenty-five—we asked him to let us have some supper in one of our bed-rooms, telling him that we did not care what we had so long as it was eatable. We then took refuge in our room, where in course of time an old woman

brought us a table—(there was not a vestige of furniture besides the bed, on the foot of which lay a small basin and jug)—and laid before us a dish of rather strongly flavoured hash, and some red vin d'Asti, which we approved exceedingly. Afterwards we lighted our pipes, and putting our heads out of the window enjoyed the very amusing scene below.

Some of the men by this time appeared to have had as much wine as they could conveniently carry, and the fun was fast waxing furious. The scraping and stamping continued without intermission, the whole house trembling with the repeated shocks till we really thought it must have given way; and as one of us remarked, there was a very brilliant prospect of getting to sleep at eight o'clock, so as to be ready for an early start next morning.

Presently, some one below having observed us at our window, we found ourselves the object of many curious glances, and were not a little surprised at being accosted in our native tongue by a rough-looking individual seated on a bench. This gentleman kindly proceeded to explain that he had been in California, and spoke English very well; a fact which, had it not been for his assertion, we might possibly have been inclined to doubt. He then remarked—

"Isn't it a jolly noise?"

"No mistake about that," replied we.

"All in honour of St. Giacomo, though," quoth our friend.

"Well," said I, "I should think St. Giacomo must have had almost enough of it by this time."

This, I suppose, was considered a good thing, for it was immediately translated into Italian for the benefit of the bystanders, who chuckled not a little.

When we all three soon afterwards descended to settle our route for next day, this same man accosted the first who made his appearance with—

"Ah! here you are; I say, you do not spik English well."

And though the accused one stuck up manfully for the purity of his accent, and maintained that Oxford was a better school for English than San Francisco, nothing would convince our friend, whose faculties, I fancy, were slightly obscured by vin d'Asti; and certainly if he took his own dialect as the standard, we had yet a great deal to learn. At length, somewhat to our relief, he said he must go, and proceeded

to take an affectionate farewell, shaking hands with each of us in succession, with the remark in loud and somewhat vinous accents—

"Good bye, old fellow, take care of yourself."

We afterwards heard that he had kept an inn in California, and was now living in his native Val Bedretto.

We now held a consultation with the landlord's son, whose name was Leonardi, and another man, as to our proposed expedition for next day. Leonardi assured us that we might easily make our way over to the Rhone Glacier, that there were no difficulties on the mountains, and although he had never actually made the pass, nor knew of any one, tourist or native, who had done so, yet he knew the country well, and would accompany us with pleasure. As we were three in number we thought it safer to have two guides for this unknown district, so he offered to send for a friend of his, a chamois hunter who lived down the valley, and would be very glad to come.

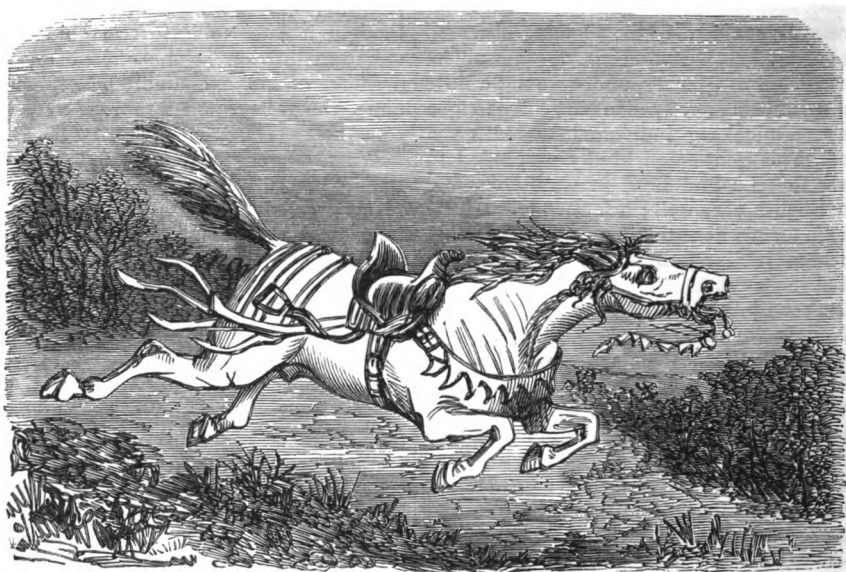
We arranged to start at four o'clock, and went to bed early by way of preparation, but the revels precluded all possibility of sleep till past ten o'clock.

The next morning we were up in good time, and found a grey sunrise and a fresh clear air which promised well for the day. They gave us a capital breakfast in the large room of the inn, which still showed some signs of yesterday's revelries, and after paying our bill, which was so absurdly small that we could not but give them something over, we set out with our two guides. The second man, who had been sent for the night before, was a very well-looking young fellow, active as a cat. (His name was also Leonardi; so, I presume, he too was some relation of our host at All' Acqua.) They both spoke French well, which was fortunate, as only one of us spoke Italian. We had suggested the propriety of taking a rope with us, as we did not know what sort of glaciers we might encounter; but they both pooh-poohed the idea, saying that there was not a really bad glacier anywhere near our route, nor any other difficulty which might call for such a precaution. And here I may say that they turned out to be quite right; so my readers must not expect any thrilling adventures or "hair-breadth 'scapes," but simply a short account of an easy and very pleasant passage by a new route, which we can confidently recommend to any pedestrian of moderate walking powers.

The first part of the ascent over the pastures was very steep, one of the stiffest pulls we had had while it lasted ; for the mountains rise very abruptly over All' Acqua, and we followed a small watercourse nearly straight up. However, in little more than half-an-hour we were over the steepest part, and found ourselves nearly at the top of the pastures, entering on the snow region. (It must be borne in mind that the valley itself lies very high, and the snow on these hills appeared to lie very low ; this will account for the shortness of the intermediate journey.) We halted for a minute or two to reconnoitre ; the route, however, was at once obvious. Nearly straight before us,

between two peaks—one snow-covered, the other rocky—lay a broad "joch," as they are called in the Oberland, or gap, some 500 feet lower than the tops of the peaks, a sharp snow-slope leading straight up to it, the edges of which were fringed with loose rocks. Between us and the foot of the slope there was still a very considerable ascent, most of it over similar loose rocks, which promised us some tiring work. On consulting the small map in "Baedeker"—a very imperfect one, by the way, as far as this district is concerned—the pass appeared to be exactly in the right direction for the Rhone Glacier, so we at once commenced our attack upon it.

### MASTERLESS.



I.

**P**RANCING and shaking his bit with  
delight,

Arching his neck and tossing his mane,  
The war-horse bears proudly a gallant knight ;  
And the morning sun on his armour bright  
Casts many a golden stain.

II.

Mid-day is nearing, when swords fiercely gleam,  
And the horses need never the heel ;  
They rush to the fray like an angry stream,  
'Midst conquering shout and agonized scream,  
And clash of steel upon steel.

III.

And the evening-bell from the tower tolls  
As the sun sinks 'midst leaden-hued  
clouds,  
And the priests pray low for departed souls,  
No song the home-going villager trolls,  
And vultures gather in crowds.

IV.

Galloping madly, in desperate flight,  
Nostrils distended, snorting with pain,  
Riderless, masterless, wild with affright,  
The charger returns alone from the fight.  
The knight lies dead on the plain.

## FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE REVOLUTION

(ACCORDING TO DRYDEN'S PROLOGUES AND  
EPILOGUES).

### PART IV.

IT says not a little for Dryden's consistency that, during the three years of Whig triumph, he stood firmly by his party, notwithstanding the many allurements that had been offered to induce him to desert; and, it must not be forgotten, that he was then an earnest Protestant, so that it cannot be said he was influenced in the least degree by religious prejudice, which would, of course, have inclined him towards the opposition. Some idea of the intensity of public excitement, and of the gullibility of the populace, who eagerly swallowed every idle rumour and "prodigious tale," and crowded round the Court of Requests to hear the latest news, may be gathered from the quotation underneath, from Dryden's prologue to Lee's "Cæsar Borgia," 1680. This was soon after the pretended revelation of Titus Oates, and when the people were particularly inflamed by the murder of Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, the magistrate to whom Oates had sworn his depositions.

You love to hear of some prodigious tale,  
The bell that tolled alone, or Irish whale.  
News is your food, and you enough provide  
Both for yourselves and all the world beside.  
One theatre there is of vast resort  
Which whilome of Requests was called the Court;  
But now the great Exchange of news 'tis hight,  
And full of hum and buz from noon till night,  
Up stairs and down you run, as for a race,  
And each man wears these natures in his face.

The excitement of the populace over the murder of Godfrey, and the old English custom of burning the effigy of the Pope on the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's birthday, are classed, together with other "fashionable follies," and ridiculed by Dryden in the concluding portion of his epilogue to "Ædipus"—a play by Dryden and Lee, produced at Dorset Gardens, just after the commencement of the Popist Plot sensation:—

Their treat is what your palates relish most,  
Charm! song! and show! a murder and a ghost!  
We know not what you can desire or hope  
To please you more, but burning of a pope.

It is not quite clear, however, that the "murder and a ghost" meant more than an allusion to the taste of the audience for sensational effect

on the stage; and as the tragedy is described, in the prologue, as "the first play . . . since the Woollen Act"—which would date it from the autumn of 1678—it is more than probable the death of Sir Edmondsbury had not occurred, and therefore could not have been referred to in the above quotation. The event is obviously noticed in subsequent prologues, and the political capital the Whigs made out of it sneeringly hinted at. To inflame the people, the popular party caused the effigy of the defunct magistrate to head the grand procession formed on the Protestant fête day—Queen Elizabeth's birthday. Dryden furnishes a peculiarly acrimonious, though interesting, account of this procession. Starting from the centre of the City, with Sir Edmondsbury at its head and the Pope at its tail, and arriving at Temple Bar, where, in presence of the Whig leaders, who viewed the spectacle from neighbouring windows, and of an ordinary coarse London mob, was burned the effigy of the Pope, amid loud huzzas and frantic expressions of delight. "Alas!" he sarcastically adds, "what's one poor pope amongst them all?" When the excitement occasioned by "the Exclusion Bill" was at its highest, and the power of its opponents such that they could not desire more, he hesitated not to exert his utmost to publicly bring contempt upon them and their projects. He repeatedly expressed his disbelief of a Popish plot, and, in 1680, in his prologue to Tate's "Loyal General," downright accused the Parliament and people of endeavouring to bring about another "forty-one" and "forty-eight"—the dates of the commencement of the late Civil War, and of the execution of Charles I. respectively. The manner in which he accused the nation of having the will to be again guilty of treason and regicide, will be seen from the following quotation:—

The rest may satisfy their curious itch  
With City gazettes, or some factious speech.

\* \* \* \* \*

The plays that take on our corrupted stage,  
Methinks, resemble the distracted age;  
Noise, madness, all unreasonable things,  
That strike at sense, as rebels do at kings.  
The style of 'forty-one our poets write,  
And you are grown to judge like 'forty-eight.

In the epilogue delivered on the occasion of the opening of the King's House, 1681, Dryden alludes to the many Parliaments summoned by the King, all of which were unanimous in keeping him from extravagant supplies, as the "three last ungiuing Parliaments." In the same epilogue he mentions the two weekly

party papers—the Whig *Democritus*, and the Tory *Heracitus*; and refers to the numerous lampoons and pamphlets then being published and quickly sold all over the kingdom :—

'Tis not our want of wit that keeps us poor ;  
For then the printers' press would suffer more.  
Their pamphleteers each day their venom spit ;  
They thrive by treason, and we starve by wit.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet these are pearls to your lampooning rhymes ;  
Ye abuse yourselves more dully than the times.  
Scandal, the glory of the English nation,  
Is worn to rags, and scribbled out of fashion.

Late in 1682, when Shaftesbury and his friends had reached the climax of their power, Dryden expresses himself very bitterly against the Whigs, whom he flatly accused of treason, hypocritically hidden under the disguises of *advices* and *petitions*. For these petitions the Whigs were often called "*petitioners*," and the Tories, who presented many addresses to the King expressing *abhorrence* of those who plotted to curtail his prerogatives, were nicknamed for that reason, "*abhorrrers*." Dryden says, referring to an agitation just commenced to abolish the regular army, which consisted merely of the King's guards :—

These will no taxes give, and those no pence ;  
Critics would starve the poets,—Whigs the prince.  
The critic all our troops of friends discards ;  
Just so the Whigs would fain pull down the guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
As watchful shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.

Shortly before the union of the theatres, he tells the Whigs, in an epilogue to Southern's "*Loyal Brother*" (a thoroughly Royalist play, intended to eulogise the Duke of York who is indirectly its subject and title), that they are the natural recipients and exponents of nonsense and stupidity ; and at the same time he deplores the existence of two parties in the general community, frankly acknowledging that "small difference in their vices I can see." His devotion to the Tories was rewarded by the pleasure of seeing the Whigs lose daily in popular estimation ; and his exultation must have been extreme indeed, when, from the ruins of the two rival theatres, a new and flourishing company arose, the sole and unopposed exponents of the drama in London, who looked to him for guidance and support, and conformed their every expression agreeably to the sentiments of Whitehall, and their best endeavours to the interests of Toryism.

Before directing attention to Dryden's prologues and epilogues written after the union of

the theatres, it may be as well to notice briefly those composed for the University of Oxford. These compositions were delivered by the King's company on the several occasions of their visits to the University (1680 to 1682 inclusive) for the purpose of improving their fortunes, and are mainly remarkable for the fulsomeness of the panegyrics on the students. They contrast the refined taste of the scholars against the depraved sentiment of town, where nothing would succeed without dances and sensational shows. In one of them it is asserted that "none of our living poets dare appear" before the Oxonians (of course with the modest exception of Dryden himself), because,

Conscious of their faults, they shun the eye,  
And, as profane, from sacred places fly.

They are particularly elegant in thought and language, being studded with learned allusions and refined wit, to suit the educated capacities of the audience, and were thoroughly anti-Whig—agreeable to the Tory and Royalist sentiments of the University, as well as to those of the poet himself. In them the popular party are accused of fostering anarchy and sedition ; much contempt is expressed for the Dissenters, who, under the designation "Jack Presbyters," among other things, are said to "knock out a tub with preaching every day ;" and an utter disbelief is affirmed of the very existence of a Popish plot. There are five of these prologues and two epilogues now extant ; and it is certain, from allusions in them, that the King's company visited Oxford at different intervals upon five several occasions at the least.

And now there remain the prologues and epilogues written after the union of the theatres. That event happened when the whole country was convulsed by political agitation, and at the critical time when the headlong popular tide was beginning to recede, owing to the strenuous efforts made by Royalist enthusiasts. The struggle for supremacy became, if possible, more exciting after the partial defeat of the over-confident and, till recently, stronger party, and was kept up with varying success through the remaining years of the reign of Charles II., and during the short reign of James II., until, in fact, the Revolution of 1688, which drove James from the throne and finally established the power of the Whigs above the ruins of court or Tory influence. It will be readily conceived that Dryden, with his enthusiasm for Royalty, and his passion for politics, would not be a mere spectator of the great party encounters. He, indeed, was one of the foremost

champions of the lists; and besides engaging the enemy with home-thrusts from his prologues and plays, he employed, occasionally, heavier and more formidable weapons in the shape of satires and lampoons. It will not be surprising, therefore, when we find that political—rather than social—matter forms the staple component of the prologues and epilogues of the period of strife. The sentiments contained in the prologue delivered on the occasion of the union of the two theatres, from which quotations have been already given, were really the professions of Dryden's political faith, from which he never deviated. In that prologue he commences by advising the agitators—whom he terms "rogues," "penny scribes," "madmen," and "traitors," to go over to their dear plantations and join the "Quakers," and "Associators," and other sects of the poet's abhorrence, in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. He ridicules, as cant, the Whig demand "to be free;" and adds, that common sense ought to have shown the demagogues they would "catch a tartar" as the result of inciting the people to rebellion. For the Tory party he exultingly claims, "the victory with us remains;" and, alluding to the recent execution of College, a joiner and Whig poet, and to Slingsby Bethell or to Cornish, both sheriffs of London and popular leaders, he concludes the prologue by expressing a fervent desire that

Whig poets and Whig sheriffs may hang  
together.

Soon after the trial and acquittal of the people's idol, Shaftesbury, Dryden produced his "Duke of Guise"—by which title the Duke of Monmouth, whom the popular party were endeavouring to legitimize, to the exclusion of the Duke of York, was obviously meant; and, both in the play and in the prologue and epilogue attached to it, the Whigs were mercilessly satirized. In the prologue, the acquittal of Shaftesbury is ascribed to "ignoramus juries," a term which took well with the public, for it was repeatedly employed in succeeding prologues and epilogues. The epilogue to the "Duke of Guise" is remarkable for the attack upon the "Trimmers," a name given to a number of politicians who wavered between both parties, inclining to the one which gained a temporary advantage. Halifax was the leading Trimmer, and the cleverest politician of the day; and not a slight comparison can be made between these neutrals and the Adullamites of our own times—especially when we consider the wonderful genius of the chief of the

"Cave." However, Dryden was particularly bitter against the Trimmers, and the passage in which he tells them they "are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring" deserves to be fully quoted:—

Damned neuters, in their middle way of steering,  
Are neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring;  
Nor Whigs nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;  
Nor birds, nor beasts; but just a kind of bat:  
A twilight animal, true to neither cause,  
With Tory wings, but Whiggish teeth and claws.

History shows that this "middle way of steering" obtained for Halifax the premier-ship; and we know, from recent appointments, how successful it has been in our own times. The Trimmers were also sharply attacked by Dryden, in his prologue to Lee's "Constantine the Great," produced in 1684.

The Rye House Plot had now been discovered, and the leading conspirators—Algernon Sidney, Lord W. Russell, and others—condignly punished. The Duke of Monmouth—the Protestant hope—had been banished the country, received again into favour, and ultimately exiled for meddling with Whig intrigue. In 1685 Dryden wrote his play, "Albion and Albanus," in honour of the King and of the Duke of York; but Charles died before it could be produced. In the epilogue reference is made to the first public act of the new King, which was solemnly to pledge himself to uphold Church and State as established by law. The epilogue says:—

Plain dealing for a jewel has been known,  
But ne'er, till now, the jewel of a crown.

How the King broke faith with the people, and the fate of Monmouth's uprising, we all know; but Dryden is mute on these points. He had now become a Roman Catholic, and during the four years which composed the reign of James he wrote nothing for the stage. The King had his sympathy, but the dramatist knew the danger of advocating the enforcement of novel and arbitrary changes upon the public. The Revolution of 1688 deprived Dryden of the laureateship and of all state allowances, so that he was obliged to write for the theatre for the sustenance of life. He re-appeared before the public in 1690 as the author of "Don Sebastian," in the prologue to which he alludes to his reverses, and calls himself a "cast poet" and a "vanquished foe." His abject apology to the audience, for the hard hits he had deservedly given them, forms a unique and distasteful contrast to the bold, unfearing spirit that elsewhere inspired him to

attack the vices and follies of his countrymen. The prologue wittily remarks,—

There's no pretension  
To argue loss of wit from loss of pension.

And farther on, referring to the new penal laws by which no Roman Catholic was allowed to possess a horse of more than £5 in value, he satirically assumes that the statute did not apply to Pegasus, whose value was not as yet limited by Act of Parliament.

Horses by Papists are not to be ridden,  
But sure the muses' horse was ne'er forbidden;  
For in no rate-book it was ever found  
That Pegasus was valued at five pound.

Shortly after the appearance of "Don Sebastian," an operatic adaptation of "The Prophetess," by Beaumont and Fletcher, was produced. For this opera Dryden wrote a prologue, but after the first night its delivery was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain. The ex-King James was at that time making great endeavours to secure Ireland to himself; and Dryden's remarks upon the "Bogland captives" were construed as savouring of antagonism to the English Government :—

Each brings his love a Bogland captive home;  
Such proper pages will long trains become;  
With copper collars, and with brawny backs,  
Quite to put down the fashion of our blacks.

Good effects on public morals soon resulted from the Revolution, for, in a prologue to his next play, "Amphitryon," adapted from Molière, and produced in 1690, he complains that having no vices before him to satirize, he must, for sheer lack of subject, turn blockhead. The production of "King Arthur," in 1691, and of "Cleomenes, or the Spartan Hero," in 1692, immediately preceded that of his last and worst play, "Love Triumphant, or Nature will Prevail," 1693, in the prologue to which he announced his determination to retire finally from the theatre.

The social questions during this period (1686—1693), are discussed by Dryden more frequently in his epilogues than in the prologues. We find repeatedly allusions to the stormy occupants of the "Bear Garden"—the eighteen-penny pit; to the "vizard masks" who frequented the "mid gallery;" and to a new nuisance—the gentlemen's servants, who, imitating their masters, created much disturbance in their quarter of the house, "behind stairs."

The vice of betting became so fashionable that Dryden found it necessary to attack it

pointedly in his prologue to "King Arthur," 1691, where he says :—

The courtiers bet, the cits, the merchants too,  
A sign they have but little else to do;  
Bets at the first were fool-traps, where the wise,  
Like spiders, lay in ambush for the flies,

In his prologue to "The Prophetess," he alludes to two popular amusements of the day : one called "Dumbfounding," the point of which lay in perplexing a victim by some stupid hoax; and the other termed "Selling Facetious Bargains," the wit of which consisted in inducing a second person to ask a question, and then answering it by a ready-made retort containing some immoral or immodest reference. This last recreation, it appears, was very popular among ladies.

The representative actors and actresses of this period were Betterton, Mountfort, Kynaston, and Mesdames Bracegirdle, Betterton, Barry, and Mountfort. Betterton was the first actor of the day, and took the place of the disgraced Haines. Mrs. Bracegirdle succeeded to the mantle of Nell Gwyn, of whose extraordinary vivacity and influence over the affections of the audience she possessed a double portion. Some of Dryden's prologues and epilogues were written expressly for delivery by Mrs. Bracegirdle, whose fascinating manners and virtuous career were the admiration of her contemporaries.

In the prologue to his last play, "Love Triumphant," declaring his intention to retire into private life, the poet makes a curious last Will and Testament, containing various bequests to the different portions of the house. To the public and the "noble age"—

He leaves you, first, all plays of his inditing,  
The whole estate which he has got by writing.

\* \* \* \* \*

He leaves his manners to the roaring boys,  
Who come in drunk, and fill the house with noise;  
He leaves to the dire critics of his wit,  
His silence and contempt for all they write.

\* \* \* \* \*

Last for the fair, he wishes you may be  
From the dull critics, the lampooners free.

The epilogue assumes the poet's decease. And so Dryden, the intellectual giant who towered far above the heads of his contemporaries—Congreve, Wycherley, Southern—and of the host of talents who helped to create the palmiest days of English dramatic literature, made his bow and retired from the scene of more than thirty years' triumphs.

THE  
STORY OF TOM SOPER'S WILL

"WHAT induced him to do it?" was the question.

"Heaven knows!" was the answer.

But the long and short of the matter was this:—

Mr. Tom Soper, an attorney by profession, had established himself, many years ago, in the little town of Cogswell, under the patronage of old Lady Dudgeon, who was a distant cousin of his; and, being a man of agreeable manners, he became so great a favourite with that lady that, not only was the management of all her affairs placed in his hands, but it was generally supposed that she had, in a manner, adopted him—he being an unfortunate orphan, of about five-and-thirty—and intended to endow him with all her worldly possessions, when she should require them no longer herself. But Mr. Tom Soper was an ambitious man, he was an impatient man, and was not content to look forward to a happy future, but wanted a happy present as well; and, in seeking that happiness, which with him assumed the shape of money, he permitted himself so to manage his relative's affairs that a portion of her income found its way into his own purse. Lady Dudgeon discovered these proceedings, and there was a hot quarrel. Mr. Soper was forthwith disadopted, and sent about his business; he had killed the goose that laid the golden eggs, and went about declaring that it had only died to spite him, that any reasonable bird would have lived through the operation and been all the better for it—a little gentle bleeding for the good of its health. Lady Dudgeon, however, refused to look upon it in that light, and forthwith installed another distant cousin, a young lady this time, in the position of first favourite. People said that Mr. Soper's ingratitude had broken Lady Dudgeon's heart and hastened her death; but, as she survived that little episode some ten years and was eighty-eight when she did die, perhaps old age had as much to do with it as anything else.

Mr Soper, on receiving the melancholy tidings, put on his hat and went up to the house of mourning; for, said he, notwithstanding certain unpleasant misunderstandings that had arisen between him and the deceased, he had ever regarded her with unlimited affection, and all differences were forgotten in the grave, and moreover, as next of kin, it was his melancholy privilege to take the management of affairs into his own hands. This claim of

being next of kin startled everybody, but nevertheless was a just claim; Lady Dudgeon had outlived all her nearer relatives, and no one had given a thought to the matter except the party most interested—and that he was interested to a very great extent was soon proved by the discovery that there was no will. No, poor little Miss Champion had to pack up her things and go home again; and after ten years of expectation and seclusion with old Lady Dudgeon this was hard; but there was no help for it, so home she went, and became in due time a governess.

As inheritor of Lady Dudgeon's wealth, Mr. Soper retired from business and became a popular man—popular from mere dint of money; he spent profusely, built schools, erected a pump, gave a stained glass window to the church, and Christmas dinners to the poor, and, what was more than all, he founded a literary and scientific institution, which was to do wonders in the way of elevating the masses; and as to those who were not of the masses there was no foretelling to what a height they might be exalted: it was only to be hoped that the Cogswellians would not get a severe fall through pride.

All this, you will understand, is by way of introduction, simply necessary for the understanding of what shall follow.

It had been determined to open the institution with great splendour. All the neighbouring gentry were to be invited; there was to be a scientific address by a professor brought expressly from London; there were to be mineralogical specimens, and geological specimens, and other wonders of a like nature; telescopes, microscopes, stethoscopes—that is to say, stereoscopes: and the proceedings were to conclude with a ball and concert in the great room of the "Black Lion," adjoining the institution; and, save that the weather was as bad as bad could be, the affair was as successful as could be desired. A particular success—as the forerunner of Cogswellian enlightenment—was the professor's address. He was a little quick man, who, with the aid of a glass of water, undertook to discourse for half an hour on the indestructibility of matter. Everybody considered him very affable for a man of learning, and he had the pleasantest way of imparting knowledge that you can imagine.

"Now," he began, abruptly, "you no doubt often think you have destroyed something."

Mr. Soper was sitting in the very centre of the first row of cane-bottom chairs, and on him the professor fixed his sharp eyes when he



spoke; naturally, perhaps, but Mr. Soper didn't like it.

"A bit of paper for instance," said the professor—and Mr. Soper began to fidget in his chair—"you put it on the fire, we will say, it burns, and then—it is destroyed? No such thing!"

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Soper.

"I mean, my dear sir, I mean, ladies and gentlemen, that it is simply altered, not destroyed; it was once paper, now it is so much tinder, so much vapour. You will understand, before I have finished my address, that what once has been, always will be; and that what is, always has been under some shape or other. Perhaps at the present moment"—here he took a sip of water—"I am imbibing a portion of a love-letter written one hundred years ago."

Mr. Soper allowed the professor to conclude his discourse without further interruption, leaning back in his chair thoughtfully, and paying no heed to the words of knowledge. He complained of not being very well; and when the first part of the entertainment—the scientific part—came to a close, and the dancing and feasting was about to begin, he excused himself from further attendance. He was an old man now, he said, and would leave that sort of thing to the young people; so he went round to the bar of the "Black Lion," and ordered them to put his horse to, while he fortified himself with a strong glass of brandy-and-water, the night being a particularly nasty one; and on the top of that he had another glass, still stronger, and then, pulling his coat well up about his ears, and his hat well down over his nose, he got into his gig, and went rattling down the street.

There was no mistake about the rain; it was that dogged, downright rain that evidently means to make a night of it, and yet was not of that steady description that may be circumvented by an umbrella, or a particular inclination of the body. No! it was in league with the wind, which was howling with the force of forty lunatic asylums let loose, and blown hither and thither in a wild, disorderly manner there was no guarding against; and then the horse, instead of running straight a-head, as a horse should do in the experienced hands of Mr. Soper, insisted on a zig-zag course, as though with the idea that, if he could but make a flank march, he would get behind the wind and be all right.

There! it was decided at last. It had been a matter of contention, all along, between Mr. Soper and the wind, as to which should have his hat: he naturally thought that he had a

right to his own property, but the wind seemed to be of a different mind, and the wind got its way. Mr. Soper had put down his whip, and clapped his hand upon this coveted property, and had he kept it there the victory had been his; but the wind was not to be baffled like that; it made a feigned attack on the apron, which was well buttoned down, and would have resisted all efforts at dislodgement, but Mr. Soper, forgetting this, fell into the snare, and left his hat unguarded for a moment, only for one moment, but that was enough. With a scream of triumph, the wind caught it, and whisked it off into the darkness, and there he sat, bareheaded to the beating of the pitiless rain. There was no help for it, that he knew at once, for the hat must be miles away by this time, so he tied his handkerchief over his head, though it was very soon wet through, and drove doggedly on. The rain got down his neck, and through the handkerchief, and under the handkerchief, and into his eyes, so that he could scarcely see, and into his ears, so that it sent a cold shiver all through him—there was one particularly cold and penetrating drop that made him shake his head, as it went on its voyage of discovery into the inner cavities of his ear—and all this time that brute of a horse was dodging, first on one side and then on the other, and the very hedgerows, as well as he could see them in the darkness, seemed, blown as they were with the wind, to be setting to one another in a ghostly fashion; and it was altogether the most uncomfortable drive that Mr. Soper had ever had. But the only thing to be done was to whip his horse, and keep him in as straight a line as possible.

"Tom Soper!"

He pulled up suddenly, all in a tremble, and looked over his shoulder, expecting to find some one in the spare seat of his gig, for the voice that called him seemed close to his ear, but no one was there; and then he peered into the darkness, right and left, and then, with an angry shake of his shoulders, muttered, "Bah! 'twas only fancy. What a fool I am! Get on, old horse." And, with a lash of his whip, away he went again, splashing through the mud.

"Tom Soper!"

There was no mistake this time, yet, though he turned round very sharply, he could see no one; and then his hair fairly stood on end, except that portion that was held down by the handkerchief.

"Who's that?" said he.

"You can't see me," said the mysterious voice, "so it's no use looking."

"Who are you?" asked Tom Soper.

"The Ghost of the Last Will and Testament of Lady Dudgeon."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the unhappy man, and sat plump down on the wet cushion; for he had stood up, you must understand, when he looked round.

"Yes, Tom, 'tis all true what the professor said; you can't destroy anything. You thought you had destroyed me, didn't you, when you threw me on the fire, and watched the smoke go curling up the chimney? but you didn't destroy me, you only killed me. My body, the black cinder, was buried in the dust-bin; my spirit, that smoke that you watched, went up the chimney and joined the clouds. Rather mixed company up there, Tom, I can assure you—all sorts of low forgeries and lies—so that I am glad to get down again; and now, at this present moment, Tom, I am snugly ensconced, in the shape of a drop of water, in your right ear—no! it's no use, you can't get at me with your finger—and there I mean to remain until I evaporise."

"Shall you be long evaporising, sir?" asked Tom, humbly.

"Yes, some time! I am such a big drop, you see. But, don't you make any mistake, you have not got rid of me when I do. I mean to take lodgings there, so that I can run up—or, I should say, run down—whenever I like, and find myself at home. I mean to haunt you, Tom."

"Good Lord!" said Tom, for the second time, "was ever man haunted with the ghost of a last will and testament before?"

"Perhaps not. And, what is more, there is the ghost of the codicil somewhere about. I'll take lodgings in your other ear for him, for I shall be sure to meet him in my ramblings abroad."

"Heaven defend me!" said Tom, "for I am an old man, and very repentant."

"Ah Tom, Tom! how could you do such a thing? Robbing that poor girl of her money, not to mention the five hundred pounds left to the clergyman in the codicil. How could you find it in your conscience to rob that good man and that innocent girl, eh?"

"I had no conscience then," said Tom, whimpering, "but it has grown upon me since, and I'm very sorry; and I'll build another literary and scientific institution if you'll leave off haunting me."

"Literary and scientific institution! Rubbish!"

"I'll leave all my money to the poor when I die."

"It won't do, Tom, it won't do. You must set the wrong right."

"Give up the money?" said Tom, in great fear.

"Well, I might ask you to do that with perfect justice, and to pay interest for the time you have had it; but I won't do that, for a reason best known to myself."

"You don't mean that I have not long to live?"—he was more frightened now than ever.

"Never mind what I mean," said the voice; "only when people have come to your age they shouldn't get wet through. If you had not burnt the will, you would not have had the money; and if you had not had the money, you would not have built the literary and scientific institution; and if you had not built the literary and scientific institution, you would not have been here to-night; and if you had not been here to-night, you would not have got wet through; and if you had not got wet through, you would not have—ahem!"

"What shall I do! oh, what *shall* I do!" said Tom, "I am so very sorry."

"You must do this," said the ghost, "and I must make haste and tell you, for I am evaporising very fast. You must make your will at once—the very first thing to-morrow morning."

"So pressing as that?" murmured Tom.

"And, in the first place, you must leave that five hundred pounds to the clergyman; he has sixteen children already, and will be very glad of the money."

"Yes, yes," said Tom; "I'll do that, and leave the rest to Fanny Champion."

"No such thing! Leave half to Fanny, and the other half to Jerry Simpson."

"Jerry Simpson! and what has he done?"

"When Fanny was living with the old lady, Jerry fell in love with her, but was too proud, or too modest, or too something or other—you would think too foolish—to say anything to her, as she was then looked upon as an heiress. But, since the altered state of circumstances, Jerry has spoken out, and they have got themselves engaged to one another, but cannot marry just yet, for want of means. Now, if you leave all the money to Fanny, Jerry's spirit will be up in arms again, and no one can say what will follow; but you leave it between them, and it will make things right."

"I will! I will! But would it be honest to depart from the terms of the—the—"

"The burnt will? Bah! how can you talk of honesty and the burnt will in the same breath. Do as I bid you, and if you do not,

so much the worse. But I can't stay, I'm going fast"—here the voice became very faint. "I'm evaporating, Tom, or I'd stay with a great deal of pleasure. Good-bye, and mind you do as I bid you. Good-bye, *for the present.*"

And so the voice died away.

Tom Soper never knew how he got home; but the servant who opened the door to him always declared that he got home in a wet bundle, in the bottom of the gig, perfectly insensible, and in that state he was put to bed, and a doctor sent for; and in the morning, more ominous than the dreaded tick of any death-watch, came a lawyer; and Tom Soper made his will, and such reparation as lay in his power for the wrong he had done.

In less than a fortnight that will had to be read, and people declared that it was the most incomprehensible will that was ever penned; for, as to Miss Champion, it was known that Tom Soper had had what amounted almost to an aversion for her; Jerry Simpson, who was then up in London being turned into an architect, was no more than a speaking acquaintance; and there was not a penny bestowed in charity. The trustees of the schools, the guardians who had to keep the pump in repair, the board of the literary institution, and, in a word, everyone connected with any of the local charities, declared flatly that the five hundred pounds had evidently been intended as a charitable trust-fund, and even went so far as to quarrel among themselves as to its distribution; but the clergyman, happening to differ from them *in toto*, kept the money for his own use and benefit; and so the literary and scientific institution, which it had been in contemplation to call "The Soper Lyceum of Science," came to a speedy end for want of funds, and the building stands desolate and untenanted—(there is a talk of turning it into a lunatic asylum, but the "Black Lion" has petitioned against it)—even unto the present day—a melancholy monument of the vanity of human wishes.

Everyone said it was the most incomprehensible will ever penned; and so one-half of Cogswell asked, "What induced him to do it?" and the other half answered, "Heaven knows!" But the above may be taken as a true statement of the matter, though how the facts came to be known—whether they were divulged by Mr. Soper himself, or whether the ghost of the last will and testament paid a second visit to earth and told the story—must remain a profound secret. All that it is necessary to say is, Jerry Simpson and Fanny Champion were married, and lived happily ever afterwards.

## TABLE TALK.

A WRITER on "The Picturesque in Literature," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for October, recalls the anecdote told by Moore, that Sir W. Scott pooh-pooh'd the idea that he ever saw Melrose Abbey by moonlight, although his famous description not only led everyone to suppose that he had done so, but also set the fashion to tourists to visit it "by the pale moonlight." Turner also so represented it on canvas in a picture painted for Mr. J. F. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Leeds. Washington Irving very pleasantly refers to the perplexities of "devout pilgrims," who vainly endeavoured to see Melrose by moonlight on nights when there was "no moon," or when the moon was obscured by clouds and mists. But John Bower, the Melrose guide (who dedicated "to Walter Scott, Esq., of Abbotsford," his "Description of the Abbey of Melrose," published in 1813), was found equal to the emergency. He stuck a double tallow-candle on the end of a pole, carrying which he preceded his visitors on their tour of inspection, and thus made his own moonlight. Nay, it was even better than the real thing; for though, as he sagely said, "it does na licht up a' the abbey at aince, yet you can shift it aboot, and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side." John Bower also gave printed directions for taking a very novel view of the ruins:—"Turn your back to the building, stoop down, and look at it through your legs, when the effect is astonishingly grand" (p. 41).

THE clever and eccentric James Burnet, Lord Monboddoo, who had witnessed the death of Captain Porteous, in 1735, and who died in Edinburgh, May 26, 1799, aged 85, was possessed of many whimsical ideas besides that of riding from Edinburgh to London on horseback, because the ancient Greeks did not ride in carriages, and because it was degrading to the dignity of human nature to be dragged at a horse's heels. His best known theory is that advanced in his "Essay on the Origin and Progress of Language,"—the first volume of which, by the way, is believed to have been written by John Hunter, Professor of St. Andrews, who was his secretary—it is, that the primitive man was an ape, born with a tail and deficient of articulate speech. To carry out his theory, he took up the case of Peter the Wild Boy, and, conceiving that in him he had discovered a corroboration of his opinions, he published a full account of

him in his "Ancient Metaphysics," placing implicit faith in all the statements made concerning the Wild Boy, by Dean Swift, in his witty piece of satire, "It Never Rains but it Pours." Facts were shaped to suit the Monboddó theory, that as man improved, he gradually extirpated his tail by continual docking, or that it was lost by what we have since been taught to call the process of natural selection. But Lord Monboddó so believed his own theory, that he was greatly disappointed when Sir Joseph Banks told him that he had failed to find those tailed islanders in the Bay of Bengal, who had been discovered, a hundred and thirty years before, by a mythical Swedish skipper; and he further so manifested reliance in his own creed, as to watch at the bedroom door whenever a child was born in his house, feeling convinced that the nurse, in deference to the prevailing fashion, would pinch off the tail of the baby. He had a very beautiful daughter, and when, as Lord of the Session, he had a house in St. John's Street, his parties were attended, among other notabilities, by the poet Burns, who, when Miss Eliza Burnet died, celebrated her charms of mind and person, in an "Elegy on the late Miss Burnet, of Monboddó." She could not have featured her father, whose face, as shown in the painting by J. Brown, and still more so in the profile etching by Kaye, was very much of the caricature nutcracker model. He courteously received Dr. Johnson and Boswell at his "poor old house" of Monboddó; and the latter, in his *Hebridean Journal*, gives a long account of their conversation with the eccentric and learned judge, who, however, would appear to have then preserved silence as to his favourite theory of human tails. How Lord Monboddó would have rejoiced, could he have obtained reliable evidence of an instance of his theory being an actual fact. Yet such a case has been recently reported to us by the medical journals, which tell us that there was lately brought to M. Gosselin, at the Hôpital de la Charité, an infant five weeks old bearing at the end of the trunk an appendix five centimètres long, a little thicker than a goose-quill, and slightly tapering at the free end. On examination, M. Gosselin found it to be soft, and apparently not a prolongation of the vertebral column. So that, after all, there may be more in Lord Monboddó's theory than Sir Charles Coldstream would care to acknowledge.

AS AN INSTANCE of the way in which the most select books sometimes become the receptacles for items completely foreign to their

subjects, I may cite an amusing tale of a great plum pudding which has found its way into a recent biography of the late Colonel Colby, sometime director of the Topographical Survey of Britain. The book is brimful of details about theodolites, measuring chains, mappings and contourings; yet in the very heart of it comes a paragraph that might have been cut from some Christmas toy-book. At the end of a season's surveying operations it was the custom of Col. Colby to give his men the keys of the provision chests to provide themselves with a farewell feast, and the standing dish on such occasions was an enormous plum pudding. The approved ingredients were a pound of raisins, a pound of currants, a pound of suet, &c., to each pound of flour; and all these quantities were multiplied by the number of mouths in the camp, the result being a mass of well nigh a hundred pounds weight. Every camp-kettle was brought to help mix the materials in: some breadths of tent lining were converted into a pudding-cloth, and a large brewing copper was borrowed for the boiling. Four-and-twenty hours was the time allowed for this, and relays of men were told off to keep the fire up and supply the waste of water, the pudding being suspended from a cross-beam to prevent it from burning. Officers and men, all sat down to the mess and ate of the pudding, their after-dinner toast being, "Success to the Trig," which the uninitiated may require telling was the nickname for the Trigonometrical Survey.

FROM the days of Theophrastus to those of Lavater, physiognomy has been a study that has commended itself to the philosopher no less than to the artist. But, doubtless, there are few of us who would consider ourselves such contemptible observers of human nature, as not to be able to discriminate our neighbour's faculties and dispositions merely from the study of the external symbols of his face and expression. Yet, if we are given a book of photographic portraits of persons unknown to us, and are told to give a rough description of their characters from the mere observation of their pictured likenesses, what absurd mistakes should we make. Perhaps we should not approach to a correct delineation in one case out of ten; and our diagnosis would more frequently be false than correct. Although the proverbs tell us, "*Fronti nulla fides*," "You must not hang a man by his looks," yet, in real life, many a murderer may look like an innocent man, and *vice versa*. For example: the Parisians who have turned the

Pantin massacre to their own pecuniary profit, have been selling photographs that were alleged to be likenesses, now of Tropmann, now of the elder M. Kinck, but which were, in reality, those of Francis Deak, the Hungarian patriot. And, if anyone will turn to the patriot's likeness, as given in ONCE A WEEK, for July 21, 1866, he will not feel much surprise at Deak's portrait being made to do duty for that of a less virtuous man.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following lines on

### CHIMING AND RHYMING.

"Oranges and Lemons!"  
 Say the bells of St. Clemen's.  
 Though why they say so,  
 I really don't know.  
 Perhaps they thus chime  
 For the sake of the rhyme:  
 Perchance they thus speak  
 To please "Once a Week,"  
 Whose new Christmas Annual—  
 For all a good manual—  
 In its name doth belong  
 To St. Clemen's chime-song;  
 Rhymed as though by a Hemans,  
 "Oranges and Lemons!"  
 Buy 'Oranges and Lemons!'"

A CORRESPONDENT: Although I do not agree with the estimate as to the present influence of Cowper's poetry, expressed in the article at page 279 of ONCE A WEEK, yet I heartily subscribe to what the writer says regarding the famous "John Gilpin." But there is a curious circumstance relating to this poem which is worth calling to mind. However acceptable it may have been to Cowper's immediate friends, yet it fell flat and dead on the public, and owed its first popularity to an actor. This was the famous Henderson, whose form and handsome features have been made known to us by the pencil of his friend Gainsborough. Henderson died, somewhat suddenly, Nov. 25, 1785. During the Lent season of that year, he and Sheridan had united in public readings, at Freemasons' Hall. These entertainments, now so general, were then a novelty, and met with the greatest success. The author of "Henderson's Letters" says of him, with regard to his public readings—"He read into reputation some things which seemed to have been gathered to the dull of ancient days, and, but for such a revival, had, probably, been still covered with

the cloak of oblivion" (page 256). One of these was Cowper's poem of "John Gilpin's Ride," which, thanks to Henderson's inimitable and masterly elocution, speedily became so great a favourite, that "one print-seller sold 6000 copies" of it, although it "had been several years before printed in one of the public papers, but scarcely noticed" (page 257). But, although the actor's talent did so much to win a wide popularity for "John Gilpin," yet, sooner or later, the poem was certain to achieve fame. It has provided the artist with a rich series of subjects for his pencil. One of its latest illustrators is Mr. H. Fitz-Cook, in the handsome volume published as a Christmas book by Messrs. Longman and Co. But I know of no cleverer illustrations to "the diverting history" than the ten outline drawings published, in oblong folio, by Mr. Cundall, in 1845. They are said to be "by a young artist," whose name is not given. But they may be proudly owned by Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., who, soon after, in his "London out of Town: by Luke Limner, Esq.," gave further proof of his great versatility of talent and power to illustrate a humorous story.

IN THE RECENT REPORT (the second) of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the employment of children and women in agriculture, a Dr. Batt is quoted as objecting to the early labour of boys in the fields, because it tells upon them in after life, so that "when they get to be about fifty, they go at the knees." But is not this the case with the majority of mankind? Yet, Dr. Batt's remark reminds me of what the elder Mr. Weller said to his son (in "Humphrey's Clock") concerning the signs of the approaching failure in health and strength of Mr. Pickwick, "Samivel, my boy; the grey's a-going at the knees."

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# ONCE A WEEK

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XVII.

**H**E had only become partially unconscious. When they assisted him to rise he glanced round the room confusedly, and appeared to be in search of something.

"Where's my card-case?" he muttered.

"Are you better?" asked Fenwick, offering him a glass of water, which he put aside with his hand.

"Better!" he echoed, gradually recovering his usual manner and looking surprised at the question. "There is nothing the matter with me."

"You seemed to be fainting just now, and tumbled on the floor," said Bentley Wyvern.

"By Jove! How very singular! I thought I had merely been stooping to pick up my card-case. It must have been as you say, however, for it is in my pocket. But didn't you tell me, Wyvern," continued Sir Charles, after a pause, "that the necessary evidence had at last been obtained?"

"It is here. You were somewhat overcome by the unexpected intelligence, I suppose."

"Ah! no doubt. But there is this difference between good news and bad, that one recovers much more quickly from the effects of the former than of the latter. My intended visit to Colonel Crawford may now be postponed for an indefinite period," added Sir Charles, looking meaningly at Bentley Wyvern.

"Yes," said the latter, "I have saved you from that disagreeable alternative."

Sir Charles took up the certificate and contemplated it for some seconds in silence. What a future that paper promised to open out before him! Instead of spending the best years of his life with a small income in a country chiefly composed of immense plains,

without a tree to afford shelter from the scorching sun, he was now not only able to remain in his native land, but to enjoy all the luxuries obtainable by the possession of eighty-thousand a-year. No more overdue accounts, he thought, no more duns, no more legal proceedings which threatened to result in his being confined in a debtors' prison. And Florence—he could now ask her to be his wife—ask her to share with him his wealth and his advanced rank. That very afternoon he would seek an interview with her, and set all his doubts as to her loving him at rest. Then, if he found that she was willing to marry him, he would at once make known their attachment to the rector. But in the midst of the baronet's reflections he remembered that he was not alone—remembered, too, the object of his visit to Lombard Street.

"Let me take this opportunity of thanking you, Mr. Towers, for the important service you have rendered to me," he said, holding out his hand.

"Oh! I have already made a suitable acknowledgment to him," said Bentley Wyvern, coldly, "and I shall send him a cheque for sixty guineas in the course of the day. Calculating the time that you have been absent in Devonshire, and the extra sum that you were to receive in the event of your being successful, I believe that amount, Mr. Towers, is correct?"

He had noticed that his own share in bringing about the discovery made at Doddington—though he had twice called attention to it pretty plainly—had not as yet met with any recognition from the baronet, and was determined therefore to remind him that Fenwick's exertions had been dictated by mercenary motives only. It is true, that a little while previously he had himself been courteous enough to express his sense of the obligation conferred, but just then he was desirous of making a favourable impression on the young man, in order the better to surprise him into a confession of his actual relations with Mary Clare. In that object Bentley Wyvern had

not been quite successful; but the annoyance which his question had evidently occasioned, convinced him that an attachment existed on one side, at least. Having none of the fine instincts of a gentleman, he was altogether unaware that his allusion to Fenwick, as one who was merely hired to perform a certain work, would be very distasteful at such a moment to him whose necessities had obliged him to undertake it. But even had the manager of the assurance company known that this would be the case, it is improbable that he would have refrained from availing himself of the opportunity safely to indulge in a sneer at the expense of one whom he had begun to regard as his rival.

Fenwick tacitly acquiesced in the statement as to the amount of money due to him; and, after a few words of congratulation to Sir Charles, took his departure.

"You don't seem particularly grateful to me for all the money I have spent, and the trouble I have taken in this matter," said Bentley Wyvern in the course of the conversation which ensued.

"Oh, I am exceedingly indebted to you, and in more senses than one," replied Sir Charles, laughing. "By the bye, you left home unusually early this morning."

"Yes; I had a good deal of business to transact. Did you wish to see me before I went out?"

"Well, the fact is, that writ greatly disturbed my peace of mind. I wanted to tell you that I should have to keep out of the way till arrangements were made for my going abroad; but, thank Heaven! there's no occasion now for expatriating myself."

"But you could have told me that this evening. You have some days to spare yet, haven't you?"

"Not one: so it would not be prudent to go back to your place. It's an action on a bill of exchange, and in a few hours I should be liable to arrest. I thought there were four days more remaining, but it was a mistake of mine. However, as things have turned out, it doesn't much matter. You can manage to pay it for me, I dare say, now that there is no risk of your losing the money."

"You are a little too late in your application. I drew a cheque for a large sum this morning, which will prevent my being able to assist you," said Bentley Wyvern, with some hesitation.

"Oh, come! you don't mean to say that you can't let me have a thousand pounds to settle this matter?"

"I never keep a large balance at my bankers. There are too many ways of employing it more profitably."

"Ah, I understand; consols, shares, and that kind of thing?"

"Yes," said Bentley Wyvern, abstractedly.

"Then there can be no difficulty about lending me the money. Sell out or borrow on their security, or whatever it is that people do in these cases."

Bentley Wyvern had important reasons for not awakening the slightest suspicion as to the true state of his finances. Besides this, it would be imprudent not to show a strong desire to assist the baronet. The refusal which he had given the day previously could be excused on the ground of the great uncertainty of his visitor ever being in a position to repay the sums already lent; but such a plea could no longer be urged.

"May I consider the matter arranged?" continued Sir Charles, finding that he received no reply. "I am going to Upfield Rectory this afternoon, and I don't wish to have any further anxiety on the subject."

"If you see Mr. Clare, and my name should be mentioned, don't forget your promise."

"There is not much probability of my having an opportunity of saying anything in your favour. In fact, I hardly know what you wish me to say, unless it is that you are likely to make a good husband for his younger daughter, a point upon which my opinion is not worth much."

"You know the object that I have in view, therefore what you say may be left to your discretion. I may tell you, however, that last night I asked the rector's consent to my becoming a suitor for Mary's hand."

"The devil!" exclaimed Sir Charles. "You have not wasted much time in courtship, at any rate. And what answer did you receive?"

"I have reason to believe that it will be favourable: he has asked for time to consider my proposal."

Sir Charles did not look very much overjoyed at this intelligence. Had it been left to his own choice, he certainly would not have selected the man standing before him as a brother-in-law. Twenty-four hours previously the baronet had felt no repugnance when the proposal was made to him in the billiard-room at the Old Hall; but it must be remembered that he was then a man of broken fortunes about to settle in South America, while now his succession to a peerage was all but assured. He twisted up an end of his moustache very tightly, and shook his head as he said, "I'm afraid you

will have some difficulty in winning the affections of a girl like Mary Clare. It is unnecessary to ask whether she has given you any encouragement to hope that she may be induced to become your wife, because I saw from her manner last night that such cannot have been the case."

"But you haven't observed anything which leads you to imagine that she has a feeling of dislike towards me?"

"Not at all. It seems to me, however, that there's a great distinction to be made between a woman who regards you with complete indifference, and one who has begun to love you."

"It is rather difficult to tell when a girl *does* regard one with complete indifference," said Bentley Wyvern, with a slight sneer. "In your own case you have told me that you are in doubt as to the real state of Miss Clare's feelings, though she is so frequently in your society."

"Well, well, I don't wish to enter upon that subject just at present. The question is, will you pay this money for me? You can have my acceptance for double the amount if you wish it. Such a security is not quite so worthless as it was yesterday."

"Until your case has been brought before a committee of the House of Lords, it would be useless as a means of raising money. But if you appeal to my friendship, I am willing to undertake the settlement of this debt."

"Without taking my acceptance?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone of pretended surprise.

"No, I think it will be better that this loan, like the former ones, should be legally acknowledged in that way."

The baronet laughed, and soon after took his departure in the highest spirits.

Mr. Bentley Wyvern then proceeded to get his own cheque cashed, and paid the amount due for interest on the Turkish bonds. In accordance with a plan which he had conceived for the temporary settlement of Sir Charles's debt, he made his way to the offices of Messrs. Hickory, Hickory, and Blade, whom he instructed to communicate with the attorneys in the case, and offer his guarantee that the money should be paid in three months from that date. The state of his pecuniary resources did not admit of his doing more than this, but he entertained no doubt that the proposal would be accepted.

"Poole and Poole," said Mr. Blade, looking at the back of the writ—"most respectable people. I dare say it can be managed. They won't object to converting a very doubtful security into a good one. Costs to the present

time, and three months' interest at five per cent., to be paid down, of course. Well, I am going to the neighbourhood of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the course of a few minutes, and will call upon them myself. If you like to accompany me thither in a cab, I can let you know the result of my interview. As you have explained to me that Sir Charles Pennington's name to a bill is of very little value, I presume you have private reasons for becoming his security, otherwise I should advise you to let matters take their course."

He had been present when Bentley Wyvern had stated a supposititious case in reference to the bills which he had received from Sir Charles, and the attorney was somewhat curious to learn whether the present proceeding had any connexion with it. But it was a rule with his client never to be unnecessarily communicative about his affairs, so he merely expressed his readiness to accompany Mr. Blade to the office of the plaintiff's attorneys, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"Very well, I shall leave you outside in the cab," said Mr. Blade. "But you will not be kept waiting very long. Most respectable people, and consequently much more easily dealt with than those we call sharp practitioners."

On their way, Mr. Bentley Wyvern laid the basis of an agreement with his companion which promised to be mutually satisfactory. Messrs. Hickory, Hickory, and Blade were to recommend those of their clients who had occasion to insure their lives to avail themselves of the great advantages offered by the establishment in Lombard Street. In return for this disinterested proceeding, the company in question was to pay a handsome commission to the said firm, not merely on the first year's premium received in each case, but on all succeeding ones. I have said that this promised to be mutually satisfactory, because the manager of the Leviathan Assurance Company, in addition to a large salary, pocketed an annual bonus upon every new policy issued.

Mr. Blade remained closetted with Messrs. Poole and Poole for a much longer time than he had anticipated. In fact, they would entertain no other proposal than that of paying the whole of the sum due without delay. At the expiration of nearly an hour he returned, with rather a long face, to the cab door, and stated the particulars of his interview.

"I can't understand their tactics, Mr. Wyvern; they are resolved to make no compromise."



"Did they object to me as an insufficient surety?"

"Nothing of the kind. Their refusal seemed rather the result of personal feeling against your friend. Of course, this may be an erroneous impression on my part, but it is the only way in which I can account for the course they have determined upon pursuing."

Mr. Blade was not altogether mistaken. Messrs. Poole and Poole happened to be the solicitors to the present Earl of Bideford.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

IT occurred to Sir Charles Pennington, as he rode down the long country lane leading to the rectory, that it might be desirable to say nothing about the intelligence which he had received that morning until he had declared his love for Florence, and ascertained whether she reciprocated his passion. He had begun to realise his altered prospects, and had already become more exacting as to the amount of devotion that he had a right to expect from his future wife. It was no longer sufficient for his happiness that she should be willing to marry him. He must be sure that he was really loved. If he had reason for fearing that he had not awakened such a feeling, it would be better to endeavour to forget her. Such was the conclusion he arrived at as he dismounted at the door of the rectory and gave his horse to the care of Joe, the stableman. Mr. Clare just then made his appearance round an angle of the old-fashioned house, and beckoned to the baronet.

"Very glad to see you, Sir Charles," said the rector, with a great show of cordiality. "Come with me into the study. I want to have a little private conversation with you."

"I can guess what you are going to speak about," said Sir Charles, when they had entered the room. He was thinking of his marked attentions to Florence, and imagined that an explanation was about to be asked by her father.

"Indeed! Well, sit down and you shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether your surmises are correct."

Sir Charles took a chair and prepared to listen. The rector remained standing, in accordance with his usual habit, when he had anything very particular to say.

"You will very readily understand"—he went on—"that as a father it is my duty to do all that I can in order to secure the happiness of my children?"

"Quite so."

"Your friend, Mr. Bentley Wyvern, has

asked my sanction to—in fact, to paying his addresses to my daughter Mary. Now, I entertain a very high opinion of his private character, as far as my short acquaintance with him enables me to judge. He has given substantial proofs of his benevolence, and beyond that I have reason to believe that he is a sincerely devout man. Added to all this, I understand that his means are ample?"

"Oh yes; I believe he has plenty of money."

"Can you in confidence give me an idea of the extent of his fortune?"

"I haven't the slightest notion. Yet stop—I certainly *do* know of a sum of £60,000 to which he is entitled," said Sir Charles, smiling. "Besides that, I know that he has a good deal of money invested in various ways; but how much he is worth altogether is more than I can tell."

"That is quite sufficient," said the rector, slowly rubbing his palms together. "Great riches are not always conducive to happiness."

"Then you have decided upon accepting him as your son-in-law?"

"After mature consideration, I have. But there is one question that I wish to ask you, which is not altogether an unimportant one. Fortunes are often very quickly made in the City. Do you know anything of his family?"

"Nothing whatever. But I have heard him say that he has not a single relation living, with the exception of a cousin who is somewhere in America."

"In that case it does not much matter. But as a rule it is very desirable to know something of the family connexions of the man who is about to become one's son-in-law. Mr. Wyvern has promised to call here this afternoon, and it will afford me much pleasure to give him my full consent to the marriage that he proposes."

"But that's only one part of the affair. As yet, I am pretty certain that Miss Mary Clare doesn't care a pin for Wyvern."

"I know nothing about that. When she becomes aware of his intentions, it will, probably, make all the difference in her feelings towards him. But I am detaining you here, when, I dare say, you are about to take your usual ride with Florence. If you are not otherwise engaged, join us at dinner on your return."

Not being very certain of the mood in which he should return, Sir Charles excused himself upon the plea that he was in riding dress. He found Florence by herself in the drawing-room.

"Is this what you call punctuality?" she asked, as he entered. "Three o'clock was the hour that you were to have been here, and it is now exactly a quarter to five, if I may trust that French time-piece."

"But French time-pieces are always either too fast or too slow. It's only half-past four," said he, looking at his watch.

"Too late to ride out to-day, at any rate, for it's beginning to rain, and I have just sent Silky back to the stable."

"I was unexpectedly obliged to go to the City to-day, and——"

"Oh don't make any excuses. I forgive you, in consideration of your general good conduct."

"I feel grateful. You know that I am never so happy as when in your society," he said, taking a chair beside her.

"I heard you say so a day or two ago; but I am not silly enough to believe it."

"I mean it from the depth of my heart."

"Your visit to the City seems to have made you sentimental," she said, with a laugh.

"Perhaps it *has* somewhat affected my spirits," he replied, gravely.

"I hope it hasn't depressed them, for I have a horror of gloomy people."

"Let me talk to you seriously, Florence."

"Pray don't. I prefer your being as cheerful as possible."

She was about to rise, but he took her hand, and gently prevented her.

"Will you not listen to me, when I tell you that I love you?"

"Sir Charles, I cannot allow you to address me in this way," she said, turning away her face.

"Why?"

She made no reply, but endeavoured to disengage her hand.

"Is it because you have heard that—in short, that I am as poor as a church mouse?"

"I have heard just the contrary."

"You mean that you have been told that I am the claimant to an earldom?"

"Yes."

"But suppose I confess to you that, within the last few hours, news has reached me which destroys all my hopes in that respect?"

"I should regret it very much, for your sake," she replied, turning her head, and looking at him steadily.

"Do you love me sufficiently to marry me under such circumstances?"

Sir Charles was but a poor actor. She saw that it was an artifice designed to test her, and shaped her reply accordingly.

"What have I said to lead you to believe that I would marry you under any circumstances?"

"Nothing, as yet," he answered, a little ruefully.

"I think you had better wait till I have made up my mind upon the subject."

"And when will that be?"

"Quite as soon as you deserve," she replied, coquetishly.

"I admit that I am by no means clever——"

"Ah, you are too candid."

"Not a bit of it," he said, unconscious of the sarcasm. "I repeat, that I'm not clever; therefore it isn't so easy to express all that one means. But let me at least say, that my love will be undivided and unfaltering. In return, I shall expect that yours will prove the same."

"Upon my word, you are very amusing. Suppose, in the event of my becoming your wife, I should fail in reaching your ideal standard of love—would you have me bow-strung?"

"Better that you should not marry me——"

"Than run the risk of being bow-strung? I quite agree with you."

"No: than give your hand to one that you don't sincerely love," he said, somewhat impatiently.

"But what was that which you said just now about having received news which destroyed all your hopes—is that really so?"

"No."

"Then why did you make such a statement?"

"I put the case hypothetically, you must do me the justice to remember. The truth is——"

"Well, what is the truth?" she asked, observing that he stopped abruptly.

"The only document that was wanting in order to establish my right to the earldom, and the estates which go with it, was placed in my possession this morning."

"Oh, my goodness! Then you are not as poor as a church mouse, after all!"

"That's not a disadvantage in your estimation, is it?"

"If it is, I am quite willing to overlook it," she said, demurely.

"Perhaps the knowledge that I shall be able to offer you something more than mere love, may induce you to tell me whether you can reciprocate my feelings," said Sir Charles, slightly piqued.

"Not in the least. The answer that I gave you a few minutes ago is the answer that I shall give you now—you must wait till I have

examined into the state of my heart. Now that you are going to become a great lord, the fear of the bow-string is more than ever before my eyes," she said, rising.

"It's a consolation to hear that you *have* a heart, for I began to fear that you were without one."

"Very complimentary to me, certainly. If you knew how it is throbbing at this moment you would not have any doubt on that subject."

She only spoke the truth; but it was not love that quickened its pulsation. The certainty that she now had a coronet within her reach was what inwardly agitated her. She had somewhat erred through excess of caution at the outset of their interview, and knew that she must be wary in retracing her steps.

"What am I to understand by that?" asked Sir Charles, after a momentary pause.

She drooped her lustrous dark eyes, but made no reply.

"Do you then really love me?" he continued, taking her hand.

"I won't make any confession to-day," she said, breaking from him and running out of the room.

"She is confoundedly skittish; but it's plain that she is very much attached to me," thought the baronet, as he mounted his horse.

## MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.

BY A LADY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AN article of mine which appeared in ONCE A WEEK, Feb. 16th, 1867, containing an account of a visit to a tobacco factory, involved me in a rather curious correspondence: numerous writers of letters sent to me through the editor, not being aware that it was a lady whom they challenged to prove certain statements.

But the correspondence was a stimulus to further inquiry and research, and tobacco being an article of world-wide interest, the result of my investigations is here presented to the reader. Though neither John S. Mill nor Miss Becker has claimed the use of this drug as one of woman's privileges, yet the last few years having been an era in the history of woman's social status as well as an era in the history of tobacco, a woman claims not only to write upon the subject, but, from the very fact that she has no practical experience to guide her pen, she also claims the indulgence of the reader. For if these tobacco gleanings

prove superficial—suggestive rather than conclusive—they have at least been carefully culled, and honestly and impartially arranged.

The use of narcotic drugs to lull the senses, and to dispel those fits of despondency to which man in all parts of the world is subject, would appear to be of great antiquity.

If we except the *nepenthe* of the ancient poets, to Indian hemp (*Canabis Sativa*) may, perhaps, be traced the earliest records of this species of indulgence, though some writers suppose that tobacco itself was not unknown in pre-historic times. Herodotus describes the Scythians as burning Indian hemp on hot stones, under a tightly closed tent of woollen felt or fleece, and inhaling the fumes until they became "transported with delight,"\* or, as another translator has it, until they "howled aloud for joy." The Chinese claim to have been smokers for many ages. Meyeu, a traveller in China, speaks of sculptures on which he observed the same kind of pipe as that now in use; but the precise age of these monuments is not proved, and the pipes may have been used for opium smoking. However inseparable from the eastern picture of our day are the narghile, the hooka, and the chibouk, there seems to be no well authenticated evidence, either from oriental writings or from ancient monuments, that any instrument answering the purpose of a pipe was in use among the ancients; neither do we find in Holy Writ any allusion to the use of drugs which affect the senses in the manner of opium, hemp, or tobacco; but of intoxication as proceeding from drink only. How long smoking had prevailed in the new world when it was discovered, we have no means of ascertaining. Wilson affirms that "the practice of smoking and burning the leaves of the tobacco plant, reveals itself among the remotest traces of human arts in the new world;" and that nothing more clearly proves its antiquity than the "totally distinct and diverse names by which the various tribes designated it." While in the eastern hemisphere tobacco is used merely as an indulgence, among the aborigines of the new world the pipe was held in religious reverence, and was "intimately interwoven with their rites and superstitions," and probably "filled the place of the golden censer in the gorgeous rites of pagan and Christian worship."† The vast numbers of relics of elaborately carved pipes found about the

\* Beloe's Herod., vol. iii., p. 54.

† Wilson's "Pre-historic Man," vol. ii., chapter on Narcotics.

ancient altars are strongly suggestive of the sacred significance of tobacco smoking, even perhaps its origin.\* Under the Mosaic dispensation, the burning of incense in expiatory sacrifices bears some analogy to the propitiatory pipe of the Indian tribes; and as ethnologists have traced the Mongolian type in the Aztecs and other extinct races of America, it seems not unreasonable to assume that this peculiar feature in religious ceremonies may have had one common origin.

Prescott also mentions the universality of the sacred pipe among the Indian tribes, from the extreme north-west to Patagonia;† and it has been well authenticated that the Aztecs astonished the Spaniards by their use of tobacco, smoking cigars and highly embellished pipes, and taking snuff after the fashion of modern times. Columbus also found the Cubans with "rolls of dried herbs in their mouths," and was "astonished as well as disgusted" to see the aborigines inhaling tobacco smoke through their nostrils from a forked pipe in the form of the letter Y, "until they fell to the ground insensible." The name of this instrument was called a *tabacos*, the same as that applied to the sheath of maize or envelope in which the Caribbeans wrapped the weed: hence most probably its European name, tobacco; though others are of opinion that it was called after the island of Tobago, where Columbus first found it, or from Tabaco or Tabasco, in Utacan, where the Spaniards first used it.‡

Whether the present use of tobacco can be traced beyond the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries or not, it certainly now prevails in every habitable part of the globe; and where tobacco is not easily attained, a substitute has been found. Thus the Peruvian Indians chew the coca leaf, and attach to it the same religious reverence which the northern tribes do to tobacco. In Malacca, Cochin China, and some of the East Indian islands, the Penang or betel nut is in such general use for chewing that a box to contain it is an essential article of furniture, and a case for it slung to the belt is a common appendage to the dress; as in

\* Wilson's "Pre-historic Man," vol. ii., chapter on Narcotics.

† Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," vol. i., p. 130.

‡ The probability is that all these names may be traced to the same source and dialect—the province from the plant abounding there, the pipe and sheath from what they contained. The mute *s* in the two words, the hard *c*, and the broad *a* of the second syllable rendering the sound of each name almost identical.

China, where all classes and both sexes smoke, a silken pocket to contain the pipe and tobacco is an ordinary article of dress among young girls. In many parts of Central and South America, as well as in oriental countries, smoking is common with both sexes from an early age. In the Philippines, preparations called *siri*, *ganga*, &c., &c., and *buyo*, are chewed by man, woman, and child. Every one carries a case of *buyos* in his pocket, and offers one to the stranger; as in Manilla, they offer a cigar. The *buyo* is made of the betel-nut, or of a root having the same properties, pulverized with a sea shell containing a strong alkali, dried in the sun and then rolled in a *buyo* leaf, cheroot fashion. In some of the islands the betel-nut, sprinkled with *chunam* or shell lime and wrapped in a leaf of the red pepper plant, is chewed in the same manner. The alkali is to correct the acidity of the nut, and the red pepper leaf counteracts the impoverishing effect upon the blood. The betel-nut tree has been naturalized in Jamaica, where its properties for chewing are in growing esteem. The modern Arabs not only smoke Indian hemp under the name of *haschische*, but chew the betel-nut and a plant called *kad*. There is also a plant called *guncha*, which is grown abundantly for consumption in Siam, and which possesses many of the intoxicating properties of opium. When smoked, its effects are at first exhilarating, and followed after three or four hours by a deep sleep, ultimately producing diseases similar to those created by the inordinate use of opium; of which, independently of the *guncha*, there is in Siam an amount to the value of £150,000 sterling annually consumed.\* So impossible was it found to arrest the evil of opium smoking, that in spite of the King of Siam's decree, in 1839, the drug has since been legalized and its growth permitted. From the flowery and magniloquent decree alluded to, one concludes that "His most gracious and sublime Majesty, the King of angelic Siam," was himself proof against the fascinations of smoking; for, "from the time that his Majesty ascended peacefully to rule the kingdom, . . . he, being endowed with very much sublime and exalted compassion," . . . did "perceive that opium was a thorn in the bosom of the divine religion of Buddha and of the angelic country." Therefore the King—the god Buddha being at the head—did "with solicitude exercise his divine mind to silence and cut off opium;" and having "graciously con-

\* Sir John Bowring's "Travels in Siam."

descended to the tuft of hair of the head with grace to the head," commanded the royal servants to clear away the opium concern out of the exalted and angelic cities, . . . and inflict punishments on all who," &c., &c., . . . so that "opium, being all gone, the thorn in the bosom of the land will have been removed entirely;" and so forth, and so forth, to the extent of several pages. A similar effort to check the use of opium was made in China, but so ineffectually that the cultivation has been since permitted; and, to the lamentable displacement of grain crops, carried out to a ruinous extent.

Thunberg, in 1771, found the Hottentots cultivating hemp especially for smoking, they finding tobacco not sufficiently strong, and therefore mixing with it hemp-seed chopped very fine.

One of the most fearful consequences of the immoderate use of hemp-seed and opium is a peculiar species of madness, called in Borneo and the East *amok*. It is an uncontrollable and passionate frenzy, similar to delirium tremens. The victim to this rash indulgence becomes a terror to the community. He rushes frantically at whomever he meets, brandishing a weapon, and shouting, *Amok! Amok!*—"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!") Men, women, and children flee in all directions as from an enraged tiger, until, in self-defence, the madman is shot down like a wild animal. The common expression among sailors, "running a-muck," is derived from the reckless furiousness of this *amok* madness.

It is remarkable that, however rigorously the smokers and snuff-takers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were dealt with, tobacco owes its first introduction into Europe to its reputed medicinal virtues. *Plante de St. Croix*, *Panacée antarctique* or ("Southern heal-all,") "Holy healing herb," *Herbe de la Reine* (Catherine di Medicis, to whom the seed was first brought), *Herbe propre pour tous les maux*, *Herbe sanctée*, *Herbe médicée*, *Herbe du Grand Prieur*, were among the names by which it was then known. "*Panachæa*, divine tobacco," was Spencer's designation of it. The Church was its first and bitterest opponent. But in spite of anathemas thundered at it, in spite of a whole battery of fines and cruel penalties, and the combined eloquence of divinity, law, and physic hurled against tobacco, smokers have not only puffed away defiantly, but *Nicotiana* has won votaries exceeding those to be numbered at any other shrine in the history of the human race—and this within a period of about 300 years. Let

us follow her introduction and reception in the Eastern Hemisphere.

In 1560, Jean Nicot, an agent of Francis I. of France to the Portuguese settlements of the new world, procured some seed from Florida, and presented it to the Queen. Through the French court tobacco became known throughout the Peninsula; a manufactory at Seville early establishing the reputation of Spanish snuff—for in this form tobacco was at first chiefly used. Snuff-taking grew to be so fashionable an indulgence, and its accompaniment—sneezing—so inharmonious in the services of the sanctuary, that Pope Urban VIII. was compelled to issue a bull excommunicating all those who should take snuff in church. In England, tobacco smoking having meanwhile been introduced by the popular favourite, Sir Walter Raleigh (who used to sit at the door of the "Pied Bull Inn," Islington, and at a goldsmith's shop, in London, and smoke "the newly-introduced weed," to the great astonishment of the passers-by), it was reckoned the fashionable thing among the wealthy; and, during Elizabeth's reign, met with no great opposition. Not so, however, in the north of Europe, where Christian IV., of Denmark, inflicted heavy fines upon smokers; and in Russia their noses were cut off—the Grand Duke of Muscovy going so far as to hang the offenders. Meanwhile, tobacco was introduced into Africa and Persia, by the Portuguese, and thence, as some suppose, to India and China; and, during the first part of the seventeenth century, smoking became at once so popular throughout Southern Europe and the East, that the severest punishments were impotent in checking it. The traveller, Sandys, describes the habit of smoking as new to the Turks in 1610.\* They "took it in reeds that have joyned to them great heads of wood to containe it." But the Turks could enjoy it only on the sly. "They took it in corners, and were glad to procure what the English considered unsaleable," the Sultan Amuret having decreed that all smokers and snuff-takers should have their noses cut off. The Grand Vizier had pipes thrust through the noses of smokers, and thus had them led through the streets. Mahomet IV. punished smoking by death; the Shah of Persia had noses snipped and ears cropped in vain; and James I. did his utmost in the way of fining, writing, and legislating, to restrict the importation, the cultivation, and the use of tobacco in England. All tobacco crops were, by his orders, to be

\* George Sandys's "Travailes," lib. i., p. 52.

rooted up; "for," wrote the royal pedant, "it is less intolerable for tobacco to be imported among other superfluities from beyond the seas, than that the soil of this fruitful kingdom should be mis-employed and abused in the cultivation of it."\* Until Virginia was colonized, all the tobacco imported was raised by the Spaniards in the West Indies; and upon that James levied a tax of, at first, 2*d.* per lb., afterwards increasing it to 6*s.* 10*d.* per lb.

When—*cir.* 1616-20—the ~~new~~ colony of Virginia began to abandon other manufactures for the cultivation of tobacco, James, not daring to prohibit it entirely, enacted that no planter should raise above one hundredweight *per annum*; and in the latter part of his reign a law was passed that England should be supplied solely from the American colonies. Doubly hateful was the obnoxious pipe to this monarch of fastidious tastes and impoverished coffers. "Some of you do bestow £300, some £400 a year upon this precious stink," he protested. "Ye do make the filthy smoke and stink thereof to exhale across the dishes and infect the air;" for, to his infinite disgust, the pipe was lighted even at dinner-time. "The stinking fumes thereof do nearest resemble the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless;"† and a great deal more in a similar strain wrote the king, who, says Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq:—

In quilted doublet and great trunk breeches,  
Held in abhorrence tobacco-smoke and witches.

Cromwell endeavoured, no less vainly, to check smoking, and sent his soldiers to search out and tread down all tobacco fields. Stow called it "a stinking weed, much abused to God's dishonour," and says it was indulged in by most men and many women; and Evelyn testifies that at Cromwell's funeral—"the joy-fullest he ever saw"—the soldiers smoked all along the streets in procession.‡ More recently a Japanese ruler has averred that the Catholic missionaries had done more harm by the introduction of tobacco than by the introduction of their religion into the celestial island. The Japanese fills his little pipe every five minutes, and even gets up in the night to take a few whiffs and sip his tea.

\* King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco."

† King James's "Counterblast to Tobacco," p. 12.

‡ "Diary and Correspondence of John Evelyn," vol. i., p. 330.

## FROM THE KHAN OF ÄIVADJIK.

MY window is unglazed, and looks even smaller than it is, from the thickness of the mud wall in which it is set. It may be two feet six—or, being in Turkey, I ought to say, *one arshin*—high, and about half as broad. As I look out of it this is the picture which it frames:—Foreground: *right*, a Turkish house, with the grass growing green over its flat mud roof, close diagonal lattices covering the windows, and an untenanted stork's nest on the top of the dilapidated chimney: *left*, a space half garden, half dunghill, surrounded by a rough stone wall coped with briars; garden, since it nourishes a fig-tree and a few tobacco plants; dunghill, in virtue of the materials which compose it, and which furnish a couch to a dying camel, the *râle* in whose throat, as he laboured for breath all last night, was distressing to hear. Sundry dogs have sniffed him over this morning, and seemed satisfied; crows, too, have been hopping over him, and, with the sidelong look of connoisseurs, evidently regard him as all right from their point of view; so let us hope a few hours may put an end to the sufferings of the poor beast. A line of olives, almonds, and quinces, from which (in Turkish, *äiva*) the town takes its name, define the foreground; behind it the ground falls steeply away, and the lancet tops of the cypresses just showing above the fruit trees, indicate that the necropolis is down in the valley. Middle distance: a stony waste, with cultivated land beyond, sloping up to a pine-wood, which overlooks a valley on the other side. Distance: tier upon tier of mountain range, the outline of whose fantastic crests invades the top of my frame, and leaves the landscape on a very short allowance of sky. Looking inwards, my apartment is a room about nine feet square, whitewashed in places, a fire-place in the mud wall, an unpainted wooden ceiling, a rough door, half painted, half not, the walls stained, smudged, and begrimed with mildew and filth. My seat, a low wooden divan, occupies all one side of the room, and on the other side is my bed, composed of four layers of thin mattresses; the upper stratum is clean, viewed by the Khan standard of cleanliness, but of the lower strata the less said the better. The boards of the floor are an inch asunder, and I have the satisfaction of seeing my mare underneath, where, Turk-like, she has been placed in seclusion, because the inmates of the chief stable are all of the other sex. I have appropriated the only table

in the Khan. Its special vocation is to stand in the paved yard and be played cards upon by camel drivers, who are fond of that pastime; to-day the chalk scores have been sponged off, and it experiences the novel sensation of being written upon. I say novel, because Turks never write on a table, but always on the palm of the left hand steadied on the knee. The smell of this room is more pungent and *prononcé* than the rest of the Khan, because my mare's quarters, being rarely used, are never cleaned; the flavour of the rest of the Khan is made up of drainage, goat's hair, and rank oil. The sounds which reach me in my room are more lively than usual; the conscription is going on, and the martial ardour of the Moslem is kept alive by the ceaseless shrieking of seven pipes, which furnish melody to the fundamental bass of five tedious drums, played with one thin and one thick stick, and giving forth this sound—



for ever and ever. I believe I am not slandering the seven pipers when I say, that beyond a general understanding as to the nature of the performance, each selects or improvises his own melody. It may be, however, that the music is concerted, and the harmony too subtle for the ear of a Giaour like myself; or, perhaps, the whole is a discord which will resolve itself into concord at the end, this day fortnight, when all the recruiting is over. *Allah belir*: I shall not be "there to see." More familiar, happily, are the sounds of bells, merrily tinkling to the trot of the mule, or marking in measured clang the sober tread of the camel. Then there is the alternate thump and twang of the great mortar which never rests, and in which all the folk of Äivadjik pound their coffee; and at this moment there is a vocalist in the *café* below, whose performance, though a sore affliction to the stranger, is a joy and delight to the native. By means of the muscles of his neck he pumps up all his voice into his head, whence it issues through the nose, noisily; the effort is great, the veins knot, the face reddens; apoplexy or bursting seems imminent, for he loves to harp on his very highest note; but while he looks as if immediate bleeding alone could save him, he suddenly lets his voice slide down the gamut, and thus slurringly ends his *strain*. This crisis occurring every dozen bars or so renders the comprehension of the music very difficult to the uninitiated. And now I must leave the

Khan for a while, as my old friend, Ahmet Bey, the Caimakam of the district, has asked me to join him at breakfast.

The repast is over; a Turkish major, or Bimbashi, commanding the recruiting party, and the collector of customs, made up the party. Everyone has heard all about Turkish meals—the large round tray, with slices of bread round the edge; the *hors d'œuvres*, the dish in the middle, out of which everybody feeds himself with his own fingers, or, if soup, with a wooden spoon—therefore I will merely give the *menu* of the breakfast. The *hors d'œuvres* were honey, pickled capsicums, preserved quinces, and Arabian butter. The soup was a thin *potage au riz*, to which the cook had endeavoured to import richness by adding goat fat—the result was tallowy. "Kefta," or fried sausage-meat, came next, and, eaten with the pickled peppers, was good. After this there was "ebeh-gumeji," the mid-wife's dish, consisting of meat stewed with mallows and rice, and flavoured with lemon—quite eatable. Sliced aubergines fried in oil followed; and then came the pilaff, upon which my Turkish friends were very severe, varying the savour of it with the butter, and honey, and jam before described; in fact, they rather made pigs of themselves. Melons succeeded, then a kind of *halwa* strewn with almonds, and a dish of stewed quinces. Then followed the usual soap-and-water business, with coffee and pipes, over which Ahmet Bey related the following story, laughing immoderately himself, while his Turkish guests were "in fits." I did what I could in the same way, and repeat the story in the hope that some reader may be tickled by it, as three-fourths of our breakfast party was this 2nd day of November in the Konak of Äivadjik.

Sultan Mahmoud had two jesters, Säid Effendi and Abti Effendi, who, feeling the want of a little serious pleasure to relieve the tedium of perpetual joking, took a holiday, and went to Kiatchané. Mahmoud could not get on without his fools, and raged at their absence; but no one could tell him where they were. In the evening they returned, and Säid presented himself to the Sultan.

"Where have you been, you dog? you—&c., &c., &c."

"Effendim, I have been watching over my colleague Abti, who is sick."

"Sick! what is the matter with him?"

"Pardon, Effendim, he has a severe tooth-ache."

"Is the dog's tooth decayed?"

"With your permission, Effendim, it is so."

"You are sure it's decayed?"

"I am."

"Go, then, and fetch him immediately."

Off goes Säid, finds Abti, and tells him he has squared everything with the Padishah, and all he has to do is to wrap his head in a cloth, and sham toothache; to which Abti agrees, and both go to the presence as bidden. The Sultan inquires of Abti what he has been doing; and, in reply, Abti points to his wrapper, and whines out a story about his toothache.

"How!" replies Mahmoud, "you have a toothache? Your tooth is decayed, send immediately for a Jew to pull it out."

"Amān, Amān, Effendim! my tooth is not decayed, it is cold only which makes the nerves ache."

"He is a liar!" breaks in Säid. "His tooth is altogether *churuk* ('rotten'), but he is too cowardly to admit it."

"Send then at once for the Jew barber," shouts the Sultan.

"But my tooth," implores Abti, "is a most sound and excellent tooth; I pray that no filthy Jew may meddle with it."

"*Yalangı kepek!* ('lying dog!')" interrupts Säid; "he denies the rottenness of his tooth through fear of the Jew's pincers."

Meanwhile the Jew arrives, examines the wretched mouth, and, at a sign from the Padishah, whips out a double tooth, which the Padishah throws in Abti's face, and dismisses both his jesters with a long-winded execration.

I believe the chief point in the story is to be found in the very improper language which the monarch makes use of; but what I have given is the pith and marrow of it, and serves to convey an idea of the intellectual calibre of our provincial officials, three of whom, by no means subordinates, went into raptures over the miseries of the luckless Abti.

To return to the Khan. In all places of importance the Khan is built round a quadrangle upon which all its sub-divisions open. There are stables, stoves, generally a shop, and always a *café* on the ground floor; above are rooms for travellers, approached by a wooden gallery, included in the pent of the roof, which, in these districts, is usually let as a rope-walk, to the spinners of goat's-hair yarn. The Khan of Aivadjik is distinguished above its fellows for its deplorably tumble-down condition; however the rats are rampant in it, and furnish a guarantee to the sceptical

visitor of its stability. The gallery planks creak and bend under every footstep; the railings are rotten and broken; the uprights worm-eaten; the roof a thing of shreds and patches, whose cohesion is a miracle. Round the wall side of the gallery, once whitewashed, two draughtsmen have found convenient tablets for their productions. One, great in ships, has drawn, amongst a number of other vessels, the *Arcadia* and the *Amalia* besides a *chef d'œuvre* which marks him as a Greek patriot, consisting of a man of war, a frigate, very freely and originally handled, with the superscription—*Φρεγάς φέρων ζωτροφίαν τον εν τῇ Κρήτῃ πολεμοῦντον* "Ελληνοι". Ζητοῦ ἡ φρεγάς.\* The orthography is the artist's. The other seems to have nearly exhausted his talent on one zoological piece, consisting of a lion chained to a cypress-tree, a bird perched on his tail, which the king of the forest holds conveniently extended for that purpose, while a very scaly and complicated dragon looks on approvingly. At all events, with what remained of his talent, he has made only ducks and drakes, and those, apparently, experimental, being sketchy and anatomically defective. From this gallery may best be watched the business of the Khan, chiefly consisting of the *va et vient* of villagers bringing a horse or mule-load of produce for sale, the proceeds of which they convert into such luxuries as the bazaar of Aivadjik affords—coffee, sugar, and cheap manufactures.\* It is pleasant to behold the artlessness with which the khanjer, who is himself a dealer in produce, fumbles in every man's saddle-bags, and "takes stock" of his customer, if he be a stranger, by their contents.

There is plenty of room to speculate what this Khan might become if the Turks but knew how to profit by the bounties which nature has showered upon their land. Leaving the wealth of the mines and forests aside, there is nothing in reason which agricultural enterprise might ask of the rich loamy soil, to which it would not profitably respond; the wine, the cotton-plant, flax—all would grow here. As it is, the trade is limited to the natural productions of the district, valonia and olives; for there is no capital in the country, taxes are heavy, roads there are none, the population is scant, and every year sends sixty-four men—its best and stoutest—to waste their lives in the useless garrisons of the Sultan. But the evening is fast closing in, and my casement will soon cease to be the "glimmering square" which has lighted me so far; the autumn rain is

\* "A frigate carrying provisions during the war of the Greeks in Crete. Long live the frigate!"



dripping from the eaves, a flight of cranes moving southward is gibbering over head, the camel is dead and skinned, and the beasts and feathered fowls are realising their reverent interest in the carcase with all the avidity of hungry legatees.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

### NO. II.

ONE of Mr. Wallace's chief objects in visiting Borneo was to see the Orang-utan (or great man-like ape of the Eastern Archipelago) in his native haunts; and with this view he started in March, 1863, for the coal-works which were being opened near the Simunjon River, a small branch of the Sadong, a river east of Sarawak which it enters about twenty miles up. In this region was abundance of swamp, jungle, and virgin forest, and the Orang-utan, or "Mias," as it is called by the natives, was reported to exist here in considerable numbers.

Those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the natural history of the man-like apes, should study Professor Huxley's admirable essay upon this subject in "Man's Place in Nature." In this essay the Professor gives an historical sketch of the knowledge of these animals from 1598—when Pigafetta's "Description of the History of Congo" appeared—to the present date, when we recognise four distinct kinds, namely, the gibbons and the orangs of the East, and the chimpanzees and the gorillas which are found only in Western Africa; a fact which it has taken naturalists nearly two centuries to establish. For a long time there was a great confusion between the apes of Africa and of the Eastern Archipelago—pongos, mandrills, boggoes, pygmies, jockos, and orangs being regarded as more or less synonymous.

The first true orang that was ever brought alive to Europe was one that was sent from Borneo to Holland in 1778. It was well described and figured by Vosmaer, and after its death, which occurred in less than a year, it was dissected by the famous Dutch anatomist, Camper.

A couple of years later, M. Palm, the Dutch resident at Rembang, gave a graphic description of an orang hunt. After offering in vain a hundred ducats to the natives for an orang of four or five feet high, he heard that a live one had been seen in his neighbourhood. "For a long time, indeed, we did our

best to take the frightful beast alive in the dense forest half way to Landok. We forgot even to eat [what can more clearly express the intensity of a Dutchman's feelings!] so anxious were we not to let him escape. This game lasted from eight to four o'clock in the afternoon, when we determined to shoot him, in which I succeeded very well, for the bullet went just into the side of his chest. We got him into the prow still living and bound him fast, but next morning he died of his wounds." His length from the head to the heel was forty-nine inches; and his body was sent to Europe in brandy, but unfortunately the ship was wrecked.

This is probably the earliest authentic history of an orang hunt. There are few animals whose habits and mode of life are so hard to study as the different kinds of man-like apes. They inhabit regions impregnated with jungle-fever, and bounded for the most part by highly malarious coasts; and as Professor Huxley eloquently observes:—

"Once in a generation a Wallace may be found physically, mentally, and morally qualified to wander unscathed through the tropical wilds of America and of Asia; to form magnificent collections as he wanders, and, withal, to think out sagaciously the conclusions suggested by his collections."

Even with all his physical qualifications Mr. Wallace explored only an infinitesimal quantity of the great superficies of Borneo, as may be seen by a reference to the map of his travels; and what natural history wonders may be discovered when another Wallace arises and penetrates fairly into the interior it is impossible to conceive.

The following is a very brief abstract of Mr. Wallace's game-book, during his residence amongst the Orang-utans. Just a week after his arrival at the coal-mines, as he was collecting insects about a quarter of a mile from his house, he saw his first Mias. It was a large red-haired animal, hanging from the branches of a tree under which he was standing. It passed on from tree to tree till it was lost in the jungle. On this occasion the traveller seems not to have had his gun with him. About a fortnight afterwards he was told that one was feeding in a tree, in a swamp just below his house, and got a shot at it, the second barrel causing it to fall almost dead. It was a male about half grown, and scarcely three feet high.

On April 26th, when he was out with two Dyaks, he found another of about the same size, which, when he fired, fell with a broken

arm and a wound in its body. The two Dyaks attempted to secure it alive; but even in its wounded state, and although it was only half-grown, "it was too strong for these young savages, drawing them towards its mouth, notwithstanding all their efforts, so that they were obliged to leave go, or they would have been seriously bitten." It was then shot through the heart.

On May 2nd, he found one on the top of a very high tree, and fired at but did not kill it.

On May 12th, he secured a full-grown female, three feet six inches high, and with a width of arms of six feet six inches. She required five shots, but at last fell dead on a fork of the tree, from whence she was brought down by an agile Dyak.

Only four days afterwards a rather large female was reported as seen, and was killed after three shots. When preparing to carry it home they found a young one face downwards in the bog, and apparently unhurt. Of this interesting baby we shall say more presently.

Exactly a week after its capture (on May 23rd), Mr. Wallace succeeded in shooting a full-grown male Orang-utan. The history of his capture occupies several pages, and it was not till he had received six shots that he fixed himself on the branches of a tree, "in such a position that he could not fall, and lay all in a heap as if dead or dying." A messenger was sent for two Chinamen with axes to cut down the tree; in his absence, a plucky Dyak climbed towards the Mias, who then moved to a neighbouring tree, in the dense branches and creepers of which he almost completely hid himself. The tree was luckily a small one, and when the axes arrived its stem was soon cut through; but it was so braced by jungle-ropes and climbers to adjoining trees that it would not fall into more than a sloping position. At last a long and strong pull at the creepers caused it to shake very much, "and when we had almost given up all hopes, down he came with a crash and a thud like the fall of a giant. And he was a giant; his head and body being full as large as a man's. His out-stretched arms measured seven feet three inches across, and his height, measuring fairly from the top of the head to the heel, was four feet two inches. The body just below the arms was three feet two inches round, and was quite as long as a man's, the legs being exceedingly short in proportion. He had been dreadfully wounded; both legs were broken, one hip-joint and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were found flattened in his

neck and jaws! Yet he was still alive when he fell." His skeleton and skin now adorn the museum at Derby.

Nearly a fortnight after this adventure (on June 4th), some Dyaks killed a very fine full-grown male with spears and choppers, a few miles from the mines. The animal seized its first assailant's arm in its mouth, "making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner."

On June 18th, Mr. Wallace shot another fine adult male in the act of feeding on an oval green fruit having a fine red arillus, like the mace which surrounds the nutmeg, and which alone he seemed to eat, biting off the thick outer rind, and dropping it in a continual shower.

On the 21st, he secured an adult female: on the 24th, he killed a male of the largest size, who, after an arm had been broken, "reached the very highest part of an immense tree, and immediately began breaking off boughs all around, and laying them across and across to make a nest, so that in a few minutes he had formed a compact mass of foliage which entirely concealed him from our sight." From this retreat he could not be stirred by further shots, and it was only after the lapse of a couple of months that two Malays brought down the dried remains, when the skull was found much shattered by balls.

Three days later, he and his English assistant, Charlie, had a long chase after three small Orangs, who passed from tree to tree, at the rate of six miles an hour, so as to keep their pursuers on the run. One of these was killed, but could not be secured.

For six weeks from this time the author was kept a prisoner in the house with an inflamed ulcer.

He then proceeded up a branch of the Simunjon River to Semábang, where Orangs were said to abound. On the fourth day after his arrival he shot a full-grown male, of a different species from any he had previously seen. Finding no more Orangs here, he returned to the mines, and went up another branch of the river to a place called Menyille, where he was accommodated in the verandah of a Dyak house, in which were several great baskets of dried human heads. The very day of his arrival he shot an adult male of the small Orang,\* which fell dead, but was caught

\* Mr. Wallace met with two distinct species of Mias, one considerably larger than the other. He

in the fork of a tree, which was tall, perfectly straight, and smooth barked, and without a branch for fifty or sixty feet. He tried to persuade two young Dyaks to cut down the tree, but they preferred climbing up it. They first went to a neighbouring clump of bamboo, and cut out one of the largest stems. From this they chopped off about a foot, which they split, and thus made a couple of stout pegs, which they sharpened at one end. With an extemporised mallet they drove one of the pegs into the tree, and tested its secureness by hanging their whole weight upon it. When about two dozen of these pegs were made, they cut some very long and slender bamboo from another clump, and prepared some cord from the bark of a small tree. "They now drove in a peg very firmly at about three feet from the ground, and bringing one of the long bamboos, stood (*sic*) it upright close to the tree, and bound it firmly to the two first pegs, by means of the bark-cord and small notches near the head of each peg. One of the Dyaks now stood on the first peg, and drove in a third, about level with his face, to which he tied the bamboo in the same way, and then mounted another step, standing on one foot, and holding by the bamboo at the peg immediately above him, while he drove in the next one. In this manner he ascended about twenty feet, when the upright bamboo becoming thin, another was handed up by his companion, and this was joined on by tying both bamboos to three or four of the pegs. When this was also nearly ended, a third was added, and shortly after the lowest branches of the tree were reached, along which the young Dyak scrambled, and soon sent the Mias tumbling headlong down."

At this station he afterwards shot two adult females and two young ones; and on his return down the stream he had the good fortune to secure, after a long chase, with the water of the flooded country up to his waist, a very old male Mias, which, when measured, turned out to be by far the largest specimen he had met with; for though the standing height was the same as the others (4 feet 2 inches), yet the outstretched arms were 7 feet 9 inches (which was 6 inches more than in the animal killed on May 23rd), while the immense broad face was 13½ inches, whereas the widest he had previously seen was only 11½ inches, and the girth of the body was

3 feet 7½ inches. From these measurements Mr. Wallace is inclined to believe that "the length and strength of the arms, and the width of the face continue increasing to a very great age, while the standing height, from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, rarely, if ever, exceeds 4 feet 2 inches."

This was the last Mias that Mr. Wallace shot, making his sixteenth victim, and as nine of these were killed between April 24th and June 27th, the sport must be regarded as decidedly good. We give these details of his successful sport in the hope that we may induce some enterprising countryman to forego his deer-stalking for a season, with a view of trying his hand at his "poor relations" in Borneo, where he will not only find a hearty welcome from the Dyaks, who regard the Mias as their natural enemy, but may succeed in solving the problem referred to by Mr. Wallace, as to the supposed existence of a Bornean Orang as large as the gorilla.

At first sight it appears inexplicable why the Mias should only be found in special parts of Borneo and Sumatra; why, for example, it should be quite unknown in the Sarawak Valley, while it is abundant in the valleys east and west of Sarawak. The habits and mode of life of the animal explain this apparent difficulty. It requires a wide extent of unbroken and equally lofty virgin forest, where the country is low, level, and swampy, for its comfortable existence. "Such forests form their open country, where they can roam in every direction, passing from tree-top to tree-top without ever being obliged to descend to the earth." These conditions exist where the Mias is found, while in Sarawak there is no continuous forest, the soil being principally occupied by the Nipa palm.

The following is a brief summary of Mr. Wallace's account of the habits and mode of life of the Mias when at home in his native forests:—

He may be seen walking deliberately along the larger branches, in the semi-erect attitude consequent on the great length of his arms and the shortness of his legs; and this disproportion between the limbs is further increased by his walking on his knuckles and not on the palms of the hands. He chooses branches which intermingle with an adjoining tree, and seizing the opposing boughs, tries their strength and quickly slings onwards; never jumping or springing, yet managing to get along at the rate of six miles an hour. The long and powerful arms are of the greatest use in enabling the animal to climb with ease the loftiest

doubts the accuracy of the measurements of observers who have described Orangs more than five feet high.

trees, to pluck fruits for its food, and to gather leaves and branches with which to make its nest. We have already described how it forms a nest when wounded, but it uses a similar one to sleep on; and each animal is said to make a fresh one every night. If, however, this were the case, Mr. Wallace thinks that the deserted nests or their remains would be far more abundant than is actually the case. The Dyaks say that when it is very wet, the Mias covers himself over, after he has gone to bed, with leaves of pandanus or large ferns. He remains in bed till the sun has dried up the dew from the leaves. These animals feed all through the middle of the day; their diet consisting almost exclusively of fruit (which they prefer when unripe, sour, and very bitter), with occasional leaves, buds, and seeds. The celebrated Durian is a special favourite, and is eaten voraciously wherever it grows surrounded by forest, but they will not cross clearings to get at it. It is only in extreme cases—as when severely pressed by hunger or thirst—that they will descend to the ground.

According to the Dyaks, the only animals that ever venture to attack the Mias are the crocodile and the python; and they always fall victims to their temerity. The only chance which the crocodile has of attacking him is when the Mias is driven to seek food on the banks of a river; but on trying to seize him, the Mias springs on his enemy's back, and kills him by main strength, pulling open the jaws and ripping up the throat. One of Mr. Wallace's informants stated that he had seen such a fight. What a splendid subject for a picture by Landseer!

The habit which these animals have of throwing down branches upon their assailants, has been doubted by some writers; but Mr. Wallace has seen it on at least three separate occasions, in all of which, however, it was a female who behaved in this way.

These animals exhibit no gregarious tendencies. "I have never," says Mr. Wallace, "seen two full-grown animals together; but both males and females are sometimes accompanied by half-grown young ones, while, at other times, three or four young ones were seen in company." Thankful as we are to this distinguished traveller for the information which he has been able to collect regarding these hideous prototypes of man, we cannot help feeling that there is much yet to learn regarding their social life. "The Memoirs of a Myas," written by himself, would fill up many blanks which no human observer could ever have an opportunity of supplying. Unfortu-

nately for science—through perhaps we should say fortunately for humanity and propriety—no credence can be attached to the stories of the anthropoid apes carrying off native women to share their nests; otherwise we might in this way have acquired some trustworthy information regarding their manners and habits of life.

There is one topic of extreme interest to which Mr. Wallace briefly refers, regarding which we are, at present, totally destitute of information. Palæontologists have clearly shown that the existing animals in different parts of the world were, in preceding geological periods, represented by allied yet distinct and frequently much enlarged forms; or, as Professor Owen definitely propounds it, that "with extinct as with existing mammalia, particular forms were assigned to particular provinces, and that the same forms were restricted to the same provinces at a former (*i.e.*, the more recent tertiary) geological period, as they are at the present day." Thus—to give one or two striking illustrations of this remarkable law—South America is the sole *habitat* of the sloths and armadillos, and no fossil remains of animals allied to these genera have yet been discovered anywhere but in that region, where we find the fossil remains of gigantic sloths, measuring eighteen feet in length, and of monstrous armadillos, nine feet long, belonging to geological periods immediately preceding our own; while, in Australia, the present kangaroos were represented by a gigantic prototype—the *Diprotodon Australis* of Owen—whose skull, a specimen of which is now in the British Museum, measures three feet in length. Why then should not the Orang-utan, the chimpanzee, and the gorilla, also have had their forerunners? There are vast caverns in many parts of Borneo, which, when duly examined, will probably prove to be ossiferous; and we may fairly entertain the hope that their contents may soon be revealed to us, for a promising young geologist, Mr. Everett, is now on his way to Borneo with the special view of exploring some of these caves; and before starting he did his best to complete his qualifications for the task by spending two days in Kent's Hole (the celebrated Torquay cavern, which, with the neighbouring Brixham cavern, has mainly contributed to settle the question of the comparative antiquity of man), under the guidance of Mr. Pengelly, our highest authority in cave-researches. Even if Mr. Everett should not have the good fortune to discover the remains of a fossil Mias bearing the same relations in point of size to the present species

that Owen's fossil kangaroo bears to the existing species, we have no doubt that his explorations will be fruitful in good results.

The length to which this article has already run precludes us from giving more than a passing reference to Mr. Wallace's most amusing account of how he acted as dry nurse to the infant Mias, which he secured on the 16th of May. For his account of how it held on by his beard as he was carrying it home in his arms—how, as he could not secure a wet nurse, he made it a sucking bottle—how he washed it, wiped it, and brushed its hair—how he made it a small gymnastic apparatus—how he tried to make it happy by constructing an artificial mother of a piece of buffalo skin, which nearly choked it—how he found it an agreeable companion in the shape of a young monkey, who sat upon its face and otherwise insulted it, although their friendship remained unbroken—and how, after he had kept it nearly three months, it sickened and died—we must refer our readers to Mr. Wallace's pages. We cannot conceive a better subject for a penny-reading than the history of this interesting orphan.

Dr. Collingwood, in his rambles around Sarawak, saw large numbers of flying squirrels (*Galeopithecus*), and of flying foxes (*Pteropus*), and one little flying lizard (*Draco volans*). As the *galeopithecus* (which, strictly speaking, is a lemur rather than squirrel) is more abundant in Sumatra than in Borneo, we shall postpone our remarks on that remarkable animal to our next article, and shall proceed to a short notice of the two other animals described by Dr. Collingwood. Every evening, about sunset, the air in the neighbourhood of the Sarawak River was alive with large bats or flying foxes. They appeared with great regularity, a few stragglers first coming, while in a quarter of an hour they might be seen all over the sky, flying just out of gun-range, and all taking the same direction, from N.E. to S.W. They might easily have been taken by a casual observer for rooks returning to their nests; but there is a peculiar bat-like form of wing, which is very observable when they are directly over head. They spend the night in feasting in the forest districts, and return home shortly before sunrise. They are very pugnacious, and if brought down with a broken wing are apt to bite fiercely, and in this condition it is a common sport to match them against a terrier.

The little flying lizard, which, according to Professor Owen, seldom exceeds 110 grains in weight (see his "Comparative Anatomy of the Vertebrates," vol. i., p. 264, in which there is a

figure of this remarkable animal), was observed by Dr. Collingwood to alight upon a tree by the road-side. It flew quickly along, and straight, like a bird, without any butterfly-like fluttering, and suddenly settled upon the bark, just as a creeper (*Certhia*) would do, for which he at first mistook it. It then ran a little way up the trunk in a spiral direction; after which it stood still, and, twisting its head completely round, took a good look at its observer, "while its little conical pouch, which hung flaccid beneath the throat, was from time to time momentarily distended, pointing forward in a menacing manner, and then falling again." Trying to make it fly, with the wish to observe its movements, he pelted it with small bits of sticks, but only succeeded in making it run higher up the tree. It is to be regretted that he failed in his attempt, because definite information regarding the use of its membranous expansions is still a desideratum, the generally accepted view being that the membranes, which can be expanded and folded up at will, serve merely, like a parachute, to break the little animal's fall when it springs from a height.

The last animal we shall notice is the flying frog, which is entirely new to science and of special interest to Darwinians, "as showing that the variability of the toes, which have been already modified for purposes of swimming and adhesive climbing, has been taken advantage of to enable an allied species to pass through the air like a flying lizard."

This animal was brought to Mr. Wallace by a Chinese workman, who saw it come down in a slanting direction from a high tree, as if it flew.

"The toes were very long and fully webbed to their very extremity, so that when expanded they offered a surface much larger than the body. The fore-legs were also bordered by a membrane, and the body was capable of considerable inflation. The back and limbs were of a very deep shining green colour, the under surface and the inner toes yellow, while the webs were black, rayed with yellow. The body was about four inches long, while the webs of each hind foot, when fully expanded, covered a surface of four square inches, and the webs of all the feet together about twelve square inches. As the extremities of the toes have dilated discs for adhesion, showing the creature to be a true tree-frog, it is difficult to believe that this immense membrane can be for the purpose of swimming only, and the account of the Chinaman that it

flew down from the tree becomes more credible." As we already know of a large Indian frog which can run along the surface of the water, nothing regarding the varieties of locomotion of these animals need astonish us.

### CAT'S-CRADLE.

By the Author of "THE ROSICRUCIANS."

#### PART I.

AT various odd times in our childhood we used to play at a curious game of miniature proportions, since it was transacted between two pairs of hands in juxtaposition. We do not know whether any of our readers know this game; but we presume that they do, because we remember it as common enough. And, from all that we observe, childhood has not greatly changed in its habitudes, or in its predilections, from that period of our early time until this day. Two played at this game. It was managed by the two extended external fingers of both hands. After thread was reeled off both the palms, it was lifted with the opposite forefinger, and formed a reticulated, mathematical, elongated web, called "cat's-cradle;" the duty of the corresponding player in the game being to transfer, in reverse, the same webbed cat's-cradle from his opposite player's hands into his own. Some dexterity was requisite in the transference of this web, otherwise, if the thread were let slip, the cat's-cradle fell to pieces, and the play was spoiled—the whole thing being over.

This singular name of "cat's-cradle"—(for cats are never placed in cradles, or if they are, it is never in cradles of such fragile and thread-like proportions)—this curious name, we say, of course in its German equivalent (with which, though we know it, we will not bewilder and alarm the reader), was given to a wild gloomy castle, or rather to a heap of towers of higher or of lower elevation, perched upon some half-dozen spiry rocks occurring as a knot, *nodus*, or nodule, in that chain of mountains between Saxony and Bohemia, which they call the Erzgebirge, or "Mountains of Ore." The period at which we are now supposed to be in presence of this castle is 1632, which was the year of the famous Battle of Lutzen; and in which battle the great Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the head of the German Protestants, unfortunately was killed, though under circumstances of great faithfulness and glory to the Christian cause, and to his own.

The castle looked, at first sight, as if it ought

to have no human occupant at all, since it was inexpressibly inhospitable and severe in its appearance. But, in truth, it had an owner, who, in personal peculiarities, was as grim as his abode. His body was of uncommon breadth; he had a large round head, with a skull like a cube or a dome; and his face was fierce, which is to speak mildly of it, so dreadful sometimes was it when his humour was not of the most dulcive or sugarlike character. If he resembled his house, and was as cat-like in aspect, the class of cats to which he would refer would be of a very unbearable character—not at all domesticated. You may be sure that the severity of his face was never appeased into benevolence; and this strange man had a thick crooked black beard—if there could be such a thing as a crooked beard. This thick rolling beard flowed far over his arched breast, and his hair was like a wig, since it looked as if it could be lifted off; it was grey and long, and somewhat curly, with broad streaks of sable. This saturnine-looking chieftain lived the life of an abstemious hermit, notwithstanding his black looks. He shut himself up with his philosophical apparatus, his alembics, and his chemical implements, and with no end of magnetic rods, wires, and discs. Sometimes, when the sun shone red between the bars of one of his ruined open windows, when the luminary passed behind it in its descent, the people, and especially the children, might have fancied that the angry spying lord was slanting his intent orb of an eye direct through the opening, and glancing down the valley to see if all was right for him, leaving a red trail with his eye-glance over the landscape. Then, as if he had been too absorbingly severe, the land would light up, and the castle would light up too, and the great jagged points of the rocks would show up like gold-tipped splinters, while the sun would grow as if a whole gold-beaten plate again; and the joints and *spiculæ* of rock would point like dazzling thorns all a-glow from around the gigantic golden glorious rose—a real *rose-en-soleil*, which was the splendid mystic badge of one of our own Plantagenet princes; and then the sun would go down in flames, and there would be glory after all; the clouds which the sun seemed to threaten once to draw and gather about like sombrous curtains to his bed, turning rather to fire-speckled red tapestry under foot, to scintillate upon—sparkling sharply.

The few peasants who inhabited various little dwellings scattered about round the base of the mountain, and the woodmen among the population who were accustomed to make long

excursions into the neighbouring forest with their huge axes, like those of headsmen, over their shoulders, were afraid of this suspected hoary old Count. They said that his mysterious machinery were traps and nets, involving contrivances to catch and to arrest, visibly for his purposes, the wandering or drifting aerial spirits, or sylphids, or male or female stray winged things amidst the clouds. It was averred that his spells subjected unto obedience choice or powerful entities out of the devil's invisible world of the meteoric air.

This might be, or this might not be, because we know not; but the Count Tubal Daduk, which was the name of this humpbacked, weird old nobleman, was set-down by all the distrustful people, far and near, as one who had entered into a pact or bargain with that great black merchant who trades upon people's occasional wants and evil wishes. This Dark One was also said to pay the nobleman certain dismal visits; clearly not in the dark, because a great light generally accompanied these looks-in upon him. Every thunderstorm which shrouded the castle was considered as bringing or foreboding the visitor. When the lightnings flashed in the old lattices, the Count was said to be entertaining the great unknown—or rather this too-well known. That light which shone from the windows of the ruinous great hall was asserted to be illumination from no harmless, naturally-produced merchantable candles. Growls of thunder, and whirls or whisks of storm about the peaky tops of these mountains, were accepted as a species of elfin festival, just to notify the dignity of the party who was being entertained, and to amuse the common people as with magic minstrelsy somewhat of the eccentric order.

This was the state of affairs about the castle for a considerable time; but months passed on, and, eventually, it was late one evening, and the golden lights were dulling down into grey everywhere about the country, when, there arrived, with great signs of weariness, a reverend-looking traveller of a certain age, who seemed like an old-fashioned pilgrim. As he entered the village and passed the few houses which drew off on each flank and constituted what was called a settlement, the peasants noticed that a battered corslet was on the pilgrim's breast, and that a silk sash of two colours was rolled about his waist—this latter accoutrement displaying him as a soldier and adherent of the great Gustavus Adolphus—therefore very probably a fugitive from the important, just recently stricken, field of Lutzen.

He was, consequently, a Protestant wandering in a Catholic village; and there were already dangerous scowls upon the brows of one or two lingerers who observed him. A sort of cloth was wrapped about his head; and over it was a broad-brimmed hat, wherein was a broken green feather that nodded demurely, but fantastically.

He looked about him for a minute or two; then he stepped up upon the stones of a great cross which rose spiring in the midst of the village street, and he addressed an old man with a grey beard, and in a tattered brown cloak. He spoke harsh north-country German; and he had to repeat his words before he was understood. One or two of the people drew near, shading suspiciously their brows with their hands.

"Can'st advise me, friend, as to a place whereat I may find food and shelter for this weary on-coming night? I have travelled a-foot for many leagues, with bruised and toil-worn body—led alone by one star in the sky hither."

"Thou art a misbeliever, or rather nothing of a believer, if thy tongue and thy heretical ensigns do not announce falsely. Go on—we cannot advise thee. We hold to the true creed. We have no words for thee."

"Thou art hard, friend—very hard. Is there no hostel, inn-yard, or barn, wherein I might lie—received in the memory of that blessed cross under which thou retest thyself when tired?"

"Thou, heretic, and the cross are no friends. Speak to this man, Paul Hosma, and bid him on—if with thy knowledge of strangers thou can'st find nothing in his statements."

The old man, sitting down, addressed a new comer, who questioned the wayfarer with his suspicious eyes.

"Seek thy night's lodging in the nest of the eagle—though the black eagle. Apply up there whither I point, and thou shalt have wine, perchance, if thy signed imperial licences suit that dark Count's eye as qualifying thee to him."

As the man spoke he pointed upward to the castle on the rocks. The great principal tower gloomed down from the top to the bottom as he spoke, as if it answered him.

The sunset now was deep golden. Round the great dazzling sphere the flames which were shot forth were intensifying into brilliant fine red. There were great black circling clouds rolling up. The sky gleamed like an opal; and people felt, with these majestic effects in the sky, that the air became stiflingly oppressive. The traveller, exhausted as he

was, looked up at the castle with an answering cloud of doubt on his brow. From its great height, perched up amongst the mountains, the castle looked just over his head, as it were. Of all places in which to seek a retreat for the night it certainly appeared one of the most uninviting, and one the very least encouraging to essay with the meaning of asking a favour. The old ranges of walls of the castle, and the battered turrets literally frowned warningly from their sombre, shaggy shelves of rock. And now, at these moments, a certain deep golden—or rather, a coppery or sulphury, even sometimes *green*—light passed over the ridges on which the castle stood. The wild, nay, the savage, Cyclopean-like, landscape assumed even sanguine tinges as the changeful, fluent light streamed over hill, over dale, straight through the clouds—and now close to the observer, and now distant.

This castle had all the threatening appearance of a hold of robbers, or of worse creatures, in fact. Its grim grey towers, and its multitudinous rusty grates and hollowed *crenelles* implied something dreadful as to the history of Cat's-cradle—for the ancient castle was known only by this strange unaccountable name. If not the castle of a robber-chief, whose vaults were full of jewels and plate, Cat's-cradle might be construed as the retiring place of some princely sorcerer or strange emir of the east, to whom earthly crowns were as nought—to whom the thunders of the heavens alone were his hymns of service, and choice preparations and decoctions of all kinds, and sulphurs and fulminating powders, prepared by exquisite chemic art, the materials of his state refectations—whenever he gave them, and to whomsoever he gave them.

"Ye are cruel, ye people," said the old soldier, with some bitterness and grieved reproach in his accent. "War-worn, wearied, sick, and disabled as I am, ye are harsh, savagely harsh, in bidding me to make up this fearful rock, and on so wild and so unlikely a quest from such habitans as ye imply of such a place. Young maiden, thou art pitiful. Wilt thou not beg of thy father or thy mother shelter and relief for one night for me? I am a soldier flying, but not ingloriously, from battle; I am a pilgrim battling for the holy book. I have fought for the truth. I have resisted the men of sin."

Two or three of the wild people drew nearer to the soldier. Instead of melting at his needs, they scowled at him and looked dangerous.

"Thou art thyself the man of sin," said a herdsman named Thammuz Tauk. "What is

that truth for which thou sayest thou hast fought? Thou art a heretic—thy colours proclaim thee one. Thou art a fasting Swede, with his dry lip and his heart of gall. Thou art at least a Protestant. Thou art of the children of the devil, and thy prince is Gustavus Adolphus. I have nought of thee. Our people shall not succour thee. Up, man!—soldier as thou art—if thou darest, and apply for lodging and board, for meat and for drink, to the great magic Count who holds high court up there, when he pleases, amidst the bad presences."

Another taunted the pilgrim with these words:—

"Thou say'st thou art a man of learning, though a soldier; one who has pored over parchments and books. As such thou wilt be welcome in the studio of this nobleman, and if thou can'st afford him a hint or two in his search after the secret of secrets—supposing thou hast ever smelt doctored smokes or sniffed aught but gunpowder—thou wilt be liked, and he will treat thee. Avarice and greed of gold is the passion of this master of the mountain, although he buries what he accumulates."

"I will give thee the advice of a knowing in these matters," said another villager. The Count is an alchemist and smith. My poor friend soldier, if you can teach this strange man to light a fire that right way, so that he can melt up all the rusty bars and the dungeon grates of his castle into gold, why he will give you an ample share of eating and drinking; and thou shalt have music of harps to tune thee into sleep."

"But he keeps no household except that of things not to be named—devils or odd things of that sort," said Thammuz Tauk; "strange cooks assist at his broth."

"I would advise caution," said a grey-headed, serious man. "You have read, friend stranger; for this hermit of the castle is suspected to be Mulciber or Moloch. But hush, my son Thammuz! thy tongue is too loud sometimes; it may get thee into trouble. The Count has gibbets, and rings for the ankles of those who talk about him foolishly."

"Do not venture," urged a woman, with some show of charitable wish; "there are dangers of all sorts up yonder. The Count is reported to have a daughter, and wonderful to say, though Count Daduk is reported by those who have seen him to be ugly beyond expression, the daughter is talked of as a miracle of beauty. And she sits up yonder, with her hands folded over her bosom and her head bowed in her



chair, in her father's castle of terrors, as our priest says, like an angel in a dragon's den, and calm like one."

"I will on, then! My mind is made up. Ye ignorant and churlish and inhospitable people of this place, I leave my farewell among you as an imputation of sin if I fall. I read ill-nature and roughness as the truth in your description of this man; but, perhaps, not more. Your superstitious exaggerations darken mere distrust into terror. I bear that certain method of welcome which shall procure me access and solacement in one fashion or another. Therefore I shall try."

"Beware, man," said Thammuz; "throw not your life away—and that in mere daring."

"Go to," replied the soldier; "It will come as it will come! On my way down the mountain to-morrow I will bear you the reproof of the Count for your ill words of him. I shall remember this place and you; and perhaps in a far distant land my merely recalling you by and by may be retribution. Revenge of your ill-treatment of me is not possible to me now otherwise. Part!—give way from around me, ye severe people!—poor, and at the same time pitiless. I go among birds of prey as with more of ruth. When I come down I may have another word from those of the castle."

"If you do indeed ever come down again—which I doubt—we will then hear thy story out of strong curiosity," said Abel Tiak, one of the villagers, who were of an uncertain character—half gipsies and half peasants; truly neither.

"There are few perching fowls who wing down from that gibbet-stone when they have once alighted and croaked from it!" one of the people, named Yokel, called out after the soldier, as he was making his way from the cross up the steep but winding village street, and was striding, by help of his staff, as if in renewed strength.

"Traps for tinkers!" called out a boy, laughing and pointing up to the stern castle on the shaggy rocks, across which was now coming a cloud. Grim, indeed, the repellant feudal fortalice looked, and the light voice of the child sounded strangely.

The old soldier sighed and looked aloft, "My protection, and the powers that guide me are more beneficent than those which these surly villagers invoke," sighed he. And the ancient pilgrim-soldier went on his way, sometimes pausing and gasping for breath, up the steep ascent. The iron-pointed climbing pole assisted his steps over the rough ground; and he now and then took a Book out of his bosom, in which he seemed to read with attention and

great love and regard, though he maintained still a wary eye on all sides, looking at the clouds as if he doubted a storm; for one or two drops of rain fell, almost as large as dollar-pieces.

## TABLE TALK.

A CLERICAL CORRESPONDENT has favoured us with the printed prospectus of a new family newspaper, which has been extensively circulated among the clergy; it calls upon them to subscribe at once for *Pictures and News: a Complete Family Newspaper and Gallery of Cabinet Pictures*. The journal with this extraordinary title is to be published by Day and Son, "for the proprietors." Its editor is Mr. Burrowes; and it will appear on Saturdays, price sixpence. "*Pictures and News*"—says the prospectus—"will command a very large circulation among the educated classes and all persons of taste, for, notwithstanding its thorough excellence as a family newspaper, it will be the medium for circulating works after the best artists of the age, by means of fac-similes of pictures, executed in the first style of chromo-lithography, on a scale sufficiently large to be effective when framed, and of such excellence in quality as to be suitable for the purpose of wall decoration." This paper has among its "leading supporters" the names of one duke, one marquess, eight earls, twelve lords—a marchioness, a viscountess, and a medley of baronets, honourables, and messieurs. We hope *Pictures and News* will be something more than a gilded pill. There is an opening for the political mission it undertakes, and if the coloured illustrations are good we see no possible objection to the mixture of pictures and politics in the same paper.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in recently dealing with the subject of the tuition of women, took occasion to refer to the author of "A System of Logic," and, *more suo*, to make the joke that "the predicted time has evidently come when two women shall be grinding at a Mill;" the consequence of which would be "the elucidation of a hitherto obscure prediction." But why "obscure"—there is no obscurity except in the writer's own mind. The primitive hand-mill, referred to in the Gospels, is not obsolete, but has been in use up to the present day. Dr. Clarke tells us in his "Travels" (vol. iv., p. 167) that when he came to Nazareth he found two women grinding at the mill, of which mill he

gives a full description. It is common also in Lapland ; and it is not so very long since that it was used in English villages. In the village, for example, where this is written, there are several pairs of these hand-mill stones still preserved, though no longer in use. One of my farmer neighbours has two such stones placed, by way of ornament, on either side of his garden gate. In the Western Highlands of Scotland I have seen numerous specimens of these hand-mills, and I was told by some old people there that they well remembered the time when one or more of such hand-mills were kept in every farm-town for the shelling of barley. The West Highland mill is generally known as the *braidh* or *quern*, and Mac Ian gives an admirable illustration of it in his series of large lithographic sketches called "Gaelic Gatherings." But *quern* is more a Lowland term, *braidh* a Highland, though, in Argyleshire, I have heard it called by its Gaelic name, *muillean-brà'*, which seems to have an affinity to the French *moulin à bras*. By the Irish Celts it was called *bronn*. The mill was formed with a pair of stones, from 18 to 30 inches in diameter, the under stone being rather larger than the upper. In the centre of the upper stone was a cavity into which the grain was poured, across which cavity was a piece of wood that fitted on to a pivot in the lower stone. In a hole on the margin of the upper stone was fixed an upright stick, which was clasped by the two women as they sat opposite to each other, on either side of the mill, and twirled the stones round and round, while they poured the grain into the cavity. This upright stick was sometimes fixed at its upper part in a piece of wood that projected horizontally from the wall. A cloth was spread under the mill to catch the grain as it rolled out from between the stones, and the women sang *braidh* or *quern*-songs to lighten their labour. Sometimes the shelling of corn was effected by the action of fire, the ears being burnt so rapidly that the straw only was destroyed and the grain was left uninjured. Meal prepared from such corn was called *graddan* — from *grad*, "quick" or "speedy" — and was preferred for bannocks, brose, brochan, lite (porridge) and *fuarag*, which was a mixture of meal with water or cream. One reason why the *querns* or *braidhs* fell into disuse was that they interfered with the monopoly of the millers ; and, so early as 1284, Alexander III. passed a stringent law forbidding their use except in times of storms or in very remote places where there were no mills. And not only did the miller lose his multure by the

use of the *querns*, but the lairds also lost their thirlage dues for the use of their water and windmills. This led to many stones being broken up or used for cottage floors or building purposes ; and I have even met with them in West Highland graveyards used as headstones. Not long since might have been seen on the site of the ancient castle of Kilkerran, near to Campbelton, an ancient *braidh*, which may possibly have ground a batch of meal for King James V. when he came there for the subjugation of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles.

IN "Table Talk," for last July 24th, I spoke of the paper read by M. Martin before the Société Thérapeutique de France, on the culture of the sunflower as a specific against intermittent fevers, and of the success of the experimental planting of sunflowers in the fenny districts, by Rochefort and by the Dutch, in order to neutralise the deleterious effects of marshy exhalations. These experiments, coupled with M. Martin's statements, have induced the Minister of Agriculture and the head of the Sanitary Bureau in the Department of Interior of Italy to promote measures for the cultivation of sunflowers in the most fever-stricken districts in that kingdom, and for thereby providing natural disinfectants of the miasma that causes intermittent fevers. I also spoke (in the place above referred to) of the popular idea, that the sunflower always keeps its face turned towards the sun ; and I quoted from Moore and others to that effect ; but I showed that such an idea was quite a mistaken one, and must be consigned to the limbo of vulgar errors. Anyone who takes the trouble to look at a bed of sunflowers will soon see for himself that the broad discs of bloom face to every part of the compass. The well-known laziness of the poet Thomson might prevent him from using any slight exertion to investigate this matter, and therefore lead him to accept the formulary ready provided for his poetical similes, and to write thus :—

But one, the lofty follower of the sun  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night ; and when he warm returns,  
Points her enamoured bosom to his ray.

This is all very pretty, and the customary sort of thing in imaginative verse, but is, nevertheless, quite untrue in fact. I am surprised to see that a thoughtful and painstaking writer, like Miss Dora Greenwell, should slide into the same error in her poem, "Carmina Crucis," published during the present year, 1869. At

the beginning of the third part of that poem, she speaks in the character of a sunflower, and, in stanzas which I need not here quote, describes the constancy with which the flower keeps its face fully fixed upon the sun. As the spiritual imagery of the passage is well wrought out, it is the more to be regretted that it should be governed by an erroneous idea.

IT IS THE HARD FATE of some authors to have a line or a sentence of their writing perpetually quoted, and almost invariably quoted wrongly; a fact always recalled to my mind on hearing the First Lesson for the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, wherein the prophet is desired to write a denunciation of woe upon the walls, "that he may run who readeth it;" that is, that taking warning he may escape. Often as this has been pointed out, people still persist in quoting it "*that he who runs may read,*" as if it were merely the plainness of the writing that the stress is laid upon!—thus entirely perverting the sense of the passage. Cowper's well hackneyed "*cup which cheers but not inebriates,*" undergoes no great deterioration by the alteration in the bard's *numbers*; but it *is* hard upon Pope, a master of finish as regards form, that one of his perfect lines—

Welcome the coming, speed the *going* guest,  
should be spoiled (as it is in at least ninety-nine out of every hundred cases) by the substitution of "*parting*" for "*going*," whereby both the alliteration and the antithesis are lost! Then there is poor Dr. Watts, again and again perseveringly credited with an abominable Americanism, only too prevalent among careless writers of our own day, but which he never was guilty of:—

Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature *to*.

In every edition, old or new, that I have seen, of his poems, the verse stands:—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis *their* nature *too* (i. e., also).

But I have never been able to persuade anybody of the fact. "*Calomniez, calomniez,*" says Basile, in "Figaro," "*il en reste toujours quelque chose!*"

THERE IS A PENDANT to the anecdote given in your November number of the gentleman who smelled "Something on Fire," which was told me long ago by one of the actors in the scene, the late Dr. Samuel Butler, Bishop of Lichfield. When he was a young man, holding a country curacy, the celebrated Dr. Parr, who

lived at no great distance, used sometimes to ride over and take an early dinner with him, *à tête à tête*. On one of these occasions the reverend equestrian was overtaken by heavy rain, and reached his destination in a dripping condition. The curate took him immediately into his bedroom, where there was a good fire, supplied him with a change of clothing, and left him to warm and dry himself, while he returned to the adjoining sitting-room to finish the sermon on which he had been employed when the interruption occurred. Presently the Doctor re-entered, arrayed in his friend's dressing gown and slippers, with a night cap pulled over his ears, and seated himself by the fire with a book to beguile the time till dinner should be announced, his host continuing absorbed in his occupation. Ten minutes or so went by in silence, when Dr. Parr raised his head, gave one or two preliminary sniffs, and then looking round, lisped out in a tone of deep interest, "Gooth for dinner, Tham?" "I really don't know, Doctor,—I hope there may be. My housekeeper knows you are fond of goose." Another silence, broken only by the scratching of the pen. The appetizing odour of a savoury roast pervades the apartment more and more. "I'm sure it's a gooth, Tham," says the Doctor, smacking his lips. "Dinner's ready, please, sir," said the maid, opening the door. Up jumped the hungry guest, and hurried into the bedroom to don the clothes he had left near the stove to dry. Horror of horrors! what fatal sight met his eye? His cherished head-gear, his well-curled, powdered, and pomatumed wig lay in the fender frizzling in its own fat, and while browning nicely before the fire, exhaled the odour which had so tickled his olfactory nerves, and raised up hopes only to be thus cruelly overthrown!

M. DE LESSEPS and his canal have furnished abundant subjects for artists, writers, and table-talkers. We have been favoured by a lady correspondent, with the following

#### EPIGRAM:

*On hearing that M. de Lesseps had fixed for the same day, the opening of the Suez Canal, and the signing his contract of marriage.*

The wise man declares the beginning of strife  
Is like letting out water—no such Lesseps' mind—

When he looses the flood he is bound to a wife.  
That proverb's not fact we hope he will find:  
But science is apt to leave wisdom behind.

\*.\* Our Number for Dec. 25th (Illustrated) will be a double one, price fourpence, and will contain three special Christmas Stories, besides our usual matter.

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 104.

December 25, 1869.

Price Fourpence  
(with Supplement).

## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XIX.

LATE the following morning Mr. Bentley Wyvern made his appearance at Lombard Street. Throughout the night he had pondered anxiously over the danger that threatened him. He had almost reached the goal of his ambition; but at the last moment a dreadful gulf had opened before him. When he called to mind the act of inadvertence which had led to Mr. Mansfield's suspicions being aroused, he ground his teeth in fury, and uttered language extremely unbecoming so devout a person as the rector believed him to be. Further reflection had induced him to abandon his intention of endeavouring to ascertain to what extent the cashier suspected him. If his fears were well founded it would most likely precipitate the discovery of the fraudulent appropriation of the bonds. Better, then, he reasoned, to avoid the detection of one crime by the commission of another.

He had just written a short letter to Fenwick Towers, enclosing a cheque for the amount due to him, when a card was brought in bearing the name of Mr. Henry Horsman. Now this gentleman was one of the directors of the assurance company, who lived at Harrow, and rarely attended the board meetings, though he was a large shareholder. Could it be that the cashier had already communicated with him on the subject of the bonds? Bentley Wyvern dismissed the idea as quickly as he had conceived it.

"Good morning. I suppose you are rather surprised to receive a visit from me?" said Mr. Horsman.

"It is an unexpected pleasure, I admit," replied Bentley Wyvern, holding out his hand.

His visitor appeared not to see this movement, for instead of taking the hand extended

to him, he pulled out his handkerchief and rubbed his nose briskly.

"The reports of the company that I receive are so satisfactory," he said, "that unless there is something of great importance to be discussed, my attendance at meetings is hardly necessary."

"Everything goes on very prosperously, I am happy to say."

"I don't think it's quite judicious to have so much money invested in foreign securities."

"But as a rule we always get a better rate of interest in that way."

"Is it always paid regularly?"

"Always; as far as our investments are concerned."

"I want you to do me a trifling favour, Mr. Wyvern."

"Certainly, if it be within my power."

"If I am not mistaken, we have some nine thousand pounds' worth of Turkish bonds here?"

"That is so," said Bentley Wyvern, biting the end of a quill pen.

"Are they in your possession?"

"They are."

"Then I wish you to oblige me by showing them to me."

"Indeed! May I ask why?"

"It's—it's a little curiosity that I have to inspect them."

Bentley Wyvern rose and rang the bell. "Send Mr. Mansfield upstairs," he said to the servant.

A silence of some minutes' duration followed. Mr. Horsman remained standing, and nervously shuffled about from one foot to the other. Suddenly he peered into his hat and read over the maker's name, with the air of a man who for the first time discovers that anything of that kind is printed within it. Glancing towards the table, at which the manager had again seated himself, he saw that he was calmly directing an envelope.

"Excuse me," said Bentley Wyvern, as he placed within it the cheque for Fenwick, "I have so much work to get through to-day that

every moment is of importance to me. You can form no conception, my dear sir, of the demands made upon my time by the rapidly-increasing business of this concern. In this age of competition in everything, it is only by unremitting attention that I am enabled to produce the satisfactory results to which you alluded just now."

"It has always seemed to me that you deserve great credit for your exertions in extending the business of the company. *That* I am quite willing to admit. If there is anything which might be objected to, it is the amount of the expenses. Nearly half the income goes in that way."

"At present—only at present. When our revenue is quadruplicated—as it is sure to be within the next five or six years—the same expenditure will suffice," replied Bentley Wyvern, throwing himself back in his chair, and crossing his legs. He felt quite convinced that his visitor had been communicated with on the subject of the bonds, and yet there was not the slightest sign of trepidation. This self-possession had already made an impression on Mr. Horsman, and his manner had consequently become less constrained. The cashier was evidently in no hurry to make his appearance, but at length he entered the room. It was noticeable that he advanced only a little beyond the door, and that he fixed his watchful eyes upon Bentley Wyvern with an expression that seemed to denote his fear of personal violence.

"Be good enough to get out those Turkish bonds. Mr. Horsman is desirous of seeing them," said Bentley Wyvern, blandly, as he held out the key of the safe.

Mr. Mansfield's hand trembled very perceptibly as he took it. Was he, after all, mistaken? He looked at Mr. Horsman, but that gentleman considered the moment favourable for improving his geographical knowledge by inspecting a map of Europe which was hanging near him.

The cashier unlocked and slowly pulled open the heavy iron door.

After a few minutes' search he turned towards Mr. Horsman, and announced that the bonds were not to be found.

"Not to be found!" echoed Bentley Wyvern. "Nonsense, look again."

"Ah, there is no necessity for doing that," said Mr. Mansfield, shrugging his shoulders. "You know where they are to be found much better than I. It is quite certain that they are not there."

"Really this is the most extraordinary——" began Mr. Horsman.

He was stopped by a loud laugh from Bentley Wyvern.

"Of course, I *do* know where they are, as Mr. Mansfield very properly reminds me," he said. "I thought that I replaced them yesterday, instead of which they are in my private safe here."

"Perhaps you don't happen to have brought the key of it with you to-day?" said the cashier, sneeringly.

"Oh yes, I have. You are rather hasty in arriving at conclusions. The lesson that you received the day before yesterday appears to have been lost upon you. Will you believe it, Mr. Horsman, he came out to my house to tell me that these very bonds were stolen from the office, because he didn't happen to find them where he supposed they ought to be, and where, by the by, he had no right to look for them."

Mr. Horsman had already been placed in possession of every particular about the matter, but he assumed a look of mild surprise, and again turned his eyes in the direction of the map.

"There are the bonds," continued Bentley Wyvern, throwing them carelessly on the table. "I received the interest on them yesterday, so you see it is paid punctually enough."

"I am afraid my request has given you some trouble," said Mr. Horsman, turning them over and feigning to examine the strange characters printed on the upper part of each.

The cashier craned his head over the director's shoulder, and saw that the bonds were really lying before him.

"Now," said Bentley Wyvern, "if you have sufficiently gratified your curiosity, let me remind you that I am very much engaged."

"I won't detain you another moment," said Mr. Horsman, holding out his hand.

This time it was the manager who took out his handkerchief and rubbed his nose, instead of responding to the intended mark of cordiality.

When Mr. Mansfield reached the office below, he entered a small room partitioned off with mahogany and glass. It was here that he pursued his labours. Seating himself at a desk placed against the wall, he took a book from a drawer, and consulted one of its pages upon which was a row of figures. He shook his head slowly, and at last allowed it to sink upon his breast. Gradually his eyes lost their quick, restless movement, and assumed an almost vacant expression. The book still lay open before him, when a touch upon his arm roused him.

"Dozing, eh?" said the voice of Bentley Wyvern.

"No; merely thinking. I am not a very likely person to fall asleep during business hours."

"You think too much, Mr. Mansfield. It does not appear to suit your constitution. It sometimes produces dyspepsia, which is apt to create permanent melancholy, leading in its turn to absurd fancies and groundless suspicions."

"Much obliged for your solicitude about me," replied Mr. Mansfield, grimly. "I have hitherto reserved to myself the right of indulging in my own thoughts; and without desiring to say anything offensive to you——"

"Oh, of course not."

"I shall continue to do so."

"Then I have no more to say upon the subject. Is the half-yearly balance prepared?"

"It is not. I shall be working here till late at night for the next week or more before it's ready."

"Have you no one who assists you?"

"I prefer to do it myself."

Bentley Wyvern returned to his room, took out the Turkish bonds, and put them in his pocket. The production of them had saved him from ruin; but the means that he had taken that morning to obtain them exposed him to a terrible penalty in the event of detection. In a few minutes he was on his way to the firm of stock and share-brokers that usually transacted his business. The less time he lost in again converting the bonds into money, the less risk there was of his new and graver crime being discovered. He had now proved to the cashier that his suspicions were groundless, therefore, for some months at least, there was a respite obtained. Meantime he entertained no doubt that he should be able to provide funds for any emergency and relieve himself from his present liabilities. He was somewhat at a loss, however, to account for Mr. Mansfield's demeanour towards him at their interview, after Mr. Horsman's departure. It was strange, he thought, that when allusion was so pointedly made to the cashier's groundless suspicions, a sarcastic reply was returned, and not the slightest disposition evinced to excuse himself.

Messrs. Winnow and Son, stock and share-brokers, occupied offices in a narrow court leading out of Throgmorton Street. The father had retired from the cares of business some five years previously, leaving to the son a very profitable *clientèle*, and strict injunctions to be always "on the spot."

"It is your mouse-trap, Horace," he had

said, "which, if left unbaited by your presence, can hardly be expected to catch anything."

Mr. Horace Winnow did not quite coincide with his father's ideas as to the best way of securing customers. He considered that it was much more important to go a good deal into society, and so endeavour to increase the existing connexion; but he did not think it necessary to explain these views to his excellent parent, lest a disagreeable discussion might arise. Accordingly Mr. Horace Winnow became a member of a West End club, under the fond impression that it was a royal road to becoming intimate with a great number of influential people. But beyond having once dined *solus* at the next table to a cabinet minister, and having on another occasion run rather violently against a bishop as he was going up the grand staircase, the stockbroker had not found himself brought much in contact with the members of his club. Then he hunted regularly during the season, and went off to the moors for a month or so each year. Occasionally, too, he got an invitation to go on a yachting cruise, which he was always ready to accept. In consequence of this novel, but very agreeable way of attending to the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, many of the mice which entered the trap in Throgmorton Street, finding nothing very tempting placed before them, walked off to other traps where the keepers were to be found "on the spot." Within the last few weeks, however, he had found his regular attendance indispensable, owing to certain speculations in which he had engaged as the principal.

When Bentley Wyvern entered the outer office of the share-broker, he found it vacant; but from the adjoining room, entered by a green-baize door, which stood ajar, he heard the sound of voices. He was about to knock upon the small counter before him, in order to call attention from those within, when the mention of his own name caught his ear. He leant forward, and listened for a moment. It was the voice of Mr. Mansfield that he now heard, but he could only catch a few words of what was said. Noiselessly passing round the counter, he stationed himself within a couple of feet of the green-baize door.

"——not doing much in that way at present."

It was the voice of Mr. Mansfield that replied: "Lost too much, I have no doubt, Mr. Chirp."

"Well, I don't know about that: he's not short of money, I can tell you."

"It gives me great pleasure to hear you say

so; but I should like to know upon what information you base the assertion."

"Oh, I don't go upon mere hearsay, Mr. Mansfield. Why, it was only yesterday that he came here and instructed Mr. Winnow to go on 'Change and buy ten thousand pounds' worth of bonds. Mr. Wyvern was in a great hurry to get hold of them, and fortunately we were able to meet with a seller in less than half an hour. He called for them about half-past twelve to-day."

"Are you sure that was the amount?"

"No, it was something less than that."

"What kind of bonds, Mr. Chirp?"

"Guaranteed Turkish."

"And he has paid for them?"

"Of course he has, or else we shouldn't have given up possession of them. But you won't mention what I have told you to anyone, because it might be awkward for me."

"I pledge my honour not to betray your confidence. As I said before, it gives me great satisfaction to find that his losses have not crippled his resources. I feared from what you told me a day or two ago that such might be the case. I suppose Mr. Winnow is out of town?"

"No; for a wonder he is not. He is on 'Change, and will be back shortly."

"Well, I must get back to Lombard Street, and——"

Bentley Wyvern had heard enough—rather more than enough for his peace of mind. He was by no means desirous of encountering Mr. Mansfield just then, so quietly left the office unperceived.

Having allowed a sufficient time to elapse to render it probable that the stockbroker had got back, Bentley Wyvern returned and asked to see Mr. Winnow.

"He's very much engaged, and I am afraid can't give you an interview," said Mr. Chirp. "Is it anything *very* particular?"

"Are you extremely anxious to ascertain my business?" asked Bentley Wyvern with an evil smile.

"Nct at all."

"Then take in my name."

The savage tone in which this was said caused Mr. Chirp to disappear into the inner room with considerable alacrity. He came back without delay, and told Bentley Wyvern to walk in. He did so, and carefully shut the green-baize door behind him.

The room in which Mr. Horace Winnow now condescended to pass a small part of his time every day was rather luxuriously furnished for an apartment of that kind. A rich

Axminster carpet covered the floor; the seats of the chairs were of Russia-leather, and the walls, hung with crimson paper, were adorned with several oil paintings. That over the chimney-piece, representing a Flemish scene, having been bought upon the assurance that it was a Teniers.

Mr. Winnow was a round-faced man of florid complexion, and with whiskers so long that he could have tucked the ends into his waistcoat pockets. He was in his thirtieth year, but looked considerably younger, and had a decided preference for pink ties, under the impression that they added to his juvenile appearance. For the rest, he was not wanting in good-nature, and, occasionally, had been openly suspected of trying to be witty.

He was standing before a handsome piece of furniture, comprising a writing table and an array of small drawers, when his visitor entered. Mr. Chirp only told the truth when he said that his employer was engaged, but it was merely in blowing down the barrel of a gun, the stock of which lay in a case at his side.

"Your clerk told me you were very busy," said Bentley Wyvern, dryly.

"Well, so I am, my dear friend, so I am. In a weak moment, I lent this gun to an abandoned villain, and after keeping it for a twelve-month, he has just returned it in a pretty state. May he and his descendants eat dirt for a thousand years!"

"I wish to have a few minutes' conversation with you."

"Very well. Take that easy chair and make yourself comfortable."

"I am too much annoyed to make myself comfortable."

"Indeed! Why, what's the matter?"

"Is it with your sanction that the business you transact for people is made known to every body?"

"Decidedly not. You ought to know me better than to ask such a question. All that takes place in this office is kept as private as possible."

"It ought to be; but I can assure you that it isn't. In this room, not half an hour ago, your clerk, Mr. Chirp, made my losses the subject of conversation with one of his acquaintances, and even gave the particulars of the bonds that I got you to purchase yesterday. I need not say that after this——"

"You expect that I won't keep him another hour in my employment. And you shall not be disappointed. But how on earth did you learn all this?"

"Overheard it, as I was standing at the counter. They were too much absorbed in discussing my affairs and *yours* to hear my knocking. So I left without their being aware of my visit.

"Spoke of *me*, too, did he? Ungrateful scoundrel! Do you know to whom he was talking?"

"Yes: to a clerk in the service of the Le-viathan Company. For that reason I should prefer your not saying anything about what I have told you, Winnow."

"Not a word. I shall simply pay him and send him away the moment you leave. By the by, I wish I could prevail upon you to buy some Great Puddlingdons. They are as low as they can possibly get, and, between ourselves, there is a fortune to be made out of them."

"Have you been making a geological survey, that you are so confident of the result?"

"My dear Wyvern, as that is a science of which I am completely ignorant, my opinion would not be worth much if I had," replied Mr. Winnow, sinking his voice almost to a whisper. "But for all that, I *know*—mark the word used—*KNOW*, that when the next lode is arrived at, shares in that mine will go up like a rocket. You've been hit rather hard lately—not through following *my* advice, though—and I should like to see you recover all your losses. This morning, news came that water had broken into the mine in immense quantities. That has sent the shares down to the price of an old song."

"And with very good reason. It will, no doubt, cause months of delay and the expenditure of many thousands."

"Aye, if the report was true. But I happen to have ascertained that it isn't," said Mr. Winnow, stroking his whiskers.

"How have you got to know that?"

"Never mind how. I *have* got to know it, and that's all I can tell you. The report will, no doubt, be contradicted to-morrow or next day, and then a reaction will take place. But I know where to get you a lot of shares in a very few minutes. Parkins could not sell them at any price this afternoon."

"My dear Winnow, I feel very grateful for this proof of your friendship," said Bentley Wyvern, smiling, "but I am afraid some one has deceived you. Will you pardon my curiosity in asking whether you have profited by this information to invest in any of these shares yourself?"

"Look here," replied Mr. Winnow, opening a drawer, and taking out a paper. "There's

a memorandum showing that I have just bought five hundred of them on my own account."

Bentley Wyvern took the paper and read it.

"But you will sell them again in a day or two."

"I shall not sell them till they are worth at least three times what I gave for them."

"And when will that be?"

"In less than a fortnight."

"Can't you be more explicit? I give you my solemn promise that if you explain to me the grounds for your being certain that the shares will so soon increase in value, I will not divulge the secret."

Mr. Winnow put back the gun-barrel in its case instead of replying.

"You won't trust me, eh?" continued Bentley Wyvern, closely watching the expression of the stockbroker's face.

"What can I say, my dear fellow? The matter has been communicated to me in confidence. If you are not disposed to rely upon what I have told you, there's an end of the subject, and we had better talk about something else."

Bentley Wyvern hesitated. Here was an opportunity of retrieving all his losses, and in a few days getting rid of the load of anxiety which weighed so heavily upon him. It was worth the additional risk, he thought, and then he remembered that he should be able to test the accuracy of the stockbroker's information within the next few hours. If he found that the report as to the inundation of the mine remained uncontradicted, he would at once conclude that his friend had been deceived; but if the contrary proved the case, he might confidently wait for the fulfilment of his expectations. At the worst, he could sell his shares for what he gave for them.

"Buy me five thousand pounds' worth at the price you gave. Sell these Turkish bonds again," he said, placing them on the table, "and let me have the balance in the morning. I suppose that you will take care that Mr. Chirp learns no more about my affairs?"

"Ah, you may be quite certain of that," replied Mr. Winnow, as they shook hands. "He has lost a very easy place, and a very liberal salary, through not being able to keep his tongue still."

"At least I have been revenged upon one of them," thought Bentley Wyvern, when he came out; "as to the other——" He closed his teeth with a sharp click, and his face became terribly ugly.



## CHAPTER XX.

FENWICK TOWERS had just finished writing out an advertisement, in which he signified his desire to obtain employment as a journalist, when Mrs. O'Sullivan came to his sitting room with a message from Mr. Hurlston, requesting an immediate interview. The benevolent gentleman, who intended to devote his immense wealth to bettering the condition of the Australian colonists, was rapidly pacing up and down his room, after the manner of a man taking his daily exercise on the quarter deck of a ship. He stopped suddenly, and shaded his eyes with his hand when Fenwick entered.

"Oh, there you are, my young friend, eh?"

Fenwick had every reason to believe that he *was* there, and said so.

"Now I dare say you think that a very smart reply," said Mr. Hurlston, putting his hands behind his back. "If I am right in that respect, allow me to give you a little advice. Never indulge in anything of that kind again. Even if what you have just said had any pretension to be considered as a witticism, it would not mend the matter. Small wits are generally despised, and great ones detested. Perhaps you don't agree with my last assertion?"

"Well, not altogether."

"That's because you are young and inexperienced," said Mr. Hurlston, his voice becoming louder. "Have you ever, in society, encountered a wit? You needn't reply—I can see that you haven't. When you do, watch the effect of what he says upon those present, and note how many people he tries to render ridiculous in the course of the evening. I hate your wit, because, too, he is so utterly selfish."

"Selfish!"

"Yes, sir; selfish. He talks so much that there's no chance of general conversation. Swift used to make a long pause after he had spoken, in order to give others in his society an opportunity of making any remarks they thought proper; but he was an exception."

"I hope you are not going to charge me with talking too much, as well as with endeavouring to set up for a wit?"

"Haven't I told you that what I have said is to be taken as advice? That's very different from making a charge, isn't it?"

Mr. Hurlston rang the bell, and, upon Mrs. O'Sullivan making her appearance, asked for the loan of the chess-men.

"Sure, I've just lent them to the lodger in the parlour, that's got a friend come to see him," she said, sulkily.

"Then take my compliments, and say that I particularly wish to have them."

In a few minutes she returned, to say that the gentleman was playing a game with them.

"But did you deliver my message," said Mr. Hurlston, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Faith, I did."

"And what answer did he give?"

"What answer would he give, but that ye must wait till he had done wid them."

"Didn't I tell you the other day, Mr. Towers, that I often had occasion to blush for the selfishness of mankind. This is only another instance added to the long list that has come under my observation. I must apologise for the disappointment you no doubt feel, but I am in no way accountable for it."

"It's not of the slightest consequence as far as I am concerned," said Fenwick, smiling. "When I promised to spend an hour or two with you in that way, it was because I believed it would yield *you* some gratification. For my own part, I care very little about chess."

Mr. Hurlston waved his hand to Mrs. O'Sullivan in token that he could dispense with her further presence, and when the door closed behind her, he lay down on the tiger-skin.

"Oh, you care very little about chess, eh?" he said, as he prepared to fill his hookah. "You know my opinion of people who profess to perform disinterested acts of friendship, so I needn't repeat it. By the by, if you wish to smoke you will find a collection of pipes in the corner there. The tobacco is in this jar at my side."

Fenwick availed himself of the offer, and took a chair near the old man.

"What is your occupation?" asked the latter after a short silence,

"Just at present I have none. I am about to advertise for literary work."

"What kind of literary work? Writing children's story books, or compiling an encyclopædia?"

"Neither. I wish to become a contributor to a newspaper."

"Ha, ha! I suppose you have selected the press because you are in haste to get rich."

"I certainly do hope to be able to save enough money by that means to get to the bar, at any rate."

"In what length of time?"

"Within a year at the utmost."

"Have you had any experience in work of that kind?"

"None whatever."

"I thought so," said Mr. Hurlston, smoking vigorously "And what do you imagine your speciality to be? Political or social leaders, general, or scientific reviews?"

"To be candid with you, I have not quite decided what department I am best fitted to undertake."

"Perhaps your forte lies in descriptive writing, or you may have a faculty for art criticism. Then there are rather humbler positions in which you might shine. Police courts, murders, fires, and so forth, might suit your tastes," he continued sarcastically.

Fenwick laughed good naturedly as he asked the old man whether he had ever reported cases of those kinds himself.

"No, Mr. Towers, but I know something about writing for newspapers. It is some years, however, since I had anything to do with journalism. When I go back to Australia, I intend to start a paper, for the purpose of making known certain views that I entertain. Yesterday I had an interview with Mr. Winnow, a gentleman in the City, and he is of opinion that he can get me half a million advanced on my property without any difficulty."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"How can you say that, when you know very well that it is a matter of perfect indifference to you whether I get the money or not," said Mr. Hurlston, irritably pulling off his fez, and throwing it at the tobacco jar.

"I am afraid you have a very bad opinion of human nature."

"Devilish bad, sir. But it is one founded on a pretty long experience of the world. By the way, if you will come and see me to-morrow, I will give you an introduction to a gentleman who is making a large fortune as a writer for the press. It may be an encouragement to you—if it serve no other good purpose."

Fenwick was about to express his thanks, when Mrs. O'Sullivan came in to announce that a person was at the door who desired to see Mr. Hurlston.

"What's his name?" he inquired.

"How should I know?" answered the lady, doggedly.

"Why, by asking him," he roared.

The visitor had evidently overheard the colloquy, for he called out in a hoarse voice that his name was Fletcher.

"Oh, Ralph Fletcher, is it?" said Hurlston. Tell him to come up stairs."

The next minute, Fenwick, to his surprise, saw the man enter whom he had found lying on Wilmington Heath with a telescope in his hand.

Fletcher hesitated when he saw that Mr. Hurlston was not alone, and in spite of being encouraged to state the object of his visit, he rather hastily took his leave, with a promise to call on the following day.

"I accidentally encountered that man a few weeks ago, and he made some inquiries from me," said Fenwick. "Is he a seafaring man?"

"He was, when I first became acquainted with him. I lost sight of him for some years, till I happened to meet him in the Strand about three months ago. His early history is rather a sad one. Perhaps you would like to hear it? It is another proof of the excellent people are there in this world."

"I confess there is something in his manner which makes me curious to learn more about him."

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

BY MARY-ANNE.

ONE foggy, muggy, shivery day,  
Jemima-Jane and me,  
Being out of place, sets off to walk  
To the Servants' Agency.

And on our way to Oxford Street,  
We come into the Strand:  
What all the crowds was doing there  
I couldn't understand.

"Jemima-Jane," says I, "wot's up?  
Wot is there to be seen?  
There ain't no viaductes now  
To be opened by the Queen."

"Blest if I know," she says, says she.  
But stop!—now I remember!  
To-day's the ninth, eh, Mary-Anne?  
And ain't the month November?"

"To-day is Lord Mayor's Day; we're just  
In time to see the show.  
Has you seen it, Mary-Anne?" says she.  
"Jemima-Jane, ho no!"

"I've lived at the West End," I says.  
Says she, "Ho, what a pity!"  
As vexed as anythink, because  
She'd once lived in the City.

And sure enough just then we hears  
The banging of the drums;  
And a feller trod upon my corn,  
And shouted, "Here they comes!"

And then Jemima-Jane sings out,  
"Oh Lawks!" and gives a scream,  
And then a snort, as engines does  
When they turns on the steam.

And follerin' of her eyes, I sees  
A man—and what is more—  
A pleeceman horderin' of the crowd,  
Which his number it was 4.

A horderin' the people back;  
And squeezin' of 'em flat;  
And looking like a general  
In his nobby 'emlet 'at.

I thought Jemima-Jane would faint,  
The sight had so surprised her.  
And wus she was when he turned round,  
And d'rectly recognised her.

"And is it you, Policeman A.,  
As once was X. P." says she.  
"Is that Jemima-Jane," says he,  
"As lived at twenty-three?"

And, ho! he was an 'ansum man  
As hever I sot eyes on!  
For such a man a gal might take  
A kilderkin of p'ison!

And ho, 'ow p'lite this pleeceman was!  
And 'ow he looked at me!  
As for Jemima-Jane, he tuk  
No note no more of she.

And when a nasty little boy  
Jumped right upon my toes,  
He tuk him a back-handed slap,  
Right down across the nose.

'Ow brave and galliant then he looked,  
And 'ow his eyes did glare!  
And his whiskers stood out stiffer still,  
Like wires instead of 'air.

And he sot me up upon a step,  
A fust rate place to see,  
And let Jemima-Jane stand down,  
Though she ain't so tall as me.

And he whispered somethink in my ear,  
Somethink about my beauty;  
Then, like a gallant hero, went  
A tending to his duty.

And ho! Jemima-Jane, her looks  
Was vinegar gone pore;  
And ho! that turned-up nose of hers  
Was turned up somethink more.

And then the Lord Mayor's show come by,  
The drums and fifes come fust;  
And then some milingitary bands,  
Blowing as if they'd bust.

And I see the mayor in a great fur cap,  
All dusty from the shelf,  
With the sword the rememberer prods him  
with  
When he forgets hisself.

But, Lor! I took no notice much  
Of nothink in the show,  
For I was thinking all the while,  
Of my galliant young 'ero.

And all the time I couldn't help  
My eyes his motions follerin':  
I didn't know 'twas all gone by  
Till I hears the people 'ollerin'.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jemima-Jane have got a place  
Close to the Euston station;  
And so have I, but mine is quite  
A different sitiuation.

I'm in Belgravy, near the park,  
In a richtocratic street;  
And ho! what bliss! that street is in  
My 'ansum pleeceman's beat.

I met Jemima-Jane one day:  
She passed me with a fling—  
She can't help being plain, but she's  
*A nasty spiteful thing!*

## FIDDLER FOLEY.

ON November 20th there died, at the Hotel Bristol, Paris, after a brief illness, a well-known and popular English nobleman, whose funeral was celebrated at the Kensal-Green Cemetery on the following Saturday, November 27th, 1869. This nobleman was that fourth Lord Foley who held for so long a period the courtly office of Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. His mother was a daughter of the Duke of Leinster, and his wife was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk and a granddaughter of the Duke of Sutherland. Lord Foley was thus nearly connected with many of the most distinguished families in the United Kingdom; and in his own personal attributes and conduct he was ever found to be an ornament to his high position.

The late Lord Foley was High Steward of Kidderminster, a sinecure office, though it indicated the former connection of the Foley family with the town of carpets, a connexion that lasted for two centuries, and was not severed until the Earl of Dudley purchased from the late Lord Foley the Kidderminster estate and the splendid property of Witley Court, where the late Queen Dowager was, for a time, an inmate. The Witley and Kidderminster property had been purchased in the seventeenth century from the Cookseys—to whom are some fine monuments and a large brass in the parish church, Kidderminster—by Thomas Foley, M.P. for Surrey, the father of Paul Foley,\* Speaker of the House of Commons, in 1694-5, who held the estate of

\* Burnet says of this Paul Foley:—"Mr. Paul Foley was the younger son of one who, from mean beginnings, had, by ironworks, raised one of the greatest estates that had been in England in our time. He was a learned, though not a practising, lawyer, and was a man of virtue and good principles, but morose and wilful; and he had the affectation of passing for a great patriot by his constant finding fault with the government, and keeping up an ill-humour and a bad opinion of the court." This caustic opinion might be echoed at the present day of more than one would-be patriot.

Stoke Edith Court, Herefordshire, which is now possessed by the Lady Emily Foley. The eldest son of this Thomas Foley was also a Thomas Foley, who was M.P. for the county of Worcester, and who was the first Lord Foley, being created Baron of Kidderminster in 1711. The second lord was his only surviving son, Thomas; and as he died without issue the title expired, and the estates passed to a cousin, also a Thomas Foley, and great-grandson of Paul Foley, the speaker. This Thomas Foley, however, was raised to the peerage in 1776; and thus, within about half a century, there was once more a Thomas Foley, who was Baron of Kidderminster and *first* Lord Foley. His second son married for his second wife the daughter and heiress of John Hodgetts, Esq., of Prestwood, near Stourbridge, from whom was descended the late John Hodgetts Hodgetts Foley, M.P., father of the present possessor of the estate, Henry Wentworth Foley, M.P. Close by Prestwood House is Stourton Castle, the birthplace of Cardinal Pole, which, in 1650, was purchased by Thomas Foley, of Witley.

It was his son, the first Lord Foley, who rebuilt Witley Church, which is so close to the court that it is in fact one building. There is a letter of the poet Shenstone, dated Nov. 20th, 1762, in which he gives a full description of the "superb and elegant chapel. In reality it is perfect luxury, as I truly thought it last Sunday se'en-night. His pew is a room with a handsome fire-place; the ceiling carved and painted in compartments; and the remainder enriched with gilt stucco ornaments; the walls enriched in the same manner; the best painted windows I ever saw; the monument to his father, mother, and brothers cost, he said, £2000. The middle aisle rendered comfortable by iron stoves, in the shape of urns; the organ perfectly neat and good, in proportion to its size; and to the chapel you are led through a gallery of paintings seventy feet long." The good taste of Lord Dudley has effected a great change not only in the appearance of the chapel but also of the court.

When the first Lord Foley's father—Thomas Foley, of Witley Court—was made high sheriff of Worcestershire, in the year 1655 (he was born in the year 1618), the sermon on the occasion was preached by the celebrated Richard Baxter, who was the minister of the parish church, Kidderminster, from 1640 to 1666, and who afterwards preached his funeral sermon. In this sermon, Baxter thus spoke of Thomas Foley:—"On this occasion I will mention the great mercy of God to the town

of Kidderminster, and county, in raising one man, Mr. Thomas Foley, who, from almost nothing, raised himself to £5000 a-year, or more, by iron-works; and that with so just and blameless dealing, that all men that ever he had to do with, that ever I heard of, magnified his great integrity and honesty, which was questioned by none; and, being a religious, faithful man, he purchased among other lands the patronage of several great places, and, among the rest, of Stourbridge and Kidderminster, and so chose the best conformable ministers he could get; and not only so, but placed his eldest son's habitation in Kidderminster, which became a great protection and blessing to the town, having placed two families more elsewhere of his two other sons, all three religious, worthy men. And, in thankfulness to God for His mercies to him, built a well-founded hospital near Stourbridge, to teach poor children to read and write, and then set them apprentices, and endowed it with about £500 a-year." The hospital was founded in 1672, seven years before Thomas Foley's death. It was not long since that I had the pleasure to go over it, and to see the admirable manner in which it is conducted. The boys wear a distinctive blue-coat costume; and the hospital, which is at Oldswinford, stands in what may be termed a park, in which are rows of stately trees. The railway traveller, as he approaches the Stourbridge station from Hagley, may see to his left the upper portion of the fine hospital, rising above its envioning trees. I was told that the annual income of this Oldswinford hospital is now considerably above £2000.

The father of the founder of this hospital was Richard Foley (son of Edward Foley), who died, at the age of eighty, in the year 1657, two years after his son had been made high sheriff of the county; and it is this Richard Foley whom I have named at the head of this paper by the *sobriquet* "Fiddler Foley." But, why "fiddler," it may be asked. To which I may reply, that the fiddling is an element in his romantic history which, from my boyhood, I have often heard told in connexion with those adventures that paved the way for the wealth of the ennobled Foley family. For aught I know, it may be mere legend, and destitute of documentary evidence; but I have often been told the story of Fiddler Foley, and I here tell the tale as it was told to me.

Richard Foley, then, was a farmer and nail-maker at Stourbridge. Whether he farmed his own land, or rented it from a landlord, I

cannot say; but it is certain that he made his own nails. For this purpose rods of iron had to be split into long narrow strips; and this splitting was a tedious process, and consequently made the nails the more costly. Then came tidings that nails could be made far more cheaply in Sweden; and, presently, foreign traders introduced these Swedish nails into England, and undersold the Stourbridge manufacturers. Thereupon ensued great distress to the poor nail-makers, who naturally inquired the reason why the Swedes should be able to surpass and undersell them. The cause was not long kept a secret. A Swedish inventor had constructed a machine for splitting the iron rods and bars; and this machine was found to be so successful, that splitting-mills were set up; and by their aid the Swedish workmen were manufacturing thousands of nails with more ease and precision than the Stourbridge men could make their tens. It was the ordinary triumph of science over brute force; but it was clear that something must be done to rescue the Stourbridge trade from annihilation. The question was, what that something must be; and they turned to Richard Foley for a reply. But Richard Foley was not to be found; he had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared from his nail-shop and from his farm. Inquiries were made for him, but without success; and weeks and months passed away, and nothing was seen or heard of him. The months increased to years, and still nothing had been seen or heard of Richard Foley. It then became evident that he had perished either by accident or by foul means.

But, nothing of the sort. Richard Foley was a self-contained man, and had formed his own plans, and desired to carry them out in his own way, without taking any second person into his confidence. Disguised in squalid clothes, without money, and with no other personal property than a fiddle, Richard Foley walked all the way from Stourbridge to Hull, fiddling for his food as he went. Arrived at Hull, he inquired if there was any vessel bound for Sweden. Such a vessel was then in the port and ready to sail, and Richard Foley obtained permission to go on board and work his passage. He not only worked but he also played, and Fiddler Foley established himself as a favourite to all on board. Arrived at Sweden, he left his sailor companions, and fiddled his way from village to village, keeping his eyes wide open for a sight of those splitting-mills, which were the goal of his adventurous journey. At last he reached the foundries, and

it was then that all his intelligence was called into play. The splitting-mills were governed by the most rigorous rules, in order that the secrets of the new invention might be carefully guarded. None but the actual workmen were permitted to enter the mills; and they were not only sworn to secrecy, but were conversant only with certain portions of the process, and were ignorant of the invention as a whole. It was the design of Fiddler Foley to obtain access to the whole of the works and to master the entire process—if he were able. But he was a resolute man, and was determined to let no obstacles stand in his path to success.

For weeks he made his daily appearance in the neighbourhood of the foundries and splitting-mills, until he had become an accustomed sight to the workmen, who, in their intervals of labour, were glad to be amused by his fiddle and humorous ways. He assumed the manners of a person of small intelligence, and was believed to be nothing more than a harmless, foolish man, who was not so bright as he might have been, but who had a fund of good humour and a talent for playing the fiddle. So it came to pass, that, after a time, Fiddler Foley became indispensable to the Swedish nail-makers, and was at length admitted by them inside their foundries and splitting-mills, in order that he might fiddle to them whenever they were able to snatch a few minutes' rest from their labours. No possible harm, it was thought, could ensue from allowing this poor, simple, half-witted, humorous fiddler to wander through the works and mills, which, as a rule, were strictly closed to all but the actual workmen. Fiddler Foley was therefore permitted to come and go as he liked; and he took full advantage of the coveted privilege. Like Sir Simon Simple he was not such a fool as he looked; and he kept his eyes wide open—attentively, though furtively, studying the various processes of manufacture that he had travelled so far to see. No portion of the machinery escaped his observation, and he studied it week after week with the utmost care and perseverance. When he found that he had mastered all the details of the work, and every step in the process; and when, by continued scrutiny, the form and fashion of every part of the machinery was indelibly stamped upon his memory, he then knew that the object of his arduous journey was accomplished. The next day, when the Swedish workmen asked each other where was Fiddler Foley, no one could give a definite answer. He was not to be found at his humble lodging

or at any of his usual haunts; and it soon became manifest that Fiddler Foley had suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

In due time, he, as suddenly, re-appeared among his old friends at Stourbridge, laden only with his fiddle and the precious burden of his secret. To establish the necessary foundries and splitting mills demanded more money than he could compass. He, therefore, admitted two persons as partners of his secret, and sharers in his venture. One of these, I fancy, was Mr. William Brindley, of the Hyde, Staffordshire, whose daughter Alice he afterwards married; the other was Mr. Knight, founder of the Cookley iron and tin-plate works, whose descendant Mr. F. Winn Knight, of Wolverley House, is one of the members for Worcestershire. It was at the Hyde, near Kinver, and not far from Stourbridge, that the Brindleys established the first mill for the manufacture of iron; and it, and the Cookley Iron-works are still flourishing. With the assistance of his two partners, Richard Foley built his splitting-mills, and opened his new foundries. The moment of success had apparently arrived, when a terrible disappointment burst upon them. The machinery was, in some way, defective, and failed to split the rods of iron; and thus, the new mills were for all effective purposes, no better than the old ones. This was an unexpected calamity, and might have crushed an ordinary man. But Richard Foley was not an ordinary man; and with a resolute persistence to achieve what he had undertaken, he determined to return to the Swedish splitting-mills, and endeavour to discover the cause of his present failure. He, therefore, left Stourbridge as suddenly and mysteriously as he had on the previous occasion; and, as his journey to Sweden and its results had been kept secret from all but his two partners, it was concluded by his neighbours and the gossips, that poor Dick Foley's misfortunes and bad luck had been too much for him, and that he was ashamed to hold up his head and look the Stourbridge folks in the face. Perhaps he had made away with himself.

But he had only gone away. He went, as before, in the same beggar's clothes, and with the old familiar fiddle; and he worked his passage across from Hull to Sweden, and he reappeared among his former friends at the foundries and splitting-mills. He had such a reception as might have been given to Paganini in the height of his fiddling fame. The workmen had been sadly dull without Fiddler Foley to cheer them, and they were overjoyed to welcome him among them once more. But he

must not run away from them; in fact, they would guard against his abrupt absconding by providing him with a lodging in the very splitting-mill itself.

On certain nights in the week the mills were deserted by the workmen, although the fires of the foundries were never permitted to go out. Thus there was always warmth for Fiddler Foley at night; and, what was more, there was light. By the glare of the forge fires he was enabled to study the machinery, and to make measurements and drawings of its various parts, with materials which he had provided for that purpose, and which were carefully concealed under his ragged clothes. During the day he studied the actual working of the machinery, and was not long in detecting the few and apparently trivial matters concerning which he had erred in his first essay. It was not long before he had fully mastered the subject, and had provided himself with all the necessary plans. One night, he was locked up as usual, in the splitting-mill; but the next morning, Fiddler Foley had once more mysteriously disappeared. It was evident that, unless he had been entirely consumed in one of the fiery furnaces, he must have climbed up to an opening in the wall, and from thence dropped to the ground on the outside, and stolen away. For a time he was regretted, and then he was forgotten; and Fiddler Foley was never again seen in the Swedish splitting-mills.

Once again he reappeared at Stourbridge, and was seen in his own mills, superintending the erection of new and improved machinery. Then the mills were set to work, and it was found that Richard Foley had solved the secret. The iron rods and bars were split; and Stourbridge could now compete with Sweden on equal terms. Success now rewarded all his patient and self-denying toil, and the poor nail-makers were benefitted through Richard Foley's discovery. He married Alice Brindley and had a numerous family, to whom he left his well-established trade and the nucleus of that fortune which was so greatly increased by his son Thomas. Richard Baxter's funeral panegyrics, and the historian Burnet's eulogies, were reserved for this son Thomas, who, undoubtedly, made the most of his opportunities, and developed the works that had cost his father so much to establish; but, the true founder of the family was Richard Foley. So notable an example of English pluck and perseverance has rarely been surpassed; and his numerous and ennobled descendants may feel a just pride in being able to point to so worthy an ancestor as Fiddler Foley.

## BERTHA.

ROUND Elldreth Castle, through the chilly day,  
The silence hung : long tracks of drifting snow  
Stretched from the mountains to the moaning sea.

But, when the sun sank and the stars came out,  
The bitter winds came sweeping o'er the plains,  
Shaking the shivering pines ; with cruel lips,  
Kissing the icy forehead of the night.

Beneath the shadow of the castle keep  
The King stood, pale and troubled, while there came  
The hollow murmur of the weary wind,  
The crackling of the branches of the pines,  
The flapping of the startled sea-birds' wings  
Around him : and he gazed into the night,  
As if to read some hidden secret there.

Listening and waiting, long he stood, nor knew,  
Until a soft voice trembled through the roar  
Of wind and wave and water, that there was  
Another listener near him : she whose life  
Flung fragrance o'er the barren northern wild—  
Bertha, his only child and only joy—  
A tender flower of worth and loveliness.

She spoke : he heeded not : the fretful wind,  
Which, like a sobbing spirit, came and went  
All through the pine-woods and around the towers,  
Awed him ; and, as it passed and died away,  
In the dread pause he heard, or seemed to hear,  
The distant moving of a mighty host,  
And thereupon he turned and questioned her.  
" It is the moaning of the winter sea,  
That always moans upon the rocky shore,"  
The Princess said, with re-assuring voice.

Listening and waiting, long he stood, and soon  
A heavy fear fell on him, soon he heard  
The sounds come fast and faster : then upleaped  
The kingly heart within him, and the sounds  
Came near and nearer. " What is this ? " he said.  
" It is the tramping of a mighty host,  
A host of foemen, marching through the fens ! "   
She answered, scarcely knowing what she spoke.

## II.

Now, with her maidens, in the eastern tower,  
She sat and sadly looked across the plain.  
From dawn till sunrise, tumult of the strife  
Hung round the castle : sounds of hurrying feet :  
The charge of horsemen : clash of glimmering  
spears :

The din of rallying foes : the forced retreat :  
Then, the far-echoing cry of " Victory ! "

But, when the sun shone through the icy pines,  
The noise of battle ceased ; and o'er the plain  
Slowly the wearied horsemen homeward came.  
" Welcome ! " she said, " thrice welcome, bravest  
brave.

Where is the King ? " And sadly answered they,  
" He stays upon the plain, to watch and guard

The fallen who were wounded in the fight."   
And passing on, they crowded in the hall,  
And the great fires roared, and the ale went round,  
And the men drank in honour of the fight ;  
But the old King came not to drink with them.

## III.

Bertha still watched his coming, calm and pale,  
She stood alone within her silent room,  
Watching and waiting, and the great sun rose,  
Higher and higher : gliding up the blue,  
And gleaming all athwart the moaning sea.  
She watched, but yet he came not ; and a fear  
Most weird, and awful as a saddened soul,  
Came over her : and all in eager haste  
She left her chamber : pausing on her stairs,  
She heard two waiting women whispering low,  
And heard one say, " Alas ! the King is dead."   
And from afar the murmurous voices rose  
From sad to sadder tone : and there were cries  
Within the castle for the kingly dead.

## IV.

Now, when the dawn, with magic hands, unbarred  
The prison-gates of morn, and let her free  
To wander, smiling o'er the happy world,  
The Princess put a royal courage on,  
And summoned all her lords, and sadly said,  
" That I am weak and feeble with my grief  
Cannot but be, for wearily it rests  
Upon me, like a mantle I would fain  
Cast off, but cannot : that my heart is dark  
As some sad ruin, where no sunbeams play,  
Nor moonbeams glide among the moss and flowers,  
Nor stars o'erwatch with tender radiance,  
Must follow on my grief : so I am weak !  
All through the silent hours, and in the track  
Of the cold moonbeams traversing the room,  
Pale sorrow stood, and would not be dismayed,  
But held me, as a child, unto her breast,  
And kissed me with her wan and passionless lips ;  
Yea ! clasped me close, and, clasping, ever gazed  
Over the plain, where lie the conquering dead.  
Yea ! clasped and gazed until the morning came,  
Breaking in cold grey sadness o'er the sea,  
Then, mingling with the ever-changing light,  
Vanished, and left me very poor and weak !

" Yea ! I am weak, and orphaned, and alone —  
No brother to uphold and guard my right —  
No sister to enshrine me in her heart.  
To that grand land whereof our sages speak.  
They voyage ever on the crested waves,  
While I stand watching on the misty coast,  
A silent watcher, very poor and weak.

" Yea ! I am weak, frail, weak and very poor,  
And sad for your sakes, sad, too, for my own.  
A most unworthy ruler of your land —  
Unwomanly, unroyal, without pride  
Such as becomes a ruler : slow to give  
The just rewards your loyalty demands,  
Nor yet less slow to anger. Pity me :



BERTHA.

S. F. HEWETT.



And with your pity mingle thoughts of love,  
That I may grow from weakness unto strength,  
And rule the land that every man may rule  
His fellow's heart by love and gentle deeds !"

Thereat, uprising, filled with loyal pride,  
Her nobles greeted her with loud acclaim.  
"Long live our Queen !" rang echoing through the  
halls,  
Mingled with mourning for the happy dead.

### THREE DAYS IN THE CANTON TESSIN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

WE scrambled over the rocks for some time, and then began to zig-zag up the slope, the snow being hard enough at that early hour to make the footing rather difficult. Our guides, however, amateurs though they were, did their work as well as any professional guide, and we were not far from the top, when an exclamation from the leader to his comrade behind brought the line to a halt. We asked what was the matter. "Mais voila donc les chamois, Messieurs !" was the excited reply ; and sure enough, following the direction of his hand, we saw at a distance of from half to three-quarters of a mile—in fact just below the summit—a string of small dark animals moving quietly over a patch of large stones which appeared in the middle of the snow. The glasses were immediately got out, and we could then see them quite distinctly. They seemed a good deal larger than we had imagined, but we recognised at once the wonderful grace and agility of their motions as they stepped over the jagged and broken rocks. Very soon they sighted, or scented, us, and in an instant the whole file had vanished over the "joch." They were six in number, and our hunter-guide declared that it was very long since he had seen so many together. It was the first time we had ever seen them on their native hills, although their tracks are often visible on the snow ; it had always been one of our great wishes to see them wild, and we were not a little excited in consequence.

After this little episode we resumed our climbing, and after a really hard ascent for the last few hundred yards, reached the top of our pass and halted on some rocks which commanded a view on both sides. The time was only one hour and forty minutes from All' Acqua, very good considering the nature of the work. The provisions were then got out, and we made a second breakfast on bread and cheese and

iced vin d'Asti, the bottle being placed in a hole scooped in the snow and filled in with broken ice. We were now sitting under the peak on the eastern side of the pass, which had been on our right in ascending, for we had kept to the right side of the slope all the way ; and, as it turned out, this was by far the best way. I should advise any one who may cross this pass in future to do the same.

Our further route now appeared pretty clear. On the other side of the "joch" was a very steep glacier-fall, smooth and apparently uncreviced, but still not to be attempted without a rope. On the right margin of this a ridge of large loose rocks ran for some distance from the spot where we sat ; this we should clearly have to follow till it reached the snow-slopes beneath the ice-fall ; after this we should keep to the snow, crossing occasional rock-patches till we got to the moraine, which stretched down into a small narrow valley. This valley we should then follow, unless we tried to keep along the ridge of hills on its right, and this would entail a great deal of glacier and rock-work, which, ropeless and axeless as we were, we hardly liked to risk. The question was, where would the valley take us ? It ran as far as we could see nearly in a straight line, of course widening out at the further end ; but it inclined somewhat to the left, and we thought it might lead us into the Rhone Valley at a point considerably below the Rhone Glacier Hotel, which was not what we wished. Long and perplexed was the discussion over the little map in Baedeker, the guides being quite as much at sea as ourselves ; at length it seemed pretty certain that the valley must be the Geren Thal, that the glacier at our side was the Geren Gletscher (this we afterwards found was a mistake), and that the stream from it would join the Rhone at Oberwald. At Oberwald we knew there was a hotel where we might dine, and then walk on to the Rhone Glacier, a distance of only three or four miles. We therefore decided to follow the valley and set out at once. We were soon on the snow-slopes, and finding them hard and free from crevices, we had some glorious glissades, and a few amusing catastrophes. One unlucky wight, not much accustomed to glissading in a sitting posture, had no sooner gone off than he found himself safely landed in the sort of ditch at the edge of the rocks, having been unable to steer himself straight. The guides went off like a couple of cannon-balls, their legs straight out and well together, their sticks pressed against the snow behind them with both hands to act as a break. I, resolved not to be out-

done, was after them in a moment, but after a few hundred yards, finding that the pace was getting too severe, I dug my stick well in and checked it, when I was somewhat astonished, and not exactly delighted, at feeling a heavy body come thump against my back, and seeing a pair of elegant Alpine boots sticking out on each side of my neck. Mutual ejaculations followed; but the concussion had set me off again, and away we both rolled in a heap over the two guides, who, hearing the row, had stopped, and succeeded in pulling us up. It appeared that my friend had been close behind me in my career, and not seeing that I was checking myself, of course came full tilt on to me. After one or two more jokes of this sort the snow became rather too steep, and we had to take to our legs again and proceed more cautiously. Still it was very quick work, and we soon found ourselves over the snow and on the edge of a wall of rock which had to be descended. The guides soon pitched upon a practicable place, and we got down without much difficulty. Then we scrambled for some time over the rocks at the edge of the moraine, and striking the stream from the glacier we followed it down till it joined the Geren, after which a long and rather tiring walk down the valley brought us into the Rhone Valley just over Oberwald. We reached the hotel there in six hours and forty minutes from the time of starting, and I should imagine that the average time for the pass would be from six to eight hours, according to the state of the snow.

The only other way of getting to the Rhone Glacier from the Val Bedretto is by the Nüfimen Pass; but this, I believe, is much longer, and certainly far less interesting. It goes up to the head of the Val Bedretto, and, joining the Gries Path, comes out at Obergestelen, some way further down the Rhone Valley than Oberwald. It does not touch snow, and has the reputation of being very tedious. We afterwards ascertained, by the help of the Swiss Federal map, that the peak on the right of our pass was the Kuhbodenhorn, and after this peak, I suppose, the pass ought to be named: for the hill on the left is hardly worthy the name of peak. The glacier at the top of the pass, which we supposed to be the Geren Glacier, had no name marked on this map; the real Geren Glacier lay more to the left, and the streams from the two glaciers joined as before mentioned, and were called the Geren.

At Oberwald we got a good dinner, and gave our excellent guides some wine after-

wards. They then started to return to their homes by the Nüfimen, as they were afraid of being benighted on the snow if they went back by the Geren Thal. Should any future visitor to the Val Bedretto wish to cross this pass, he cannot do better than ask for Charles and Guiseppe Leonardi. They are strong active fellows, well up to the work of a guide, and cheerful pleasant companions.

In the afternoon we walked on to the Rhone Glacier Hotel, to return next day by the Grimsel to Meyringen, on our way back to England.

I may add, by way of postscript, that the view from the top of the pass was very fine, embracing a great part of the Oberland on the one side, and the St. Gotthard district and the lovely Italian valleys to the south on the other. It is not often that so grand a prospect can be attained after so short an ascent as that from All' Acqua.

## MORE ABOUT TOBACCO.

BY A LADY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

**T**OBACCO belongs to the nightshade family of plants (*Solanaceæ*), all of which are poisonous; the deleterious qualities residing in the oil called nicotine. Stupefaction is one of its effects; thus tobacco is used to drug inferior porter.

In Florida the plant was called *petun*; hence our petunias, one of the tribe. The great authority, Dr. Asa Gray, and other American botanists, record only two indigenous species, *nicotiana tabacum*, or Virginia tobacco, and *nicotiana rustica*, both said to have been advanced from tropical America, and probably undergoing still further variations from climate and cultivation; as the Maryland tobacco differs from the Missouri species, and that, again, from other kinds cultivated by the Indians of the far west. Now Virginia tobacco being inferior to that grown in Cuba, and the *nicotiana rustica* of northern climates being inferior to the Virginian species, we may conclude that, as a general rule, tobacco deteriorates northwards; and, as there are now fifty recognized species in various parts of the globe, the interesting question remains—Have climate and cultivation produced these scientific distinctions since the naturalization of the original species from tropical America? or, did tobacco exist in Persia, Tartary, Africa, and the East Indies, previous to the discovery of America?

Certain recognised and individual qualities in the various species render them of more or less marketable value, and are turned to practical account by the manufacturer. Thus the Havannah and Manilla tobaccos are more elastic and leathery, stretching immensely, and are in virtue of these qualities used for the outside covering of cigars. Dutch tobacco is pale—not full flavoured; is more porous, or “drinky,” and in fact is bad enough to be used to adulterate the choicer kinds. In a large factory in the north of England, where adulterating ingredients were suspected, the visitor was told that “cabbage and dock leaves would be a luxury to that Dutch tobacco.” English tobacco is *nic. rustica*, the same as that grown in Turkey, and known as Turkish tobacco; and *nic. Persica* is used for the famous Shirag tobacco, a mild kind much esteemed in the East.

In manufacturing, the commoner kinds require to be heated (half baked) to bring out what flavour they possess; other kinds, like those from Virginia and Cuba, have flavour enough and to spare. Within a few years English manufacturers have been permitted by Act of Parliament to use certain ingredients heretofore considered adulterations in the flavouring of tobacco; and among others the reader of the *Tobacco Trade Review* may see various wines and essences advertised as “Patented,” “Analyzed,” such as *prune wine*, for instance, which is “found to be of the choicest quality of foreign wines, with other costly fluids among its ingredients.” A glance at this *Review* will show with what jealousy a monopoly of such flavouring is secured by certain manufacturers; and with what skill they cook up the raw leaf in order to entice the epicure. “We no sooner bring out a new cigar than it is imitated in bad leaf by unprincipled houses,” writes a victimized inventor. Then the advertisements! “We are now making a very beautiful cigarette in blue, green, buff, mauve, and pink satin paper, superior to Vevey Fins,”—whatever they may be (?) “We have a few handsome boxes of bright cavendish, got up in American style—a capital article for Christmas presents.” “Our new smoking mixture,” &c. “Observe our trade mark.” Excepting the legalized flavourings, adulterations are visited by the heavy penalty of £200, in spite of which chicory, rhubarb, colt’s-foot, and other leaves do somehow get insinuated occasionally among the choicer kinds of tobacco, whose excess of flavour might otherwise prove too potent for both pipe and pocket, perhaps.

Besides the immense duty on imported tobacco, the merchant will tell you he sustains an annually increasing waste in the *per centage* of stems, which he can only dispose of to the snuff-makers, and which, owing to the consumption of snuff being less every year, become in proportion less and less marketable. The duty on unstemmed leaf is from 3s. 2d. to 3s. 6d. per lb., and the stems when detached are worth only 2s. 6d. a lb.; consequently, to escape duty on what may prove a dead loss, the manufacturer permits the chief stems or “buts” of the bunches to be chopped off at the custom-house before the mass is taxed, and these stems are burned by Government authorities. Every cask undergoes rigid examination at the bonding warehouses, and all the injured or forfeited tobacco is destroyed. Stringent legislation and legal restrictions still hem in the tobacco trade, or the revenue would materially suffer. During the late war between Prussia and Denmark, a ship-load of twelve or thirteen hundred tons of tobacco stems was being sent from Germany to Denmark, and on putting in at Hull for repairs the tobacco, though not intended for England, was seized by the revenue officers there (the importation of stems alone being prohibited in England), and the whole cargo was burned in a field near the docks. At the London Docks is the huge kiln popularly known as “the Queen’s tobacco-pipe,” in which all injured, waste, or contraband tobacco and cigars are periodically burned. Occasionally many hundred-weights of tobacco and cigars, as well as other forfeited valuables, are here stupidly consumed, which had far better be sold in aid of some of the national charities (and particularly now, with the famine fever raging).

Tobacco comes to England packed in various ways—from South America in linen bales, and from the United States in hogsheads, each containing an average of ten or eleven hundredweight, but by immense pressure so closely stowed that one thousand pounds is forced into the compass of a barrel four feet high and two and a half feet in diameter. For the convenience of unpacking, the barrel is sawn in two, and the solid mass of tobacco has to be carefully separated. The contents may consist of entire plants in bunches, or of detached leaves folded and laid flat one upon another. You may see in a tobacco factory a score or more varieties of growth, of curing, of packing, and of colour, and these are again diversified in endless ways in preparation for the market.

In proportion to its value, no other imported article is subject to such a high rate of duty as tobacco; but this, as it is a luxury only, and not a necessity, is only *fair*. (At least so thinks a woman, who must endure but not enjoy tobacco.) The intrinsic value of the raw commodity is from 3*d.* to 10*d.* per lb. and of manufactured tobacco from 3*s.* to 5*s.* per lb; while the duty alone is from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per lb.

The duty on raw tobacco has gradually advanced since 1787, when it was raised from 10*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.*, having remained nearly at the present rate since 1825. The enormous sum of six millions sterling is now added to the revenue by the duty on tobacco. Six millions of golden sovereigns annually! What a homily could be read on the fact that millions of human mouths are hourly engaged in the stupendous work of producing *smoke* at so vast a cost!

But leaving the moral to the conscience-struck reader, and keeping to facts alone, statistics prove that smoking is a steadily increasing habit—the annual consumption of tobacco more than keeping pace with the population. In 1791, the quantity of tobacco consumed in England was about 9½ millions of lbs.; and in 1841 it was 40 millions of lbs.;—averaging 13½ oz. per head: at present the average is nearly 1½ lb. per head.

This growing habit of smoking has, of late, given rise to much scientific controversy as to its physically injurious effects; but, after all is said, we are left to suppose that if the friends and foes of tobacco were ranged in opposite ranks, they would present two such equal and well balanced parties, that a drawn battle must be declared. To render this paper more complete, a few well known authorities shall be impartially quoted, and the victory between my two moral battalions left to the reader.

To youth, the entire faculty concur in denouncing tobacco as *positively injurious*. Dr. Decaisne, in the *British Medical Journal*, states that in twenty-seven out of thirty-eight boys, between nine and fifteen years of age, who smoked, he observed distinct symptoms, consisting of functional disorders, slowness of intellect, and a taste for strong drinks. Facts which are again proved in the competitive examinations at public schools, where the habitual smokers are generally found to be below par. Dr. Richardson, who has bestowed such careful attention to the subject, says that “before full maturity of the system is attained, the smallest amount of smoking is hurtful.”

Every species of tobacco, however variously prepared, possesses certain deleterious qualities in common.

These are carbon, which settles on the membrane of the throat, and produces what is known as “the smoker’s sore throat;” ammonia, inducing thirst and frequent quaffing; carbonic acid, and the oil of tobacco called *nicotine*, “a sedative poison which exerts an influence through the blood upon the tissues of the heart itself,” producing functional disturbances of the heart, the brain, the stomach, the nerves, and incipient diseases of many kinds. Sir Benjamin Brodie was inclined to think tobacco, used immoderately, was more injurious than opium; but those who have witnessed the terrible effects of the latter, where immoderately indulged in, adduce strong proofs to the contrary.

From the internal appearance of a man who had died from apoplexy not long since, Dr. Lankester judged that he had been a drunkard; and on learning to the contrary “but a great smoker,” remarked that “if alcohol and tobacco were to be tried for murder, alcohol would be hung, and tobacco get off with a week’s imprisonment.”

Cigars produce dyspepsia more rapidly than the pipe; because, without a long mouth-piece, the *nicotine* is necessarily absorbed. Of all the uses of tobacco, *chewing* is admitted to be the most injurious, as well as the most odious, and it is a habit which seems to have stamped a nationality on the conventional “Yankee,” with his spare form and sunken cheeks. Yet sailors chew immensely—a habit which has probably grown out of the severe rules for restricting fire on board ship—and the figure of the conventional sailor is exactly the reverse of that of the typical Yankee; from which fact we can only argue that the injurious effects of tobacco-chewing are greatly obviated by the active, open-air life of the sailor. Some chewers dispose of from four to eight ounces a day! A case is recorded of a sailor, sixty-four years of age, and of uninterrupted good health, who had chewed for fifty years, latterly *eating* his quid, swallowing every particle of leaf and juice to the amount of a quarter of a pound every five days. Regarding tobacco, as regarding other evils and their remedies, the doctors differ in some respects. For instance, while some affirm that tobacco produces the weakened vision, and the ear-ache, the well-known Dr. Osborn, of New Orleans, records a case where otalgia was cured by tobacco; and extols it as a valuable remedy, internal or external, in several diseases; the pharmacopœia also attests to its various uses. “Tobacco, used with judgment and moderation,” wrote Fagon,

the famous physician of Louis XIV., "may justly claim the precedence of all other remedies. It makes us forget the cares of life, renders us happy in extreme poverty, eases our mind, and even supplies the want of victuals." *Moderation* and *discretion*, then, end the argument. Just as sweets or acids or bitters are poison to one man and life to another, and as too much of any good thing negatives its virtues, so must the judicious smoker regulate his pipe.

"Tobacco !" exclaimed Sir Walter Raleigh—

It passes the time, improves the joke,  
And turns all troubles into smoke !

Friend alike of savage and civilised man, of prince and peasant, bond of fraternity, a freemason signal of good-will and fellowship—when woman is told all this of the magic pipe, might she not almost envy this boasted means of obtaining a little tranquil enjoyment in this untranquil world !

Philosophy comes to our aid. "When your husband gets into a passion, fill his pipe for him. With that in his mouth he cannot go on quarrelling," writes one who has, doubtless, found that a cosy nook where her lord and master can smoke in peace, is the best means of keeping him at home. "See his face relax by degrees. By the time the pipe is out his passion will have exhausted itself, and the promise of a new bonnet will in all probability ensue." The victory of tobacco must be recorded among the great events of the middle of the nineteenth century. Church and State have succumbed to Nicotiana. A few years ago, if our clerical cousin were caught with a cigar in his mouth, what confusion he would betray, what apologies he would offer, what excuses in behalf of his over-worked brains, or the efficacy of a cigar in warding off infection "while fever is in the village." Clerical or not, who ever offers an excuse for smoking now-a-days ? The "occasional cigar" is supplanted by the constant pipe. Majesty itself has surrendered to Nicotiana ; and in royal residences, where not long since smoking was forbidden, a smoking-saloon is now acknowledged to be indispensable. The ear legislative has been won for Nicotiana, and the whole army of railroad directors compelled to raise a flag of truce in its favour, and to set apart a smoking-carriage in every train on every line. On the contrary, where least expected, we find some lingering struggles to keep Nicotiana in check ; for a resolution was lately passed in one of the great religious conferences in the United States, that any person using tobacco was not to be admitted to the ministry.

The tobacco trade of Great Britain now employs some tens of thousands of hands, a large proportion of whom are women. It supports a benevolent association for the relief of the necessitous and honest members ; it pensions the widows, and educates the orphans. A magazine, *The Tobacco Trade Review* before mentioned, is devoted exclusively to its interests ; and numbers among its correspondents many of the scientific writers of the day. The results of microscopic investigations, frauds, and defects, with much matter of a highly interesting and instructive character, appear in its pages ; and by special reporters from all parts of the world, the interests of the grower, the merchant, the exporter, the importer, the manufacturer, and the trader are watched ; stocks and current prices are regularly quoted by telegraph ; in fact, the ramifications of the tobacco trade are incredible. Such is its magnitude, and so beyond computation are tobacco consumers, that if this paper were wound up with an anti-tobacco exordium, it is doubtful whether it would ever meet the public eye.

More to the purpose might be an appeal against burning so much in waste, especially at a time when famine-fever is raging !

### MUSIC FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

IT cannot be denied that every possible preparation is made for the fitting reception of old Father Christmas amongst us. At this season the greatest activity prevails with the publishing world. Christmas literature has now become an annual want, and "the trade" are not slow in their endeavours to provide tempting volumes to suit the tastes and pockets of the world of present-givers ; hence the floods of Christmas books that inundate the shops. At no season of the year, perhaps, is a good song or a new piece so much wanted as at present, and the music publishers appear to be quite equal to the satisfaction of all demands made upon them. We have received a batch of new music for review, some of the pieces produced specially for the present season, whilst others are as well adapted to July as to December.

Messrs. Chappell & Co., New Bond Street, send us a number of pieces, from which we may select for honourable mention :—

"The Christine Waltz," by Dan Godfrey. It is almost superfluous to remark that Mr. Godfrey's dance music is always light and graceful. "The Christine Waltz" (dedicated

to that charming *prima donna*, Mdle. Nilsson) is no exception to the rule, and we have no doubt its inspiring strains will be heard with pleasure in the "early morning hours" in most ball-rooms this winter.

"Old Friends" and "Young Friends," two companion sets of quadrilles by the same composer, on well-known and favourite English airs, will be found capital sets to dance to and probably become very popular.

Three "Sonatinas" for the pianoforte, by Carl Reinecke, are full of pleasing melody and make very effective pieces, of moderate difficulty.

"Hark! hark! the Lark," "The Linden Tree," and "The Erl King," are three well-known and popular songs arranged as pianoforte solos by W. Kuhe. The arrangement in each case is very effective, and the air is preserved with admirable clearness throughout the variations. "Hark! hark! the Lark," is especially deserving of praise for its simplicity and effectiveness.

"In the Merry Christmas Time" is, as its name imports, a song written for the present season. The words, by Mr. J. L. Lyons, are cheery enough, and the music, by Mr. W. F. Taylor, is appropriate to the theme—

The bells are ringing blithely,  
There's mirth in every chime,  
And all around are joyous,  
For care's a Christmas crime.

The cover of the song is adorned with the conventional holly and mistletoe, forming a wreath round a snow-covered church.

The "Schubert Vocal Album" is a volume handsomely bound in scarlet cloth, containing forty-four songs by Schubert, the German words by Wilhelm Müller, with an English version by Clarina Macfarren.

Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., have published a capital comic song, "I Really am so Sleepy!" words and music by Alfred Scott Gatty. The tune is a good one, and the words are really droll. It has all the ring of the Cambridge Gillespie's Band Concerts about it, and in the hands of anyone who can sing a comic song must make his hearers laugh.

The words of "The Mother's Visit"—a song by the same composer—written by the authoress of "John Halifax, Gentleman," are touching, and the music is plaintive and full of feeling.

"The Northern Star," ballad, by the same composer, is a very good song. *Apropos* of the great Franco-Egyptian enterprise Messrs Robert Cocks & Co. publish the "Suez Quad-

rilie," with a bird's-eye view of the Canal on the cover. From the same publishers we have "My First Ball," and "Happy Dreams," a waltz and quadrille composed by J. Pridham. Both are fair specimens of dance music. Dr. Carpenter's ballad "The Music of her voice" is a very pretty song, and Mr. W. T. Wrighton's music harmonizes perfectly with the sentiment of the verses.

We select from the music submitted to us by Messrs. Boosey & Co.,

"The Vagabond," a song of Mr. Santley's, music by J. L. Molloy, words by Charles L. Kenney. The air is lively and gypsy-like, and the words are good.

Homeless, ragged and tann'd,  
Under the changeful sky,  
Who so free in the land—  
Who so contented as I?

forms the burden of the Zingaro's ballad.

"Thady O'Flinn," another song by the same composer possesses considerable merit, and as its title suggests, is thoroughly Irish. It is the bantering effusion a young lady named Norah Grady, directed to her lover, one Thady O'Flinn. The words are entirely free from vulgarity, which is not always the case with semi-comic songs, and the arrangement brings it within the compass of most voices.

Coote's "Périchole Galop," is a spirited piece of dance music, and is brimful of the "go," which is the desideratum in a galop.

"Christmas Eve," and "A Happy New Year," both composed by W. H. Holmes, are described as "characteristic" pieces, and are presented in illuminated wrappers in keeping with their titles.

Metzler & Co.'s Christmas number of *The Popular Musical Library* is a capital shilling's worth, containing twelve dances by popular composers. The music is not all new, such old friends and favourites as the "Agnes Sorel" quadrilles, by A. Leduc, and "Les Rats," by G. Redler, being included in the list of contents.

Rimbault's "Sunday Evenings at the Harmonium" (Metzler), will supply a want many performers have felt for a good arrangement of the best works of the great composers, made specially for this instrument.

The volume contains well-known compositions of Handel, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart, and many other masters.

The Christmas number of *Exeter Hall*, a magazine of sacred music, contains five pieces adapted to Christmas time.

From the same publishers we have "The

Wayfarer," a song by Jules Benedict—the words by George Metzler—the sentiment of this song is pretty, and Mr. Benedict's air and accompaniment are good.

"A Mother's Song," and "Beryl," are two songs of average merit and attractiveness, by Virginia Gabriel. Of the two, we prefer the latter.

"Wings" (Robert W. Ollivier), a caprice for the pianoforte, by H. A. Wollenhaupt, fingered and arranged by A. Ferdinand, is a very showy and effective solo for piano.

Luigi Badia's "La Giovinetta al Balcone" is a very pretty Italian canzonetta.

"Il Postino di Londra," by the same composer also possesses freshness and merit. Mr. Ollivier publishes, likewise, a very good set of waltzes, "The Prince Arthur," composed by Henry Oakey, and dedicated, by permission, to his Royal Highness.

Messrs. Duff & Stewart, publish two good galops, "The Channel," and "Mephistopheles," the former by the well known and popular composer of dance music, C. H. R. Marriott, the latter by the director of the band at the Charing Cross Theatre, where "Mephistopheles" has had a run of considerable length.

"Un Rayon d'Esperance," a *nocturne* by Jules Benedict, and "Sally In Our Alley," transcribed for the piano, by R. F. Harvey, are two pieces of very different character, but both possess considerable merit and are undoubtedly effective solos.

"I'm not at all particular," serio-comic song, by Seymour Smith, published by the same firm, has good words set to a good tune, and is sure to become popular.

"Sea Shells" (Kreutzer, Sampson, & Co.) is a good set of waltzes, light and lively, composed by James Waterson, band master, 1st Life Guards, and dedicated to the Duchess of Buccleugh.

"An Autumn Evening" (Weekes & Co.) is a song composed by Samuel Weekes, and "intended as a tribute to the memory of Mr. George Peabody." The air is plaintive and melancholy, but of the words we cannot say we think highly.

Messrs. Hopwood & Crew publish some very good dance music. Coote's "Carnival Polka," is a very lively specimen of a dance tune, introducing that popular air the "Idol of the Day." And the "Songs of the Period Valse," "Overture Quadrille," and the "Target Galop," all by Charles Coote, jun., are three pieces that will be played at most balls this season.

They are presented in most enticing and artistically designed wrappers; and are in every way satisfactory.

## TABLE TALK.

TURNING over some newspaper criticisms of the Exhibition of Pictures at Somerset House, in the spring of 1825; it was odd to light upon the following sentence:—"Amongst the architectural drawings are two by the son of Mathews, the comedian, who has just returned to England from studying in Italy and Greece. They display much present talent, and give considerable promise for the future." This architectural draughtsman, it is almost needless to say, is that admirable evergreen comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews.

THERE is a book called "What to do with the Cold Mutton," which may be called a Century of Inventions, for it gives a hundred methods of serving up that despised meat. A companion work might be published, telling us "What to do with the cold shoulder," when any quondam friend has turned it upon us. But I wonder if anyone has written a book instructing us "What to do with the Old Clothes." There would be much use in it, though no beauty. It is true that I see many advertisements in the daily papers containing tempting proposals from Messrs. Hookern and Grabbit, as to what they will give me if I will send them my old clothes or cast-off uniforms; but I have never yet placed sufficient faith in them to warrant me in entrusting an unpaid bundle of goods to the devouring jaws of their establishment. Yet, I have often passed by such shops, and I have been even caught by the collar and arrested in my steps by an affable and jewelled Israelite, who has said, "Vot doesh you asksh for your coat?" as though I should have left my garment in his hands, and have walked on to Piccadilly—from Rag Fair to May Fair—in my shirt-sleeves. They tell me that they buy the old uniforms for tempting articles of barter to nigger monarchs; and that our "customary suits of solemn black" are vamped up to ship off to Australian colonists. There is a certain portion of my clothing that I can give away to my poorer neighbours in that part of the country where I live. Old shooting-coats, reading-coats, top-coats, morning waistcoats, and trousers for trudging through the mud, may all be made acceptable to Hodge, or may be converted by Mrs. Hodge for her growing lads. But what am I to do with old dress-coats, with or without those "silk-quilted lappets" with which my tailor describes them in that unacceptable prose manuscript, his bill? My

"mild Arcadians, ever blooming," could never put in an appearance in such unwonted garments, in which they would feel as little at home as did the fabled toad with his side-pocket. An Irish peasant may consider a swallow-tailed coat as his normal costume; but to an English labourer it would be a masquerade dress. Yet, what am I to do with my old dress-coats? The other day, I thought I saw my way to a profitable answer of this question. A market-gardener's wife who was bringing me a pony-cart load of potatoes, confided to me, as a social secret, that she bought the cast-off clothes of many ladies and gentlemen who are my neighbours, and that if I had such things to dispose of, the money for them could be taken as a set-off against a portion of the price of potatoes. I am not aware that either Frikell or Houdin ever achieved the feat of turning old dress-coats into a sack of potatoes; though I recalled to memory one of George Cruikshank's etchings, in one of his almanacks, where a man and woman with a donkey-cart are giving geraniums and other flowers in pots in exchange for cast-off garments. The woman, with whom I had to deal, terribly depreciated my coats and could only give me a good offer for things that I had not to sell. The transaction had all the excitement of gambling; and I suggested a deal in hats. "Law bless you, sir!" said the woman, "why, I've got a barn-full o' old 'ats." The stupendousness of this falsehood left me powerless to compete with her in her peculiar line of business; and my cast-off chimney-pot hats are still "on my hands" if not on my head.

THE ordinary solidity of *Macmillan's Magazine* was relieved, in November, by an (unsigned) article on "Oxford Slang." The article is very good, as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. The writer of it deliberately states that he has no intention of dealing with "the slang of the place" and with "expressions which have merely a local interest or which are representative only of university customs;" and that he shall only treat of "the slang of the people." The consequence is, that the specimens that he gives as being peculiarly "Oxford slang" might just as well have been specimens of club slang, army slang, Cambridge slang, or public-school slang; for, there is nothing about them that would localise them for Oxford. In fact, the writer of the paper would seem to concede this point, when he says, "The upper classes of English society appear to be fairly represented

by those of their members who are at the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, . . . and a paper upon 'Oxford Slang' or upon 'Cambridge Slang' will probably suffice as a specimen essay upon the slang of all male society." If the reader, then, looks into this paper in *Macmillan* for enlightenment on genuine Oxford slang, he will be disappointed, and will only find a paper on the slang of the males of the upper classes. For real university slang, which shall be coloured by the hue of the place, he must look into the novels that deal with the subject, from the time of "Peter Priggins," at Oxford, to that of the trashy "Charlie Villars at Cambridge;" and he must consult such amusing and recondite dictionaries as the "Gradus ad Cantabrigiam; or, New University Guide to the Academical Customs and Colloquial or Cant Terms peculiar to the University of Cambridge" (1824). He may also read the chapter—"The Cantab. Language"—in Bristed's "Five Years in an English University" (1852), and look into Everett's "On the Cam" (1866). He may also read through the 506 pages that Mr. B. N. Hall devoted to "A Collection of College Words and Customs" (1856). Having done which, with care and industry, he will know more both of Cambridge and "Oxford Slang" than he can learn from the article in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

NONE BUT CHINAMEN could heretofore make gongs to perfection. It used to be supposed that they possessed the secret of mixing the alloy of which the clamorous instruments are formed, or else some means of tempering the metal to allow of its being beaten into shape, and afterwards hardened to a sonorous density. For a genuine gong is brittle; it will crack if struck with a hard substance; and yet it bears hammer-marks all over it. I don't know whether English musical instrument makers have not supplied gongs because there is no demand for them, or because they could not make them. But, if the latter, there need no longer be a scarcity in the market; for a French metallurgist has been experimenting upon gong and cymbal metals, and has revealed the Chinese secret, if secret it has been. The nature of the alloy has long been known; it consists of eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin. But the shaping: attempt to beat this compound into a dish-form, and it flies like porcelain. The trick lies in first heating it, and hammering it while at a dull red heat; it is then malleable as soft iron; allow it to cool, and it relapses into friability.



The making of a gong must be tedious work, though; for the thin metal will soon cool, and there must be incessant re-heatings. A barbarian's patience must be required for the task. Perhaps it is the labour thus spent upon gongs that renders them so expensive.

THE LAST INSTALMENT of Victor Hugo's "Grinning Man," has its usual complement of things not generally known to students of English history and insular manners and customs. Thus, with his desire to display his knowledge in an unnecessary way, M. Victor Hugo says "they breakfasted together, generally on ham or tea. Tea was introduced into England in 1698." He should also have told us "ham was first cured in" such a year. But, as regards tea, we have already shown in an article on "tea" in these pages, for last July 31st, (pp. 62-4,) that gossiping Mr. Pepys drank the "China drink" on September 25th, 1660, and that it had been introduced into England in 1657. In 1660, it was mentioned in an Act of Parliament; in 1662, Waller lauds it as "the best of herbs;" and, in 1667, "Mr. Pelling, the potticary," orders Mrs. Pepys to take tea as being "good for her cold and defluxions." So that tea was in use in England before Gwynplaine and Dea were born. M. Victor Hugo further tells us that Southwark is now "pronounced Sousouorc, or near it; indeed, an excellent way of pronouncing English names is not to pronounce them. Thus, for Southampton, say Stpntn." This information is, probably, derived from the abbreviated form used in a railway guide, or on a railway ticket. He also says that the river-wall at Southwark was called the Effroc wall, from a Duke of Effroc who was drowned there. "York, when it was Saxon, was called Effroc." This piece of pedantry is tolerably near the mark, as the Saxons called it *Eofor wic*, and *Euore wic*, from its situation on the river *Eure* (Ouse), and "York" may be derived from the Saxon name. It is also possible that it was the *Caer Effroc* of the Britons. M. Victor Hugo's account of the Tadcaster Inn, Tarrinzeau Field, Southwark, with Master Nicless, the boy Govicum, Tom-Jim-Jack, &c., may, for its grotesque in-

correctness, rival that celebrated "Coal-hole Tavern" scene (with Cooks the boxer, the High Constable of Westminster, Lord Mewil, Ketty the fair, Pistol, &c.) in the third act of the elder Dumas' play, "Edmund Kean."

SOME DAY WE MAY HEAR of a great pianist, by name Charles Knubel. Musicians have before to-day been taken from the gutter and put on the smooth road which popularity paves to fame and fortune; and time will show whether the owner of the above name affords another case of such good luck. The youth, for he is now fourteen, has been delighting all hearers at the recent Exhibition of the American Institute by his performances on the piano and the electric organ. One day he was a disregarded shoeblack, the next an admired artist. The transformation was one of those happy flukes that occur too rarely. The secretary of the Exhibition, having his boots blacked by a barefooted youngster one morning, happened to tell the knight of the bottle and brushes, that if he would wash his face, and present himself at the building the next day, he should be admitted to the show. On the morrow the youth appeared with soap-shone countenance, and the secretary kept his promise, and had him passed into the Exhibition. Half-an-hour after, there was seen a crowd of people listening to a brilliant performance upon one of the exhibited pianofortes; and the secretary, making way to the instrument, beheld with astonishment that the player was no other than his shoeblack *protégé*! Talent soon found patrons in the persons of the manufacturers whose piano the youth had so ably manipulated. He was professionally clad, and every evening afterwards his performances constituted one of the attractions of the fair. The boy is an orphan. His father, a German musician, taught his infant son to play, but died before he could give him a start in the world. What could such a child of misfortune do with his talent? Nothing: so he blacked boots for a crust. And he might have been polishing still, but for that one lucky customer.

### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

*The proprietors have much pleasure in announcing that in the 1st No. of Vol. V. (Feb. 5th, 1870), will be commenced a NEW NOVEL, of powerful interest, entitled*

**THE MORTIMERS: A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES.**

*By the EDITOR of "ONCE A WEEK."*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

Dec. 25,]

CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT.

[1869.

## THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

By SIDNEY DARYL.

### CHAPTER I.

OLD Sir Gerald Mordaunt died, and most people thought that the ancient baronetcy, which had existed so many years, and seemed inseparably associated with Gloucestershire would become extinct. He had passed away to his rest, tended in his last hours neither by child nor relation, and though in accordance with his wishes he was borne to the family vault in Canedon Church, with much pomp and ceremony in the shape of prancing black horses, shuffling mutes, and waving plumes, the mourners who followed were chiefly tenants, with the exception of Mr. Seton, the lawyer, and a stranger who had come down with him from town the night before. This latter attracted a good deal of notice, and much curiosity was excited about him. In appearance he was singularly prepossessing; his tall and commanding figure was set off by an easy and graceful carriage, while his well marked and refined features betokened gentle breeding. To guess his age was by no means an easy task, for his face was hidden in a large beard and moustache; he might not be more than five and twenty, and yet there was a gloomy restless expression about his eyes, and deep lines in his forehead, wherein might be read the record of some great bitterness in the past. He was, moreover, peculiarly silent and reserved, and beyond giving utterance to a few common-place remarks, seemed mysteriously taciturn.

The business of burying was over, and Gerald Mordaunt had been left to sleep with his fathers; while those who had assisted to put him into that bed of common humanity from which all his pride of birth and wealth could not save him, returned to the Brick House—so the old family residence of the Mordaunts was called—to hear the will read

and taste just one more glass of that wonderful port with which they had already fortified themselves before the solemn ceremony, and whose flavour still hovered temptingly about their lips. The old dining room, with its panels of carved oak and mullioned windows soon presented quite a lively appearance, filled as it was with a large number of persons, who, distributing themselves about it in small knots, discussed the generous wine, and the peculiarities of the deceased—why he had not married, and how it was he always lived alone, as if he possessed neither relation nor friend in the world. The various conversations were suddenly put an end to by the entrance of Mr. Seton, who, taking a chair, requested the company to be seated.

He then drew a sealed packet from his pocket, gave his spectacles a preliminary rub, and occupied some time in fixing them on to his satisfaction. Having thus got himself into proper order, he coughed loudly, and spoke as follows:—

“My good friends, in pursuance of an order given me by my late esteemed client, Sir Gerald Mordaunt, I have summoned you all here to be present at the reading of his last will and testament, a duty which I shall now proceed to discharge. I may here remark, that the late lamented baronet was an extraordinary man, and, quite contrary to all precedent—in fact, in spite of my most earnest entreaties to the contrary—he would draw up and write his will himself. I am therefore neither responsible for its brevity nor its want of formality.”

Having thus, so to speak, set himself right with the public, Mr. Seton coughed loudly once more, readjusted his spectacles, and then broke open the sealed packet, the contents of which he immediately proceeded to read aloud.

“The first, last, and only will and testament of Gerald Mordaunt, of the Brick House, Canedon, in the County of Gloucester, Baronet. I the said Gerald Mordaunt, being of sound mind, and in full possession of my faculties, do hereby make my last will and testament. I give and bequeath absolutely, without any provision,

hinderance, or restriction, all my property, real and personal, wheresoever situate, and of every kind and description, to my nephew, Ernest, only son of my late brother Charles, in full hope and belief that the bitter lesson of the past will not be lost upon him.

"And I appoint my nephew, Ernest, and Mark Seton, attorney, of Gray's Inn Square, London, executors of my said will.

"Pay my debts, if there be any; keep on the old servants, and uphold the good name of the family."

And this was all. Nothing more than these few words so characteristic of the dead man!

Mr. Seton folded up the paper, took off his spectacles, and rising from his chair pointed to the stranger.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have the honour to introduce to you Sir Ernest Mordaunt. I am sure we all wish him health and happiness." Whereupon Sir Ernest bowed, and then Mr. Seton bowed, and finally the company inclined their heads, as in duty bound, and presently took themselves off to discuss the new turn that things had taken, and the oddity of an heir to the title and property, of whom they had never before so much as heard, making his appearance.

By and by all the funeral guests were gone, and Mr. Seton and the new baronet were speeding back to London as fast as the steam horse could carry them.

"I suppose, Sir Ernest, you will settle at the Brick House, when the summer comes on?" inquired the bland attorney, tucking his railway wrapper tightly round him, and paving the way for what he hoped to bring about—an agreeable conversation with his companion.

"If I can settle anywhere, perhaps I may," was the reply; and then the restless eyes wandered away into contemplation of the dreary landscape, while the lines in the forehead seemed to grow deeper and darker.

Mr. Seton for once gave it up as hopeless. Four and twenty hours in Sir Ernest Mordaunt's society had convinced him that he was not a man of a sociable disposition. There was no help for it, so he composed himself snugly into a corner and was soon rocked to sleep. On rattled the train towards the new Babylon—through deep cutting, over towering viaduct, hissing, snorting, whistling, screeching, but always progressing. Still that silent man sat unmoved by the window, his head resting on his hand, gazing vacantly out upon the growing shadows that lengthened and lengthened till the night came on. He had counted the telegraph posts till he was weary,

and now he sought to number the flashing lamps as the train dashed through the stations on the road.

Presently came a long interval of darkness, and for occupation's sake he listened to the clatter of the busy wheels as they whirled round and round. What was it they reminded him of? He pressed his hand roughly to his forehead, opened his eyes wildly, and whispered to himself, as if desperate and in agony, "At every turn, at every step, something meets me to recall that horrible time. Merciful heaven! I shall go mad—this daily, hourly torture is worse than death!"

But the panting giant heard him not, and still went racing on. Mr. Seton was somewhat startled to feel himself roughly shaken by the shoulder, and to hear a voice shouting in his ear:—

"For pity's sake speak to me, talk to me—do anything rather than leave me to my own thoughts."

Mr. Seton was naturally enough considerably astonished, and not a little frightened. He was somewhat re-assured, when by the light of the carriage lamp he found that his assailant was only his hitherto unsociable companion, who now that his momentary excitement was over had relapsed into gloom and silence once more.

"Pray forgive me, Sir Ernest," said the little attorney pulling himself together as he went along, "but railway travelling always makes me sleepy, and you did not seem inclined for conversation."

"You need make no apologies Mr. Seton," was his companion's answer. "It is I who should do that for so rudely disturbing you. Thank heaven, we have reached our destination at last," he added as the train glided swiftly into the London terminus.

"Well," observed Mr. Seton to himself, as a Hansom bore him swiftly to his home at Highbury, "of all the singular people I have met with in the course of my professional career, that young man is the most extraordinary. To think that he has come in for a fine property and a title into the bargain, and yet should look so wretched. It really is too bad."

And with that Mr. Seton gave up his new client as an individual of whom no use in his generation could be made, and presently forgot all about him in the warm supper and cheery welcome that awaited him at his domestic hearth.

What of the other? No cheery fire nor warm food bided his coming. Though those

rooms of his in St. James's Street were richly and luxuriantly furnished, they were gloomy and desolate, and no loving heart presided there to greet his return. Till to-day nameless, Ernest Mordaunt must begin his new life to-morrow.

## CHAPTER II.

### A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

EVER since Sir Gerald's funeral the Brick House had remained shut-up, save in such portions of the premises as were occupied by the servants, who still continued in idle and undisputed possession. Spring arrived and passed away, even the best part of summer had departed, and yet there seemed no likelihood of their new master coming to take up his residence with them. Like many other people, they began to weary of doing nothing, and though their wages were paid with admirable punctuality, and their meat and drink was all they could wish, they longed for the time when the shutters should be taken down from the windows and there should be some one in the house to be attended to and waited upon.

Their hopes and wishes were destined to fulfilment. One fine morning, Mrs. Newton, the housekeeper, received a letter from Mr. Seton, informing her that Sir Ernest was on the point of being married, and that at the conclusion of the honeymoon he and Lady Mordaunt would go to the Brick House, where everything was to be in proper order to receive its new mistress. The welcome news was greeted with universal acclamation and delight. Mr. Screw, the butler, whom idleness and good living had brought to a plethoric state of corpulence fearful to behold, roused himself sufficiently to go over to the neighbouring county town and enlist the services of painters and whitewashers, who early the following morning were in occupation and doing their best to give everything a clean and comfortable appearance; in fact, all worked with a will, and, at the end of a very short period, the old place was completely metamorphosed, and was scarcely recognisable in its holiday attire of new paint.

The day appointed for the return of Ernest Mordaunt to the home of his ancestors came at last, and not only at the Brick House, but in Canedon itself everybody was on the *qui vive* to give him and his bride a welcome.

In due course they made their appearance in an open carriage and pair, and were received with the warmest demonstrations of affection and respect. Ernest himself seemed

much gratified, and it was difficult to believe that the man who now bowed and smiled in all directions was one and the same with him who on that dreary winter's night journey had seemed as gloomy as the heavens themselves. Lady Mordaunt, on the contrary, lolled listlessly back in the corner of the barouche, and appeared somewhat *ennuyée*. It was as if she had been long accustomed to public admiration and applause, and had grown weary of it.

As the carriage passes in through the lodge gates and rolls on toward the house, we will pause to take an inventory of her charms.

That she was beautiful, most of those who had come within range of her fascinations enthusiastically confessed: there was no false colouring in her cheeks, no artistic tinting about her eyes, for nature had endowed her with a faultless complexion, and afforded her attractions that needed no setting-off by artificial means. But although Edith Vernon—such was her maiden name—was lovely to behold, those who for two successive London seasons had enjoyed the pleasure of her society felt constrained to admit that she was sadly wanting in social or engaging qualities. She was cold, distant, and, at times, almost repulsive in manner, so that although she had many devoted admirers, but a very select few had been adventurous enough to propose marriage. All of them, save Ernest Mordaunt, had good reason to regret their temerity; he alone, from the first, seemed to gain favour with her; his quietness and reserve appeared to suit her, and the world of fashion was not convulsed when it was informed that she had accepted him for a husband. Many good-natured souls were kind enough to pity him, and doubted whether such a woman was capable of loving. Wait a while, my charitable gossips: could some of you glance into the future you would find that mother nature had left, even in Edith Mordaunt's breast, long-suffering gentleness and love such as you might have possessed with advantage.

It did not take the newly married pair very long to settle down in the old place. Ernest adapted himself as if by intuition to the exigencies and amusements of a country gentleman's life; while Edith, freed from the bondage and restraints of a fashionable existence, became quite an altered person, and gradually lost all her old unpleasantness of manner. In everything her husband did she interested herself, and when he went out shooting invariably accompanied him on a pony. In fact, she broke into open revolution with

her former self, and put the fine lady to a speedy and ignominious death. And he, basking in the sunshine of the love and society of a devoted and sympathising heart, did his best to obliterate within him the recollection of the past in the happiness of the present and the golden visions of the future. Why should it not be blotted out, as a hideous nightmare? The darkness was over and morning had come, and with it other occupation than to ponder over a horrid dream.

"Edith," said Ernest, one morning, at breakfast, handing to her as he spoke a letter he had just received by the post, "Mortimer says he is at last at liberty, and able to accept our invitation for a few days' shooting. He will be with us on Saturday, and he wants to know whether, as a particular favour, he may bring with him a friend of his, a Mr. Fenton, with whom he is going to stay after he leaves us. Do you see any cause or just impediment?"

"On the contrary," was her reply, "let him come by all means, and if you like I will write to Mr. Mortimer myself and assure him that we shall be exceedingly glad to see his friend."

So she wrote as she had said, and rooms were duly prepared for the reception of Dick Mortimer, barrister-at-law, one of the few men for whom Ernest cared, and his companion.

There is a little cloud rising on the horizon; it is as yet but a tiny speck, and, even as unto the prophet of old, not bigger than a man's hand. But there is none to warn Ernest Mordaunt of the storm that is impending him. He looks around him, and there is sunshine and brightness; he casts his eyes heavenward, and even the Omnipotent seems to smile upon him. It is as if everything were at peace and goodwill with him. Far better that he should think so. Woe to the adventurous one who would inspect the mysteries and secrets of his future. As it is, he may stand on the very brink of the precipice—firm and dauntless because of his ignorance; grant him the prescience he asks, and at the first glance he would hurl himself down into the depths beneath, to be lost among the eternal waves that break upon the rocks below.

On the Saturday when Mortimer and his companion were to arrive at the Brick House, Ernest went out shooting in the morning, intending to be back in time to receive them. But the sport was so good and the weather so enticing that he walked on and on forgetful of the flight of the hours, and when he did at last look at his watch he was surprised to find how

late it was. He hurried homewards as fast as his legs would carry him, but the distance was considerable, and on his arrival he learned that his guests had anticipated him, and were in their respective rooms dressing for dinner—an example he at once proceeded to follow. As he bounded upstairs he passed Edith on her way down to the drawing-room. Never had she appeared to greater advantage in Ernest's eyes than now. He paused a moment to kiss her, and said, "Darling, how well you look," and adding, "I will be with you directly," went on his way. Well indeed might he feel proud of his wife as she swept down the broad staircase with a grace and dignity that would have befitted a queen.

Ernest was no loiterer over his *toilette*; neither the parting of his hair nor the tying of his necktie gave him any anxiety, and in a very short quarter of an hour he had doffed his shooting costume and was ready to join his guests.

As he entered the drawing-room unobserved he saw that Edith was seated by the fire conversing with a gentleman who was standing in front of it as if warming himself, his hands resting on the mantelpiece and his eyes bent down contemplating the blaze. Mortimer was at the table occupied in looking over a photograph album. As Ernest came across the room from the door, still unnoticed by any of them, the face of the stranger reflected in the polished mirror before him became visible. He stopped as if transfixed with terror, his face grew ashen pale, and then staggering back he clutched at the chair for support. A moment more, and he made a movement as if to go forward, then, suddenly seeming to alter his purpose, glanced stealthily to see that his presence was unknown to them, and glided like a phantom from the room. The restless eyes were wandering wearily as of yore and the lines in the forehead had sunk deeper than ever, as if dug out anew!

Edith began to grow impatient at her husband's non-appearance, and was at a loss to comprehend what could be detaining him so long.

When Screw came in to announce that dinner was ready, she desired him to go and inform his master, and meanwhile taking Mortimer's arm led the way to the dining-room. The figure in the looking-glass followed on behind them playing daintily with his heavy moustache and murmuring softly to himself as he went, "A splendid woman. By Jove! what a lucky fellow he has been in every way! and yet I do believe that he will have the ingrati-

tude not to be glad to see me. How things have changed since last we met. If our friendship were not of such long standing there might almost be some difficulty in our recognising one another. But we were so *very* intimate."

And with that he chuckled and pleasantly rubbed his hands as he took his place at the table. To look at him, people would have said that Lester Fenton was overflowing with beneficence and love for his kind. Few fishermen knew better than he how to cover up the hooks with tempting bait.

"If you please, my lady," said Screw, suddenly walking in in a state of great excitement and gasping for breath from his running up stairs, "master isn't in his dressing-room, and Whistler says that not ten minutes ago he came to him in the stable and, making him clap the saddle on the black mare, jumped on her back and galloped off down the drive as hard as he could without saying a word."

Edith neither screamed nor fainted at the strange and startling news; a transient flush coloured her cheek, but the next instant she was perfectly calm and collected.

"There is not the slightest occasion," she said, addressing Screw, whom the unwonted exertion and emotion had brought to the verge of apoplexy, "why dinner should be delayed any longer. No doubt Sir Ernest has suddenly recollected some pressing matter of business that he must at once attend to himself. I am sorry," she continued, turning to her guests, "that he should have been compelled to go off in so unceremonious a manner, but when he returns I dare say his excuses will be most satisfactory."

When he returns! Aye, Edith; by the strange thumping at your heart that alone is known to you, in spite of yourself you feel that all is not right. Though your face wears a smile and you talk gaily, your thoughts are not at the table brilliant with its lights and glittering dishes, they are out in the dark night searching blindly—but, oh, so lovingly!—for the fugitive one. Business at this hour—pshaw! the mere notion of such a thing is absurd, and the more you think of it the more ridiculous it seems. And to have gone thus, without word or explanation! Wherefore and whither? Oh, that he had been brave and believing enough to uplift the veil and tell you all; oh, that, hand in hand with you, he had for a brief space stepped back into the past and shown to you the mystery of his life. Though all might have shrunk from him and doubted his

protestations, what was the world to him so long as you were satisfied. Yet the sight might have blasted his new-found happiness. Coward that he was, he knew not the length and breadth and depth of your love!

Never was Lester Fenton more gay and chatty; he was full of the latest stories from town and rattled them off one after another in a pleasing and easy style delightful to witness. When Lady Mordaunt retired to the drawing-room he made himself particularly comfortable with the dry sherry.

Mortimer, on the contrary, fidgetted about and drank little or nothing. "What on earth," he exclaimed, going to the window and drawing back the curtains, "can keep Mordaunt out of doors such a night as this. It's raining in torrents, and there seems every prospect of its continuance; scarcely the sort of weather to make riding agreeable. But there is no accounting for Mordaunt; he always was one of the strangest and most incomprehensible of men."

"So I should think," said Fenton, making himself comfortable in an arm-chair. "Either his business must be very important or his mind very restless to induce him to face the elements." Then he continued, as if musing with himself:—"I shouldn't so much wonder if it's his mind. He was always very sensitive, and the slightest thing would unsettle him. It's very odd, though," he added to Mortimer aloud, looking admiringly at the glass of sherry, which he held up to the light for inspection, "that he doesn't come back."

Come back! No, not that night, nor the next, nor for many, many weeks! Not till you, Lester Fenton, have almost forgotten the flavour of that golden fluid over which you now smack your lips so lovingly! Not till the reaper has been out in the fields and at work, and you are beginning to gather in the harvest of your iniquities.

Till the dawn came creeping up in the east, and morning struggled blear-eyed and reeking damp through the scudding rain clouds, Edith Mordaunt sat watching and waiting, and hoping.

Her long vigil had given her ample time for reflection, and though she looked somewhat worn and weary, she was resolute and strong in the purpose she had formed.

"I will follow him," she said, "till I find him, and when I am once again at his side, I will seek to show him what the love of husband and wife should be. I will teach him the lesson I have learned through the last long dreary hours, and then—then he will rest his

head upon my breast, and come back home again with me."

No suspicion, no mistrust, no doubt of him who had fled away so strangely—only deep love and longing to be with him once more.

What think you, my charitable gossips—do you still pity the man who took this woman for better, for worse?

### CHAPTER III.

#### FOUND.

FOR three weary months Edith Mordaunt sought her husband, but in vain. At the end of that time she began to feel that her task was a hopeless one, and that his fate, whatever it might be, must remain a mystery to her. She had been able to trace him to London, but there the trail broke off abruptly, and he was lost to her, and swallowed up in the ocean of human life that ebbs and flows in the streets of the great city. In vain did she plunge into the waters—they gurgled and bubbled, and danced about her till they drove her from her search well nigh distracted. The servants at the Brick House began to think that their mistress was doing more than she was equal to, and if she went on much longer in the same way would make herself dangerously ill. More than one of them respectfully remonstrated with her when from time to time she came down to Canedon; but though she accepted their advice gently, and in the spirit in which it was offered, after a day or two of rest she would return to her self-imposed task. And all the while her courage never failed, nor did she abate one jot the purpose she had formed during that long and weary night of woe and watching. She sought no companion to assist her, but rather seemed proud of her loneliness.

Meanwhile Lester Fenton had pestered her with attentions and offers of service, and was perpetually throwing himself in her way. In fact, there was no misunderstanding his object and intentions.

Let Mordaunt's death, the certainty of which he was always hinting to Edith, be satisfactorily proved, and he would not hesitate to offer his addresses to her. For Fenton was one of those people who, possessing no heart themselves, regard love as a popular superstition of the vulgar—a thing which poets and rhapsodists exclaim about, but human nature never feels. In his own breast it certainly was not present, save as represented by sensuality and gross passions, that had earned him a

character for profligacy, of which he was very proud. Each day, as he saw that Edith was more unprotected and lonely, so did his audacity and intrusiveness increase, and though she took every means in her power to show that she loathed and despised him, this only seemed to stimulate him to further attentions. More than once, though refused admission to her rooms at the hotel, in London, where she stayed, he had almost forced his way into her presence, and obtruded his society and conversation upon her. Forsooth this was a novel way of courting; but Fenton, in the plenitude of his self-conceit, believed that what he might not be able to accomplish by love, he might bring about through fear. Never was man more mistaken!

Edith was not terrified by him, and though he compelled her to tolerate his annoyances, it was because she hated scenes and publicity, most especially under existing circumstances, and dreaded making herself sport for newspaper reporters, by appealing to the nearest magistrate for protection. Fenton was to her as a dog barking at her heels; she feared him not, strong in her love and faith to the wanderer.

Thus, amid trials and bitternesses, from which the bravest might have shrunk, Edith Mordaunt worked out her purpose, friendless and alone!

The happy Christmas tide that we all love and venerate so dearly, had come at last, and Edith was once again at the Brick House. She had fled hurriedly from London, the sight of holiday faces and universality of mirth and jollity jarred harshly on her feelings. As she thought of what might have been, and what was, she felt strangely moved. Home!—the word stuck in her throat and seemed to choke her, and from those brave unflinching eyes that had looked Fenton through and through and measured him at his true worth, the rain fell in a heavy shower, and the proud defiant head sank lower and lower till it rested on her knees, while convulsive sobs burst through the cords with which she had hitherto bound her heart. Thus was she sitting in the little room Ernest had called his study, on Christmas eve. The fire was burning briskly, the lamp shining brightly, while the curtains were drawn closely in front of the French window that opened into the garden. Everything was the picture of comfort, but Edith the mistress of it all! What were life or seasons to her?—they might change, but it must ever be winter with her. Then she thought of the silent thoughtful man Ernest was when he first came wooing her,

so gloomy and depressed, that he had almost frightened the impression his face had made out of her heart. Then she remembered how as their love went on and each could feel its presence, light broke in the restless eyes, and a gentler, brighter expression arose, till presently, when she had promised to be his wife, and all was well, he became as happy as man could be. Thus occupying herself in journeying back along the paths of bitter memory, her Christmas eve stole on.

Edith was startled from her reverie by a loud knocking at the door and a violent ringing at the bell; and presently she heard voices, as if in angry contention in the hall.

It required but a moment's listening to convince her that one of the disputants was Fenton: but what could be his business here at such an hour?

Instinctively going to the window and drawing the curtains back, she looked out and saw one of the station cabs driving away. Fenton's insolence was becoming unbearable: he had dared to follow her from London, to intrude his presence and his insults into her husband's house.

This was too much. In a moment more all traces of her tears had disappeared. Edith Mordaunt was courageous and defiant; and would have defended herself, and the name she bore, against fifty Fentons.

And the moon, making a track over the crisp snow upon the lawn, shone upon her face as if blessing her.

The door opened; and Screw, evidently labouring under great excitement, came in, and shut it behind him.

"You'll excuse me being so bold, my lady," he gasped, "but that Mr. Fenton is in the hall, and says he will see you. My opinion is, that he has had more to drink than is good for him. But that ain't no account—he's not a coming in here."

With that, Screw doubled his fists, and, taking up a most scientific attitude, gave unmistakable indications of his intention to assault the obtrusive visitor.

"Screw," said Edith, quietly, "I am much obliged to you for your kindness, but show this man in. He is a coward, and I have no fear of him."

Screw took a mental inventory of his mistress, and hesitated; but she motioned to him with her finger to do what she had told him; and in a few seconds more Lester Fenton swaggered in at the door. Fine gentleman though he fancied himself, he was slangy and vulgar in appearance, and never had looked

more so than to-night. He met Edith's glance boldly and insolently; and, flinging himself into a chair, kissed the tips of his fingers to her.

"*Bon soir*, fair lady," he said; "and so you fancied, when you ran away from London, that I should stay behind. Bah! you mistake me greatly. The chase was always my favourite sport, and I particularly required some excitement at this season. It was too bad, your not inviting me down to spend it with you. Not the etiquette, perhaps; but noble creatures like ourselves should be above such ridiculous prejudices, so you see I have invited myself; and, if it would not be asking too much, would you ring for some soda-water and brandy."

The man's audacity and insolence was something almost terrible; but Edith knew him too well, and it fell harmless upon her.

"Listen to me, Lester Fenton," she answered, "and mark well. I have endured contumely and insult at your hands more than woman ever did from man before. Under a strange roof I bore it patiently, and would have borne it still; but here, within the walls that belong to my husband, I will tolerate it no longer. Begone, or I will have you thrust forth by the servants."

And all this while a face was pressed to the outside of the window, watching eagerly what was going on within.

Balancing himself as he rose—for Fenton had had more than was good for him, as Screw expressed it—he crossed to Edith, and stood beside her. She quailed not, nor flinched, even though his hot breath, reeking with the odour of brandy, almost scorched her.

"Hearken to me, my Lady Mordaunt, in your turn. Order but one of your servants to put a finger upon me, and I will proclaim to the world who and what this same husband of yours, that you so worship and admire, is. You shudder, in your ignorance. Let me tell you. He and I have been in gaol together, and performed all those pleasing duties that a grateful country casts upon criminals. What think you of your hero now, my lady, eh? Would you have this published abroad? I should think not. Come now—" he continued, putting his arm round her waist, and attempting to kiss her.

His sentence was left unfinished. The window was burst in with a hand of iron, and in a second more Lester Fenton lay prone upon the floor, felled by a husband's arm.

Thus it was that Ernest Mordaunt came home again. The cold air rushed piercingly



chill through the shattered window, but locked in one another's embrace the re-united felt it not, while Edith whispered softly into his ear, "Ernest, love, why did you not trust me? What mattered the past, when you were so good to me."

"Darling, I was not guilty," he murmured, "indeed I was not."

She answered not a word, but only crept closer and closer to him. For better, for worse, whether guilty or not, he was her husband, and she loved him with her whole heart and soul.

The end of Lester Fenton's career and this history are swiftly drawing to a close. Driven from the Brick House and told to do his worst, he made his way in no very enviable frame of mind to the railway station, where he arrived just in time to catch the mail to London. By and by, when he was journeying thitherwards, a strange change passed over him. Was it the shadows of his impending fate or the horrors that so softened him? He tried to shake off the weakness, but could not. Why should he seek to blast the life of one whom he had brought, when but a young lad, to dishonour and prison? He asked himself this, and then his thoughts wandered back to a crowded court in a large town in the North of England, where two prisoners, himself and this youngster, who all the while was as innocent as he was guilty, were being tried for conspiracy to defraud certain persons out of their money by playing with loaded dice. He could almost see the judge upon the bench, and hear the imploring entreaties of the lad to save him; and then he remembered, too, that they had given false names, and the cheat had not been discovered. Then the judge's words in summing up came back to him, and he repeated them to himself. "Gentlemen, as this is a charge of conspiracy, which is an offence that can only be committed by two or more persons, I must direct you that upon the evidence you must either convict both the prisoners or acquit them both—you cannot find one guilty and the other not." "Eighteen months' hard labour for me, and twelve for him because of the recommendation to mercy on account of his youth from the jury," he continued, chattering to himself, "Twelve months for having been in bad company!" A few minutes later, and Lester Fenton was dragged, bruised and mortally wounded, from underneath a shattered railway carriage that, in common with its fellows, had run off the line. He was carried to a farm house near at hand, breathing with much difficulty, for his

race was nearly run, and he was fast nearing the goal. They laid him on a bed, and for some time he remained motionless, and to all appearances unconscious; then, suddenly starting up into a sitting posture, he grasped the servant, who had been left to watch him, by the arm, and making her bend down her head, whispered in her ear:—

"Telegraph directly to Sir Ernest Mordaunt, at the Brick House, Canedon, and bid him come here without delay to make his peace with a dying man."

They came: and they stood by his bedside watching the tide flowing away from the sands, waiting and hoping. At last he opened his eyes and smiled—yes, Lester Fenton smiled—like a pleased child.

"Give me your hands," he murmured, and when they did so he took them between both of his and pressed them together. "He was innocent, Edith Mordaunt," he continued, his voice growing more feeble, "and I alone was guilty. His secret is known to no one but you and me, and it will soon be buried with me. Say you both forgive me the evil I have done you and the misery I have caused!" He stretched out his hands imploringly.

"As I hope to be forgiven, I do," said Ernest Mordaunt, in firm, clear tones; and Edith echoed his words.

"Heaven bless you for that," whispered the dying man; and then sighing softly he closed his eyes, and in a moment more man's jurisdiction to judge him was passed, for his soul had fled into the courts of the Eternal.

As Ernest and Edith went out of the chamber of death there were tears in the eyes of both of them. Driving homeward, they saw the day break and the sun rise—that sun which Lester Fenton had never lived to see. Neither spoke a word, but Edith put her arms round her husband's neck, and murmured, "Till death us do part."

## A TALE OF THE EVENING STAR.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1869.

By the Author of "NO GUIDING STAR."

RIDING AT ANCHOR.

I AM the Evening Star; far away up in the blue cloisters of Heaven my lamp burns brightly through countless years undimmed by the clouds that hover over the mortals of earth. Many a white-winged angel sweeps past me in noiseless flight, bearing messages of peace and love to the weary wayfarers below; many a

sainted spirit "purified, strengthened, perfected," in the conflict with Sorrow and Sin, they carry back to people the blessed mansions that have been so long prepared. Some of these saints I know, I have followed them through their journey of life, from the evening they first knelt at their mother's knee, and murmured their baby prayer, to the night or day when their souls fluttered past me upwards in the last cry of faith. I am shining now to-night in a very cloudless sky, shining down on the golden corn-fields and green pasture-lands of England. Wooded hills and heath-grown commons surround that little town; quaint old houses and the ancient church sleep in the quiet valley; along the silent street the moonlight streams, and shadows stray and waver; and in a home of that town, in a room with windows looking out on summer flowers and summer trees, I see an old grey-haired man—whose tale I am going to tell. An old, grey-haired man with his hand resting on a closed book, and his eyes turned earnestly upwards to my dwelling place. He may have been reading, I know not, but his thoughts are on another book he opened long years ago, when Hope and Faith were young and strong; only the first few pages he read, and wild and sweet was the tale they told; then it was suddenly snatched from him, and no more did he behold it until the last sad chapter fluttered into his hands one day, and he saw too late all that might have been had he read steadily on. He is kind and good, this old, grey-haired man, kind and good to the lowly, the aged, the sorrowful, the poor; his heart is tender and pitiful, his voice is winning and soft—and yet he was hard once, oh, so hard, I like not to think or tell of it. In those other years, when he first came to be the doctor in this little town, many people were living, of whom you will hear, that now have long passed away. There were the vicar and his wife in the quaint, gabled vicarage; the three old maids on the Hill; the queer little lawyer with his kindly heart, and his very plain wife with her pleasant voice; the pale, faded woman, whose husband was a colonel, and who lived in one of the only three streets the town possessed; and another old maid not far from the doctor's, with some little children who had no parents, and a governess. There were others, too, of whom I could tell you, whose kindly deeds and words will meet with the "exceeding great reward" so faithfully promised, but they were but pageant figures in this little country court, and so, with a murmured blessing on their loving hearts, I will pass them by.

Well, it was the governess at the old maid's house that the little doctor fell in love with so long ago. His eye often wanders even now to the oaken bench in the dim, grey church where she used to sit on a Sunday, and sing the sweet hymns of praise in a voice whose touching melody echoes sadly back on his tenantless heart. He likes to steal into that church in the shadowed even-time, and fill up that vacant seat with the form of his long-cherished idol, and the soft young face comes back to him, and the loving eyes look the old, earnest look of those other days; the brown hair shades the wide, low brow just, just the same, and the old man moans and stretches out his hands, and tries to clasp the vision he has conjured up; but it fades from his embrace—it vanishes away; he falls down on the cold grey stones, and prays aloud in his agony; but *she* is safe, safe in the Land of Peace, the white-robed angels bore her past me one cloudless night on the Cross of Faith.

Yes, the little doctor, with his way to make in the world, fell in love with the pretty flower that perforce must bloom for a while in the ungenial atmosphere of the old maid's home. He would work hard, he would toil by day and by night, he would make a home amongst these wooded hills for his sweet flower, and then he would transplant her to it, and love and cherish her for ever. But other eyes looked with love on the maiden, that were not so true or honest as the doctor's.

"She is alone in the world, friendless, homeless;" used the colonel with the pale, faded wife to murmur to himself; "and it is a sweet, bright, young face."

Sunday after Sunday, the clear voice rang out its tones of melody into his eagerly listening ears—Sunday after Sunday, the face grew sweeter to his gaze, and the Evil One urged him on. Tales he would tell her of the far countries he had seen, of the hazards he had braved, the perils he had dared, the reckless life he had led. He would watch her soft cheek as it paled or flushed, when he told her of the glories and the horrors of the battle field, of the intrepid daring of fearless English hearts. He would wander by her side on the heath-grown commons, whilst the children played around them, and with his glowing language and brilliant converse, wile many an hour away.

"The world will glance coldly on her soon," he thought, "and then she will have no choice."

Often the maiden wondered why faces that used to smile on her, looked grim and stern as

they passed—why voices that were wont to be kind, were cold and curt in their greetings; but she did not wonder long.

The colonel stopped suddenly in his walk one evening, and poured out his guilty love. He saw the young creature shudder from him; he saw the crazed look of horror steal all the beauty from the loving eyes; he heard her sharp, low cry of terror, and he felt he had lost his prize.

"She loves the little assistant surgeon," he muttered savagely to himself, "but *he* shall never stand in my way."

So days of persecution came for the unhappy girl, who dared not to speak of it for fear of losing her home—she had no other in the wide world, no friends, no help. But now the machinations of the colonel were to work their destroying effect. The world, as he truly surmised, saw things as he wished it to see them, and the maiden's fate was sealed. No longer in the pleasant haven must the little craft ride at anchor; unrelenting hands had loosed it from its moorings, and now it must drift away at the will of the adverse winds and tides that were coming against it. One day she was told she must go away from the pretty town, and come back to it no more. She pleaded her youth, her innocence, her utter friendlessness, her ignorance of the ways of the world; but the finger of slander had been pointed at her, and the world and stern-minded lookers-on were too ready to condemn, and too slow to shield or defend the helpless girl. Even the Church forsook her; the weak-minded vicar, led by his scandal-loving wife, shook off the dust of his feet against her, and virtually pronounced her "Anathema Maranatha." The three old maids on the Hill folded their robes of purity more closely around them, and shrank from the condemned girl with Christian abhorrence; the kindly lawyer wavered, then finally was induced to follow in the priest-led train. The pleasant voice of his wife seldom, if ever, now fell on the listening ears of the deserted maiden. No one was left to her but Harold, the little doctor; and *he* turned from her. When he thinks of it now, his heart is riven with anguish at his own credulity. He had seen, as well as others, the colonel's attentions, and the apparent encouragement that had been given them, but had he looked deeper he would also have seen that that seeming encouragement was obligatory. He did *not* look deeper, he listened to the specious tales false hypocrites brought him as undeniable facts, and he believed the evidence of his own senses. It was bitter for

the poor, deserted one to suffer alone, with not even a word of sympathy from him who should have given it; and early in life for the fire to go out on the hearth of her affections, early for the autumn leaves of scandal and scorn to sweep over the landscape before even the spring had ended. The cold, biting blasts of the world's cynicism were yet to blow sharply round her; what if, in a few years, we behold a "woman of the world," with never a summer to dream of when sometimes she glances back into the gone-by time of her life!

By the mill-stream in the green meadow land close by the pretty town, the maiden stood by the doctor's side one soft May evening. His eyes were bent on the singing brook, hastening, hurrying away like his own happiness. "Harold, I am innocent: cannot your love believe this?" He shook his head mournfully, slowly, and the maiden turned away. The next day she was,

#### CAST ADRIFT.

There is a dark street in the great city where the tall houses rise on either side, and dimly reflect each other's grimness in their smoke-stained windows. What struggles and heart-breakings, what hopeless yearnings and endeavours, what temptations, sins and sorrows those brick, discoloured walls conceal we stars sometimes behold. In this dark street, in one of the grim, old houses, in a lonely room high up and desolate, away from every earthly comforter, my light next fell on the maiden. The cheek had lost its flush, the eye its brightness, the mouth its ready smile; a settled look of hopeless grief had fixed its ineradicable mark on the soft young face. For weeks she had been incapable of action, but now stern necessity was urging her forward to tread the rough road that she knew lay before her—the rough road made ten thousand times rougher by the obstacles Christian Justice had thrown in her path. "This indiscretion of yours will always be a stumbling-block to you through life," were the last words of the old maid when she parted from the victim of assumed purity and virtuous indignation, and went to lick the outside of the platter like the Pharisee of old, by kneeling in God's Holy Church, and extolling her own merits. Could they have known, those stern-minded oppressors of innocence, to what a heart-sickening, hopeless struggle they had driven the helpless girl they might perhaps have endeavoured to restore the good name of which they had so ruthlessly bereft her; at *least*, they might have

trembled at all that would be entered to their account when they stood before Him, "Who seeth not as man seeth." But they did not know, or if the startling facts did make themselves heard by the "still, small voice" that sometimes speaks so loudly in our souls, they had been taught too well by their priestly leader how to trifle with their consciences, to listen to the better promptings within them. I watched over her in her struggles, I have followed her through the endless stream of streets in the gathering grey of the winter afternoons; I have seen her combat bravely with adamantine hearts whose possessors were called *women*; I have seen Despair stalking by her side up the dark staircase into that dreary, desolate chamber, and, seating itself by the fireless hearth, fill the young soul with horror at its grim reality; I have seen her in the waiting-rooms of the rich, the powerful, and the great; I have seen her by the banks of the ship-thronged river, looking down with a drear earnestness on its out-streaming tide, and thinking—if the cold, fixed feeling that ever filled her heart could be called thinking—of the endless rest that lay beneath those dark, hurrying waters; sometimes she has looked on them so long that the fascination has drawn her almost into their cold embrace, but the white-winged angels that people my star-lit home have overshadowed her with their invisible protection, and she has returned to the struggle of life with that passive endurance of miseries which only comes when Hope has ceased to inhabit the heart. Fierce was the battle the maiden fought alone, single-handed, against a condemning, self-righteous world, harder the conflict grew day by day, yet there was a combat to come—a sharper, more deadly struggle—for the still intrepid spirit. The helpless craft that had been Cast Adrift by Christians shaming the Holy Name by which they were called, was now to be dashed more helplessly forward,

#### ON THE BREAKERS.

In the early gathering twilight of a winter's day, the maiden was walking with slow, uncertain steps up the darkening street to her dreary home—she was returning from the old battle-ground of many fruitless endeavours, whereon lay the dry, bleached bones of innumerable dead hopes. Where would her home be to-morrow? she was wondering, for she could pay no longer for the desolate room. Like many wanderers in her condition, her thoughts naturally turned towards the green

fields and hedge-rows of the open country. She would like better to die in some quiet wood with the sunshine and blue sky above her, and the singing birds fluttering round her, than in the smoke-filled, fog-bound city. She was trusting she might die very soon; but there was more vitality in her than she deemed. She and the phantom Despair were excellent friends now; she had become accustomed to the cruel, haunting face, the gaunt, skeleton aspect, the hideous reality that wears no disguise; they were inseparable. Both together, hand in hand, they stopped at the door of the gloomy house. The night had almost set in, and I was shining straight down into the maiden's eyes.

"Come to the river," insinuated Despair, stealing closer to the girl, and luring her on; "the tide is quick and strong, it is hurrying out to its ocean grave where so many rest in peace."

The half-willing feet turned from the gloomy house, they took a few irresolute steps up the street, then stopped, and the eyes looked up to me.

"Come to Heaven," I seemed to say to the wavering heart, "but come the right way;" and my words resolved her—the river must go out to the ocean alone.

Waving earthward on noiseless wing, two seraphic beings swept from their glorious home through infinite space down to the sombre street, and hovered around the maiden; the Spirit of Evil had tracked the irresolute footsteps—and the warfare commenced between Satan and St. Michael was to be renewed. Hardly had she determined to endure to the end, when a hand was laid on her arm, and raising her eyes she beheld the man who had caused all her sufferings. He spoke gently to her, and no one had done that for so long a while; he called her by her name "Ethel," and she laughed softly and low to herself as she heard it—it had been a dead name so long; the words he said were kind and soothing, and the world had been speaking very roughly to her of late. Well might the angels hover nearer and nearer, and the conflict between Good and Evil deepen!

"Come to a home with me, child," urged the tempter to what he thought the yielding girl. "You will have comfort, and pleasure, and love, and no more suffering."

But the angels stood between him and her now; when the maiden raised her eyes she saw not the face so close to hers, but the bright everlasting home the blessed spirits had promised her. She sprang from his touch, she

reached the worn, discoloured steps, she entered the gloomy house, she groped her way to the silent room, she knelt and prayed in its darkness a long, long time, and then she slept the sleep of a quiet conscience, though she knew it was the last night she would have a home on earth.

In the dull grey of the early morning, before even the hardest workers were up, the maiden walked rapidly away from the scene of her conflicts and sufferings, on and away from the sin-laden city, from the hard, unloving hearts that had found no pity for her, away into God's bright open country, where for a short, sweet time the shipwrecked craft was to be,

#### BECALMED.

"Who is she, and where did she come from?"

An aged priest was standing by a bed whereon lay the exhausted form of the wanderer, and he was speaking to a dark-haired lady beside him.

"I cannot tell you; she came to me at sunset three evenings ago, and she has not spoken since; she sank down under the oak-tree by the gate, and I went and brought her in, for I remembered how the two angels came at eventide to Lot's house at Sodom."

"You have done rightly," said the aged priest; "you gave the 'cup of cold water' when it was sorely needed, and not when it was too late."

The lady made no reply, but her warm dark eyes were filled with tears, and fair was the entry made against her name that day in the Book of Life.

"We must do our best," continued the holy man; "we must trust she will recover, and whatever her history may be, God has sent her to us; and what is cared for and loved by Him, *we* must not call unclean."

So days and weeks went on, and with loving care and kindly words, the life that had so nearly fled, returned to the sorely-trying maiden. Night after night I have shone down into her little room, and met the trusting eyes upturned to me; night after night I have seen the bright angels cluster round her bed, and soothe and comfort her wounded spirit; they would never, never leave her, I felt quite sure of that. The dark-eyed lady listened to the maiden's tale, and believed she spoke the truth; the aged priest heard it also, and believed the same; hand clasped in hand in spiritual union they followed the footsteps of their lowly Master, ever hearing in their faithful hearts the gentle, oft-repeated command, "Love ye

one another even as I have loved you." So the maiden grew stronger and better, and lived with the dark-eyed lady, and taught her little children.

Weeks and months went by; Winter yielded his frozen sceptre to the leaf-crowned Spring; she in her turn laid her early flowers at the feet of the golden Summer; fruits and trees and flowers awaited their Autumn robing; and many-tinted was the royal crown that lay on the earth, when back from his northern court the Ice-king came on the biting winds with his train of snow to claim his dominion once more. Peaceful and calm had been Life's sea through all these months for the enduring maiden, living in love and peace, and confidence with all around her; the smile of contentment brightened the young face once more, and she was gratefully happy. But the bright beings from the Celestial City that are ever hovering between my luminous home and the troubled earth, loved the little craft too well to let it lie for long on the World's treacherous sea; gales must rise around it once more, not to blow it back into the whirlpool of its past difficulties, but into the Haven where many a shipwrecked soul has found a lasting anchorage. Thus, in the dead winter time, shining down from my limitless abode, I beheld the trusting, unflinching spirit upheld by its Heavenly Pilots,

#### SCUDDING BEFORE THE GALE.

In unsurpassable grandeur the Ice-king came that winter to the wooded hills and valleys of England. The streamlets stopped their ramblings over moss-grown rocks, and froze into icicles for his royal crown; the clouds sent earthward soft flakes of snow to carpet the meadows for his kingly feet; the gaunt bare trees adorned their leafless branches with sparkling jewels for his frost-bound court; the mighty rivers hushed the hoarse murmurings of their rushing tides, and froze into awe-creating silence beneath his majestic eye. Wrapped in his impenetrable armour, he feared not the feeble attacks his enemy the Sun made on him day by day; he had come from his far home to hold a royal court, and the elements bowed before him and acknowledged his sovereign sway.

An afternoon towards Christmas-tide was fading into early evening when I looked down on the little village where dwelt the maiden, and beheld sad grief and woe in the home of the dark-haired lady. Since the early morning the most treasured, the dearest loved of all the little faces that nightly gathered



"THE MAIDEN STOOD BY THE DOCTOR'S SIDE."—A. R. FAIRFIELD.

round the glowing hearth, had been missing; useless searches had been made, miles round the country traversed; and now the snow, already very deep and thick, was recommencing to fall heavily. The lady moaned and bowed her head, and the children hushed their little voices and clustered round her; their wondering hearts were troubled to know where their golden-haired brother would rest that dark winter's night, while they slept sweetly in their warm soft beds. The aged priest, ever at his post in the hour of sorrow, murmured words of holy comfort, and trusted humbly in his faithful heart that the lost one might yet return. The father in his foreign grave could never know the anguish of that cold December night.

But where was the maiden? Looking out from her bedroom window over the still white earth, and mourning for the little missing face she had learned to love so dearly for the mother's sake.

"If I could only find him," she thought, "if I could but return in some little measure the great love and goodness that have been shown me here!" But the snow-laden landscape in its white dreariness seemed to shut out all hope to the yearning heart. For one little half-minute I struggled through the dense grey of the winter sky and met her up-turned glance; the snow had ceased falling, and the atmosphere was becoming bright and clear; I shone quite down into her soul as if I would tell her what I saw, and she could not see. The eyes travelled earthward again, then fixed their mournful gaze on the holly-crowned hill, full a mile and a half away, above which I was shining. For a few minutes the dull grey of the sky shut her from me, but when, once again, I pierced its depths, a change had come over her, a sudden thought had entered her mind, a dim outline of what just *might* be, and whilst the thought was shaping itself into action, I came out bold and clear in all my celestial brightness, and the leaden grey of the sky gradually and very slowly changed into the palest blue, and other stars all lighted their lamps in countless myriads, for they knew the maiden would want their light to guide her over the snow-covered earth. She remembered the little child's love for the shining holly with its polished berries that grew in such rich abundance on the hill-top; she had heard him say in his childish independence that he would fetch, some day, the most beautiful berries that were ever seen, and that they should be put in the church at the great Feast of Christmas. They seemed idle words when

the little tongue had uttered them, but now they came back on the maiden's heart and seemed to tell their tale with something like reality. Yet, after all, it was but a thought; it would be cruel to raise the mother's hopes for what might prove a vague chimera; so resolving not to speak of her intention to anyone, she rapidly dressed herself, and leaving the house unperceived, lighted by stars and guided by angels, she walked in the winter night over the white draped earth towards the holly-crowned hill.

"It is a loving Hand that has given you this cup of agony," said the aged priest to the heart-broken mother, "drink it in all meekness and humility, He will not make it too bitter;" and the children wailed, and the mother moaned, and the good old man trusted on.

Under the trees with the deep red berries and the shining leaves, on the cold drifted snow, with its baby face upturned to the starlit sky, lay the half frozen form of the lost child, not alone in that dreary waste, for God's creatures are never alone. Up and down the hill side, and round and round the trees, the tiny foot marks showed the many useless attempts the little one had made to find a path over the shrouded fields to his warm, bright home; and then, when the golden sunshine took its little warmth from the freezing atmosphere, and the dark night came steadily on, Death overshadowed the weary eyes in the form of sleep, from which there would have been no awakening had not the brave-hearted maiden come over the frozen earth to look for the lost lamb. Tenderly she took the little sleeper in her arms, and wrapped him softly in her own warm clothing, little thinking or caring what an uncompromising enemy the bitter winter night was to her own fragile life. Out of the very arms of death she had snatched the half-frozen child; but the grim hand that unwillingly relaxed its hold of the victim so nearly its own, seized in a more tenacious grasp the slender life of the gentle being who had defrauded him.

It was late in the evening when the maiden laid the golden-haired boy in his mother's warm embrace, and turned the mourning of the sad household into unspeakable joy. She did not tell of the cost at which she knew she had brought the wanderer back—she only felt grateful she had been allowed to return in some degree the love she had received.

When the time of parting came that night, the dark-haired lady softly laid her hand on the arm of the aged priest, and said,—

"It *was* an angel that came to my gate that eventide."

The old man reverently bowed his head, then thought with a mournful sadness of the many bright angels that come in the guise of this world's wretchedness to our hearts and homes, and are repulsed with coldness and neglect; nay, often with persecution.

The maiden looked up from her bed-room window to my pale blue home, and I shone down on her with all my brightness, and wished for the time when she would be nearer to me. I felt it could not be long now before she came; the sad angel with the drooping wings, and the sharp, gleaming scythe stood by her side as she looked up at me. Valiantly had the little craft struggled through all its vicissitudes ever since the Confraternity of Sanctity and Purity Cast it Adrift on the world's Breakers; but now rocks of bodily pain and wearing suffering were ahead, on which it could not choose but split, for the mortal tenement of an immortal spirit is not fitted to combat, like the soul, with the sure hope of winning, but must perforce submit. Thus a few nights after her noble self-sacrifice, when next I shone down on the maiden, I beheld her Boat of Life, with the Death-Angel sitting at the broken helm,

#### STRANDED.

Once again by the bed of suffering stood the aged priest and the dark-haired lady, watching the wan, young face with eyes of love, for they knew it must so soon be hidden from them. It was early evening, and the Feast of Christmas would begin next day. Ebbing, fluttering, wavering; trembling on the half-parted lips was the life so nearly gone; I took up my station in the sky, and watched the dark Jordan waters break over the helpless wreck, and bear it away fragment by fragment at the self same hour as on the clear, frosty air the sweet bells for Even-song were being chimed in the pretty town, and the wreckers were treading the churchyard path on their way to church.

The dark-haired lady bent over the dying girl, and asked her if she had no earthly wish—if she were *quite* ready to die? Yes, she was quite ready, but she would like Harold to be told that she thought of him last of all. The lady looked at the priest, then quickly left the room; the good old man knelt by the maiden's side, and, taking the cold hand in his, said solemnly:

"Were Harold to come to you now, my child, as you stand at the portal of Eternity, would it make you regret the evil world from which you are hastening?"

"No, oh no," was the faint response; "I am so glad to go."

He rose from his knees and released her hand, for the lady had returned, and Harold was with her. In the early morning she had been to the pretty town and brought him back.

There were no clouds in the sky that winter night—all was bright and clear and pure for the enfranchised spirit to pass through the realms of space to its Eternal Home.

The doctor knelt by the maiden's side, and, though so close together, the two young faces looked at each other as from opposite shores, he from Earth, and she from Heaven. He did not ask her to forgive him, he knew by the touch of her hand, half dead though it was, that there was no remembrance of his harshness in her faithful heart. Just once the quivering lips feebly half-murmured his name, and then in the hushed room the rustle was heard of the Death-Angel's wings as he raised the unerring scythe for the last dread sweep.

Faint and low from the lips of the aged priest, the beautiful prayers of the Church went up on the incense of Faith for the rapidly passing soul; sad moans of heartfelt sorrow broke from the dark-haired lady; the warm, strong hand of Harold clasped more tightly the dead cold one within its grasp; the fluttering breath quivered its last "Amen;" and the scythe of the Reaper fell.

Up through the bright, clear air, up through the star-lit sky, with the Cross she had clung to so bravely lighting the heavenward way, came the long-suffering maiden borne in the arms of angels; up and away beyond me, far, and far, and far, till she reached the "Heaven of Heavens that no eye can see." The last wave had broken over the shipwrecked craft, the last fragment of earth's troubles had been washed away; the Everlasting home the bright spirits had promised in the sombre street was hers now eternally.

I am still shining on in the pathless sky; still looking down on the heath-grown commons and wooded hills that close in the pretty town where Harold dwells, walking his weary pilgrimage with patient feet. How long the sickle of the Reaper will sweep clear of his useful life I cannot tell; but from my immeasurable abode I shine down into the evening of his life, his Evening Star, pointing up through the dim twilight of past memories to the far-off Heaven where long ago the Morning Star of his love so early set.



## BRITTA'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

By the Author of "EDNA," "GREEN'S BOY," &c.

"AND who are you?" That was what he said as he came up the rocky path leading from the beach to the high road, and, of course, it was a question I could not answer. Of course, I could not tell him who I was, and that for the best of all reasons—I did not know.

The Squire's two nieces, Fanny Redfurn and Grace Morris, had laughingly claimed him as a cousin, although, personally, he was as complete a stranger to them as to myself; little Archie had joyfully shouted out "papa," when Fanny bade him, yet the child could have had no recollection of his father's face. We had expected him all the week; even I had looked forward with curiosity to his arrival, I had so often heard the Squire and Miss Jemima speak together of "poor Frank Hetheridge and his imprudent marriage;" later I had heard of the death of his young wife when Archie was born, and then had not Archie himself been the very joy of my heart for the last two years? I had not expected to see his father so young a man—and yet I might have expected it for he had been barely of age at the time of his marriage. I wonder why I felt provoked when Fanny Redfurn, putting on her sweetest smile, called him "cousin Francis," and Miss Grace, in her most infantine manner, said, she

"Didn't know, but supposed she must be his cousin, or his aunt, or *something*."

When he turned to me, I only answered, proudly,

"How can I tell who I am? You think I am a relation because you find me here, but I have no relations—no cousins."

"I beg your pardon," he said, gravely, and looking surprised; but the others called to him to follow, and I turned away.

He had asked the one question I could not answer—I did not know who I was.

I think that at Christmas time this knowledge—or want of knowledge, perhaps, I should say—weighed more heavily upon me than at other times. At Christmas when every one else seemed to know, even better than usual, who they were; when uncles, aunts, and cousins, even "poor relations," found each other out, and no tie of kindred, however slender, was denied. But I had spoken truly, I had no relations, and if Christmas reminded me of one thing more than another it was of my utter

loneliness—as lonely now as when, so many years ago, the sea washed me to the foot of the cliff, a little helpless girl, some two or three years old, and then hid the secret of my birth beneath its cruel waves for ever.

Year after year, as far back almost as I can remember, I heard the story from old Martha. On each succeeding Christmas, as I stood listening at her knee in the quaint old kitchen at the Holt, she told how I had come to the door one wild stormy night, nor ever left it since. I, the only survivor from some gallant ship dashed to pieces on our iron coast, had been found, still living, amongst the scattered fragments of wreck washed on shore, and one of the fisherman from the village below had climbed the rocky path with me in his arms, and stood before the Holt gates. Martha told how she went trembling to the door, and how the wild wind and driving snow rushed in as she opened it; how Miss Jemima, timidly following, had—when no worse sight met her eyes than that of old Jonas carrying a helpless infant—plucked up courage to come forward, and had bidden him take the child to the workhouse; and how the rough fisherman, stepping across the threshold, had, for all answer, placed me in her arms.

"Couldn't do it mar'm," he said then. "I can take her home to be sure, but she's a little lady, and we can't do for her not rightly; take her in to-night, mar'm, you can send her to the work'us if *you* please to-morrow morning—Christmas morning," he added softly.

Just at that moment, as Martha tells the story—there came a sort of lull in the storm, the wind seemed to sigh over the cliff, and through a break in the clouds a few stars looked down to watch what it was Miss Jemima would do with a friendless child on Christmas Day, for as the old man ceased speaking the midnight bells rang out from the little church upon the cliff.

What it was that Miss Jemima did there is the record of long years now to show. I had come in the way of duty, she was wont to say, and she was not the woman to turn a duty from her door. Every possible inquiry was made, advertisements inserted in all the papers, and when every effort failed to find out anything about me, the Holt was declared my home, although Squire Redfurn gave very doubtful consent and was heard to speak vaguely of there being no possible provision for my future without wronging the tribe of expectant nephews and nieces who thronged the Holt at Christmas. They were very good to me. I wanted for nothing, I was clothed,

fed, taught as other children are; but I do not think it crossed their minds to *love* a child who was no kith or kin to them. Kind they were and generous, but the atmosphere of my home was chilling, filling me from the very first with a sense of constraint and discomfort. I grew up like a plant reared in a sunless spot.

My happiest hours were spent down on the rocks. Our house stood picturesquely upon the high swelling ground above the cliff, very near to which ran the high road; crossing this road from the Holt gates, you descended by a broken, precipitous path to the cliff's foot, where at high tide the waves beat and dashed over black rocks, which at low water they left to the crabs and to me. A delicious place, where I found clear pools, and jelly fish, tangled masses of seaweed, and all the sea-side treasures that childhood covets. I do not know who first told me my own history; certain it is, I never remember a time when I was ignorant of it. Seeking me of evenings when her work was over, and finding me perched upon the rocks, singing to myself, while I grasped with one hand the little locket found round my neck, and which I always wore, Martha would observe—

"Always alone, Missie! and always here. Some children would be scared. I wonder who you are, little one."

And I would answer confidently—

"The sea knows, Martha: the sea sings to me about who I am."

One never-to-be-forgotten day, when I must have been about seven years old, an event occurred which excited my childish imagination powerfully, and which awoke in me a hunger and longing to be loved that had till then slumbered. It was at Christmas time—as if then, and then only, could anything come to pass which was to affect me nearly. All the afternoon I had been with the old servant in the kitchen, proud to help stone the fruit for the pudding, or had followed her to and fro about the house in her endless preparations for expected guests. I had helped fix bright holly branches over the great hall mantelpiece, and hang the surreptitious mistletoe behind the kitchen door. Miss Jemima sat knitting by fire-light in the oak parlour; the Squire was out. We heard the heavy swell of the sea below us, and the gathering wind round the gables of the house. The candles were not lit, and the blaze from the logs on the hearth threw fantastic shadows on the ceiling. I dreaded to be left alone in the dark, and called to Martha as she stood at

the back door looking out into the gathering twilight.

"A wild night, Missie, like yours long ago. It was just on such a night as this will be——"

The old tale was beginning, and I drew near to listen. What child is not enthralled by a narrative whose heroine is itself? Martha had reached the place where she was wont to pause to give due effect to her words—the place where the knock was first heard at the door.

"Miss Jemima she was sure it was the wind, Missie, and bade me not be foolish; but we both listened, and sure enough it came again."

And, as Martha spoke, it *did* come again! Not one knock only, but two or three in quick succession, followed by a loud pealing at the bell. We sat staring at each other.

Another peal brought Miss Jemima to the kitchen.

"The bell, Martha!" she exclaimed.

"Ma'am," said Martha, hesitating, "it is Christmas Eve."

"Well, woman! what then?" rejoined her mistress, impatiently: "must I go to the door myself?"

But we expected no one at that hour, and Miss Jemima's own face was troubled; the little corkscrew curls each side of her cap-front were stirred by her agitation. Finally we all went together to the hall. Thither also came the girl who was Martha's only assistant in her household duties, alarmed at the unusual noise, and vaguely asking if it were thieves.

The door stood open at last, and in the dim evening light we saw the figure of a woman standing on the threshold—a woman in deep mourning, wearing crape upon her dress, and closely veiled.

She spoke timidly as she raised her veil: "I should beg your pardon, but they told me it was nearer to come up the path from the shore, and I could not wait, you know. There is a child here: you saved her from the wreck—it is long ago, but——"

Her eyes fell upon me, and in one moment I was clasped in a clasp such as I had never known; kisses such as my childhood had never felt were rained upon me and with them tears, and with the tears came low soft murmurs.

"Baby! my baby! My own little one! Hush, darling, kiss me. Oh, my love! my baby!"

Awe-struck the other women stood by in silence; while I, nothing doubting but that I had indeed found my mother, threw both arms round the stranger's neck and returned her

kisses eagerly. By and by she drew me towards the door.

"We must go, darling: I lost you for so long, but now we must go away together. Come quickly!"

There was something in her manner so wild that Miss Jemima, alarmed, drew near, and Martha caught me by the hand. The stranger turned then towards the blaze upon the hearth and, still retaining her hold of me, began volubly to express her thanks for the kindness I had received, mingling with her words new embraces. Presently she lifted my hair, which hung heavy and uncurled upon my neck, and a doubt seemed to flit across her face.

"Why so fair?" she asked; then, addressing Miss Jemima, repeated piteously, "Oh! why is it so fair? What have you done to my baby?"

"There is evidently some mistake," began Miss Jemima, even then outwardly collected, although secretly frightened out of her senses.

"Mistake? How can there be a mistake? She has the locket, surely?"

At that moment the Squire came through the still open door, but not alone and not surprised at the scene before him—in my remembrance the events of that night are as the events of a dream, where nothing causes surprise, and the most unexpected circumstances follow each other naturally. I remember that a tall dark man stooped over me, and with a look of unutterable sadness loosed the poor trembling fingers that so convulsively clasped mine.

"Yes, she has the locket, Mabel. Little girl, show this lady your locket."

I obeyed. Drawing it from beneath my frock I laid it in her hands. She trembled very much.

"The name is Mabel, you know," she said: "Of course the name is Mabel. I never saw the locket, but the name—there *can* be no mistake in that."

But she never tried to open it, and when her companion did so, and held it towards her, she fell down—there where she stood, before the great mantelpiece in the old hall—in a dead faint.

Alas! it was a little Mabel whom she sought, an only child sent home from India for its health years before, and whose loss had crazed its mother; the wealth of love which I had tasted only for a moment was not for me, it was a little "Mabel" whom she sought, and the quaint piece of jewellery found around my neck bore only the unusual name of "Britta"—not a name at all, Martha was wont indig-

nantly to complain, although Miss Jemima persisted in looking upon it as the diminutive of Bridget.

I have very little recollection of what followed this sad scene, but I fancy had it never occurred I should not so often have watched Miss Jemima's face as she sat knitting in the evening, with a strange longing that she would stoop and kiss me or that I dared throw my arms about her neck: that I should not have asked Martha,

"Don't you think you could kiss me as the lady did? don't you think you could love me, Martha?"

That I should not have wondered whether my mother wearied for me in Heaven, as I did for her on earth.

"Folk don't weary in Heaven, Missie," said Martha. But it did not comfort me to fancy that my parents had forgotten me.

I know that the bell rang several times again that Christmas Eve, that the expected guests arrived each in due time; but I saw none of them, for after a passionate fit of crying to be allowed to go with the stranger lady, I was condemned to bed, where I lay listening to the winds and waves until I fell asleep, waking in the night with my cheeks wet with tears and the words "my baby! my baby!" sounding through my dreams.

Up to this time I had been entirely delivered over to Martha's teaching.

"She must be taught her duty," said Miss Jemima. "I am not used to children myself; see that she learns the Church Catechism, and is ready to go to church every Sunday with me." Which behests were duly carried out! but the day came when my education was withdrawn altogether from Martha's hands and transferred to those of Miss Jemima herself.

The Squire had been reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," as was his custom on a Sabbath afternoon, and I, as was mine, had been sitting demurely enough upon my little stool by the fire, apparently listening, but listening certainly with very small comprehension of the subject. As he closed the book his look falling, I suppose, upon the little figure opposite prompted the sudden question:—

"Child, do you know the way to Heaven?"

I answered unhesitatingly,

"Oh! yes, sir."

"And, pray, *how* do you know it?" he continued, expecting, doubtless, some orthodox answer.

"Because I have seen people go there, sir," said I.

"Seen people go there?" he repeated sharply, "which then is the way!"

"You go down a hole to get to Heaven," I replied, with more confidence than was usual with me, feeling, as I did so, certain of the correctness of my replies.

The Squire jumped in his chair.

"What does the child mean? Do you bring her up a heathen, sister Jem?"

"Try and make your meaning clear, Bridget," remarked Miss Jemima, severely; and I proceeded to explain that I had seen many people put down holes in the church-yard, and having been told that they had gone to Heaven, of course concluded that that was the way thither. I did not understand the Squire's rejoinder.

"True," he said, softly, as if speaking to himself, "through the grave and gate of death, to Heaven."

I did not understand him then, but the day had come when I was to learn better. From that time Miss Jemima taught me herself.

As I grew older, and spent fewer hours in the quaint old kitchen and more in the oak parlour, a narrow range of duties grew up around me. Certain household offices were entrusted to my care. I accompanied Miss Jemima in her rare visits in the neighbourhood, or in her charitable errands to the village, where old Jonas in particular would brighten up at sight of me.

"A queer Christmas gift you was, Missie," he used to say, "a queer Christmas gift to Miss Jemima."

Once, seeing his son's wife busy about the cottage, providing for the old man's comfort, his son himself coming in from the boats, and the children running to meet him: noting how quick the woman was to hear the sound of her husband's step upon the threshold, and the joyful tone of her "Well, father!" as he entered, I all at once realized that *here* was the sunshine which I missed in my own home. I wished that Jonas had kept me with him; I thought I should have been happier so.

But sunshine came to the old Holt. Never was there such a veritable sunbeam as my little Archie. The child was two years old when first sent to Miss Jemima's care, and for two years after that he was as my very own, for I soon obtained almost complete possession of him. Martha did not care to have her night's rest disturbed; the little cot found its way into my room, and Miss Jemima was well content that I should take sole charge of the child. But even she was fond of him. Have I not seen her stiffly riding him on her knee, while

she grimly repeated the well known, but to her lips most unfamiliar ditty of "Ride a cock horse!" the grey curls keeping time spasmodically to the uneasy motion? She seemed scarcely pleased when my Archie struggled down from her lap, crying,

"Let me go to Britta, Auntie! your knee's hard, and why has it got a point in it?"

They were not fond of noise at the Holt, and my Archie delighted in it; I soon found that to keep him happy I must provide some play place where he might exert his lungs to their utmost unrebuked, and I hit upon the old granary. It stood a stone's throw from the house, and differed in no way from other places of the sort except in its unusual height and in the fact that one side, instead of the ordinary wooden farm building, was formed by a massive wall. People said centuries ago monks had inhabited the spot, but of the old monastery only that wall was now left standing; after dark the servants avoided it, and Martha had horrid tales of phantom monks with which she used to make my bood curdle in my childhood. But I took care my boy should hear no such tales, and the old granary made a charming play place. The lower portion was used as a cart shed, strong wooden beams supported the floor above, which was reached by a flight of steps terminating in a sort of platform running the length of the building, and on to which the door of the hay-loft opened. On one side this platform was protected by the old wall, on the other by the partition of the loft. Many a long hour have I passed seated on the angle of the wall, watching Archie at his play; indeed, we were hardly ever apart; but on the afternoon that Frank arrived at the Holt the young ladies, who had paid no attention to the child till then, robbed me of my darling. It was Fanny Redfern who was the first to present him to his father; Fanny who when the gay group passed on across the road into the garden had him still in her arms, and was looking laughingly back towards Frank, who seemed entreating her to set him down. At the gate I saw him take the little fellow from her. When they had passed out of sight I went down towards the sea. The tide was in, I could not reach the shore, the black rocks were covered, and the sea, all churned into a white froth over them, dashed up in long clouds of foam as if it were coming bodily up the path itself. I had bitter thoughts, as I stood there alone, the salt spray blown in my face, bitter thoughts of my little Archie who so lightly left my side. Only one month remained to me, for the day

after Christmas Frank was to take his boy away with him, and for that month I knew so well the use they would make of my darling. I knew how Fanny Redfurn would feign affection for the child for the sake of adding the young father to her long list of conquests.

As I reached the top of the rocky path on my way home, Miss Jemima came up the road from the village.

"Is it you, Bridget?" she said. "It grows late, child. Why are you not with the others?"

"Mr. Hetheridge has come," I told her. "They are all gone in; Archie is with them."

Perhaps the tones of my voice betrayed my feelings, for she looked at me sharply.

"You should be more sociable; they all feel kindly towards you. Beware of mistaking ingratitude for low spirits, Bridget."

Thus she chided gently, in her dry way, as we went in together. Ingratitude? Yet she was not wrong, the others claimed affection from each other as a right; for me—whatever of it I found in my poor life would be an alms: I must be grateful.

I came down no more that evening, pleading a headache. I remained in my own room, where, at least, I had my precious boy to myself; there, in his little cot, he was safe from Miss Redfurn's pretty tricks. The next morning, when I brought him down-stairs, as usual, the family were already assembled in the hall, for prayers; I had just time to slip into my accustomed place, where the child always knelt beside me, his little innocent hands in mine. As we all rose, Frank came forward, holding out his hand.

"Why, where did you disappear to last night?" he asked. "How could you say you did not know who you were! Are you not Britta?—the Britta who is so good to this little rascal? We are all related here, you know; will you not 'call cousins' with me? Here, Archie, tell your friend that papa is her cousin Frank."

How little he knew the shock he gave to Miss Jemima!

"Truth is always best, Francis," she remarked: we can all be very fond of Bridget, without telling a falsehood."

Which of them were "very fond" of me, I wondered, sadly enough! Not Miss Redfurn, certainly, judging from the look just then in her handsome eyes; but, in the days that followed, I tried to feel kindly towards her; if it were she who was to have my Archie, I would do my best to make friends with her; but she gave me very little opportunity, for

some reason or other; also, Miss Jemima kept me fully occupied, or constantly at her side; so that I was not much with the rest of the party at all. And yet Frank sought me out. I could not but see that he would willingly have had me with them; and every night, my boy—who was alternately petted and tormented all day long, by the young ladies, until his temper was in a fair way to be spoiled—lay in his little cot, by my side; and it was to me he gave the last balmy kiss before he slept.

The interchange of Christmas gifts was not customary at the Holt, but this year Frank introduced the fashion; he had come provided with curiosities from abroad for his uncle and aunt; and a few days before Christmas he amused himself with trying to find out in what direction lay the tastes of his cousins. It was a discovery not hard to make—the girls were willing enough to let him know. Miss Redfurn pleaded guilty to a weakness for "pretty simple jewellery;" which Grace, in her would-be childish manner, confessed to sharing, unless indeed she might have bon-bons,—she was "oh so fond of those dear delightful burnt almonds?"

Frank appealed to me,

"And you, Britta, what shall Archie give you?"

I was aware that his cousins expected me to reply, "nothing." But a sudden thought struck me. I had no pocket-money, and there *was* one treasure which I longed to possess.

"If you will give me a good photograph of Archie," I said, "I will be—grateful."

I could not resist glancing at Miss Jemima as I spoke; but she had forgotten her own reproof—the word I used did not seem to strike her.

"Of course you shall have one," said Frank, "but that is hardly a Christmas gift. Choose something else; or will you let me please myself in my offering to you? I am so afraid of you, Britta," he added, laughing; "unless you promise to accept it, I dread having my present returned upon my hands."

I said, and said positively, that I would accept nothing but the photograph; and there the matter ended.

Christmas Eve that year was still and bright.

"It will not be 'my weather' this evening, Martha," said I, as I went early to the kitchen to offer my assistance to that overtaken individual.

"Perhaps not, Missie," she answered; "but none the less do you look to yourself to-day. My mind misgives me always upon Christmas

Eve; whatever evil is to come to you will come then."

I laughed gaily.

"What should happen to me? See how lovely it is out of doors! It looks as if there were no such thing as evil in the world to-day."

"No matter what it looks like, miss; my mind misgives me more than common."

In the afternoon the young ladies declared their intention of taking a walk, and summoned Frank to join them. I remained at home to assist in the final decoration of the hall; but Miss Redfurn came to claim Archie.

"He will go with his own Fanny," she said, coaxingly. But I was loth to trust him.

"Promise to keep him in sight, Miss Redfurn," I said. "If he gets tired of your company he will run home, and perhaps go off to the old granary; it is not safe for him alone there this slippery weather."

"You seem to think no one can take care of him but yourself," she said, sharply; adding, "his father will be with us."

So she went, and I stayed on in the large hall sorting the bright holly branches, until I dropped them from my hands, startled by Frank's voice at my elbow.

"How you are pricking your poor little fingers!" he said.

I exclaimed in surprise at seeing him so soon returned.

"I never went!" said he, laughing: "may one not now and then please oneself?" and he proceeded to make himself very useful amongst my holly branches; but for all my pleasure in his company and in the talk that followed, I could not get rid of an uneasy dread of some harm befalling Archie. Archie's father laughed at my fears; and it was hardly possible to explain to him that I knew Miss Redfurn would not have troubled herself with the little boy unless she had thought Frank would be with her too, though I did tell him my dread lest the child should have left the walking party and gone off by himself to his favourite play place.

"Well, if it will make you any easier we will go and look," he said, at last, "as soon as this one wreath, the crowning effort of our combined skill, is in position."

He was standing on the steps holding the garland in its place and I had stepped back to judge of the effect, when the door burst open, and the Squire entered hastily.

"Leave that foolery, Frank, he cried. "Come out into the yard and help—the old granary is on fire! Why child"—for I stood as if turned

to stone—"what is the matter? The worst will be only the loss of my best cart and nearly all my straw which the men left in the shed and then must needs light their pipes there—worse luck to them! No fear of the flames reaching the house this still day."

White and sick with fear, and with a cry of "Archie! my Archie!" I ran past him, Frank following me.

"He is not there! Dear Britta, how *can* he be there?" he said.

"Oh no, he is not there! I am sure he is not there!" I repeated over and over again as we both hurried to the spot. How we reached it I hardly know, but there we were a moment after, at the top of the flight of steps by the old wall. The straw in the cart shed had taken fire, all below was one mass of flame; at the further corner the granary floor was falling in with heavy crashes, furnishing fresh fuel as it fell. Above the roar of the flame, the crackling of the wood, the shouts of the men around, there rang out shriek after shriek from Archie. For he was there—at the end of the platform, cut off from us by the falling planks, only one of which now remained in its place between the topmost step and the corner of the wall where the child stood. This one plank, fastened as it was with iron clamps to the stone work, might hold out a little longer; that it should do so gave the only hope of my darling. As Frank hurried to it, I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Are you mad? It will not bear your weight! You are destroying his only chance!"

He paused bewildered and confused; I tried to speak calmly.

"I am the lighter, Frank—be reasonable! it is the only hope." But his arm was thrown round me.

"At the risk of your own life? No, Britta, a thousand times, no! they are gone for a ladder to put across—you must come down."

Yes, they were gone for ladders, but would they be here in time?—and every instant was precious. I went down one step, I feigned to obey him, but as I felt the clasp of his arm relax, I gave one bound, and stood there alone between Archie and his father.

"Be quiet, Frank! be very still, or you will kill us both. You would not hurl me down to my death? You *know* that our double weight will break the plank!"

Ashy pale, he leaned against the wall, and I, knowing there was not a moment to lose, set out upon my perilous way—flames underneath, the wall itself tottering, Archie opposite holding out his little arms towards me. I felt no

fear, except the fear that the child should move suddenly, or throw himself upon me when I reached him, which would have been instant death to both of us; I called to him to be still, and right nobly did the little fellow bear himself when I stooped and lifted him in my arms. Only his trembling, only the tight clasp round my neck showed how terrified he was. I turned slowly, for one instant set my back firmly against the wall to steady myself, and then—lost all courage! Sick, faint, trembling in every limb, I dared not stir; I saw nothing but the flames below my feet, felt nothing but a cowardly, awful dread of the fall into the burning shed below. The only hope now was that the men with the ladder might reach the spot before the last crash came. I pressed my cold lips to Archie's cheek. I made up my mind that we must die.

It was at that moment I heard the words which restored my senses. My name was called in clear, firm tones.

"Take courage, love! Come back to me, Britta! *my* Britta!"

And I took courage—my fears left me; with *his* child in my arms, I set my foot upon the plank, by this time hot even to the touch, and passed along it swiftly—I reached the friendly outstretched hands—but only just in time—the plank fell behind me, the whole wall shook. How we got down at all or how it was that we reached the ground in safety I know not, for as I placed Archie in his father's arms I swooned.

I came to myself hours after, in the oak parlour, and surely—or was I dreaming?—Miss *Jemima* was on her knees beside the sofa crying over and kissing me! The corkscrew curls were dancing with sympathetic emotion, the stiff trim cap was all on one side crushed into queer shapes—but never had Miss *Jemima* appeared so beautiful in my eyes.

"How could you, Britta? Do you think you are worth nothing, that you are so ready to risk your life?"

"But Archie!" I murmured, only half remembering what had happened.

"Oh, yes, Archie is all very well, and you have saved him, child. I am sure we are all thankful—but Archie is not everybody."

Fanny and Grace sobbed out confessions and protestations.

"I shall never forgive myself," said Fanny, mingling her tears and kisses on my hands.

"Let her rest," grumbled the Squire, bending over me, and imprinting upon my forehead the first kiss I ever had from him. "You women will talk her life out. Take her up-stairs, and let her rest; she is worth all of you put together."

"She'll do now," remarked Martha, who was in the room, "she'll take no harm—least-wise not till next Christmas Eve."

Only Frank kept silence. He stood at the foot of the sofa, holding Archie in his arms, and speaking not a word.

What a wonderful Christmas that seemed to me! True, next morning Miss *Jemima* looked much as usual, her "Bridget!" sounded as dry as it always had done, and the Squire spoke gruffly—but there was no danger of my ever again fancying them cold or unloving. Then the girls were so kind and friendly, and my Archie—all his fright forgotten—looked so blooming. I ventured to throw my arms round Miss *Jemima's* neck, regardless of her lace collar, when I wished her a happy Christmas, and, not being repulsed, I ventured still further: standing on tiptoe, I threw my arms round the Squire's neck also! And in the afternoon, while the snow was falling softly, I had my Christmas gift.

I was alone in the oak parlour when Archie came tumbling in, after his usual impetuous fashion, with the photograph in his hand.

"It is for cousin Fanny," he announced; and for a moment my heart sank.

"I want to say it right," Archie went on, shaking back his curls and knitting his brows, with a puzzled frown. "Papa says may cousin Fanny have the photograph, and will you 'cept the"—the next word required an effort—"the 'riginal, for your Christmas-gift? And please what *is* a 'riginal?" says Archie; "is it good? do you like it better than a pretty picture of me?"—as if that were hardly possible!

I drew my boy to me, and hid my eyes amongst his curls, for in the doorway stood his father; and I heard, once again, the words that had restored my courage in the burning granary.

"Britta! will you come to me, *my* Britta?"

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later, Frank and I stood together by the rocky path. I fancy the same thought must have been in both our minds, for as we turned to go, there, on the spot where he had asked the question once before, he asked again,

"Can you tell me now, love, who you are?"

Those words no longer gave me pain—never could give me anything but joy now! I was silent for very happiness.

"I must hear you speak," said Frank, smiling, "I must have an answer to my question,—Britta, who are you?"

"Frank, I am your wife."

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 105.

January 1, 1870.

Price 2d.

## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XXI.

**M**R. HURLSTON picked up his fez, and placed it by his side, in order, probably, to have it within easy reach, in case his indignation should be roused.

"It is now more than fifteen years ago," he said, "since chance made me acquainted with the man who has just left us. He rendered me a trifling service on one occasion, by throwing me a rope's end when I had fallen overboard from a ship anchored off New York.

"You mean that he saved your life," observed Fenwick drily.

"No such thing, sir. There was another man who at the same time threw out a life buoy, which I should undoubtedly have seized had I not already had a firm hold upon the rope. Under such circumstances, you will agree with me that Fletcher's claim upon my gratitude is very slight. If it were otherwise I should be anxious to acknowledge it. Look at me, Mr. Towers, and say whether I appear like one who would fail most amply to discharge an important obligation, with the means which Providence has placed at my command?"

An unprejudiced observer, drawing his conclusions from the appearance of Mr. Hurlston's clothes, would very likely have had some misgivings as to any obligations of a pecuniary nature being discharged without considerable difficulty. It was something of this kind which occurred to Fenwick, as he fixed his eyes upon the figure extended before him, and noticed the well-patched boots.

"Well," continued Mr. Hurlston, "this Ralph Fletcher, before I met with him, had been a seaman in the Royal Navy, and, judging from what I saw of him during a voyage from the United States to Chili, he must have been

as smart a sailor as ever reefed a topsail. He seldom, however, spoke to any of the crew, as far as I had opportunities of noticing, and was so decidedly morose that he excited the dislike of the second mate, who was always ready to ridicule him. One day, Fletcher was leaning against the foremast with his arms folded and his lips moving convulsively, when the mate, whom I have mentioned, made a jeering remark in reference to the man having lost his sweetheart. Those of the crew who heard it broke into a loud laugh. The effect upon Fletcher was very different: he became involved in an altercation with the mate which quickly ended in the latter stabbing the sailor, and in return getting his jaw fractured by Fletcher. As is always the case in affairs of this kind, the captain, in spite of my remonstrances, ordered Fletcher to be kept in irons till we reached Valparaiso. When we got to that port, Fletcher's wound was almost healed, and he was allowed to go on shore. I met him a few days afterwards, and anticipated that the injustice with which he had been treated would excite his vindictiveness to the utmost. I felt convinced that he was just the kind of man to brood over a wrong, and, with that candour which has always distinguished me, I told him so. To my surprise he made no complaint, and appeared to regard the matter with indifference. I was proceeding to compliment him upon the Christian spirit that he exhibited, when he suddenly grasped me by the arm, and, drawing me towards him, said in a half-whisper, 'I have no room in my heart for revenge against any other than one man, and he is not to be found in this part of the world.' If you had seen his face, Mr. Towers, as he uttered these words, you would have silently congratulated yourself, as I did, that the object of his vengeance was not yourself. Ere he left me, I learnt some particulars of the injuries that he had sworn never to forgive."

"Are you under any promise not to repeat them?"

"None. At the age of twenty, Ralph Fletcher was engaged to be married to the



daughter of a village schoolmaster, living near Yarmouth. They had known each other from childhood, and their love appears to have been of that intense and absorbing nature which I am inclined to believe is very rarely met with. The girl's only surviving parent was at first averse to the match, chiefly because Fletcher was a sailor. But when the young man came back after a three year's cruise, the schoolmaster, broken in health and almost incapacitated from teaching, no longer opposed a project which relieved him of some anxiety as to the means of supporting his daughter. A few weeks after his marriage, Fletcher joined another ship, carrying the 'broad pennant.' He was rather unlucky in his selection, for the commander turned out a tyrannical scoundrel, who took a savage pleasure in the punishment of his men whenever they were guilty of any breach of discipline. After some months absence at a home station, the cruiser was unexpectedly ordered to Spithead, whence she was to proceed to the West Indies. Fletcher, anxious to see his wife ere his departure, wrote begging her to meet him at Portsmouth. When he received a letter in reply announcing her arrival, he applied for leave to go on shore. According to his story, which I have no doubt is true, his uniform good conduct gave him a strong claim to this indulgence. It was refused, however, by the officer to whom the application was first made, and Fletcher appealed, therefore, to the captain, though with very little hope of success. Much to his surprise, the man received permission to absent himself for thirty-six hours; and, as a boat was just then leaving for the shore, he leaped into her in high spirits at the prospect of spending a couple of days with his wife. The next morning they were strolling along a road leading out of Portsmouth, when a party of men from the ship overtook them, and he was dragged back as a deserter. Observing that his wife had fainted, he struggled desperately to break from his captors; and this was afterwards used in evidence against him. He was tried and found guilty on two out of three counts."

"But the captain, you say, had given him leave to go on shore?"

"Aye, so Fletcher asserted when he was called upon for his defence. Unfortunately for him, the captain positively denied that he had done so, and as no one happened to hear the permission given, the sailor's statement was not believed. His suddenly jumping into the boat, his being found on his way *from* Portsmouth, and the resistance that he was

alleged to have made—all told very much against him in the absence of any written authority for his leaving the ship. He was sentenced to receive fifty lashes! But for the excellent character that he had previously borne, the punishment would have been still more severe as far as physical suffering was concerned. The mental anguish that he experienced was equally great, whether he received fifty strokes from the 'cat' or five hundred. From that hour, Fletcher told me that he became a changed man. He had but one slender hope left. It was that his degradation might not come to the knowledge of his wife. He wrote to her when he reached the West Indies, but months passed away without any reply being received. A second letter brought an answer in a strange hand. His wife had heard of his terrible punishment, and had died delirious within a few days after he sailed from Spithead. Whether Fletcher subsequently deserted, or whether he remained on board the ship till she was put out of commission, is a matter about which I know nothing. When I first saw him, as I intimated at the outset, he was serving on board of an American merchantman, and from what he told me the other day, he has managed of late years to save sufficient to enable him to retire from the sea."

"But this man who so cruelly wronged him by his falsehood—is he still living?"

"I can give you no information on that point. It would not surprise me to find that he had met his death at Fletcher's hands. It's possible, however, that the lapse of so many years and the want of opportunity may have caused him to abandon his intention."

"Let us hope so," said Fenwick, with an involuntary shudder.

"The subject has long since ceased to give me any great amount of concern," continued Mr. Hurlston, smoking placidly; "and if it hadn't been for the brutal conduct of that individual in the parlour, in all likelihood I shouldn't have mentioned it."

"Do you know the name of the officer who acted so infamously?"

"Neither his name nor that of his ship. Fletcher was too cautious to afford me a clue which might by any remote possibility cause him to be ultimately suspected. I am not inquisitive, Mr. Towers, and hate everybody who is so; but I admit that a question on this subject was put by me at the time. The way in which it was received didn't encourage me to repeat it."

That this man Fletcher, who had long been

absent from England, should be found upon his return watching Wilmington House, appeared to Fenwick a very singular circumstance, particularly when considered in connexion with the desire shown by the man to ascertain whether there had been a recent death in the family. It will be remembered that Captain Towers, from a feeling of vanity, had not allowed the rough usage to which he had been subjected by his mysterious correspondent to become known to any other member of the household than Susan Harding. As Fenwick recalled to his mind the demeanour of Fletcher, he found it difficult to resist a feeling of uneasiness, and determined either to reassure himself, or to learn whether there was any ground for apprehension, by seeking an interview with the seaman. There was every reason for believing that Fletcher was unacquainted with Fenwick's name and parentage, therefore an unexpected disclosure of this kind could hardly fail to elicit some expression of feeling in the event of his father being the man who had caused Fletcher so much humiliation and sorrow. And then came the hope, that at the worst, Fletcher's misfortunes were to be attributed to a misapprehension of his captain's meaning rather than anything else. Harsh and tyrannical Fenwick knew his father to be, but it was incredible that he could be so utterly base as to have deliberately destroyed the happiness of an unoffending sailor, who should rather have received protection than injury from his commander.

"Silence may be 'silvern,' as the philosopher of Chelsea calls it, but it depends a good deal upon circumstances," said Mr. Hurlston. "When a man is in company with another who has been trying to make himself agreeable under adverse circumstances, it is not a proper return to enter into a critical examination of the wall paper, and keep even your opinion upon that subject to yourself."

"The fact is, what you have just told me about that unfortunate man, Fletcher, interests me more than I can explain. Can you give me his address?"

"No. But as he has promised to call here to-morrow, there will be no difficulty in obtaining it. Let me advise you, however, to make no allusion to what I have mentioned this evening. Your object in wishing to see the man again can only be to gratify your curiosity by questioning him. If you are obstinate enough to do so after I tell you that he is a dangerous fellow to offend by a proceeding of that kind, you must take the consequences."

"You are mistaken as to my motive for

wishing to speak to this man. On some future occasion I hope to be able to explain it to you, and I'm sure that you will fully approve of my conduct in the matter. Meantime let me beg of you not to mention my name to Fletcher till you receive my permission to do so."

Mr Hurlston raised himself to a sitting posture, and looked very steadily at his visitor.

"You wish your name to be kept a secret, eh? Then it may be taken for granted that it is one which is not unknown to him."

"On the contrary, I have considerable doubt on that point. Will you promise to do me this favour?"

"Provided you enter into an agreement to spend two evenings with me at chess within the next week."

Having made a satisfactory arrangement in this respect, Mr. Hurlston announced that the time had arrived when he always commenced reading, preparatory to retiring to bed.

As Fenwick, seated in his own room, thought over the remarks of the wealthy lodger whom he had just left, grave doubts arose in his mind, that the gentleman in question was himself not quite free from the charge of selfishness.

## CHAPTER XXII.

IN accordance with the promise made by Ralph Fletcher, he called at Northumberland Street on the day following. Soon after his arrival, Fenwick received a scrap of paper from Mr. Hurlston, informing him that the man seemed unwilling to give his address, and that therefore it would be unbecoming to press for it. After some consideration, Fenwick decided upon setting his doubts at rest by descending to the drawing room, and making himself known. He found Mr. Hurlston standing on the hearth rug, in a high state of excitement, and declaiming in his loudest voice against the iniquity of everybody. The immediate cause of his indignation seemed to be a letter that he had just received, which he held in his hand, and flourished about with great vigour, as he proceeded.

"Isn't the world proverbially wicked?" he went on, without appearing to notice Fenwick's entrance. "Yet there are now so many people ready on all occasions not only to protest against the truth of this, but to insist upon the great majority of mankind being regarded as remarkable for their many virtues, that it requires some boldness to express a contrary opinion. I am quite willing to admit that this terrestrial sphere itself is a very enjoyable place—under certain exceptional circumstances.

Nature, controlled by a beneficent Providence, has decked the earth with a myriad charms. The eye is gratified with countless varieties of form and colour. The sweet choir of birds, the pleasures of taste, and the whisperings of love, are all intended to minister to man's sensual happiness; so we must therefore conclude that everything is bright—cheerful—beautiful. If poverty, disease, and crime exist—what matters all that to the optimist? He can look without a sensation of pity on the crouching, shivering, ill-clad figure, as he jingles the silver pleasantly in his trousers' pocket and trips jauntily homeward to his comfortable villa. Upon the whole, the opinion seems to be gaining ground that we love our neighbours rather better than ourselves. I must have been walking about with my eyes shut these eighty years past. That bloated shopkeeper, who complacently twirls his heavy watch-chain, has not accumulated a fortune by paying women at starvation prices for their labour! There are no ill-looking rascals wearing fashionably cut suits of the best description, who swagger about, supporting themselves by the ruin of others! The pompous minion of the workhouse never bullies the feeble wretch who, dreading such an alternative, is at length compelled by dire famine to seek relief under the admirably-arranged poor-law system! Nobody ever dies of sheer starvation in this great country! At any rate, it's very seldom a jury returns a verdict to that effect. There are so many other terms less shocking to the general ear, but meaning much the same thing, which have been brought into use by the medical gentlemen who are coroners. Then again, everybody has become honest, except those whom pressing want urges to become thieves! Who ever hears of men of any position conspiring together to plunder the public of millions?"

Mr. Hurlston tore up his letter and dashed the pieces into a corner. Meanwhile, Ralph Fletcher had looked at him with a half smile, nodding his head approvingly at intervals.

"Well, now you've finished, sir, I may as well go. There's nothing more as I have to say."

He rubbed the nap of his hat with his coat-sleeve, as he said this, and moved towards the door.

"Stop," said Fenwick, gently, "I have a few words to say to you."

"I think I've seen your face afore, but I'm not certain where."

"On Wilmington Heath. My name is Towers, son of Captain Richard Towers, formerly of——"

"Keep off!" cried Fletcher, suddenly springing back, and plunging his hand into the breast pocket of his coat.

"I mean you no harm," replied Fenwick, calmly, "so you need not have any fear."

"Fear and me shook hands and parted many a year ago," said Fletcher, with a scornful laugh. "If there's others waiting for me below all the worse for them."

He rapidly descended the stairs, and a moment after the street door closed after him.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked Mr. Hurlston, in astonishment.

Fenwick made no reply, but sprang up the stairs for his hat. When he reached the street, he saw the object of his pursuit look back as he turned the corner into the Strand. The young man started off at a pace which promised that he would quickly overtake Fletcher, provided that the latter did not avail himself of some of the by-streets leading out of the main thoroughfare. Fenwick had now hardly a doubt that this man had formed some design inimical to the safety of Captain Towers, and though he hardly knew which course would be the most judicious to take upon such an emergency, he had a tolerably distinct impression that it was his duty to follow the fugitive and endeavour to obtain some explanation of his strange conduct.

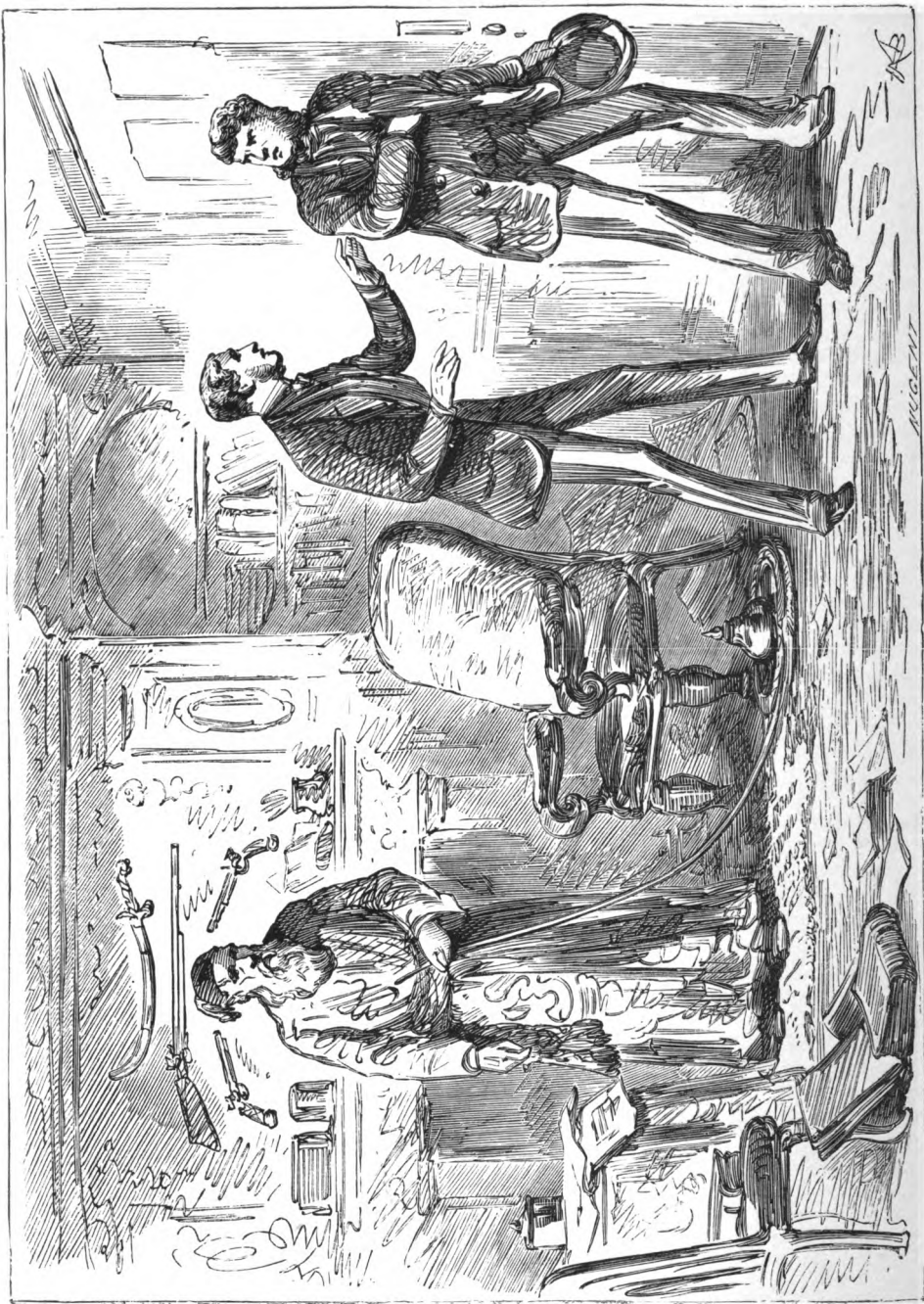
Ralph Fletcher was not to be seen when Fenwick gained the Strand; but he ran on for some little distance in the hope of discovering him. Convinced at length that the chase was a vain one, he retraced his steps to Northumberland Street. On his way he passed close by Bentley Wyvern, but without observing him. That gentleman was going to the office of Mr. Horace Winnow, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the report respecting the inundation of the Great Puddlingdon Mine had been contradicted. He looked back at Fenwick with a contemptuous smile. "Hasn't forgiven me for daring to allude to his attachment to Mary Clare, and will not condescend to notice me," thought Bentley Wyvern, as he called a cab and was driven off to Throgmorton Street.

Mr. Chirp no longer occupied his accustomed seat, and a strange clerk threw open the green-baize door.

"You have kept your promise, Winnow," said Bentley Wyvern, as he entered. "I see that you've made the change that I suggested."

"Oh yes, Chirp is gone. But that's not the only promise that I have kept, my dear fellow," replied the stockbroker, gaily. "Just as I anticipated, the rumour so industriously circulated, yesterday, has been officially contra-





Once a Week ]

“ ‘Keep off,’ cried Fletcher, springing back.”——(See “CAUGHT BY A THREAD,” page 488.)

[February, 1870.

dicted, and Great Puddlingdons have consequently gone up."

"How much?"

"Enough to leave you a profit of three hundred pounds, and they are still going up. Buy some more, if you can spare the money; but if you can't, at any rate, stick to those you have."

Bentley Wyvern decided upon following the latter part only of his friend's advice—an instance of self-denial which is not frequently met with in persons who yield to the temptation of speculating with other people's money.

A slight shade of disappointment passed over Mr. Winnow's face when he found that he was not requested to make any further purchases of Great Puddlingdons.

"Well, of course, if it isn't quite convenient for you to invest anything more in them, it's not much use to urge you on in the matter. But I must say, when one is let into a good thing of this kind it seems a pity—a very great pity—that one shouldn't take the fullest advantage of it."

Mr. Winnow's voice became almost pathetic as he uttered the last few words. It was probably the consciousness that his cheerfulness was decreasing by the contemplation of any part of a "good thing" being missed, which induced him to lose no time in bringing out a bottle of Madeira and a couple of glasses from a little cabinet. Bentley Wyvern took the wine offered to him, but still rejected part of the advice. Not that he had any doubt, however, as to its sincerity, but because he was unwilling to run any greater risk than was absolutely necessary to put him in possession of a sum of money sufficient to relieve him from the consequences of his guilt.

He had now every reason to believe that his hopes in this respect would be realized in a few days. It was, therefore, with a comparatively buoyant heart that he ascended to his room in Lombard Street. The Doddington certificate, too, upon which so much depended, had been placed before the counsel formerly retained in the Bideford case, and the opinion given was that no doubt could be thrown upon its genuineness—there was no longer anything wanting to secure a successful result. With part of the money for which the bonds had been re-sold he had discharged the pressing claim against Sir Charles Pennington. Upon Mr. Blade's second interview with Messrs. Poole and Poole, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, those gentlemen had made some inquiries which led to Bentley Wyvern discovering that they were solicitors to the recognised Earl of

Bideford. In fact, had Mr. Blade been aware that Sir Charles Pennington was a claimant to the peerage in question, the tin boxes bearing the earl's name, which were to be seen in the offices of the plaintiff's solicitors would have left him in no doubt as to the true cause of their professional hostility to Sir Charles. In common with many other people, they had heard, some time previously, of the report that a certain important document had been discovered, seriously affecting their noble client's interests; but they had instituted careful inquiries, as to its truth, and found that the rumour had chiefly proceeded from the creditors of the baronet, who had himself originated it with the object, it was supposed, of relieving his pecuniary embarrassments. The earl was naturally irritated by the pretended revival of a claim to his title which he regarded as finally disposed of some years previously, and his solicitors were instructed to adopt any measures they thought proper to put an end to the annoyance. As there were plenty of the baronet's acceptances to be obtained at a vast reduction in the sum for which they were drawn, it occurred to the simple legal mind that an agent might with propriety be employed to obtain one of these bills. The consequences of this proceeding we already know.

From the time that Mr. Clare signified his consent to the projected marriage with Mary, Bentley Wyvern spent each succeeding evening at the rectory, but his attentions to her had been received with such manifest repugnance that he could not conceal from himself that his chance of becoming her husband was almost desperate. Yet he was resolved to persevere. If she could not be induced to marry him after he had exerted himself to the utmost to win her by fair means, he had already conceived a plan the successful execution of which he felt sure would leave her no alternative. And then, as he sat in his room at the assurance office, carefully weighing in his mind every contingency that might arise on the way to the goal of his ambition, an undefined dread crept over him, causing a slight shudder to pass through his frame as he thought of Archibald Mansfield. From the conversation Bentley Wyvern had heard at the stockbroker's office, he knew that the cashier had penetrated his secret, and that the production of the bonds had not lulled his suspicions. It was not in the manager's power to discharge him, or that course, it is needless to say, would have been adopted some time

previously ; and he vainly, therefore, asked himself how he was to get rid of a man who was a constant spy upon his actions at the most critical period of his devious career.

He was roused from his reflections by a knock at the door.

### VISIONS FROM SUEZ.

PROBABLY to the future historian the year 1869 will be memorable solely as the date of the opening of the Suez Canal. The completion of the French Atlantic Cable, the opening of great public works in the City of London, Russian advances in the east, and other events, more or less important, which compose the staple of our year's account—all shrink into comparative insignificance, overshadowed by the great work for universal weal, the splendid monument of genius, which M. de Lesseps has raised, to the immortal honour of himself, and, through him, to the glory of his native country. If, indeed, we consider the gigantic dimensions of the undertaking, the obstacles removed, the difficulties overcome—in a word, the wonderful results accomplished by the ingenuity and perseverance of a single human intellect, we shall be ready to own that the union of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, just effected by means of a deep cutting through rocks and swamps and sandy plains, is worthy to be reckoned among the grand exceptional achievements of ancient and modern days. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the eyes of the world should be now, as one, all centred upon the mysterious country of the Pyramids, and that princes and sages should hasten to the east, and brighten Alexandria with a momentary flash of magnificence, remindful somewhat of a time, two thousand years ago, when she was the acknowledged queen of fashion and learning. But it is, perhaps, more because of these reminiscences of the past which involuntarily associate themselves with the enterprise, than for the work itself, that universal attention has been directed to it. For we may ask where is there man, woman, or child, who has not an interest in the land of Egypt, who could not tell you as much, or more, about the rising of the Nile, as about the rising of the tides in his own Thames, or Seine, or Mississippi ; who is not better acquainted with the Pyramids, with Pompey's Pillar, and with the Sphinx, than with the monuments of his native London, or Paris, or New York ? The locality has the same charm for prince as for peasant, and is felt as intensely by the Australian in his

southern home, or by the young American in the far west, as by the native himself, who has been reared in the very presence of the mighty remains. We are drawn, almost unconsciously, from our businesses, our pleasures, or our professions, to direct not a little attention to the descriptions which reach us from the east, some of which contain many glowing rays caught imperceptibly from the contact with oriental luxuriance and magnificence ; and, if we honestly confess the fact, there will be very few of us, indeed, who will not own more than a fair portion of our spare and quiet moments to have been occupied, of late, in picturing to ourselves the world-famed Egyptian scenes, and in calling to mind the wonders of the historical past.

Six or seven centuries before the Christian era, a small canal was constructed across the Isthmus of Suez, and after enduring many vicissitudes of fortune—being at one time choked up in some parts with sand, and at another cleared and made navigable, through the exertions of a ruler possessing more than the ordinary amount of energy in the degenerate days of his country's decline—it was completely restored by the Roman Emperor, Adrian, and continued to be much used by the European and Asiatic traders, as the link connecting the great commercial highways of the world. The conquests by the followers of Mahomet stifled the spirit of energy and of commercial activity in the east, and as Egypt and the neighbouring nations were soon subdued by the Mussulmans, the canal was at first neglected and at length wilfully destroyed. It was not used after about the seventh century of the Christian dispensation ; and, exposed to the clouds of desert sand, it soon became so effectually choked up that its very course is a matter of conjecture at the present day. In modern times many great men have conceived the idea of channelling the isthmus. The great Napoleon, it is said, particularly desired to accomplish it. Some of the greatest engineers of the day, both English and foreign, have given the subject their best attention, and were pretty evenly divided as to the feasibility or the impracticability of effectually constructing a sea channel, dividing the continent of Africa from that of Asia. It is well known that George Stephenson—the greatest engineer of our times—maintained the impossibility of ever perfecting a durable and navigable Suez Canal, and the opinion of our great countryman has been shared by a majority of Englishmen, some of whom have been confidently anticipating, even up to the present time, that an unexpected calamity would

arise and entail failure upon the undertaking. Nothing of the kind has occurred. Merchantmen and men-of-war have already sailed in good numbers from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, and M. de Lesseps, in spite of all opposition, has successfully accomplished the great aim of his life—the project which he pursued year after year with increasing intensity—and has completed the work which Napoleon longed to commence in vain, and which Stephenson shrank from as being too arduous and difficult. The modern canal commences at the Pelusiatic mouth, that is, the easternmost mouth of the Delta of the Nile, and joins the Red Sea at the town of Suez, situated at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Suez. It is situated some few miles to the east of the site of the old canal, and near the Gulf of Suez it is carried through the Bitter Lakes, a long expanse of water, varying from five to seven miles in breadth, which, it is supposed, were at one time a portion of the Gulf of Suez, and to have been the site of the miracle of the dividing of the waters and the destruction of the Egyptian hosts when the Israelites commenced their wanderings in the wilderness. Passing from the Mediterranean, it flows through some fertile plains and valleys, parts of the ancient district of Goshen—the Egyptian home of Israel—but the greater portion of the course lies through sandy deserts or drear and rocky wastes.

Originally the whole district through which the canal flows was populated by a few miserably poor inhabitants, principally Arabs. Since the commencement of the works several good sized towns have sprung up on the banks of the canal. Ismailia, which was not in existence seven years ago, is now a flourishing town with thousands of inhabitants. Probably in future times Port Said, at the Pelusiatic mouth, on the Mediterranean; Suez, on the Red Sea entrance; and Ismailia, on the canal, will be among the most flourishing cities of the east. From Said to Suez the canal is about one hundred and ten miles in length, and its entire course is by no means a direct one, the greatest deviation occurring as it approaches towards the Red Sea from the Bitter Lakes in a serpentine direction. Its average width is about the same as that of the Thames at Mortlake, but the main course of the channel, navigable for the largest vessels, is at present but one hundred yards wide. The average depth is from twenty-five to thirty feet. In this cursory sketch it may briefly be stated that the Suez Canal has been ten years in course of excavation, during which time tens

of thousands of labourers have been employed—many of them by night as well as by day—not to enumerate a host of skilled artisans and engineers, whose best services have been most diligently applied to the undertaking; that its cost may be estimated at sixteen millions and a half sterling; and that the Governments of France and Egypt have been the great, almost the sole, supporters of M. de Lesseps in giving body to his brilliant idea.

And now it may be opportune to ask, what will be the effect of the Suez Canal upon the world and upon existing commercial interests? Will it raise up the fallen greatness of Spain and Italy? Will it breathe new life into degenerate Greece; and may we anticipate a flourishing Athens, a new Sparta, and a restored Corinth,—once more the centres of art and learning, once more the schools of philosophers and orators? Is the long slumber of old Egypt ever to be broken? Can the wealth of Tyre, the strength of Troy, or the glories of Smyrna and Ephesus ever be renewed? May we anticipate a like glorious future from the past for Seville, Genoa, Leghorn, and Venice—the grand and flourishing cities of mediæval times? Will the Mediterranean be once more the busiest highway of the globe, its blue waves supporting the countless vessels of many nations, its shores everywhere well cultivated, and teeming with an enterprising, industrious, and progressive population? These questions and many others of a like nature will naturally suggest themselves to every thoughtful and intelligent person; and, indeed, although they may have been in some measure the promptings of sentiment—which for humanity's sake it is well that we all feel at times—yet they are not so unworthy of receiving careful attention, nor so unlikely to extract from futurity an affirmative reply as they seem at first thoughts to be. That the Suez Canal will bring about a revolution in the commercial world is certain; the extent of the revolution must be left to future times to decide. The Mediterranean is no longer a huge inland sea, completely shut out by a narrow isthmus of sand from the seas which wash the shores of the richest, the most productive countries of modern times. It has now burst its way into the Eastern Ocean. It has for ever given up its exclusiveness—so fatally detrimental has it proved to be to self-interest; and, in joining with the wider world without, it has inaugurated a new era of commercial activity, a vast increase in wealth, a mighty advance in civilization—not more for its own shores than for



those of Indian Seas. From the new world it has never been excluded, the Straits of Gibraltar connecting it with the wide Atlantic; and, with the new direct passage to the east, is there not every probability of the ports of north Africa and of south Europe becoming the great commercial emporiums of the future? The way is now clear from North America to Hindostan, and, with the exception of the detour made by the Red Sea, the course is a direct one. The Mediterranean lies in the line between east and west, and may be said to connect both. What an enviable position! On the one hand, America, flourishing, young, and active; on the other, India, surpassingly wealthy; and itself the connecting link whose shores, abounding with good ports, are almost everywhere the fringes of good and largely yielding soil. Now is the time for Trieste and Marseilles to bestir themselves. The golden opportunity is offered, and the earliest bidder will obtain the greatest bargains. Who knows where will be the London, the pre-eminent commercial city of future times? It would be odd indeed if, contrary to all modern anticipations; it should *not* be in North America, but in one of the oldest districts of the old world. The old world is very much larger than the new; is as rich, or richer, in minerals; and contains a greater proportion of richly productive soil. After consideration, then, it should not be surprising if the commercial supremacy which successively left Tyre, Rome, and Venice should desert London—not for New York, but for some place on the ancient coasts of the Mediterranean. Should this really happen (of course, it is at present a mere speculation, and a few years will decide the probability or improbability of its ultimate occurrence), there can be no doubt that the Suez Canal will have been the great, if not the sole, cause of the regeneration of the world of the ancients.

Let England not be blind to the probable influences of the Suez Canal. It behoves her particularly, of all the nations of the world, to be on the alert, even for events which it may take centuries to culminate, for she has the greatest interests at stake. She is now on the top of the pinnacle of glory, supported by the richest possessions, the most flourishing colonies, and the greatest commerce of the world. No one, not even her jealous neighbour or bitter enemy, can shut his eyes to the fact, that, with her hold on India—the most precious of all earthly possessions; with her splendid colonies in Asia, in Australia, in North America, in South Africa; and with her enterprising intercourse with every country—

almost every port and city—of the globe, England has attained a position to which no nation, ancient or modern, can pretend to compare. The modern military instances of France under the First Empire, and of the Russia of to-day, and the ancient powers of Egypt, of Persia, of Macedonia, of Rome, in their palmiest days, are, each and all, infinitely inferior to the England of the present moment. Ancient Greece may claim, through her colonization of Asia Minor and elsewhere, the nearest resemblance to the great modern power. But ancient Greece is, at the best, a poor comparison. Her influence mildly extended over the narrow Mediterranean only; that of England is intensely felt throughout the wide world. It must be allowed, then, that this country should, by reason of their inestimable value, be jealously sensitive with regard to self-interests; and that, considering the grandeur of the position, the greater care should be taken to preserve it from undermining influences. We have stopped for a moment to contemplate the worth of the structure: let us now consider the new danger which threatens it.

The greatness of England may be said to have had its foundation in the discovery of the Cape route to India. This event developed the energies of the nations of western Europe, and its effects were almost immediately felt in the rapid rise of Spain, then of Portugal, next of Holland, and lastly of England. They are all nations possessing extensive coasts open to the Atlantic, and therefore received the benefits of the newly-found way to the large world. The discovery converted the Mediterranean into a comparatively small expanse of water, shut out of the wider world; and ever since, the countries on its shores have gradually lessened in importance. England has become rich—while Eastern Spain, and Italy, and Greece have become poor—because, by the Cape route, she is nearer to China and the East Indies. The fact stands on adamant. The inference is as true. The Cape route is, or will be in a few years, worthless for communication with the east, the way by Suez being the nearer and the safer. Our eastern commerce must decline, as assuredly as that of south Europe will increase. Such must be the case, even should we continue our hold on India; and we cannot hope to preserve an ascendancy over three hundred millions of foreigners, if we begin to lose *prestige* in the world. Regarding eastern commerce, a vigorous activity on the part of the Mediterranean states will be accompanied by a comparative decline on that of England; in other words,

the salvation of the Mediterranean will be the ruin of England. But, some people will very naturally remark, we shall still have the American commerce in our hands, and the resources and wealth of America are worthy of comparison with those of the east. Granted: but the retention of half a possession is no recompense for the loss of the other half. We may, however, cull some consolation from the philosophic reflection, that half a good thing is better than none at all; and in that light we should be thankful for our own fortune. America is now our last resource, and will be the friend to save us from utter bankruptcy and ruin.

If the Suez Canal had been completed a century or more ago, before the resources of the new world had been known and appreciated, there is much ground of probability in the supposition that our country would have sunk into respectable insignificance, and that the progress of America in civilization and prosperity would have been far less rapid than it has been under existing circumstances. So widely different must have been the course of events, and so gigantic are the interests concerned, that the subject fills the mind with amazement. Whole countries, nay, continents, would have been materially affected, and not merely a British colony at the Cape of Good Hope, as many persons erroneously suppose. We have, indeed, as Englishmen, much cause for congratulation upon the long delay in removing the barrier between European and Asiatic seas, until the present hour, when the productions of America have been so generally and so abundantly developed. We cling to America as to the last hope of a sinking man. But even here, are we certain of safety? Are we sure that our hope may prove but a snare and a delusion, or that some encroaching rival may not snatch it from our grasp, and leave us to perish alone in the wide waters? France may be that rival. Her position is now superior for commercial purposes to that of England: the former has wonderfully benefited, during the last few weeks, at the expense of the latter. She has a bold front of coast line, and numerous good harbours on the Atlantic, and facing America. She has sea shore and harbours on the Mediterranean—the new route to the east. Her influence has never been predominant in the world, like that of Spain has been, or that of England is to-day. She acquired military influence over the greater part of Europe, for a short time, some half a century since, and her sway is paramount over all the civilized world, with regard

to the fashions of good manners and good dress; but real solid influence over the globe she has never been able to exercise—for our forefathers prevented it by wrenching India and her best colonies from her, and our navy has kept even her home influence in check. As, in olden times, she did her best to reach pre-eminence in the world, so now, although failure has succeeded failure, she is working, might and main, for the same object—as may be instanced by her recent operations in Algeria, further India (Cochin China), and China. She has had until now the same advantage of situation as England, but has been thoroughly beaten. Defeat has not discouraged her, and, with the new advantage of situation just acquired by her own exertions, her perseverance is not at all unlikely to be rewarded with success.

These are gloomy forebodings for the future of our country. They will, undoubtedly, prove true in the end, unless England shakes off the foolish apathy with regard to foreign affairs, which seems to have taken possession of her during these last three or four years. She must not be content to confine her whole attention to her own island home, if she has the ambition still to be a power in the world. She must not selfishly withdraw her support from her young colonies who need her guiding assistance now, but who will be her strong defenders or aiders in the future. She must not allow France or any other power again to undertake the grandest enterprise of the day. On the contrary, she must be ever bold and fearless, active and energetic in every quarter of the globe, resentful of every injury, and foremost in every great work. She has been overreached by the latest French movement. Let her apply a lesson from it, and avert the dangers now threatening her, by excavating a channel across the Isthmus of Panama. Let her begin this great work immediately—not a moment should be lost—and the rich eastern and south-eastern lands of Asia will be within easy distance of her, by a new route in a direct line across the united Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. By this means, only, is the speedy destruction of our commercial interests and of our existence as a great independent nation to be prevented. The Panama Canal is the natural sequence of the successful piercing of the Isthmus of Suez; nay, more, it is absolutely necessary for the safety of England. Apart from its necessity to this country particularly, it will be extremely beneficial to the whole world in general, by reason of its inspiring fresh enterprising spirit of energy in men, and

engendering emulations and instincts of progressive activity in nations. There is every reason, every necessity in the world, for the work to be commenced, and that quick'y. The present is the golden time of opportunity—procrastination may snatch it away.

Let it not be supposed that these remarks are the mere promptings of petty jealousy of French influence, or that it has been forgotten that the interests of the whole world are superior to those of a small island in it. We are ready, indeed, to give every praise to France for excavating the Suez Canal, and to express unbounded admiration for an enterprise which is likely to benefit so many tens of millions of human beings. But if the grand results for the general good of the human race are to injure us, it is contrary to human nature to suppose we should silently endure the injury simply for the good of others. Self-interest is a natural and necessary instinct in nations as well as in men. And all the fine things that have been said upon what may be termed the humanity view of the Suez Canal, apply with equal force to the Panama Canal—an undertaking which would have the additional advantage of preserving and increasing our own power.

We anticipate the completion of the channels through the two great obstructing isthmuses of the world, and venture to foretell a consequent advance in civilization such as the world has never yet seen. Too much importance cannot be given to the means of facilitating the free intercourse of nations. All separating influences are productive of prejudices, ignorance, and selfishness; in a word, they are the barriers against enlargement and clearness of views, that is to say, against civilization. Two of these barriers to civilization—the one a narrow strip of land in the new world, and the other a similar description of obstruction in the old—once removed, the people of the globe will become more united in kindred ideas and good fellowship. The inventions of one country will be freely enlarged, improved, and perfected by another. All nations will understand the wisdom of dwelling in harmony; and mutual good-will will occasion universal confidence, so that general prosperity will ensue.

To the people of those future times the wonders of our day will be mere relics of the past, interesting, perhaps, as being suggestive of the greater designs of later civilization.

## CAT'S-CRADLE.

By the Author of "THE ROSICRUCIANS."

### PART II.

THE Swedish soldier, whose name was Arcadius, found the path so rugged, and the way, on account of the precipices, so dangerous, that he was a long time before he had completed much distance. Dark green woods of pines, mingled with some gigantic spreading trees, were dispersed about him. The deep gold light gleamed on the many grey faces of the rock, and gilded the uprights of several rough wooden defensible bridges which he crossed, where the water flashed and sparkled redly and angrily, as if hurrying into a lake of Tartarus. Overhead, now seen, now lost, as the battlements of cliff and the masses of wood alternately opened and closed—now to show the savage towers of the Count's castle in full relief, and now to hide them with a screen of laterally spreading foliage—were some most beautiful clouds. Perfect silence was everywhere. Nought disturbed the hush except the murmur of an unseen stream, when the traveller had left deep below him some small lakes. But at long intervals there was a strange, hoarse, unearthly sounding grumble of thunder, which impressed as if there was a magic huge wild beast in some lair in the sombrous distant woods, which aroused itself out of its sleep for a moment to growl a little, and then, shaking and settling itself again, subsided supinely. To this there was heard something even like an echo afar off, as if of a dark genius on the wing.

Twilight was gradually stealing over the scene. By and bye, with much toil and pains, and when it had grown nearly dark, Arcadius, after crossing a drawbridge high up the mountain, with wooden supports and large iron chains, found himself—very suddenly and alarmingly as it appeared at last—before the huge, yawning, ugly gateway of this forbidding hold, unmistakeably black. The portals opened like a gulf or a cavern. Deep down in this artificial cave of darkness there were monstrous old worm-eaten gates of prodigious build, as if hewn out of the planks of some gigantic catalque used for the gorgeous obsequies of a Polypheme or a giant of the old fairy period. These mammoth-valves were covered and secured all over with clamps of iron and bosses of black, green, and even red metal, because the rust was dropping from it like crumbling snow. What was beyond these gates seemed terrific. They showed as if purposely interposed to

warn against further passage, as if it would be attended with untold risks. Arcadius peered out at these picturesque terrors from under his trembling hand.

He was in trouble and perplexity as to the manner in which he should or might make his presence there known. As he stood, unless he made an effort, he might remain there for a week without the means of rendering his desire for admittance to the castle intelligible. He looked about, too, and he felt a creeping sort of fear, sufficient to make him withdraw himself closely a little distance within the hollow, so that he might be concealed from observation. He dreaded that he might be spied out by perhaps invisible entities, whose attention might be drawn upon him; which is an uncomfortable sensation. The confidence with which he came up to the mountain top was now very considerably diminished. Such were the terrors spread abroad, below this place, that Arcadius (though naturally bold as a soldier) felt even some creeping distrust as to his safety from abstract magic or spiritual influences—not to speak of personal or bodily risks. Coming out again from under the dark gate, and looking guardedly over the balustrades or battlemented parapet or platform, Arcadius directed his gaze downwards, and felt even alarm as he thought of his distance from human beings, even from those inhospitable savage villagers whom he had left. His eyes travelled with keen inquiring curiosity over a wonderful expanse of country, with thunderclouds glooming the direction in which he last looked. Now raising his eyes suddenly, he saw, with a cheering emotion, the silver sickle of the new moon at the upper edge of one of the largest clouds, with a single shining star of sharp rays, presenting in company exactly the grand symbol and badge of the universal Mohammedan or Mussulman religion, and Turkish empire. And he thought with less displeasure of the boasted mystic splendours of the faith of the "crescent and star"; for which of course he had no endurance otherwise, being a good Christian and a Protestant, hating the Hadgis.

But the necessity of forming his resolution came upon him, for the shadows were gradually advancing with the evening, and the huge castle seemed to grow more dreary and weird and ugly every minute. That he delayed, in itself frightened him. Besides, the old soldier's courage came to his assistance slowly. However, he resolved not to withdraw without some effort to settle his doubts, whether, after all, he did not suspect the castle with-

out a cause. So, tossing his mantle over his left shoulder, like a shield, and recalling how many scenes of terrible battle he had faced, Arcadius returned into this cavern of the great gateway; and in the cross-barred shadow of an enormous portcullis which was fixed stiffly three parts up the stone grooves and was all mouldered and dropping with rust, he caught sight of a metal horn, suspended by a chain, according to the old feudal fashion, and so large that it might appropriately have hung at the gate of the castle of the giant of "Jack, the Giant Killer," or at that gate of the Doubting Castle of Giant Despair. Arcadius seized the horn firmly with the intention to blow it and to summon some one to answer.\* All that he had seen and suffered, both in the great battle in which he had fought last, and since, had caused him to feel so faint, famished and incapable of sustained exertion that he could hardly lift one leg after the other. The horn was so heavy, and Arcadius felt even so frightened at all that he saw (and more that he dreaded) that, at repeated trials, the horn refused to give forth more than a hollow moaning incapable noise. Truth to tell, the horn was so heavy and Arcadius' hand was so weak, that he could scarcely hold it up. But the extraordinary silence perhaps assisted the horn; for after several trials there came a dreadful hollow note or noise out of it, almost like a voice, taking tone of its own volition. The long notes of the horn rolled out of the archway and seemed to extend, strengthening in the lonesome twilight, in an arousing accent that you would have liked to stop if you could. It broke up the silence and startled awfully, thundering and muttering back again maliciously into the archway and jarring the great doors. Whether it was the reverberation or the wind, the chains clashed with an impatient stroke which were hung in festoons within-side the castle portals, and dust and rust fell as if something alive had stirred them.

Looking up—attracted by the sound—by the help of the pale glimmering light, Arcadius made out in the vaultings, with a shudder, three dead heads on each side of the grim dark archway. His blood ran cold and his heart shrank within him.

"May all gracious powers be my defence!" ejaculated the old soldier, feeling his pulses dart again. "Those are surely human heads. They are affixed as victims, and this frowning gateway gives, indeed, only the hints of introduction to a hold of horrors. These heads are, doubtless, the unspeaking, but the best witnesses of dreadful things here done and suffered."

If it had been possible, Arcadius, even now, would have taken himself off in the shadows, and cleverly left the person who answered the horn to find nobody there when he looked out. He felt so exceedingly afraid, though, as yet, he had seen nobody, that he would have slipped with joy, unperceived, down the mountain and got off, waking as from a dreadful dream. "I will betake myself quietly down the hidden hither side of the battlements, which are coiled in depth like the gleaming length of a snake, and comfortably down the steep slopes into the shaggy and gloomy woods will I go, and I will leave the dreadful horn to answer itself when I am safe far off," thought he. But carrying himself off in this safe and evading manner would have demanded considerable time. And arrested and trembling with terrors felt at invisible things, Arcadius now stood still, but alert; watching in what the adventure should end, and glancing with extreme anxiety to see possibly what strange, quaint, or giant shape should come out first; or from what quarter, on either side, or before or behind—drawn forth by the sounding of a horn which must have awakened even fairy sleepers, things or anything, should come. He dreaded the results of that terrific horn as, perhaps, more tremendous than those consequent upon the blowing of that of the Paladin Orlando, which sounded over the Pyrenees, at the trifling distance of from twenty to thirty miles, for rescue which could not come.

It was the uncertainty of what might be the character of that which might present itself, that terrified Arcadius. It might be hostile—it might be simply insupportable. And this impossibility of fixing its nature was the cause of the anxiety, and justified terror for these dreaded unknown objects. This protracted period of expectant waiting was, in reality, more trying to the nerves of the veteran (united with the perfect silence) than if any distinct form (or proof of something to be alarmed at) should present itself. Familiar danger, because human danger, would have been much less disturbing than these shadowy frights, which might bring anything.

#### PART III.

**A**RCADIUS was kept waiting a very long time. During this period the growls of the distant thunder were the only audible sounds. The inhabitants of the castle were evidently consulting their own objects or convenience in the making answer to the summons of the horn. But suddenly a lancet-

window, deep within the arch, was thrown open, and the head of a black gigantic man, apparently with curly hair and great gold earrings hanging and jingling to his neck, was thrust out. Arcadius started at the sight of this dark-faced porter.

"Who and what are you, and with what purpose or business do you come up here, where we have not—nor want—any visitors?" demanded the warder in a hoarse displeased voice.

"I am desirous of a word with the master of the castle," replied Arcadius, with the proper humility: "I am a traveller from distant lands, and I am in sore need of food and shelter this threatening evening, which I have made bold to ask here." Spite of his care, the voice of the wanderer quavered, and he looked behind him to seek if he could retreat, or to be aware of any one creeping up behind him for some sudden purpose.

"Food and shelter we give none here, except to wild animals to be baited in our castle-yard for our lord's pleasure."

"May I hope no entertainment then?" queried Arcadius.

"Seek your entertainment of the bears in the forest. You have no banquet here, save a banquet of broken bones; with which we will handsomely provide you, and to which you shall sit promptly down. Away, man, before I loosen an engine on you!"

"My good friend," argued Arcadius, "though you have a stern countenance, you have reason. I am not altogether unprovided with that which smooths the rough. I have something in my pouch which will assuage very bitter inhospitality. Will you carry a token to your lord, if I commit to your care one that you cannot understand, but that he will recognize?" Arcadius held out his hand.

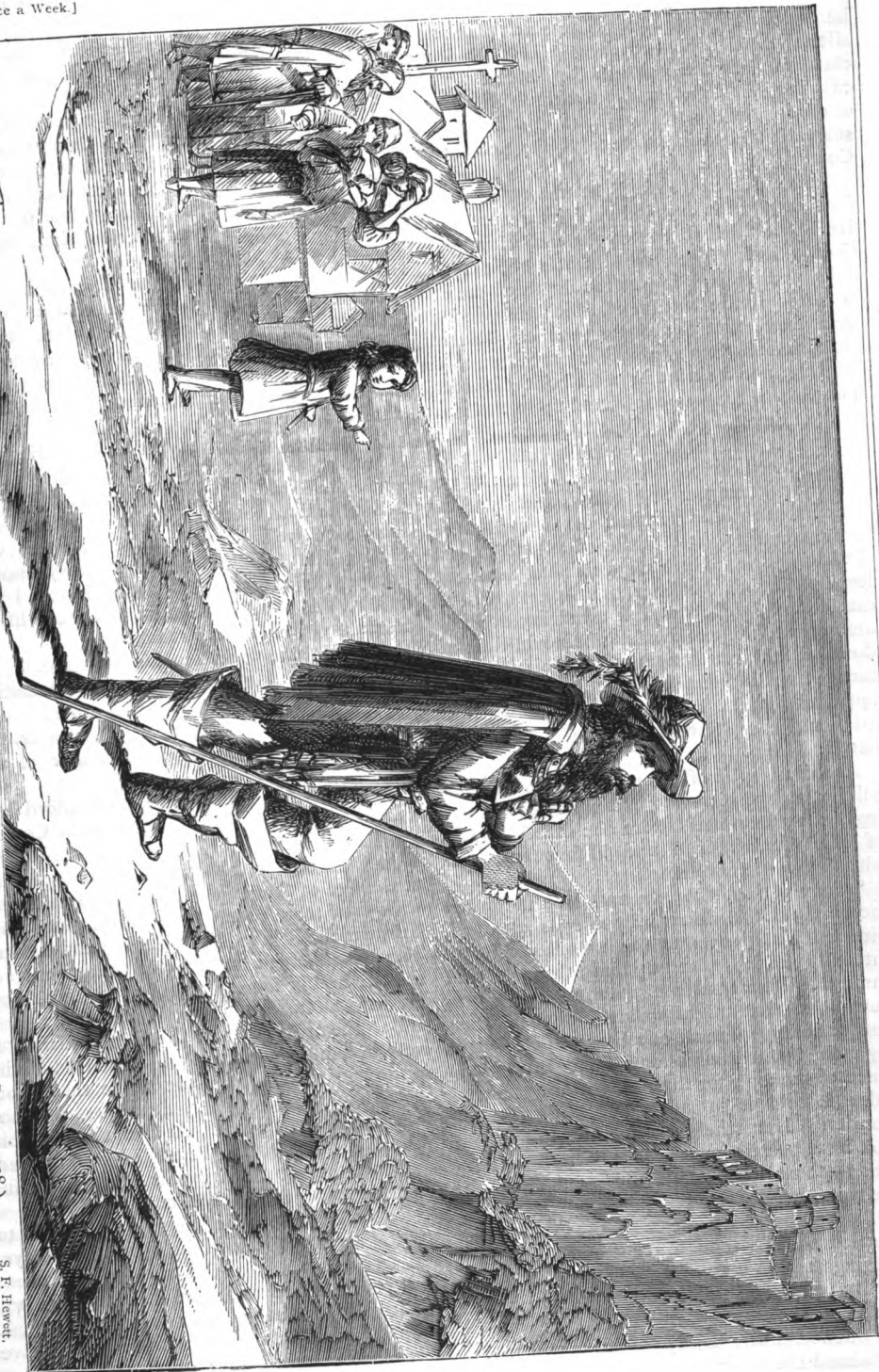
"What is your token?" said the black; "I will judge what I will do, when I behold it."

At this possibility of access to the lord of the castle, Arcadius drew forth from the depths of his scrip a certain piece of silver, or a token, which, at the injunction of the Ethiopian, he threw up to the ugly questioner, who caught it with some dexterity. There was a momentary flash, like a spark, through the dark archway of the castle. And the ivy rustled and tossed as if a whirl of the air had caught it.

The black disappeared from the aperture. The old soldier threw down his cloak on the stones and sat down upon it under the opening. By and by, the black porter returned, and Arcadius' eyes glistened with expectation when

[January 1, 1870.]

Once a Week.]



"THE OLD SOLDIER SIGHED AND LOOKED ALOFT."—(See "CAT'S-CRADLE," Part I., *page* 438.)

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he caught sight of him. The black motioned silently and sullenly; there was a hideous clash of bars and bolts as the fastenings were cast loose. At last, under an arcade of festoons of chains, as it were, Arcadius was conducted solemnly into the presence of the portentous Count Ziska Daduk.

There was very little light shown on Arcadius' way to the dreaded nobleman's presence. He found him at the upper end of a great Gothic hall. Here, so dim was the external light, and so jealous was the depth of the embrasures at the bottom of which the windows were fixed, that the upper end of the hall, illuminated by very many fiery cressets, shone brightly, like a shrine in a Catholic cathedral. The old soldier was conducted up to the great chair of the mysterious Count. A damsel stood at his side with submissive looks, and with her arms crossed on her bosom. Her beauty was of the most enchanting order, and her long dark hair flowed to her feet. Arcadius started, for he could not have dreamed of such a wonderful fair one. He recognised her as doubtless the Count's daughter, of whose superlative attractions he had heard admiring remarks among the villagers dwelling below in the shadows of the wizard mountain. This fair creature seemed in inexpressible trouble; nay, she appeared almost beside herself with fear and grief, and every now and then she wrung her hands.

Arcadius, spite of his natural boldness as a soldier, and of his being accustomed to alarming sights, trembled before the dreadful looks of this crook-backed and ill-favoured, and withal gigantic nobleman.

"Come hither, stranger, and look me in the face." And the Count, whose eyes gleamed, directed his glance on the traveller with an intensity which pierced him through and through. You send me up a strange token, man—one that might well stir one's distrust and curiosity. I must question you elsewhere regarding your possession of this mysterious piece of money; for through my secret knowledge I hold it in surpassing, even fearful, wonder. Nevertheless, of this to-morrow. You have permission to-night to herd with my hinds—those who cleave the wood and bear the water."

This afforded no pleasant prospect to the wearied soldier, though accustomed to rough lodgings and to very ordinary fare.

"By your leave, noble Count——" interposed the soldier.

"Silence, churl: bandy you looks with me?" exclaimed the nobleman with a terrible frown.

Arcadius' eyes drooped against his will, though his fingers hastily worked in his palms, as if alarmed.

"For your night's lodging I exact a price, as is my custom," muttered the Count; looking all the time as if he could not understand who the old soldier might be, nevertheless, and as if he somewhat feared him. "The price for the shelter which I afford you shall be this silver piece."

"Never that—never that!" exclaimed the soldier; "I will pay you, if you insist, in proper current money, or I will forth on the instant out of your inhospitable castle and free myself of your sullen looks. But I give you not up that silver token, which is, besides, of no intrinsic value."

"Say you so?" cried the Count, rising and stamping with his foot. "Up with ye, men, on to the dais. Wring his corselet off—which bears the mark of the cross, I see. Away with him to a cell. I will make him rich with chains that shall hang like heavy-enough cordons of knighthood about him. I will swathe and wrap him up in darkness like a cloak, and which shall be felt."

At this there was an instant struggle.

"Abandoned wretch!" exclaimed Arcadius, "what should be your design with me?"

He struggled with two hooded familiars, who grasped him at the lifted forefinger of the dangerous Count.

At this dreadful moment when to afford help was vain, there was a scream; and the Count's daughter suddenly crying "Save me! Save me! O soldier with the cross!" threw herself at the feet of Arcadius, and grasped his knees with passionate energy, disregarding her long hair, which fell about in pitiful abandonment. The astonishment and rage of the father were written in his face. He stamped and threw his arms aloft.

But the traveller and the Count's daughter were in a moment separated. The lord of the castle paused a short while as he turned his looks upon his daughter, Palenque—for that was her strange name. At last, throwing his robe over his shoulder, he turned, and in a few moments he sat down in his chair, pronouncing his resolves in a cold, composed voice.

"Take both to safe keeping. I ascend to my implements to ascertain, by severe assays, the true character of this mysterious token. If it prove as I surmise (but do not yet know), the item is invaluable; and it is mine, though a Caesar sought to force it from me. I give this unconscious bearer of the silver piece three days to consider of his gift of it to me.



Produce him at the close of each day to see if he yields his assent. If before the third day he giveth up contest with me, he shall go free. But if he resists, by the Star of the Archimage, and by the Gates of Tartarus, I will close him in a barrel of spikes and pitch him headlong down my magic mountain. Away with him, then! My determination is taken, and no prayers shall move me.

All retired. Silence settled over the castle. It was a night of thunder, but there were long intervals between each roll of the artillery of the storm.

The morning came. The light broadly ascended the east. It was a morning of fiery clouds, stretching in bands, as it were, and of a half-darkness deepening over the vault. For the wheels of the day seemed to have rolled back, and to have brought *evening* again over the earth, and to have re-displayed the stars dreadfully instead of the natural fresh morning light with a new sun.

Meanwhile, the mysterious Count, occupied with that which he considered the precious silver piece, from its character and from the gifts with which he supposed that it was endowed, ascended the stone staircase to a large lofty tower, wherein he pursued his secret studies. He took the avenue to his guarded, most remote chamber. He locked and re-locked, he bolted and re-bolted the doors of the Gothic passages successively which led to it. Then he shut himself up. He assumed the robes which were necessary in his occult prosecution of his magic. He prepared himself for his ceremonies. He placed on his head a diadem significant of the high rank which he had attained in the brotherhood of the Rosicrucians. He busied himself for tools, implements, and means amidst his chemicals, his fumigatories, his mystic furniture, and his abundance of cabalistic machines. Then, by and by, wandering lights began to settle, condense, and gleam; the furnaces of the adept became lighted by unseen hands; and the dark Count set sternly to work. Gloomy shadows began to lower down like curtains, around the grim tower in which these tremendous scenes were transacted. All this time this titled archimage sat toiling and groaning—urging in his agonies to wrest glorious new results out of the reluctant, splendid, invisible world—fit field for the invasion of an enchanter. He grew paler and paler, and his face and limbs were copiously bedewed.

Bowls of hot metal; curtains which concealed mysteries unknown except to the most

profound, unexpressed idea; symbols, heathen and strange; forceful rods, which compelled the presence of unbelievably powerful supernatural shapes; huge books (or small books) of wizard lore and of polyglot learning; talismans, and the means of spells, which might have shaken half a city, or split the Count's own mad mountain—such things as these were now about this magic-worker.

The Count Daduk took the piece of silver in his hand, and before casting it into a furnace, in which a mass of liquid metal lay fiercely blazing, he struck the mark upon it with an axe to split the coin in halves, the blade of which axe was covered over with unintelligible characters.

There was a hideous crash, as the two halves of the silver piece of money flew asunder as if with a shriek, and the very roof of the fiercely illuminated place in which he laboured (the perspiration falling like water from his brows) was rent wide open, as if a gigantic hand tore it, which hand was almost disclosed. All the instruments of the wizard-art about the Count Daduk glowed for a moment with an intolerable lustre, and there was a groan, like thunder, which ran through an acreage of vaults, under the far-stretching foundations of the whole castle. Nay, the movement ran under the enormous rock itself, on which the castle stood. Still, though pale as ashes, grasping convulsively at his tremendous means of spells, prostrate and grovelling on his marked marble, and his gorgeous mosaics, and half killed in the surges of the combat which he was maintaining, the Count persevered. More than ever convinced that in the two halves of this magic piece of silver he possessed the grand *magisterium* which should convert all his pools of metal which lay about in vases, in globes, and in gigantic basins and receptacles of every kind, into instant solid gold, the alchemist would not give in.

Grappling, therefore, the two sundered halves of the Piece of Silver, so tremendous with its effects in his manipulation, the Count rose to his feet, and, giddy with his enchantments, flung them into his boiling furnace. But they sprang out again like a thunderbolt, blinding the eyes of the wizard. And they flew from amidst the torn stones, and from the fissure of the chamber, like fiercest up-springing rockets. At that moment an explosion which snatched away the breath out of the quaking bosom of those even at the foot of the mountain, shook the whole pile of rocks from base to top. The dreadful tower in which this unutterably presumpt-



tuous trial had been made—for it crept into tradition afterwards that this wonderful piece of silver was one of the Christian “THIRTY”—was torn wide open longitudinally from summit to foundation. An avalanche of stones fell into the chasm on either side, which were instantly ejected again as a prodigious fountain of sparks shoots spiring from a volcano when it is seized with one of its most tremendous eruptive throes.

And such was the end of the impious, terrible Count Daduk; and such was the destruction of his castle, “Cat’s-cradle,” amidst fire and smoke, and the lights of the condemned.

The Count’s beautiful daughter, Palenque, survived. She was most wonderfully preserved; as also was the poor, persecuted Swedish soldier—unconscious bearer of a missive so terrible as That Piece of Silver Money. And in her great loneliness, and in the memory of that tremendous day of trouble in which she and the soldier were so signally rescued, she bestowed her hand in honourable marriage upon that brave old Lutheran combatant.

Dusky ruins, around which the clouds of the storm always first cluster, and patches of withered grass amidst the stones, still trace out to the curious seeker who has heard of this wild story, and who betakes himself there to become more familiar with particulars on the spot, the lines of Count Daduk’s castle so wholly overthrown—effaced for its impious scenes.

Reader, search this strange place out in Saxony. You will be directed to it from Prague, and you will be rewarded by seeing the scene of one of the most curious and romantic legends which ever found its way—even out of Germany.

## NEW AND OLD BOGIES.

ON the dark nights of winter, when folks circle round the cheery fire, and, by turns, amuse or frighten each other with legendary lore and ghost stories, there is one name which hardly ever fails to make the listener’s blood creep, even if it does not cause his hair to stand on end—and that name is Bogie. If the listeners should be of tender years, and and tenants of the nursery, the name of Bogie is, for them, invested with peculiar attributes of horror and dread; and, an unscrupulous and vicious-minded nurse can subdue a timid child almost, if not quite, to the verge of idiocy

by vague threats of Bogie. This, however, is the abuse of Bogie, and not the true and legitimate use to which he may be put. The true English Bogie was, as we shall presently see, not such a bad sort of fellow; and it was only the Bogie of the nursery that was such a thorough scare-babe.

Of this kind of Bogie was the Bogie of Epworth Parsonage, who alarmed the household with his mysterious rappings, anticipating the performance of the celebrated Cock Lane Bogie by half a century. The Rev. John Wesley was himself unable to account for the erratic doings of Bogie within his domicile, and endeavoured, in a rational manner, to explain him away by the figment of rats, weazels, visitors to the young ladies, and such like terrene notions; but, all in vain; for Bogie not only continued to rap, but likewise to groan, and frightened even the Rector himself. Bogie’s method of action seems to have been that which has, since then, been so successfully adopted by the spirit-rappers; and it is thus described in the Rev. Thomas Pelham Dale’s recently published work, “Life’s Motto.” “As Mr. Wesley now himself heard the noises,” says the narrator, “the family had no further fears on his account, but fancied that one of the sons—they fixed especially on Samuel—had met with a violent death. On the next occasion, when the sound was heard, Mr. Wesley conjured the apparition to speak, and tell him why he troubled his house. He was answered with three distinct knocks. He questioned if it were his son Samuel; and if it could not speak, bade it answer by knocking; but no further sound was heard that night. As, in a short time after, the family heard that Samuel, John, and Charles were well, they ceased to be alarmed; and the children would stamp and knock for amusement, when the goblin would reply by knocking in return. Emilia Wesley gave it the name of Old Jeffrey, and for a while Old Jeffrey was recognised as a regular inhabitant of the parsonage, until at last he finally disappeared of his own accord.”

This particular Bogie, therefore, was only alarming until he was laughed at; and then, not being able to stand a joke, bade adieu to Epworth Parsonage and the Wesleys. Yet, although Emilia Wesley ultimately made a mock of Bogie, she had before treated him with wondering and respectful awe, and had thus written about him to her brother Samuel, at Oxford.

“If you should know my opinion of the reason of this, I shall briefly tell you I believe

it to be witchcraft, for these reasons: About a year since there was a disturbance at a town near us; that was undoubtedly witches; and if so near, why may they not reach us? My father had, for several Sundays before its coming, preached warmly against consulting those that are called cunning men, which our people are given to, and it had a particular spite at my father."

So that the Epworth Bogie, manifesting its existence merely by rappings and groans, was first believed to be a sort of witch, and was then reviled under the nickname of Old Jeffrey.

Similarly, Bogie himself would appear, at the present day, to have fallen from his previous high estate, and to have established himself as a putative ghost in the regions of slang. But, although we usually relegate to those regions this title of mysterious import, yet the English word Bogie is evidently a perversion of the Scottish word Bogle, which word not only means a goblin, but has, probably, the same derivative as Bogie. For, in the fourth letter of his "Demonology and Witchcraft," Sir Walter Scott says, that the Scottish bogle and English goblin by some inversion and alteration of pronunciation, are evidently derived from the German *kobold*. In Gaelic, the bogle is known as the *bodath* or *bodach*; and Mr. J. F. Campbell, in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" (vol. iv., p. 403), when speaking of the Halloween observances (which, by the way, were witnessed by the Queen, at Balmoral, on November 1st, 1869), with their bonfires and blazing torches, observes, "It seems that the ancient eastern veneration for the sun and for fire, which is recorded in the Vedas, still survives in the West Highlands in popular superstitious observances which resemble Indian religious ceremonies. Perhaps 'Bodach,' the bogle, may once have been 'Buddha,' the sage." The West Highland bogie is also known by another name—*bocan*, derived from *boc*, a buck goat; and the *bocain* are the species of sprites known as Bogles. In Yorkshire, according to Mr. Baring Gould, the bogie is known as the boggart. The most remarkable statement relative to Bogie with which I am acquainted, is one put forward by Mrs. E. W. Cox, in her recently published work, "Our Common Insects." Describing that dreadful insect, the common (or uncommon) bug, which she says was unknown in England until introduced in timber brought from the Continent to repair the destruction occasioned by the great fire of London, in 1666, she goes on to observe, that the word bug is

Celtic, and signifies a ghost or goblin, or anything that occasions terror by night. Hence, the bug is not only a bugbear but the representative of Bogie.

The Scotch are very fond of bogle stories; and, when in the Western Highlands, I was told of one which curiously exemplified the popular belief in the power of the Duke of Argyll. A Highlander was benighted on the moors, when suddenly he saw a light, which, at first he imagined to be one of those two stars called by the Argyleshire men *ton-thena*, "fiery-tail," and *iul-oiche*, "guide of night." But he soon found that he was mistaken; for the light began to dance before him, being nothing more the *ignis fatuus*, will-o'-the-wisp. The Highlander, however, concluded it to be a bogle; and, falling upon his knees, he prayed to Peter and Paul and the Virgin that it might disappear. But, instead of doing so, it danced before him in a more lively style than ever. Driven to an extremity, the Highlander then used to it the strongest form of adjuration of which he could think, and bade it get out of his path in the name of the Duke of Argyll. The charm was effectual; the bogle instantly disappeared, and the Highlander got safely home.

Although bogle and bogie are convertible terms, yet, the genuine old English bogie had more resemblance to the Scottish brownie, and was the counterpart of Milton's "lubber fiend," Robin Goodfellow, of the Swedish *nisses*, the Danish *trolls*, and the Devonshire pixies, of whom Mrs. Bray has told so many legends in "The Tamar and the Tavy," and who have been celebrated by Coleridge in his "Songs of the Pixies." Sir Walter Scott thought that belief in the brownie was extinct; but it still lingers in the Western Highlands, where authentic cases have been mentioned within the last three years. The brownie was a necessary appendage to a family of distinction; and the belief in its existence may possibly have arisen from the familiarity of the Highlander with the frequent mention of protecting *genii* in the Ossianic poems. And the English bogie was, at one time, quite the counterpart of the brownie. He remained supreme in the cellar, watched over the affairs of the household, and punished servants for their misdemeanours. If lubberly and not very quick witted, yet he was fond of a joke and a hearty laugh. Forby, in his "East Anglian Vocabulary," (1830,) gives us a Norfolk proverb, "To laugh like Robin Goodfellow;" and Grimm gives the German proverb, "To laugh like a Kobold;" but Sternberg, in his "Folk-lore of

Northamptonshire," (1851,) gives the proverbs, "To laugh like old Bogie;" and "he caps Bogie;" the latter said of a boisterous laughter, and sometimes amplified to "He caps Bogie, Bogie capt Redcap, Redcap capt Nick,"—the last-named personage being the lowest in the scale of conviviality.

There is a Northamptonshire legend of a bogie (similar to the Danish legend, "How a Farmer tricks a Troll," told by Thiele) to the following effect:—Bogie and a farmer were to divide between them the produce of a certain field. The farmer asks Bogie whether he will have tops or bottoms. Bogie claims the latter; whereupon the farmer sows the field with wheat, and, in due time, takes the crop. The next year, Bogie claims "tops;" whereupon the farmer sows turnips, and Bogie is again outwitted. Bogie then matches himself against the farmer in a mowing match, the field to be the prize. The farmer places a number of iron bars among the grass, and Bogie soon blunts his scythe against them. "Mortal hard docks these!" said Bogie; "when dy'e whiffle waffle, mate?"—that is, when do you whet your scythe. "Oh, about noon, mebbby;" replied the farmer, mowing sturdily on. "Then, I've lost the land," said Bogie, who knew that he must not sharpen his scythe before his adversary was ready to do the same. And, after this, says the legend, he did not dispute with the farmer the possession of his land.

The name of Bogie has become sadly degraded; but, as there is at the present day a fashion to restore the damaged characters of history, why should not some one endeavour to rehabilitate Bogie? Mr. Fairlie is about to undertake this task; and, as this is the age of railways, he will rehabilitate bogie through the practical medium of railway trucks. To locomotives and carriages, Mr. Fairlie proposes to apply his bogie system; not that he invented these particular bogies, although to him will the merit be due of having adopted and developed the bogie system. It originated in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where coal-waggons were constructed in such a way that they could turn round the sharpest curves on the Newcastle quays, doubling about as freely as an ordinary four-wheeled carriage would do when turning sharp round on a turnpike-road. This was owing to the front and back wheels of the cart-waggons being constructed with a horizontal movement underneath and independent of the wagon. Thus, the wheels not being rigidly fixed to the wagon, it was enabled to wheel round the sharpest curve, and to face a person when he

least expected, just as a spirit or goblin would do. So, when the "canny" miners of Newcastle-upon-Tyne first saw a coal-waggon thus suddenly turning round upon them, they made use of their north country word for a goblin, and said "It's Bogie himself!" This gave the name to the coal-waggons, and to the bogie system; and the pivot in the centre of each pair of wheels on which the carriage rests is called the bogie-pin.

Within the narrow compass of a cabbage-garden, at Hatcham, Mr. Fairlie has already proved, in the most satisfactory manner, how the bogie system may be applied to the heaviest and longest trains, enabling them to traverse the sharpest curves at express speed in perfect safety. With the adoption of the bogie system would also follow many other great advantages, both to railway shareholders and railway passengers—less expense in constructing the lines, less damage to the rolling stock and permanent way, and less liability to accident. *The Times* (Oct. 19 and 20) devoted eight columns to an elaborate description of the bogie system, which it commended also in a leading article (Oct. 21) in which it said, "It has been calculated that one penny a mile saved on all the miles of train run in the United Kingdom in the course of a year would give an additional £618,000 to distribute among the ordinary shareholders. Mr. Fairlie's system, on a computation far more modest than Mr. Fairlie's own, ought to produce a saving of 1s. 6d. a mile. We are afraid to excite unduly shareholders' hopes by reckoning for them what such a saving means."

The writer in the leading journal also points out what is "the chief advantage of the bogie. The most obvious advantage of the bogie is that of quick turning, from which it derives its name. It renders practicable to trains the most rapid curves, and curves of an intricacy which, according to the system now in vogue among us, it would be madness to attempt. But if its power of adapting itself to curves constitutes its most obvious and showy characteristic, its most important characteristic, and that which most of all recommends it to the engineer who seeks to solve the mighty problem of railways, is the power which it possesses of adjusting and equalizing the load upon wheels, and of steadying the train. It is a matter of no little importance that on the railways of the future we should be able to turn about in a small space, and bogie is, indeed, a good bogie that will help us to such an achievement. But bogie is most of all a good and clever bogie if it will lighten our load

and make it easy, like the lubber fiend of the fairy tales that works for us of his own good will." If such should prove to be the case, Bogie will, indeed, be rehabilitated, and his name will be in ordinary use, "familiar in our mouths" as that of a familiar spirit whose familiarity has not bred contempt. The bogie principle will be the principle that will most commend itself to the railway world; and, if Mr. Fairlie's system be adopted, we shall not only be introduced to a single bogie, but even to the double bogie—a sort of Siamese twin amongst bogies. The traffic on the Festiniog line (says the writer in the *Times*) calling for stronger engines than those then in use, "it became necessary to resort to Mr. Fairlie's system of the double bogie. Accordingly, two very powerful locomotives of his construction, one called the Little Giant, the other the Little Wonder, have been placed on the line, and by their extraordinary performance add to the wonders of what is itself the most wonderful railway in the kingdom. These results are notable, not as meaning that railways of two-foot gauge are the sort of railways which it should be our aim to construct, but as showing that even on such a gauge, with all its disadvantages of curvature and gradient—disadvantages which the leading engineers ten years ago declared to be insuperable—the double-bogie engine has been found to triumph. In view of such an achievement, we think we have made out a case for inquiry, and may say that if Bogie is a name of terror in legendary lore, it ought to be a name of good cheer in railway annals. All hail to Bogie." I may fitly conclude this paper with these words from the leading journal, and may echo the writer's words—"All hail to Bogie!"

### THE MANGOUSTE OF INDIA.

UNDER the generic name of *Herpestes*,—a member of the family of the civets, which stand midway between the cat and the weasel kinds—and almost identical with the ichneumon of Egypt, is the mangouste of India, the natural foe of all reptiles, and the courageous assailant and conqueror of the *Naia tripudians*—the dreaded cobra de capella. This name is sometimes erroneously written and pronounced "mongoose"—amongst others, by Forbes, in his "Oriental Memoirs"—which latter is probably a distinction of the *Lemniscæ*, a family of small monkeys, who, natives of the same country, may have contributed to the mistake by the similarity of the

names. Closely allied to the ichneumon by habits and instincts, and notably by the deadly animosity towards reptiles and vermin of all kinds, the mangouste is distinguished from his Egyptian relative by the inferiority in size and the colour of the fur; for, while the ichneumon has a grey coat, with black paws and muzzle, and is sometimes as large as a well-grown cat, the colour of the mangouste is a bright or greyish chestnut, with brown or yellow feet, and it rarely, if ever, exceeds eighteen inches in length.

Both varieties are easily domesticated; though, like the common cat, they seem to form an attachment to the place rather than to the person, and unless kept for their valuable aid in destroying the venomous snakes that infest the "compounds" or gardens of the east, their insatiable appetite for eggs and young poultry renders them by no means agreeable inmates of a house.

It is, however, as the inveterate and uncompromising enemy of the cobra, that the mangouste is so highly esteemed; and the extraordinary power it has of surviving the bite of that most venomous of serpents—generally fatal to animals of a corresponding size in a few minutes—has led to the hypothesis that it must possess some constitutional element which dominates over the subtle venom of the cobra.

It has been observed, that after a contest between the two animals, the mangouste retires among the bushes, as if in search of some herb or grass to which its instinct directs it, as an antidote against the bite of the serpent, and it is stated that it always has recourse to the *Hampadder Tarrah*, or mungo root; but, admitting that to be the case, still the time that frequently elapses between the bite of the cobra and the discovery of the antidote in question, would be amply sufficient to prove fatal to an animal of the mangouste's size, had it not some occult power in its system to enable it successfully to resist the potency of the poison.

A similar immunity from the bite of the English adder is said to be possessed by the common hedge-hog, which not only diligently searches out and destroys the adder on every opportunity, but makes a meal out of him afterwards. Both the cobra and the mangouste seem to be aware of this singular property possessed by the latter, for in all their encounters the mangouste is invariably the assailant, while the cobra, on the contrary, will always avoid a meeting when possible.

A friend of mine, whom I knew in India,

employed on one of the railways then being constructed, aware of the risk he ran in that part of the country, especially at night, when the cobra will enter the bungalow occasionally, and sometimes crawl into the beds, had domesticated a mangouste, and by securing the little animal with several feet of string attached to a leather collar, and fastened to the foot of his bed, slept as safely and unconcerned as if he had been in an English farm house.

On one occasion, while sitting in the cool of the evening in front of the bungalow, and attended by the mangouste coiled up, asleep at his feet, he observed a large cobra glide from the prickly-pear fence that skirted the grass-plot, a few yards only from where he was seated. The snake had advanced some little distance before it seemed aware of the presence of the mangouste, and then immediately endeavoured to escape; but too late, for aroused by the rustling, or probably by the odour of the cobra, the mangouste at once rushed to the attack. With marvellous rapidity and grace the serpent threw itself into an attitude of defence; the greater part of the body resting on the ground gave firmness and precision to the rapid and incessant darts of the head, while the expression in the glittering eyes and opening mouth was one of the intensest malignity.

The mangouste, like a wary combatant, was content for awhile to avoid, by singular dexterity and agility, every stroke of his enemy, until the favourable opening was given, when he immediately fixed on the body of the cobra underneath the hood. Whilst in this position, he was bitten more than once, but, as if conscious the part he had seized was not the most vulnerable, he seemed to shift his grip until he fastened on the snake's throat directly behind the head, and there he clung. The contest was now virtually over, for although the cobra coiled itself round the body of its indomitable little enemy, and endeavoured by its muscular power to disable him, the mangouste never quitted his hold until the cobra lay maimed and helpless on the grass; when, uttering a little cry, not unlike the whine of a dog that is anxious or uneasy, the mangouste ran away among the long grass and bushes, and was lost to sight.

The cobra proved to be one of moderately large size, about five feet in length; and, when ascertained to be beyond the power of inflicting harm, the fangs were taken out, and, as far as could be with safety seen, the glands wherein the venom was secreted

appeared to be exhausted—an evidence of the violence and rapidity of the attacks.

In about half an hour, the little mangouste trotted into the bungalow, apparently none the worse for his late combat, and, probably, ready for another encounter.

## TABLE TALK.

THE pretty Christmas-tree comes to us from Germany, where it was first brought into notice by St. Maternus, their first preacher of Christianity. Like other of our Christmas customs it was derived from pagans. On the sixth and seventh days of the Roman Saturnalia, the children were presented with little pine trees, hung with toys. Tiberius gave such a one to his nephew Claudius. The Egyptians also had their palm-tree, and the Buddhists their tree of votive offerings. Pretty customs are long lived and world beloved; and it is right that they should be so.

"LIGHT" is the modest title, just registered, for a new journal. Will *Sweetness* follow in due course? And will the great apostle of that combination edit both papers?

LITTLE JACK HORNER must be accepted as one of the real heroes of the Christmas season. Although his name has been familiarised through the medium of a nursery song, yet, as in so many other similar jingles, there was a meaning in the apparent nonsense. For Jack Horner was a real person, although there are two or three versions of his story. One version is that the Abbot of Glastonbury had offended Henry VIII., by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage, the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wondrous pie, the interior of which was composed of the title-deeds of twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the waggon that carried him to the king, he was induced by curiosity to lift up the crust, and to abstract a title-deed from the dish; which deed, on his safe and successful return home, he showed to the abbot, and told him that he had been given it by the king for a reward. The deed proved to be that for the manor of Wells. The second version of the story changes the scene to Wells, and the steward to Colonel Horner: and it makes the king to hang the abbot. The third version changes Wells to

Mells, and the colonel to a country lad; but in all three versions of the story the leading incident is preserved, and also the name of the hero. It may be accepted as a curious post-script to this note, that Jack Horner's modern representative and descendant is also a Jack Horner—*viz.*, the Reverend John Stuart Hip-pesley Horner, M.A., of Mells Park, Somerset-shire, who is Prebendary of Wells and Rector of Mells. It appears from "The Clergy List for 1869," that this Reverend J. Horner is his own patron, and is also patron of two other livings besides that of Mells (near Frome)—which is valued at £630 per annum. So that it may be said that he has "pulled out a plum" from the ecclesiastical pie.

SOME TIME AGO, in "Table Talk," we acknowledged the receipt from a correspondent of a copy of the *Times*, printed on one side only. The exception proves the rule. The morning journals are printed with a rapidity and accuracy truly marvellous: it is only remarkable that an imperfect or ill-printed copy should be worthy of notice. Postage-stamps, it appears, are equally perfect in the ordinary run of things, for a correspondent sends us, as a curiosity, the only imperfectly printed penny postage-stamp he has ever seen—and he must have seen a great many stamps.

LOOKING through the advertising columns of the *Worcester Herald*—one of the famous provincial papers, now in the seventy-seventh year of its career—I came to the announcement of the sale (on the 17th of last December) of "the reversion in 'The Three Nuns Inn,' " at Powick, near to Worcester. This is worth noting, on account of the rarity of the sign. The name was well known in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, chiefly from its being adopted by drapers, who sold the embroidered work manufactured by the nuns; and it was near to "The Three Nuns Inn," in Aldgate, that, as De Foe tells us, no less than 1114 bodies were buried in the great plague pit in one fortnight, from Sept. 6th to Sept. 20th, 1665. But the sign of "The Three Nuns" is, now-a-days, so rare, that no "modern instance" of it is given in Mr. Hotten's "History of Signboards," in his record of this ancient sign (pp. 320, 321). Powick, where this inn is situated, has its place in the historical annals of the civil wars, more especially from that "Battle of Powick Bridge," in 1651, which was the commencement of Cromwell's "crowning mercy" at Worcester. There once lived at Powick, a certain Master

John Russel, who afterwards took the name of Pakington, and is now known as the Right Hon. Sir J. S. Pakington, Bart., G.C.B., M.P., of Westwood Park; and it is not a little remarkable that this Conservative leader was formerly called by the name of one of his chief Whig opponents.

GOOSE-PIE is, probably, to be reckoned among the things that have had their day; but, formerly, goose-pie was esteemed a standard dish at Christmas, and yule-tide was not considered to have been correctly observed unless a great goose-pie was laid upon the table. Some people would seem to have thought too much about it; for, we are told by Bishop Warburton of a maniacal person who imagined himself to be transformed into a goose-pie. He was no less silly than the goose itself is frequently accounted to be. When the Duke of Buckingham was dining one Christmas, with Dr. Thomas Sprat, and asked him how it was that, when the goose was brought to table, it was always placed next the parson, the doctor smartly replied, "I cannot tell; but I shall never again see a goose without thinking of your grace." There is a good riddle to this effect:—Question. What is the silliest bird in Latin? Answer—a goose.

SAYS LORD BACON, in his "Apophthegms,"—"There was a harbinger who had lodged a gentleman in a very ill room, who expostulated with him somewhat rudely; but the harbinger carelessly said, 'You will reap pleasure from it when you are out of it.' " With what force this remark of the Elizabethan courier must apply to the feelings of such men of taste whose poverty, but not whose will, consents to their residing in the mushroom suburban villas of the Victorian age.

BETWEEN THE CHRISTMAS WASSAIL-BOWL and the inn-sign of "The Pig and Whistle," there would seem, at first sight, to be little affinity. Yet, unless, as some think, "Pig and Whistle," be a corruption of "Pix and housel," or, the Danish *Pige-washail*, or "Ladies' Salutation," it probably has to do with the wassail-bowl into which were fixed pegs to show how far each drinker was to take his draught; in which case, "Pig and Whistle," would be a corruption of "Peg and Wassail." It seems to me that another derivation may also be assigned—*viz.*, "Pin and Wassail." In the Danish drinking cups were fixed pins; and, unless the drinker drank to his pin he was forfeited; or, if he took too deep a draught and

drank beyond his pin, he was also forfeited. Hence arose the saying, "to drink to the pin," and also the saying concerning an inebriated person, "he's in a merry pin."

HUNTING MEN are often in quest of a good receipt for the best liquor for a hunting-flask; but it is not easy to give them what they ask, unless you know their age or special likings. I know a mighty hunter, for example, who fills his flask with cold tea (without milk or sugar), and although he is not a teetotalter, yet his recipe would probably not be received with much favour. Some will be contented with sherry, pure and simple—as pure, that is to say, as it can be obtained in these manufacturing days; while others will mix their sherry with maraschino. Some will stick to brandy-and-water, or even to a sip of the O.D.V. without the water; others will swear by cold punch or dry curaçoa. Some will pin their faith on a mingling of gin and noyau; others will prefer the gin with a dozen cloves inserted therein; while a few will rest satisfied with a bite at a piece of dry ginger. If they would desire to go deeply into this subject, let them consult a valuable little work called "Cups and their Customs," published by Van Voorst, in 1863. This anonymous work was the production of two distinguished geologists (H. Porter, M.D., F.G.S., and G. E. Roberts, F.G.S.), both of whom are now dead. Dr. Porter was well known in the Fitzwilliam hunt, and, in the work just mentioned, he gives the following recipe for a hunting-flask, which "was a favourite of no less a man than Robert Burns, and one, we believe, not generally known." It may prove of use to some of our readers during the present hunting season:—"To a quart of whiskey add the rinds of two lemons, an ounce of bruised ginger, and a pound of ripe white currants stripped from their stalks. Put these ingredients into a covered vessel, and let them stand for a few days; then strain carefully, and add one pound of powdered loaf sugar. This may be bottled two days after the sugar has been added." Fortified by a judicious use of this

"jumping powder," it is to be hoped that the hunting man will be found equal to every emergency of the field, and will be able to hold his own across country.

THERE IS SO MUCH TALK, *à propos* of the recent election at Rugby, of testimonials, that, we hope, some good may come out of it. Applications for school appointments are always accompanied by great bundles of these documents: and any one who ever assists at a reading of these ought to rise from their perusal with a feeling of gratitude that so much ability and virtue still exist in the world. Let me suggest what appears even a better plan; because, first, it involves much less trouble; and, secondly, it spares a candidate's modesty. Much as he may wish his merits to be made known to trustees, it is obviously a more graceful thing to have them whispered, so to speak, in their ear. To effect this, why not make every candidate, after stating his degree, experience, and appointments, refer to some three or four men—not more—for fuller explanations? These explanations would be sent to the trustees, under strict seal of confidence. Among the advantages would be this, that men so referred to would weigh their words, writing under the pressure of immediate responsibility, and, in some cases, might modify the generally excessive laudations of their man. The candidate, on the other hand, would select the men who knew him best, and whose opinion would bear the greatest weight.

AN EXAMPLE of a scrupulously honest testimonial may be given. The writer says:—"I have known Mr. — for several years. I consider him eminently qualified for every post he seeks. His habits are convivial, if not regular. He possesses a fine voice. His taste in liquors is remarkable. He plays whist with singular steadiness. He knows as much about everything as most men. He is frequently sober, and occasionally industrious." This testimonial can be parted with for a mere trifle, the holder of it never having had occasion to use it.

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

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### CHAPTER XXIII.

**O**PENING it very slowly, Mr. Mansfield entered the room. His manner was more than usually dejected, and he advanced towards the table with a strange mixture of reluctance and anxiety. Bentley Wyvern raised his eyes from the paper before him, with which he affected to be busy, and was struck with the haggard appearance of the cashier's face.

"Do I interrupt you?"

"No; I can spare you a few minutes' conversation. Any further assurance required as to the safety of those precious bonds?" said Bentley Wyvern, ironically.

"They are in your possession, and I suppose they will remain so. My anxiety for your safety will never, it is to be hoped, be again excited."

There was little chance of the tone of this reply being mistaken by him to whom it was addressed. It implied a belief that the securities had been replaced only when their abstraction was likely to be discovered. Bentley Wyvern looked at his interlocutor and frowned.

"It is better that we should come to a distinct understanding upon this subject," he said. "There never was the slightest ground for your anxiety; and, therefore, I tell you plainly, that the observation you have just made is not such as I expected from a man who must be quite aware of the grave mistake that he has made in that respect. However unpleasant it may be to allude further to your eccentric behaviour in connexion with these bonds, there is one point on which I have determined upon asking an explanation. Why did you suggest, on the occasion when I received a visit from Mr. Horsman, that the key of my private safe had been left at home?"

"If any good could arise from my answering your question, I should have no objection to do so. As it is, allow me to decline. Be satisfied with your having been able to convince me that I was mistaken."

"Very well. I am willing to accept that reply, though it is not altogether satisfactory. You admit that you were mistaken, so I am generous enough not to allow what has taken place to awaken any unfriendly feeling towards you."

Bentley Wyvern paused, in the hope that the cashier would make some acknowledgement of the forbearance shown towards him; but he remained silent.

"Take care, however, that you don't make a mistake of this kind again, Mr. Mansfield. It might prove fatal to you."

The cashier started, and his face became a shade paler.

"If I conscientiously discharge my duty, what have I to fear?" he asked, nervously.

"It depends upon what you consider your duty. You have recently shown yourself exceedingly officious, so much so that there can be little doubt that you have conceived the idea that you are better able to manage the affairs of this company than I."

"You think that I am trying to supplant you?"

"That's the impression which your conduct conveys to my mind. If I were dependant upon my position in this office, I should resent such an attempt in a way that would be a severe lesson to you for the remainder of your existence. But I am not, Mr. Mansfield. Industry and integrity have borne their fruits, and I am now wealthy enough to give up my business labours if I were so disposed."

Mr. Bentley Wyvern toyed with his watch-chain, and keenly observed the effect of what he had said. He saw that his coolness and effrontery puzzled the man he was addressing.

"You have been fortunate, then, in your speculations?" said Mr. Mansfield.



"Who informed you that I was a speculator?"

"A report of that kind reached me a short time ago. Perhaps I was misinformed."

"No, there is some truth in it. I *have* occasionally done so, but to so small an extent that it's very strange any one should take the trouble to mention it. You must not imagine that it was by that means I made money. On the contrary, if the whole of my transactions of that nature were taken into account I don't think that fifty pounds profit would be the result."

It is probable that the cashier would have been deceived by the seeming candour of this reply, had he not remembered that he had noticed the numbers on the Turkish bonds shown to Mr. Horsman, and found, on comparing them with those entered in the books, that they did not correspond. He regarded it as certain, therefore, that the bonds now supposed to be in Bentley Wyvern's possession were not the identical securities purchased by the company. A corroboration of this opinion was to be found in the fact communicated by the stockbroker's clerk. Mr. Mansfield, as he thought of this, spoke with some degree of impatience.

"It is immaterial to me as to how you have made a fortune, so that it has not involved any acts of dishonesty. You were good enough just now to point out the danger that might arise from my falling into any further misconceptions as to the safety of any documents entrusted to your care."

"Aye, the great danger!"

"In return, give me leave to caution you—"

"To caution me!"

"Yes; it's for that purpose I have sought this interview. On more than one occasion you have been ready enough to complain that I have been guilty of improper interference in matters which you think concern yourself only. I deny that I have done so. It appears, however, that by way of retaliation you are inclined to meddle with my private affairs. I warn you to desist."

"I don't understand you in the least."

"You do!" cried Mr. Mansfield, excitedly.

The manager crossed his legs, and throwing his head back, looked calmly up at the ceiling.

"If you don't intend to be more explicit, I shall simply reiterate what I have said, and beg you not to continue the conversation."

"You have been making inquiries as to my private habits. They are simple and unoffending enough, I can assure you. Still, such a proceeding is most annoying to me.

Now that you are told that I am aware of the course you are commencing, I hope you will at once discontinue it."

"This is another of your odd fancies, Mr. Mansfield; I have no desire to learn more about your habits than I know already. Endeavour to be less suspicious and more cheerful."

"Cheerful! What reason have you for supposing that I am not?"

"Your manner and the dress that you always wear," answered Bentley Wyvern. "If I were at all curious on such a subject, I should ask why you go about from one year's end to another clothed in the deepest mourning. It suits your complexion very well, I am quite willing to admit, but it shows that you suffer from chronic melancholy," he continued, with a forced laugh.

"So, you consider my sorrow a fit subject for merriment, do you?" said Mr. Mansfield, his eyes sparkling with anger.

"Oh no. If that's what induces you to wear it, you have a right to enjoy the luxury of displaying your woe in that way as well as in any other that may seem best in your judgment. Upon the whole, I am inclined to think that it is rather affecting to meet with a man who grieves so deeply for the loss of his wife. How many years is it since you had the misfortune to become a widower?"

"The subject is much too painful for me. I cannot —" Mr. Mansfield stopped, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"You don't like to be reminded of it, eh?" said Bentley Wyvern, enjoying the distress that he saw his remarks had occasioned.

"I have the greatest repugnance to its being mentioned under any circumstances, but especially in the present instance. I shall not forget the levity with which you have spoken of an event which ought to have given me some claim upon your sympathy. Take care how you conduct yourself towards me for the future. Even now I could produce evidence which would create some little sensation among certain gentlemen."

"Is this intended as a threat, sir?"

"Receive it as a warning, and—profit by it," replied the cashier, turning towards the door.

"Tell me what you really mean. I can't undertake to solve riddles."

Mr. Mansfield had already said rather more than he intended, and he abruptly left the room.

It was past the usual hours of business when Bentley Wyvern passed through the office below on his way homewards. The

clerks had taken their departure, and Mr. Mansfield alone remained. He was hard at work upon his ledgers, striking balances and preparing for a statement of the affairs of the company, which was to be submitted to the directors. The shadows of the evening deepened into night, but he still remained poring over the books by the light of a single jet of gas which burnt upon his desk. More than once he put down his pen and listened when any trifling sound broke the stillness. "Two more evenings' work, and then the great balance will be made," he said aloud. His voice sounded strangely in his ears, and he looked timidly round. A large black cat belonging to the office was dozing upon a chair at his side, and it seemed to nod its head gravely in confirmation of the opinion that he had expressed.

At length a knocking at the outer door announced that Mrs. Pryor, the woman who cleaned the rooms, had come for the keys. He closed his books with trembling hands and admitted her. Mrs. Pryor, it has been previously stated, lived in Hanging-Sword Alley. She was a stout woman, with very moist eyes and a nose which was equally remarkable for its great length and its extreme redness. Spiteful neighbours, jealous, no doubt, of her "City connexions," as she called those who employed her, had been heard to say that the colour of her nose was to be attributed to the constant and excessive consumption of British gin. Yet none of them could assert that she had ever been seen drunk. In fact, so cautious was she of her reputation in this respect, that she made it a rule never to enter a public-house. Some years previously she had applied to Mr. Mansfield for her present employment, and he had given it to her. It was he, too, that paid her for her work each month; so he occupied no mean position in her estimation, and she always expressed a tender solicitude about his health whenever they met.

"I'm a bit late to-night, sir, and hope I ain't kept you waiting," said Mrs. Pryor, taking off her shawl.

"Late!" he repeated, absently.

"It's close on half-past ten, and you told me to be here at ten while you was staying at nights. It's all along of my clock, as was a standing when I thought it was a going, which I know who did it, the young hussy!"

"Well, the day after to-morrow will see the end of this night-work."

Mr. Mansfield stretched out his hand and took down his hat from its usual peg.

"Why, good gracious, sir, whatever is the matter? Your 'and is a trembling for all the world like a hasping leaf."

"It's nervousness, I suppose," he replied, with a sickly smile.

"And now I look at your face, I declare it's as white as chalk. You're going to be ill, sir, I'm sure. I know the symptoms."

"If you can understand my symptoms you are a cleverer woman than I suppose," he said, gloomily.

"No, Mr. Mansfield, I don't pretend to know more than my neighbours; but taking into account the experience as I've had as the mother of a family—three dead and two living—I *do* think I can tell when a person is took ill. Let me go and get you a cab."

"I feel tolerably well, thank you; so there is no occasion to trouble you."

He looked at her irresolutely, and then said, "Have you ever had a foreboding of coming evil, Mrs. Pryor?"

"Often and often, sir," she answered promptly. "There was the time just before my Johnny got scarlet fever, when I dreamt that a big white cow walked into the kitchen and lay down before the fire."

"I see you don't comprehend my meaning. It is no matter."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I think I do," she said; not at all disconcerted by Mr. Mansfield's remark, and eager to improve so favourable an opportunity for an exchange of confidences. "These things depend a good deal upon constitootion as to how they affect you. The very day before my poor husband was thrown out of work for sixteen weeks by breaking of his leg, I was that low-spirited as cart horses couldn't have forced me to laugh."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Nor yet elephants, I do really believe. If you feel as there's something hanging over you, it will be a relief to your mind to mention it to one as has known trouble herself."

"It was foolish of me to allude to what arises from mere depression of spirits, which will pass off by to-morrow. Good night."

He emerged into the street and made his way homewards.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE following afternoon Captain Towers was sitting in the room which went by the name of his study, when, to his surprise, a message was brought to him from his son Fenwick, requesting an interview.

"Where is he?" asked the captain. "I gave

orders that he was not to be admitted, in the event of his calling."

The servant explained that Fenwick was waiting in the hall.

"Say that I decline to see him or to hold any communication with him."

The man looked at his master, and hesitated.

"Well, why don't you do as you are told?"

"I was to tell you, sir, that he wishes to see you about a matter of great importance to yourself," said the servant.

There was no better way of appealing to Richard Towers than by giving him to understand that his own interests were concerned. After a few moments' consideration he gave the required permission to admit his son.

"Now, sir," he said, as Fenwick entered, "what is this important communication that you have to make? Have you found that your marvellous genius doesn't enable you to procure the necessaries of life? It's just what I anticipated. Well, the money that I offered you may still be obtained by applying to Miss Harding."

"It is not with the object of asking you for money that I have constrained myself to enter this house after the indignities to which you have subjected me. What I have to say chiefly concerns yourself."

"How very good of you to take so much trouble on my account. One would have thought that you would have allowed me to attend to my own affairs now that you are no longer one of my household."

Fenwick keenly felt the coldness, the utter heartlessness, of the man before him. To be received less kindly even than an utter stranger was rendered all the more bitter to his feelings from the recollections of his boyish days spent in the house to which he could now with difficulty gain admission.

"Nothing but a sense of the duty that I owe to you as a parent would have induced me to seek an interview which is as indescribably painful to me as it is no doubt disagreeable to you."

"Duty to me, eh? You are not likely to impose upon me by alleging *that* to be the motive which actuates you. Come, sir, no more beating about the bush! What is the object of your visit?"

"To warn you."

"Go on."

"First let me ask you a question. Have you any recollection of a man named Ralph Fletcher?"

"Fletcher! No, not the slightest. Who is he? and what is he?"

"A sailor," replied Fenwick, watching the expression of his father's face. "Years ago he served on board a man-of-war."

"I know nothing of him."

Fenwick heard this reply with a sense of relief. Suddenly Richard Towers rose from his chair.

"Have you seen the man of whom you are speaking?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, on two or three occasions."

"What sort of a man is he—has he a dark beard, and is there a scar on his cheek?"

"Neither one nor the other."

"Then why do you trouble me about the fellow? Your ingenuity isn't very great if you haven't been able to hit upon a better excuse for calling here than that of wishing to be informed whether I am acquainted with somebody whom I never heard of before."

Fenwick was rather at a loss how to proceed. To hint that his father had been guilty of the basest conduct towards a man of whose existence he appeared quite ignorant, would very likely provoke an outburst of passion. On the other hand, if he were really the officer who had behaved so infamously, Fenwick's task was hardly less difficult.

"You spoke about warning me," continued Richard Towers, finding that his son did not immediately reply.

"Yes; but the fact is, I feel some embarrassment in explaining myself now that I find you have no recollection of the man whose name is Fletcher. Are you quite sure he never sailed under your command?"

"Do you imagine that I remember every man who has formed one of my crew? Let me hear what you have to say about him, and be as brief as possible."

"I have been told by a gentleman who became acquainted with him during a voyage to Chili, that he is a man of revengeful disposition, who has suffered a great wrong at the hands of one of his former captains—an officer in the navy. I found this man Fletcher on one occasion watching this house, but the circumstance gave me no concern till I heard something of his past history. I saw him again a day or two ago, and mentioned your name to him. He behaved in the most extraordinary manner, and made his escape from me before I could ask him any questions. If he has no cause for animosity towards you, it

is perhaps to be regretted that I have taken any steps in the matter. But if he has, I am apprehensive that he may seek to avenge himself in some way."

Richard Towers paced up and down the room.

"Where is this man to be found?" he asked suddenly, stopping in front of his son, and looking at him suspiciously.

"I am quite unable to inform you."

"And this friend of his—do you mean to tell me that *he* knows nothing of Fletcher's whereabouts?"

"Nothing whatever. He met him accidentally a few months ago, and has only seen him twice since."

"So, having failed on a former occasion to carry out your murderous attempts, you now wish to ingratiate yourself by professing to put me on my guard against a repetition of them," said Richard Towers, fiercely.

He rang the bell violently, and requested a servant to tell Susan Harding that her presence was desired.

Fenwick looked at his father in astonishment, and noticed, for the first time, that his eyes were bloodshot, and his face somewhat swollen from the effects of excessive drinking for two or three days previously.

"You have nothing to reply to that, I dare say. A little surprise for you, isn't it?" said Richard Towers, jeeringly.

"You must have lost your senses to talk to me in this way. When next I address you, I trust you will have recovered them. You have sent for that woman Harding. I don't wish to see her, and therefore allow me to take my leave at once."

"No. I insist on your remaining here until she has heard what you have to say."

"But you have no right to do anything of the kind, and I refuse."

"This is another proof of the lively sense you have of your duty towards me."

"You know that I have an invincible objection to hold any communication with that woman. It is to her influence that I attribute much of the unhappiness that has been occasioned in your family within the last few months. Let me implore you to overcome this disgraceful infatuation."

"I have no reason to be ashamed of my conduct, and I am surprised that you should dare to call it in question. Susan Harding is a virtuous and estimable woman. It's true she came here in rather a humble capacity; but she belongs to a highly respectable family, and has received quite as much education as

I care about. She has devoted herself to securing my comfort, even in the most trivial matters, and I am grateful to her. The world may think that her social position is not so good as mine; but when she becomes my wife I make her my equal."

"Your wife!" exclaimed Fenwick, in amazement.

"Yes. Now that I have acquainted you with my intentions, take care that you speak of her with becoming respect.

"If you are guilty of this folly, depend upon it you will one day bitterly repent it."

Fenwick walked to the window in order to hide his strong emotion. His father availed himself of this opportunity to take out a bottle of brandy, from which he filled a glass, and quickly drank the contents.

"You know me well enough to be certain that I don't wish for *your* sanction to my marriage," he said. "To my mind it's a proof of the wisdom of the course I am going to take when I hear that you consider it folly. As to your brother Frank, if he doesn't approve of the choice I have made, I know how to deal with him."

"He will be as indignant as I am at such an outrage upon the memory of our lost mother."

"Then he will have to conceal his indignation very carefully, for if I discover any trace of it he shall never receive another shilling from me. Tell him this when next you write to him, in order that he may know what he has to expect, in the event of his offending me in this respect. I have no threat of this kind to hold out in your case. You are already disinherited. But you appear so inflated with the belief that you are clever enough to make your own way in the world that you hardly realize what it is to be penniless. We shall see how you succeed in fulfilling your own expectations."

Susan Harding entered the room at this moment. She was much better dressed than usual, and Fenwick saw with deep pain that she wore a ring of diamonds and rubies which had once belonged to his mother. Her dull expressionless eyes moved about with a restlessness which betrayed less composure than ordinary, and the lines in her face had perceptibly deepened. She showed no surprise at the sight of Fenwick, and silently advanced towards him, holding out her hand. He bowed coldly, but did not take it.

"You have been a long time in making your appearance, Susan," said Richard Towers.

"I was dressing to go out," she answered quietly.

"Are you going into town again to day?"

"Yes."

"Then you had better take the brougham," he rejoined.

"I prefer going by train," she said, quickly.

Observing that Richard Towers seemed a little surprised by her reply, she added, "I intend to call upon a friend and take tea with her, so it will be better not to keep the carriage waiting in town."

"I sent to you to hear what Fenwick has to say. He knows what my intentions are towards you."

"If you had consulted me before telling him about our engagement I should have begged you not to mention it for some time yet."

"Why, what objection have you? *His* opinion is of no consequence."

"His mother's death took place so recently that it may increase his prejudice against me to learn that I have already consented to become your wife."

Her eye fell upon the ring she wore, and she twisted it round on her finger so as to hide the stones.

"It's very kind of you to consult my feelings in the matter," said Fenwick, sarcastically.

"May I hope that in time you will become reconciled to the idea of my marriage with Captain Towers?"

"Never. He has heard my opinion of his conduct. I shall not repeat it," said Fenwick, sternly.

"Do you consider I am to blame for accepting an offer from a man that I respect and—love? You have rejected the friendly advances I've made, though they came from my 'art, and—"

"You are right: they did come from your *art*," said Fenwick, drily. "Allow me to bring this conversation to a close."

He took up his hat, and moved towards the door.

"Stop!" shouted Richard Towers, I haven't done with you yet."

Fenwick made no reply but hastily left the house, ere his father could prevent him.

That evening Susan Harding, in accordance with her previously expressed intention, went to London. But she did not call upon the friend with whom she was to have taken tea.

## EPIPHANY IN PROVENCE.

NOVELTIES are an advancing host, antiquities a retreating one, soon to be lost entirely to our view, if we do not catch a glimpse of them in passing; for which reason I am always more eager to seize an opportunity of seeing and hearing something old than, like the ancient Athenians, craving after that which is new. The traditional Christmas shows—which, rapidly disappearing in other parts, still linger in the south of France—had long excited my curiosity, and being in those regions this time last year, I had hoped to find an opportunity of indulging it in some of the more unsophisticated country towns of Provence. Inquiries at these places proving, however, fruitless, I was obliged to fall back upon the capital, and return to Marseilles, where, as advertisements in all the local newspapers informed me, a *Crèche* and *Pastorale* were to be performed with great splendour daily, from Christmas-eve to the end of January. One advantage Marseilles had for me over any possible country town was, that I had there friends conversant with the *patois*—or *language*, as the natives punctiliously insist on its being called—who were kind enough to accompany me and serve as interpreters. By their advice I put off my visit till after Epiphany, when the procession of the three kings is added to the attractions of the previous performance. While the dramatic entertainments, peculiar—it is not easy to see for what reason—to this time of year, are still going on in London, it may interest some of our readers to hear what are the characteristic features of the national pastimes in these parts.

Our first visit was to a *Crèche* to which we were directed by large posters on the walls in the most frequented streets, setting forth in glowing terms the merits and beauties of the *décors, personnages, et chanteurs*, &c., &c., and of the vast and elegant *salle* in which would be displayed, "This spectacle so moral and instructive to persons of all ages." Diving into the recesses of the old town, we found ourselves, after much seeking and many inquiries, before the low-arched door leading into one of those flagged courts with spacious open staircase ascending therefrom, so common still in Italy, but which, in Marseilles, are fast giving way before imperial demolitions and reconstructions. Mounting the wide, shallow stone stairs to the first floor, and disbursing a shilling each for the first-class places, we

were shown into a long, low, whitewashed room fitted up with benches, the chief part of which, at the cheaper rate of half-a-franc, were already pretty well filled with an audience of the humbler classes (of course not to be called *poor*), a large proportion being children. One end of this room, or gallery, was occupied by a miniature theatre,—perhaps three or four feet high, and proportionably wide—the proscenium adorned with paintings of the four evangelists, with their proper adjuncts, in niches. The prescriptive green curtain was down, and being raised when a musical introduction on the harmonium commenced gave to our view a tolerably painted *drop*, representing a Syrian landscape. The overture finished, the audience settled into rapt attention, and the piece began. The first scene, the Annunciation, was a very fairly successful reproduction of some picture, by one of the old masters of the eclectic school, the little virgin habited in the conventional blue robes and hooded veil, kneeling on a faldstool in a Palladian vestibule, and receiving the intimation from the angel Gabriel, out of a very solid cloud. After this opening, however, all the ensuing scenes until the last had no more than an incidental reference to Holy Writ, and were thoroughly realistic, both in conception and execution. Throughout the performance the exalted personages—the angels, the Virgin Mary, the magi, King Herod, &c.—spoke French to mark the distinction between them and the populace, who carried on their dialogue in Provençal.

The design of the drama seemed to be to represent the probable attitude of the ordinary inhabitants of Palestine, when first stirred by startling accounts of portents announcing the advent of the long-expected Messiah. The scenes and incidents were nevertheless unmistakably Provençales, every imaginable phase of country life in that province being shown forth in its native language, costume, scenery, and manners. The miller, the sportsman, the chimney-sweep, the chapmen, the street singers, the herdsmen, succeeded each other on the stage with considerable variety of dress and scenery, and without much attempt at connexion in the story. All hung upon one thread, the “grannouvel,” which was introduced, and discussed in every scene after the *comic business*, which was more or less the staple of each, had been got through. The sportsman fired his gun, and was immediately set upon, rated soundly and made to pay *amende* for the ducks he had killed, by an angry cottager. The farmer roused up his boy,

before the dawn of day, to go to market with the ass, to the neighbouring town; loaded him with commissions, recalling him again and again, to add forgotten orders and recommendations, till the lad was in puzzled despair. This scene was very well performed, and was really laughable and cleverly managed, the fussy farmer shutting and re-opening his window for every fresh order, and thrusting out his night-capped head, to shout after his servant, and the donkey-boy making false starts and stopping with forced submission and covert impatience at each recall. The puppets may have been six or seven inches high, beautifully moulded and carefully costumed, and ingeniously contrived to move their heads and limbs while standing or sitting. To make them walk seems to be beyond their framers’ power, since they were all pushed on and off the stage by the time-honoured method of fixing them on a long stick running in a groove, their entrances and exits being therefore reduced to an unearthly gliding motion, or a headlong rush and abrupt disappearance, according to the character represented. The action was wonderfully adapted to the dialogue, which was carried on behind the scenes with a good deal of dramatic spirit throughout. The sellers in the market-place sat at their stalls, disputed, satirized, and jeered at each other, while each vaunted his own wares to the buyers; the sportsman complained of the lack of game; the fisherman of drought killing the fish; the miller of decaying custom; the farmer grumbled at the weather. The great subject was brought on the *tapis*, generally by the entrance of some wayfarer on his road to Bethlehem, who tells them all things will be set right now, as he is credibly informed the Messiah is come. One man hitherto totally deaf had been awakened by celestial music in the night; another had conversed with the shepherds, and heard of the angelic apparition; another had himself seen the star. These news-bearers were believed by some, questioned by all, scoffed at for their credulity by the *esprits forts*, but picked up adherents in each successive scene, so that the number of pilgrims went on steadily increasing, especially after an impetus had been given, by the passage of the three kings who crossed the stage with a splendid train in satin, velvet, and tinfoil, with camels, horses, elephants, and attendants gorgeously apparelled. There was then a grand reception by Herod in his council-hall, where the dialogue, the interlocutors being all royal, was of course carried on in the choicest French—and the magi withdrew to

pursue their pilgrimage. The prettiest scene of all was the Crèche in the stable of the inn at Bethlehem. The lighting and grouping in this was admirably picturesque. All the assembled travellers sang or recited in turn some verses in honour of the Holy Child, or played before him on the national pipe, and *tambouring*; the cows lowed, the sheep bleated, the cock crew, and finally the magi, having dismounted and dismissed their retinue, appeared in all humility to offer their homage and their gifts. In compliance with modern ultramontane religious views and fashions, the whole concluded with the Apotheosis of the Virgin, in a blaze of red and yellow light, and refulgent decorations, but this I was informed was an innovation, the drama having in former days wound up, with more æsthetic propriety, with the manger scene.

It is a peculiarity of these entertainments that they are unwritten, or at least, like a Scotch "meenister's" sermon, *supposed* to be unwritten. The dialogue is said to be traditional, but, of course, every manager, if not every interlocutor, takes his own liberties, and introduces witticisms, satire, or morality, at his pleasure. Their popularity depends upon their hitting the varying fashions of taste and opinion in the audience from year to year, but certain stock Provençal jokes are *de rigueur*, and would be omitted at peril of their displeasure. One of our party, an Englishman, who has made a study of the language and translated some of its poetry, was desirous of obtaining a copy of the piece, or of any skeleton of it that might be forthcoming, but met with no success. The invariable answer was that none such exists. It is believed that some *canens* is preserved in the theatrical archives of these showmen (all of whom, by the by, come for the season from Aix), but if so, it is jealously guarded from the *profanum vulgus*.

The show did not last much more than an hour, and like those in English fairs, is repeated sometimes two or three times a day to new sets of spectators. Looking back upon it after the lapse of a year, I cannot help feeling some regret that the iconoclastic spirit inherited from the Puritans of the seventeenth century has rendered anything of the kind an impossibility in England. My memory brings before me much that was pretty, *naïf*, and touching: nothing of absurdity or irreverence remains in my mind. In fact, there is no more of profanity or burlesque than is found mixed up in many old English carols, and in pictures by the early masters—everything depends on the singleness of intention. To the

peasantry of southern Europe, almost entirely debarred from the use of Bibles, these mystery plays must do more good than harm, *as long as they can be kept in their primitive simplicity*. We must also bear in mind the familiarity of these people with graven images to represent all they hold most sacred. The wooden doll, in stiff robes of silk and tinsel, before which they prostrate themselves in church or by the road side, is no more a lofty ideal than the pretty little puppet in stole and veil who kneels before the puppet angel in the show—no ludicrous idea attaches to either. Of course, these sacred dramas are entirely apart from any religious exercise, and are regarded solely as an amusement, but it may be of an improving kind. Students of Shakspeare generally admit, that however well acquainted they may be with his plays, the representation of one of them on the stage, though unsatisfactory enough as dramatic art, never fails to impart to it a life and movement unattainable by mere closet reading. If this be the case with men of education, whose imaginative powers have been cultivated, how much more is it true of the class with whom reading is a labour, and to whom many words are symbols entirely destitute of representative value? I fear any revival of these primitive amusements in England is hopeless; but to children, and to the simple and child-like among our own uneducated people, I am convinced that a lively representation of what they only know from books would give both delight and instruction, and bring the truth of the beautiful Christmas story home to them in a manner which those who read and reflect much do not require.

As an honest witness, however, and not one retained for the defence, I must confess that my impressions of the Pastorale I visited the same evening are very different, and prove how great the difficulty *is* of maintaining these shows in their primitive simplicity. This was performed by men and women in a theatre as large as our Haymarket, and witnessed by a crowd as noisy and riotous as any in a London play-house on Boxing-night. For the first quarter of an hour I could not believe but that we had made a mistake and come to the wrong house. The principal characters in the early scenes were a drunken boor and his wife, who quarrelled, fought, and made allusions and jokes which were received with roars of laughter and applause, but most of which our interpreter told us were too gross to be translated. The first intimation of the real subject was given by the entrance of Simeon, who

was set upon, maltreated, and scouted by the villagers as an old madman, while his frantic and furious gestures and tones gave some ground for their opinion of his sanity. There was a certain amount of spirit and "go" in the acting, but from beginning to end it was buffoonery worthy of pantaloon and clown in the vilest travelling circus. The characters knocked each other about with cudgels and sandbags, drank and swaggered and stole, ran away and were pursued, were swung up into the air by a crane, fell into the water and were fished out, and so forth; and there was no cessation of this rude drollery, even during the scenes having direct reference to Sacred History! I do not wish to remember—much less to reproduce in these pages—their coarse and blasphemous absurdities. One of the least offensive was a scene in which an angel having appeared to some travellers to reveal the glad tidings, a discussion took place among them which of the party spoke French well enough to address the heavenly visitant, and the farcical nonsense that ensued was a broad exaggeration of the Leporello and Commendatore business in "Don Giovanni." It proved irresistibly diverting, however, to the natives, for not only was the whole *salle* in convulsions of noisy delight, but the angel himself caught the infection and sat grinning in his cloud, while the mayor of Bethlehem, being at last chosen spokesman, girded on his tricolour scarf, and made his burlesque obeisances.

It may seem strange, after this, to say that I am disposed to acquit all concerned in this strange performance of *intentional* sacrilege; of any such animus, for example, as actuated the horrible Medmenham Club. I believe them to be absolutely without a sense of decency or feeling of reverence as to these subjects, and their insensibility is, of course, fostered by the continuance, unchecked, of such licentiousness. The spectators were numerous, and mixed as to station—gallery, pit, and stalls being all full, and some private boxes also; but none appeared to be of the best class. The prices were low, and the theatre, though spacious, was dirty and inelegant. We must hope public opinion will, sooner or later, put an end to such disgraceful exhibitions. The servants of the family I was visiting expressed themselves strongly against it as "*un horreur*" which they had once seen but never would countenance again. I am informed, however, on competent authority, that the priests, for the most part, rather encourage it than otherwise (to what end it is difficult to imagine), and it is advertised with emphasis as

being given with the sanction and approbation of the mayor. The civil authorities, doubtless, have their reasons. Can it be that in a country claiming to lead the van of European civilization anything that amuses the people is permitted as long as it distracts their attention from political interests and discussions?

### LOVE-CRAFT.

LOVE, to-day we found a way  
To be as happy as the hours :  
We climb'd the hill, to where the still  
Grey rocks smile with the flowers.  
The soft wind's breath, the sea beneath,  
They made for us a pleasant sound :  
With love's words low, made tender so,  
The happy hours were crown'd.

Love is so strange, with wane and change,  
His mood is subtle as the air :  
Through long vague years of joy and tears  
You never looked so fair.  
I never knew your eyes more blue,  
Your voice slow with so sweet a tone.  
Full of my bliss, I know this is  
The happiest day we've known.

To-morrow, then, we'll find again  
Those rocks between the sea and sky !  
To-morrow will prove happier still !  
Nay, love, to-day, good-bye.  
We'll let love rest thus at its best,  
We will not dare to tempt delight :  
I kiss your brow, and we'll part now :  
Dear love, good-bye, good-night.

### ABOUT GOLD.

AT the present time, when the sovereign is occupying so much of the public attention, a brief account of the precious metal of which it is made may not be uninteresting.

With the exception of platinum, gold is the heaviest metal known to us; while, as regards malleability and ductility, it is without a rival. Its tenacity also is very great—a wire of gold one-tenth of an inch in diameter being capable of supporting a weight of 500 lbs. These qualities, as well as the beauty of its colour, and the small quantities in which it is usually found, have, in all ages, and in every part of the world, made gold the most highly-prized of all metals; and have caused it to be universally adopted as a medium of exchange. It will easily be seen how, in early times, when mining was but little understood, those metals which were found in the form of dust, in the beds of the rivers, such as gold, silver, and tin,



should be extensively known and used ; while such metals as iron or copper, which are never found in a pure state, and are with difficulty rendered fit to be worked, remained undisturbed and concealed in their impurity.

The softness of gold in a pure state (nearly equal to that of lead) must have enabled nations to whom iron was unknown, to work it up with comparative ease into ornaments and trinkets. I have spoken of the great malleability of gold ; but, when we come to statistics, our senses are not sufficiently delicate to realize, though our intelligence may credit, the marvels of the metal. Atahualpa, the captive Inca of Peru, filled a room twenty-two feet long and seventeen feet wide, to a height of nine feet, with vessels and ornaments of pure gold, and gave the mass to the victorious Pizarro, as his ransom. This is all very well for history, but science demands a greater amount of faith. One ounce of gold will gild a wire 130 miles in length ; and one grain can be beaten out into fifty-six square feet of superficial measure, or drawn out into a wire 500 feet long !

Most people know that the specific gravity of gold is very great ; but, I imagine, very few have a clear and definite idea of what specific gravity is. Even in these days of science and education there are very confused notions prevalent about the celebrated pound of lead and pound of feathers. I will endeavour to explain, as briefly as possible, the theory of specific gravity.

What we call *weight* is really only the attraction of the earth, exercised in a different degree upon different substances, and is otherwise known as gravitation. It is evident that, in order to ascertain the relative power of gravitation of various substances, we must take some unit of comparison ; and, for the purpose of estimating the specific gravity of all solid bodies, water has been uniformly adopted. Accordingly, if we were to take a cube of gold, and compare its weight with an exactly equal bulk of water, we should certainly be able to discover its specific gravity ; but, as this course would be extremely difficult in practice, another method has been adopted of arriving at the desired result. If you immerse a solid body in water, it will displace a mass of water exactly equal to itself. And, no matter how heavy the body may be, the water has a much greater tendency to support it, or to cause it to float, as we say, than the atmospheric air. This tendency, then, counteracting gravitation, makes the substance *lighter* in the water than in the air, and this amount of lightness, or

negative weight, is exactly equal to the amount of heaviness, or positive weight, of a bulk of water equal to the bulk of the substance immersed. Hence is deduced the rule for taking the specific gravity of a solid ; which consists in weighing it, first in air, then in water, and dividing its weight in air by its loss in water. I would describe the *modus operandi*, but I must return to my subject, and ask pardon for this digression.

Gold is the most universally distributed of all the metals ; it has been found in almost every part of the Old world, and its magic presence stimulated, if it did not altogether occasion, the exploration of the New. So soon after the Deluge as the time of Abraham, gold is mentioned in the Mosaic narrative as an article of value. Whatever happened in those most interesting years immediately following the Flood, concerning which the Biblical narrative preserves so complete a silence, the new inhabitants of the earth had evidently learned to prize this supreme metal. Since that time, there have been two great events in the history of gold, whose universal importance it is impossible to over-estimate—the discovery of America by Columbus in 1494, and the gold discoveries in California and Australia in 1848 and 1852. It has been calculated that in the year 1492, there was only £35,000,000 worth of gold in the possession of mankind, and the annual supply only made up for the loss by wear and tear. The conquests of Cortes and Pizarro brought about a very different state of affairs. The golden treasures of Mexico and Peru were poured into Europe ; and the unfortunate inhabitants, in a state of servitude, worked their mines to enrich the home of their conquerors. For some time before the opening of the Californian “diggings,” however, these mines had lost much of their ancient wealth, and of the £5,000,000 worth of gold annually produced, Russia contributed one half. Gold is also found in small quantities in Borneo, Celebes, Sumatra, Japan and the west coast of Africa ; the well known Hungarian mines would hardly have paid their expenses from the quantity of gold produced, but their value was much increased by the silver, copper, lead, iron, mercury, antimony, and cobalt which they afforded. The Russians worked their gold in the wilds of the Ural Mountains, and supplied half the world from the very heart of their vast empire.

But a prodigious change was soon to take place, in which the new world was once more to assert herself, and deluge the world with her stores of Californian gold. The existence of

gold in the peninsula was known to Drake, after his celebrated expedition in 1577, and especially mentioned by Hakluyt in his account of the voyage; and although from time to time enterprising individuals endeavoured to organize researches, an extraordinary apathy or distrust seems to have possessed mankind; until an accident accomplished what nearly three centuries had failed to bring about. Captain Sutter, an ex-officer of Charles X.'s Swiss guards, who had been forced to emigrate in 1830, had settled in California and founded a little colony which he called "New Helvetia." In the year 1847 he entered into a contract with a Mr. Marshall to have a saw-mill built for him on a branch of the Sacramento river. During the progress of the work, a little girl, the millwright's daughter, picked up a shining yellow lump under the mill-race, and showed it to her father as a pretty stone. Marshall brought it to Captain Sutter, who at once recognised the precious metal, made careful investigations, and soon found that the whole country watered by the Sacramento river and its numerous tributaries abounded in gold. In spite of all his attempts to confine this valuable knowledge to a few persons, the news spread like wildfire; emigrants poured in from all parts of the world, and soon changed the whole face of the country. San Francisco, the capital of California, was, at the time of the gold discoveries, a wretched village, containing some 400 inhabitants; in a few years the population rose to 40,000; and it is now a magnificent city, the capital of the western world, the terminus of the most wonderful line of railway ever planned or executed, and the rival of New York in the great contest of cities for the seat of the government of America. And all this has been brought about in twenty years by a few tons of gold!

In the case of Australia, unlike that of California, the discovery of the gold was due to no accident, but was the result of scientific investigation. The man who made the investigation, and announced the existence of the gold in Australia, was an Englishman—Sir Roderick Murchison, who, with that noble liberality with which merit has ever been treated in this country, has been rewarded with fame and a tardy baronetage! Sir Roderick's prediction was the more remarkable, as he had never visited the country whose hidden wealth he has brought to light, and many independent circumstances seemed to render it highly improbable. Amongst others, was the remarkable fact that no gold ornaments, nor gold in

any form, had been found in the possession of the aborigines, when the country was discovered and explored. The experience of the Spanish discoverers rendered this apparently the more convincing, for low as was the state of civilization of the Mexicans and West India islanders, ignorant of the use of iron, and incapable of much manual labour, they not only possessed gold in great abundance, but greatly valued the articles into which they wrought it. Nevertheless, the man of science continually urged upon Her Majesty's Government, as well as private individuals, the advisability of exploring the eastern ridge of Australia; but his predictions were as little regarded as those of Cassandra. As early as the year 1844, by a comparison between the auriferous formations of the Ural Mountains and some geological specimens brought from Australia by Count Strzelecki, Sir Roderick became convinced of the existence of gold in the latter country. But it was not until 1851 that the first gold was discovered, in the Bathurst district, by a Mr. Hargraves, who had gained considerable experience in such matters at the Californian workings, and had come to Australia to test the truth of the rumours afloat, of the existence of gold in that country. Before the end of the year, immense numbers of gold seekers had flocked to Australia; and so great were the numbers, especially of bad characters, that the government had to adopt measures for the preservation of order. For this purpose, among other things, licenses to dig for gold were issued at the rate of thirty shillings a month. No serious disturbance, however, took place, save in the money market. A bill of Rothschild's was worth at Melbourne 25 per cent. less than its nominal value; Bank of England notes were proportionately at a discount, and the rise of prices in every direction was alike unprecedented and incredible. A man who wanted a cradle for washing gold had to pay £10 for the wood and £10 more to a carpenter to put it together. A pair of boots cost £4; a small glass of beer, 1s., and so on, in proportion. Of course, the enormous influx of gold into England produced a general rise of prices at home; and was attended also with many political and financial effects, which, though of the highest importance, are beyond the limits of the present sketch. We must now see how the gold is obtained.

There are two modes principally adopted in Australia and California—washing, and smelting, of which the former is the simpler and by far the most common. The sandy earth near the banks of an auriferous river is

washed through a machine called a "cradle," by which all the earth and foreign matter is carried away, and the gold left in a nearly pure state. I give a description of this simple machine in the words of an able writer upon the subject :—

"The gold-washer's cradle consists of a trough-like body elevated on rockers, not horizontally, but at an angle, and supplied with a sieve-like head for the purpose of intercepting large masses of ore and stone. The body is covered transversely by wooden bars a few inches high, and capable of removal at pleasure. The cradle is worked as follows :—one man throws in a portion of material to be washed, upon the sieve-like top ; meanwhile, another man imparts a rocking motion, and water is poured in."

By this means all the lighter particles rise in the flowing water and pass over the bars, while the gold is left behind. Sometimes the mud, as it runs out of the cradle, is made to pass over sheepskins in order to catch the finer particles of metal which have been carried off by the water ; or mercury is used to amalgamate with the grains of gold, and is easily separated afterwards by means of heat. The other method, of crushing and smelting the quartz in which the gold is found, is much more difficult, especially in the remote parts of Australia and California, where machinery is practically unattainable. The crushing-mill consists of two large iron cylinders revolving in opposite directions, which break up the ore into small pieces as it passes between them. To reduce it still further, a stamping-mill is used, in which iron piles crush the quartz still further. Finally, it is ground in a fine mill and passed through a machine similar to the cradle already described, by which the stone is separated from the gold. In smelting, the ore is fused in a blast furnace, lime being generally used as the flux ; the principle being that of an ordinary iron furnace on a very much smaller scale.

As many less valuable substances abound in the gold fields, it is not to be wondered at that many mistakes should be made by the ignorant "diggers"—the substances which are most easily mistaken for gold, being iron and copper pyrites, and scales of yellow mica.

With regard to the latter, an amusing story is told. The captain of a guano vessel trading to Ichaboe, an island on the west coast of Africa, succeeded in obtaining a considerable quantity of yellow mica, under the impression that it was gold. Elated with his supposed bargain, and considering his fortune already

made, he did not wait to load his vessel with guano, but made all sail for England with his glittering freight. Arrived at Plymouth, news of the importation of gold got bruited about, and two dealers presented themselves to the captain for the purpose of striking a bargain. One of these dealers, being a cautious man, thought it prudent to forward a sample of the so-called gold to be analysed ; the other, more confident in his own judgment, and desiring to steal a march upon his rival purchaser, bought the whole lot of yellow mica for a large sum of money !

One of the most interesting manufactures connected with gold is gold-beating, of which we will here give a brief account. The gold is first cast into small ingots, and then rolled out into ribbons 1-800th of an inch in thickness ; these are again cut into pieces an inch square, and are then ready for the hammer. In the first beating two membranes are used—on the outside, parchment, and inside, fine vellum. In the subsequent processes, a very fine membrane, prepared from the large intestine of the ox, and known by the name of gold-beater's skin, is interposed between the vellum and the gold. Three hammers are used in the manufacture, weighing sixteen, twelve, and ten pounds respectively, the lighter ones being used as the gold becomes thinner. In the first instance, one hundred and fifty of the little squares of gold are beaten at the same time upon a block of marble, until they expand to a size of four inches ; these are cut into four with a wooden knife, and hammered until they again increase to four inches. These are again divided into four with a piece of smooth cane, and, having been beaten once more, are reduced to a thickness of  $\frac{1}{204,800}$  inch. They are then blown out flat upon a cushion, and put into books whose leaves have been previously rubbed with red chalk to prevent the adhesion of the leaf.

Gold is too soft to be worked in a perfectly pure state, so it is alloyed for most purposes with a certain proportion of silver or copper. The fineness or purity of the mixture is expressed, as everyone knows, in carats ; twenty-four being taken as the symbol of pure unalloyed gold. Thus, in gold eighteen carats fine, there are eighteen parts of pure gold to six parts of alloy. The metal of which the sovereign and most gold coins are made contains twenty-two parts of gold, and but two parts of alloy, and is therefore said to be twenty-two carats fine. The metal of which jewellery is made varies in fineness from ten to eighteen carats. But when mixed with more than its

own weight of copper, in the shape of a modern ornament, the glitter seems to be just as fascinating as that of the pure metal that decorated the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco;

and I doubt not that its pursuit has given rise to adventures in our own time, which would lose nothing by comparison with those of the golden knight-errants of the sixteenth century.



A SNOWY SUNDAY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

### SUN AND RAIN.

**A** YOUNG wife stood at the lattice-pane.  
 In a study sad and "brown,"  
 Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,  
 Steadily pouring down—  
     Drip, drip, drip,  
 It kept on its tireless play;  
**And** the poor little woman sigh'd, "Ah, me!  
 What a wretched, weary day!"

**An** eager hand at the door, |  
 A step as of one in haste,  
**A** kiss on her lips once more,

And an arm around her waist:  
     Throb, throb, throb,  
 Went her little heart, grateful and gay,  
 As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,  
 It isn't so dull a day!"

Forgot was the plashing rain,  
 And the lowering skies above,  
 For the sombre room was lighted again  
 By the blessed sun o' love:

    "Love, love, love!"  
 Ran the little wife's murmur'd lay;  
 "Without, it may threaten and frown if it will;  
 Within, what a golden day!"

## AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY.

## CHAPTER I.

"IT is an ill wind," says a proverb, too cosmopolitan not to be true, "that blows nobody good." Aye, and a very slight eddy in life's current which may either swamp a man, or lead him on to fortune! The greatest of our modern warriors is said to have owed much of his after success to a well nigh irretrievable early blunder; and (to compare small things with great) to the mistake of a choleric elderly gentleman, my friend Cecil Cunliffe—who shall tell that part of his story, at least, in his own words—owed the tenour of a career which his own unconquerable laziness has driven me to chronicle:—

I was, says his closely scribbled and long forgotten record of the circumstances (the casual sight of which has converted a fellow nearly as idle as himself into a *volens volens* biographer), in my third year at Christchurch, enough of a "reading man" to content my indulgent father, and give promise of what I could and might do.

A day of more than usual application to study had left me, on one particular evening, little time for my favourite recreation. I had merely, on leaving my college for a supper party at a friend's, found leisure for a run down to the river, to see all right for an intended match to come off next day.

I was proceeding, to make up for the digression, at a pretty rapid pace, in the fast declining twilight, along the lane leading to Magdalen Bridge, when I, first instinctively, and then on more tangible grounds, experienced the disagreeable feeling of being followed—the measured thumps of a stick on the paved alley leading me to conclude, it was with no very pacific purpose, though it also implied my being dogged by no juvenile footsteps.

Be this as it might, I chafed under the very suspicion of *espionage*; and having ascertained, by stopping short, that my follower's motions were really regulated by my own, I resolved, by striking suddenly into another direction from my real one, to make assurance doubly sure, before challenging the spy. The fact became every moment clearer. The mysterious footsteps continued to echo mine; and the heavier sound of the stick alone seemed to indicate that my pursuer's energies scarce kept pace with his determined pursuit.

Beginning to wax warm under this annoying pertinacity, I faced suddenly round to confront

my pursuer, and found myself in presence of probably as angry an old gentleman as ever shook his stick, in default of words (for he was nearly out of breath), over the head of an athletic young fellow of two-and-twenty, who might almost have been his grandson.

I had been trained in the old-fashioned deference towards age, but my blood was too completely up not to demand, even of a grey-beard, why I was thus unceremoniously dogged by an individual whom I had never to my knowledge beheld in my life!

My indignant queries seemed to astonish and well nigh rob of utterance my no less irascible *vis à vis*, who at length found speech to accuse me, in no measured terms, of cowardly baseness and brutality, for having in the course of the same afternoon—in some press of spectators, when crowding as they will do on the river's brink—deliberately endeavoured to push into the water, to the risk of his life, the unknown party now following, intent on vengeance, on my track!

It is easy to be magnanimous under accusations ridiculously false; and I felt so incapable of the conduct attributed to me, that my simple disclaimer seemed to me sufficient to convince any sane man. But the poor old gentleman was not, for the time being, exactly *compos*; and the fixed delusion of his monomania was not to be dispelled by my affirmation that he had utterly mistaken his man. It was very provoking, and if the river had just then been near, perhaps I might have felt inclined to exorcise the demon of distrust by a salutary immersion in the cooling stream.

But my better feelings prevailed, and instead of reiterating my fruitless denials, I quietly took out my card, and begged to refer the still rabid elderly gentleman for my character to my college tutor, and, in corroboration of his opinion of me, to the Dean. These references and, I flatter myself, the calm, nay, compassionate tone in which they were tendered, began to have their soothing influence on the old man's prejudices; and when, observing his evident exhaustion from the mingled effects of emotion and locomotion, I requested him to allow me to give him my arm to his abode (of which, as well as his name, I was, of course, profoundly ignorant), he fairly gave in, accepted my too necessary offer, and allowed me, under his own implied guidance, to lead him to his temporary residence in one of the best hotels in Oxford.

Before we reached it he had fully acquiesced in my simple statement that I had only at that late hour made a moment's run to the river,

my hasty retreat from which, after dusk, had led him to connect me with the culprit in the unjustifiable outrage; and he endorsed his acceptance of it and myself, by cordially inviting me to sup with him and his son, whom he had brought up to place at Oxford.

The courtesy so unexpectedly offered I declined on the plea of my former engagement; gently though firmly insisting, however, that I should equally have done so, even if disengaged, till the testimony of my college superiors to my being incapable of so cruel and cowardly a trick had exonerated me from even a shadow of suspicion. This appeal the now softened baronet (for such I found he was, by the card which he gave me in exchange for mine) was quite disposed to look upon as superfluous. But it was now my turn to be peremptory, and asserting my claim to it as a mere act of indispensable justice, I took my leave, and reached, though late, my original destination.

Two days after, Sir Geoffrey Dorrian brought his son to call on me, and, not content with apologising, in a subdued tone which pained me far more than his misplaced insolence, for his unpardonable misconception of my character, proved his faith in it, or rather in the Dean's too flattering report, by begging me to let his boy call me friend, and owe to me and to my counsels and example a position similar to my own, in the opinion of our common seniors.

The youth was fortunately one whom to keep in the straight course amid the rocks and shoals of college life, was no herculean task; gentle and well disposed, he needed only a mentor a little older and wiser than himself to step in, when Nature would have been at fault, with a dash of dearly-bought experience. We became fast friends; at least as much so as implicit deference and boyish devotion on one side, and warm good-will and kindly feelings on the other, can suffice to cement the bond. I needed something less yielding—made, heaven knows, not of “sterner,” but of firmer “stuff,” to pour my treasured wealth of feeling and of friendship on; and I found it, strange to say, in the so-called “softer sex!”

It had been a proviso of my forgiveness (he, the proud baronet of ancient lineage, had been pleased to dwell upon the word), that I should accompany his son during part of the long vacation to the Hall; and being no sportsman (fond as I was of all other manly exercises), I preferred the earlier portion of it, before the Hall became the resort of lovers of field-sports, for the period of my visit.

We were thus thrown more on the society of the ladies of the family, and while enjoying the

coldly-awarded kindness (for her son's sake) of the stately Lady Dorrian, I had leisure to study the character of the sister to whom young Lionel looked up with even more of respect and devotion than to myself, and whom his enthusiastic panegyrics might have led me—and perhaps unconsciously did so—to regard with a certain degree of disappointment. True, not even his fraternal partiality had described Mabel as a beauty. If he had, I might have been tempted to deny the proposition; and for the first day or two I half made up my mind to pronounce her plain. But even then, if any one else had said so, I should have felt impelled to dissent—so noble, yet sweet, was the expression of her habitually still features; and so inexpressibly radiant the smile with which they were occasionally lit up.

How often, when puzzling over the notes of his morning's lecture, had exclamations of “Oh! I wish Mabel were here!—I wish I were only as clever as Mabel!” burst from the poor bewildered fellow's mouth! So I kept a somewhat jealous watch over this formidable sister, fancying that I could never like a too clever woman. But except that, like all persons who only speak when they have something to say, Miss Dorrian spoke remarkably to the purpose, I could detect no symptom of extra lore, far less any assumption of erudition in the perfectly unaffected specimen of womanhood I caught myself philosophically investigating.

The result, however, of my study, was a sense of the marvellous adaptation of that woman's tact and feeling to all the various temperaments of the individuals composing the household, of which she was the soul and centre, always reminding me, in her unconscious direction of their various movements, of that delicate miniature motive power which, under the well-deserved title of “governor,” sways and controls the giant operations of the mighty monster steam.

Her worthy, warm-hearted, impetuous father—whose explosions of short-lived wrath had frequently not much better foundation than when I first experienced their misdirected force—had but to look in the clear, untroubled mirror of his daughter's face, to feel his irritability—like Bob Acres's courage—“oozing out at his finger's ends.” Her somewhat hard and unsympathising mother thawed at times under the influence of Mabel's irresistible playfulness. Lionel, by dint of looking up at one whose softest smiles and kindest tones were always for her younger and weaker brother, grew manlier and worthier from day to day. And I,

shamed out of my besetting sins of fastidiousness and pugnacity in argument by her tolerance of all, save vice, and invariably gentle, firmness in opinion—soon wondered what made me see life with Miss Dorrian's lenient eyes, and cling, like her, to principles while ceasing to fight for shadows.

There were few or no other resident young people at the Hall during my six weeks' stay. The days were long and balmy, the country exquisite and new to me, and few better cicerones than Lionel and his sister could have done its honours. Good old Sir Geoffrey could never do enough to repair his original sin towards myself, or to compensate for my care of his facile heir apparent. So all our excursions had his freest and readiest sanction; while his haughtier dame forbore to withhold hers, in the plenitude of her confidence in her own inaccessible grandeur, and her daughter's superiority to the paltry perils of an unauthorised flirtation with an Oxford undergraduate.

Had I—(reversing the common adage) a "minnow" among these "Tritons"—dreamed of lifting my eyes or aspirations to that inhabitant of a superior sphere, I should have been much more readily discouraged by Mabel's innocent unconsciousness of such a possibility, than by any amount of *hauteur* or avoidance on her part, consistent with a knowledge of my presumption. But admiring—aye, and ere long, in love, and for life, with Mabel Dorrian, I, in the first place, at that time knew nothing whatsoever of the matter; and might, without forfeiting my character for veracity, have denied it altogether. And in the second place, if I had been as fully aware of it as I, not long afterwards, became, I would have died before I avowed it to her, or any one else.

If Mabel, or rather perhaps I should say her mother and father, had their legitimate pride of birth and ancestry, I had (I forgot to mention it when enumerating my besetting sins) to excess that form of middle-class pride of independence which would have rendered not only a clandestine, but even a coldly-authorised entrance into their family a moral impossibility to me, except under conditions so unlikely to arise, that imagination almost refused to picture their possible fulfilment. I was the son—the only son, to be sure—of a highly respected professional man, destined for the bar, a vocation I was about fairly to enter on, and earnestly to pursue. And while I, for many a long year, must encounter the early struggles of the most toilsome, if one of the noblest of callings, Mabel Dorrian, moving in the highest circles of society, would no doubt find there

her equal in rank and position, if not as easily her match in mental and moral superiority.

So we walked, talked, rode, and sketched together, for a few short blissful weeks—the baronet's daughter and I—upon a footing of apparent equality, to part, at the end of them, as absolutely as if bound for separate hemispheres; to meet, perhaps—most probably—no more. Yet the time had sufficed to make us, not lovers, neither of us had the thought—but friends. No sentimental platonic friendship, nursed on poetry and romance; but deep-rooted confidence in each other's stability—mutual agreement on fundamental principles—frequent but amicable differences on non-essentials—perpetual undesigned coincidences of feeling and sentiment; something in short, which—let our paths lie as far asunder as pole from pole—would always be a link, though an unconscious one, between us.

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It was not an idle boast on Cecil Cunliffe's part—that disclaimer of all hopes, nay visions, however delightful, as connected with the baronet's daughter. There was just enough of sense of escape from peril (when the mutual friendship delusion had time to die away) to make him resolve to eschew temptation for the future—much as it cost him to say nay to Lionel's urgent entreaties, backed by his father's hearty assent, that he would again spend part of his long vacation at the Hall.

It was not that he altogether distrusted his own powers of self-control, still less did he dream of even possible danger to another; for want of self-appreciation formed an almost morbid feature in Cecil Cunliffe's character; and he would as soon have dreamed of ascending, in his present state of legal pupillage, at once to the woolsack, as of being fallen in love with by a girl of Mabel's charms and pretensions. But he put away from him the luxury of enjoying her conversation, and basking in her smiles, simply as he would have denied himself horses, of which he was extremely fond, or paintings, for which he had a decided taste, or any other indulgences incompatible with severe studies and limited means.

"I don't think it right," he reasoned with himself, "to go and appropriate kindness and monopolize attentions, and foster intimacies which can lead but to one result—increased dissatisfaction with what is inevitable in the position of an obscure and struggling candidate for distant honours. Mabel Dorrian will, I trust, (as yet, I can honestly say so) be a happy wife, years before I could ask one of

far humbler pretensions to share my toilsome career."

So the invitations were gratefully but firmly declined, and to soften the refusal, Cecil accompanied Lionel on a few weeks' tour in Scotland. From him Cecil learned that his wise resolves were likely to be put to a yet further test. A sister of Sir Geoffrey's, seeing that not even pride in his daughter could induce her brother to leave the country, and his favourite sport, to pass the winter in town—had invited Mabel for the ensuing season; and as Cecil, thanks to his own connexions, and his long stay at Christchurch, had a pretty extensive acquaintance among young men of family, their meeting in society would not have been a difficult achievement.

As it was, and with his peculiar views, the announcement only confirmed him, in his half-formed resolution to decline going out at all—at least where there was even a chance of their being thrown together. On the principle, however, of no hero being one to his *valet de chambre*, certain link-boys might have borne testimony to a well muffled gentleman pressing forward suspiciously on gala-nights, to gain a peep of a tall pretty lady emerging from a coroneted carriage. And the pew-opener of a fashionable chapel was none the poorer for the strange predilection of an assiduous stranger for a seat behind a pillar, whence the clergyman at least was but imperfectly visible.

Such beatific visions thus stolen were not entirely, or even principally, selfish. It did Cecil good to see his friend's sister looking well and happy, and, as she should do, enjoying her youth, her position, and its advantages; a far purer, aye, even a greater pleasure than had he been able to throw across her bright path a shadow from his own more sombre destiny. Had it been possible, by a wish, to link that destiny to the brilliant creature's before him, how unfalteringly—thanks to his wise avoidance—could he have put the selfish, one-sided view of happiness away from him!

Town and its gaieties, it was soon evident, did not constitute Mabel's delights. She longed for her father and her country home amid the hot-house pleasures of London, and escaped from them joyfully to "fresh woods and pastures new" in Y—shire.

It was well she did so. The precarious health, in spite of a delusive appearance of vigour, at all times common to Lady Dorrian—of which her cold undemonstrative nature gave little outward indication, and for which her own maid alone, perhaps, gave her mistress credit

or sympathy—suddenly gave way under repeated attacks of lurking organic disease; and Mabel, from the too soon fulfilled duty of watching over the rapid decline of one parent, turned with all the earnestness of a loving heart to the filial office of cheering and comforting the survivor.

The task was no difficult one. She who had passed away—with few faults and many virtues—had too few qualities in common with her kind simple-hearted husband, to render him very dependent on her for daily enjoyment. Cold, stiff, and self-sufficient, she had walked her stately way apart from her farming, sporting lord: living rather on recollections of the conventional town and watering-place existence, from which—not very early in life—the attractions of the baronetcy on one side, and the desire for an aristocratic daughter-in-law on the other, had urged two manœuvring mothers to combine to transplant her. Her limited capacity of affection was concentrated on her son, in whom she pardoned a large share of his father's impulsiveness, and whom she loved none the less, perhaps, for possessing no portion of the ability which distinguished his clever sister.

How cheerfully, how judiciously these varied and superior talents were now enlisted in the cause of filial duty, it was delightful to the few privileged sharers of a period of seclusion to behold. Like all whose uneventful later lives have afforded few topics for recollections, those of the good old man, at a season when fireside occupations took the necessary place of hardier recreations, resorted continually to the incidents of his early career in the army; among which his boyish share in the greatest battle of modern days (where a blow from a spent ball had procured him a place more honourable than perilous in the list of disabled heroes) held, of course, a prominent place. This reminiscence, which Mabel, at heart a soldier's daughter, first carefully revived in her father, and kindled in herself by reading to him in the long winter evenings the stirring story of that memorable campaign, derived marvellous interest from repeated announcements of the approaching return—after a brilliant career of more recent successful warfare in the East—of the early comrade, with whose person and name the associations of Sir Geoffrey's brief military experiences were inseparably entwined, and to whose intrepidity and presence of mind in removing his disabled former school-fellow was due, under Providence, his escape from captivity, if not from further and fatal wounds.



"If you could only have seen Jasper Osborne, Mabel!" he used to exclaim, "you would know exactly what those heroes, boys (and I believe girls, now-a-days) read about were like. We used to call him 'Leonidas' at school, when he was quite a little fellow; he was so full of pluck, and a born soldier. I, half-a-dozen years older and twice as big, would have had a hard tussle with him if fighting had been our line, and I had been less fond of the handsome fair-haired boy who had neither father nor mother, and used to come home with me for his Christmas holidays.

"He first put it into my head to be a soldier, which my mother long stood out against; so I didn't go in till Jasper, who entered at sixteen, was half way up the lieutenants. He had to look after *me* then, and fight my battles—I don't meant fisticuff ones—in the regiment; and I've told you how he picked me up—I wasn't quite such a hulk then, though no light weight—and ran off with me to the rear, in the teeth of some ugly customers of Frenchmen, who would have made short work with the prostrate English. What would I give to see the fine fellow again! all covered, as he must be, with stars and crosses! Sir Jasper Osborne, G.C.B.! He'll be coming home soon, surely, now we have peace again!"

#### FIVE-AND-THIRTY YEARS AGO.

SYDNEY SMITH used to say that, when he considered the improvements made in everything since he was a young man, he was ashamed of himself to think how happy and jolly he had been. There was no gas, no railway, no police, no electric telegraph, no cheap literature; while the streets were unsafe at night, and hardly safe by day. Thirty-five years ago, all these things were not yet changed, but changing. Railways were beginning, some towns had gas, and London had the beginning, the first rudimentary conception, of police. It is not so long ago but that middle-aged men can remember it, but yet so long ago that, to realize the great differences between our time and then, we are forced to read the newspapers and light literature of the times. And the book which gives the clearest idea of what life was then, compared with what it is now, is the immortal collection of the "Papers of the Pickwick Club."

Let us note a few of the contrasts found in this book, remembering that the writer used, of course, colours stronger than those of nature. He made his pictures vivid by heightening the

lights, and deepening the shadows. But he had no object to gain by undue exaggeration; he drew for no other purpose than to amuse; except in his picture of the Fleet, he had no moral to enforce; and he desires, as he tells us, only to set forth a series of scenes, more or less amusing, of the adventures of four cockney travellers.

In the first place, observe the amount of steady drinking that runs all through the book. The great Pickwick himself is quite drunk on no less than three occasions, while his followers do much the same thing; and everybody is constantly getting fuddled: that eminent divine, Mr. Stiggins, goes drunk to a temperance meeting; punch is brewed on the smallest provocation, and is imbibed more freely than we, in these degenerate days, can even understand; while brandy-and-water, port, sherry, and beer, make the pages redolent of good fellowship.

On the other hand, there is very little smoking. Mr. Winkle, as befits a sportsman, likes an occasional cigar; the rest do not smoke at all. Even the medical students at Mr. Bob Sawyer's party play cards for three hours at a stretch, without the introduction of tobacco in any shape, and even after supper set to work to drink brandy-and-water and sing choruses, without pipes—a thing not to be understood in these days by medical students.

Mr. Weller, sen., breakfasts off round of beef and a tankard of ale, which his son assists him to dispose of. At an early hour in the morning, the Pickwickians, on the advice of Mr. Jingle, take glasses of hot brandy-and-water round; while at every stage they get down to have something hot. Of the even partial use of tea and coffee there is hardly a hint, save at Bath, where, as Mr. Dowler says, they lay on hot water and call it tea, at sixpence a head. Do fashionable assemblies now charge sixpence a head for tea? The Fleet prison itself is clean gone. Imprisonment for debt is almost a thing of the past; and the chancery prisoner—the man who spent his life in gaol for contempt of court—is no longer possible. Gone, too, are the poor prisoners, the wretches who would have starved had it not been for the small allowances made from benefactions of charitable people. And what has become of the benefactions themselves? Into whose pockets have they been swept?

People went to watering-places, then, to drink the waters. Who drinks them now? or rather, how few drink them now! The ladies betook themselves to the assembly-

rooms in sedan-chairs. These are all vanished. Is there a single chair left in England? and what became of them all?—they could not all have been broken up and burned. Perhaps some remain yet, kept in store, either for the museums of posterity, or on the chance of a change of fashion. And when they took a lady home, they were accompanied by a link boy. Link boys only appear now when there is a great fog, and are then more trouble than use. And the City of Bath was guarded by old watchmen, who went about with lanterns.

Again, are there any left of that race of attorneys of whom Mr. Solomon Pell was a brilliant example? Do men still carry on practice in London in the parlours of public houses and the yards of prisons, with a blue bag for books and papers, and a youth of the Jewish persuasion for clerk? Their residences used to be on the outskirts of "the Rules." Why, even "the Rules" are abolished now. And would it any longer be possible for a man to narrate experiences such as these of Mr. Pell?—

"The late Lord Chancellor, gentlemen, was very fond of me. . . . I remember dining with him on one occasion: there was only us two; but everything as splendid as if twenty people had been expected; the great seal on a dumb waiter at his right hand, and a man in a bag-wig and suit of armour guarding the mace, with a drawn sword and silk stockings, which is perpetually done, gentlemen, night and day."

Lord Hatherley has not yet invited me to dine with him. Should he do so, the first thing I shall look for, on entering the dining room, will be the dumb waiter with the great seal, and the man in armour guarding the mace. But, perhaps, thirty-five years have witnessed a change for the worse in this respect, too.

Remember, again, when Sam Weller is escorted to the Fleet by his father and the coachmen. They go in procession down Fleet Street—the plaintiff and defendant walking arm in arm, the officer in front and the eight stout coachmen bringing up the rear, walking four abreast. Was there ever a pleasanter picture? At Serjeants' Inn Coffee-house they halt to refresh; they had been continuously drinking the whole day. Presently, it is found necessary to leave the mottled-faced gentlemen behind, to fight a ticket porter. Good heavens! calmly to fight a porter in Fleet Street! In these days there are no longer any coachman, no longer any ticket porters; and popular

opinion, backed by the police, would not even hear of a fight in Fleet Street.

But there is, about these times, a good deal of sound, honest fighting—Sam upsets the constables, Jingle is kicked, Mr. Stiggins is very much kicked, a beadle is disposed of in three rounds; and we even begin with a fight. Mr. Pickwick is assaulted by a cab driver, and the crowd think of ducking him and his friends, on the ground of their being "informers." Informers? What is it? The word has lost its meaning. People are no longer afraid of informers; they rather like some one to inform, because it saves everybody trouble. The significance of the word, as taken up by the crowd, shows the remains of the old antagonistic feeling to government. The side of order was, even then, the side of the upper classes only; and we, who are all allied against the roughs, fail to realize the form of the old feeling, rapidly dying out thirty-five years ago, which made the word "government" synonymous with that of tyranny. Then the old cabriolet—"cabriolly" Mr. Raddle called it—that curious machine where the driver sat beside his fare. Are there any left? When the last went off the stand, what became of it? Clearly the modern four-wheeler is susceptible of improvement. Was the old cabriolet even more uncomfortable than this? I should like to see one: above all things, I should like to have a drive in one. It appears, from the picture, to have had a hood; to have held room for two—in fact, three have ridden in it, as the narrative records; and to have been in appearance a little like the modern Hansom.

They fought duels then—at least, one was very nearly being fought. It would be interesting to get some statistics of the gradual decadence of the practice of duelling: so many fought in 1820; so many fewer in 1830; so many in 1840; none at all in 1860. We still talk of it. A kind of tacit understanding goes about among us that we are to be civil to each other, under penalty of being called out. But consider, if we were to have a message brought us to-morrow, with what blank astonishment should we receive it? And who would accept it?

Another improvement. They used to play long whist. Poor creatures! This, as the books say, needs no comment.

People then still carried on the reprehensible practice of eloping in post-chaises; if they were not caught on the road, there was no telegraph by which to stop them on their arrival, and no railway to intercept them by.

Some things which went on then go on still. Eatanswill flourishes, and still has its two rival papers. The knout has fallen from the hand of Pott, and the flail from that of Slurk. Other hands wield them now; but the political struggle continues. The *Gazette* and the *Independent* will never die, so long as the Constitution remains; while Liberals want to patch it up and Conservatives to let it alone: so long as there is a party of progress and a party of obstruction.

Elections, too, are managed in much the same way. Independent, high-minded electors—in Beverley, for instance—still have their final interviews with Mr. Perker, and record their virtuous votes, after full conviction and hearing the arguments on both sides.

Mrs. Leo Hunter, too, has her imitators and disciples. I think they write verses a shade better, though, than those of the author of the "Expiring Frog."

Actions for breach of promise continue, but one hopes that Messrs. Dodson and Fogg are no longer promoting the interests of their clients; while Serjeants Buzfuz and Snubbin are worthily succeeded by Messrs. Dash and Blank, the eminent Q.C.'s.

Mr. Stiggins and his kind have improved. There is—albeit a fair amount of blatant talk—little of that rampant hypocrisy which Dickens caricatured. The voice of religious parties—even of the narrowest and strictest sect—has pronounced, too clearly to be mistaken, in favour of a blameless life; and he who would live by the chapel must look well to the goings of his feet.

Messrs. Smangle and Mivins, being no longer in prison, are now generally met with in tap-rooms. Later in life—owing to adverse circumstances—they may be seen following the profession of sandwich-men, walking in formal procession between two gaudy boards; a course of life highly favourable to profitable meditation, and affording a dignified retirement to ruined spendthrifts.

We no longer drink wine with each other; nor do we wear tights and gaiters. All the fashions have changed; but the follies remain. The contrasts are no longer so great: ignorance of country sports and country subjects is no longer so apparent; the line of demarcation between gentleman and—the contrary—is no longer so clear and broad; but Mr. Tupman, the lady-killer; Mr. Snodgrass, the poet; Mr. Winkle, the sportsman; and Mr. Pickwick, the philosopher,—humbugs all, but kindly, good-hearted, half-unconscious humbugs—they are with us still in various forms. Last

century, Smollett drew them; this century, Dickens draws them; in another hundred years, a third great genius will, perhaps, draw them again for the benefit of our great grandchildren. For the types chosen for delineation by great writers are those which never die.

## TABLE TALK.

I SPENT the other evening, as is my custom at this season of the year, with my dear old friend Sir Roger de Coverley. I found the good old knight and Mr. Spectator as pleasant company as ever; and the others of the club, Sir Andrew Freeport, Captain Sentry, Will Honeycomb, and the clergyman, very complaisant and entertaining; indeed, of these gentlemen's society I never tire. Since the time, when a little boy just breeched, I first made their acquaintance, I have ever entertained a sentiment of affectionate regard for every one of them, and for the character of Sir Roger I have an especial veneration. Of the many good things Mr. Spectator says in the history he gives us of his visit to Sir Roger's country seat, I was most struck—from its relevance to a matter lately discussed in the public prints—with his "Account of a hunting Scene with Sir Roger" (*Spectator*, No. 116, Budgell). An eminent man of letters has, lately, with considerable force and ability, given us his reasons for continuing to hunt the fox: Mr. Spectator, in the year of grace 1711, on similar grounds defended the practice of hunting foxes and hares. After writing a description of the incidents of the day's sport, so real and life-like that, as you read, you hear the yelp and cry of the dogs, the heavy thud of the horses' hoofs on the springy turf, and see "poor puss" double and tack, till, at last, she is fairly run down; and then learn that "Sir Roger rode forward, and, alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go to his great orchard; where, it seems, he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity." Mr. Spectator says, "I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent." Assuredly the

field sports for which our country is famed are innocent. They afford occupation to the idle, recreation to the overworked, and health to all who take part in them. In the words of Mr. Spectator:—"For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one." The humane feelings of the writers of the *Spectator* are beyond question, even by the philosophers of the "Sweetness and Light" school of our own day, they followed the chase with the zest of true Englishmen, and thought it—

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.

And I venture modestly, but heartily, to give my humble support to that opinion.

THE admirable charge delivered by the Bishop of Ely in October and November last has just been published by Longmans (price 2s., pp. 114), and deserves special attention, for, though of unusual length it is also of unusual importance, and is far more luminous than voluminous. I mention it in this place, merely to quote one of its foot-notes: "It may be a trifle to notice in such a context, but it is not without significance, that the occupants of two of our most illustrious chairs of physical science, the successors, and the eminent successors, of Newton and Woollaston, have joined us here during the gatherings of this visitation, in the humble capacity of churchwardens to their respective parishes."—(p. 81.)

IN HIS NEW VOLUME, Mr. Tennyson has given his readers another version of his "Northern Farmer," in the history of a miserly man whose governing idea is the accumulation of property, or, as his dialect would pronounce the word, "proputtty." Riding with his son along the turnpike road, and lecturing him on the folly of falling in love with a poor parson's daughter, the cantering of the farmer's horse suggests to his ears the sound of his favourite dominant thought—property.

Doesn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters  
awaäy?  
Proputtty, proputtty, proputtty—that's what I 'ears  
'em saäy.  
Proputtty, proputtty, proputtty—Sam, thou's an ass  
for thy paäins:  
Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy  
braäins.

This imitation of the sound of the horse's hoofs, although here put to a novel and effective use, had been familiarised to children in more than one nursery rhyme, from the "Hobblede gee" of "the country clown" to the "This is the way the ladies ride, Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree." Of these songs perhaps the following is the best, printed by Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, F.S.A., in his "Nursery Rhymes of England" (p. 168):—

Here goes my lord  
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot;  
Here goes my lady,  
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!  
Here goes my young master,  
Jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch, jockey-hitch!  
Here goes my young miss,  
An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble!  
The footman lags behind to tippie cake and wine,  
And goes gallop-a, gallop-a, gallop-a, to make up his time.

"CAT'S-CRADLE" is the name of a short story which was completed in our last number. With the game of cat's-cradle or scratch-cradle, no doubt all our readers were in their young days familiar enough. The game is, probably, very ancient, and had a religious origin or signification. Cratche, is the archaic word for a manger. Nares says cratch-cradle was the manger that held the Holy Infant as a cradle. "And sche bare hir first borun sone and wlapid hym in clothis: and leide hym in a *cracche*, for ther was no place to hym in no chaumbre."—Holy Bible, Wiclif's version, A.D. 1380. By the motion of the hands, the string, twisted round the players' fingers, is made to change to various patterns, all bearing some slight resemblance to the disposition of the staves in a stable *rack* or manger for hay and other provender.

THE WRITER of "Fine Art Gossip," in the *Athenæum*, lately fell foul of Baron Marochetti, for various sculptural sins and shortcomings, as evidenced in the series of his models, exhibited in the South Court of the South Kensington Museum; and he stated, that "the recumbent figure of the Princess Elizabeth, designed for the church at Carisbrook," is far more like the statue of a dead girl, cast ashore from a wreck, than that of a princess who died in prison; and that he presumes it was originally designed for the former. This is presumption, indeed! The lovely statue in question, which must be so well known to every tourist in the Isle of Wight, was specially executed by Baron

Marochetti for the Queen. The face of the princess is sculptured from contemporary portraits; and her recumbent attitude, with hands clasped in prayer, and her cheek resting on her father's Bible, is that in which she is said to have been found, after death, in her apartment, at Carisbrooke Castle, where she died, at the age of fifteen, Sept. 8, 1650. This statue, by the way, is not, as the *Athenæum* critic says, "at Carisbrook," but in the new church, at Newport. He speaks of it as "very French and showy, yet effective;" yet, the only suggestive additions made by the sculptor, were, the grating and broken bars that depend from the Gothic arch under which the figure is laid; and the text on the open Bible, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." And this last touching addition was suggested by her Majesty.

THE TENURES by which estates are held, are occasionally very singular. Here is an out-of-the-way instance:—One Solomon Attfield held lands at Repland and Atterton, in Kent, upon condition, that, as often as the King should cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs should accompany him, in order that they might "hold his head," if his gracious Majesty were unfortunately visited with sea-sickness. Take another example:—In the reign of Edward III. one John Compes had the manor of Finchfield given to him as a reward for his arduous services at the King's coronation,—which services consisted in turning the spit in the royal kitchen. I recently met with another instance, which is *a propos* to the Christmas season. At Langsett, in the parish of Poulston, Yorkshire, there is a farm called the Broad House, and the tenure by which it is held is, that it shall pay to the landlord, every year a red rose at Christmas, and a snow-ball at Midsummer. The Christmas rose can be readily procured; but, as a genuine snow-ball is not easily obtainable at Midsummer, the guelder rose (which is called by cottagers the snow-ball) is allowed as a substitute.

WE APPEND TO A NOTE on our prison systems, given in Table Talk some few weeks since the following extract from the annual report of the Howard Association, which mentions that "amongst the prisons lately visited by the secretary is that of Wakefield, the admirable model of discipline afforded by which is comparatively little known. It is the only British prison which, by the use of *steam-power and machinery*, approximates in its nature to the large manufacturing prisons of the United States and the Continent, where the industrial capacities of the inmates are called out to such an extent as, in addition to rendering the prisoners thoroughly practised workmen, secures also the not unimportant object of largely relieving the pockets of honest ratepayers. During four years (1865—68) the purchases of trade materials for Wakefield Gaol were £39,794: the sales (chiefly mats), £47,413; net profits, after deducting commissions, &c., £7,783; stock in hand, £16,888. Average number of workers, 1,007. Average earnings, £7 14s. per annum. The governor (Captain Armytage) remarked to Mr. Tallack, 'If we did not make mats, we could turn our machinery and labour just as well to other purposes, as, for instance, to the manufacture of steam-engines.' Such industrial occupation is most valuable. Why should not idle vicious, unskilful criminals be rendered industrious and self-supporting? The competition with outside workers is at the worst very little (a few pence or farthings per individual), and the advantage gained by both prisoners and ratepayers incomparably counterbalances it. The treadmill is retained at Wakefield as a useful resort to fall back upon for intractable prisoners. As such, and *as such only*, it is valuable." It appears then, that we are at last beginning to treat our convicts properly, and doing something towards making them support themselves, instead of being maintained at a heavy cost, by the unfortunate ratepayers.

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### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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# ONCE A WEEK

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No. 107.

January 15, 1870.

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## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XXV.

FENWICK'S advertisement for literary employment had appeared twice in a leading newspaper, without his receiving any application in return. He was beginning, therefore, to feel less sanguine as to the probability of his obtaining work of this kind, when, upon his return from Wilmington Heath, he discovered two letters stuck behind the little pier-glass of his sitting-room, in Northumberland Street. It was by mere chance that he observed the extreme corner of one of them peeping out against the dirty room-paper, for Mrs. O'Sullivan seemed to be of opinion that, to ensure the immediate and safe delivery of a letter, the best way was to hide it from the person for whom it was intended. The first of them that he opened was dated from a court out of Fleet Street. The writer appeared to be anxious to establish friendly relations with the least possible delay, for he commenced it with "My dear sir," and concluded by asking permission to "remain very sincerely." Its purport was to request the advertiser to call at the office of Mr. Figg, at ten o'clock the following morning. The other was a note, the writing of which was so bad that Fenwick had considerable difficulty in deciphering it. When a man contents himself with only partly forming the first two letters of a word, and runs all the others into a straight line with a curve at the end, he is guilty of an unpardonable, though unconscious, discourtesy towards those with whom he corresponds. This was the kind of scrawling which gave Fenwick so much trouble in ascertaining its meaning. But, at length, he managed to make out that he was asked to call at Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, at any hour in the afternoon most convenient to him.

Further scrutiny, aided by reference to a *Court Guide*, borrowed from a pastry-cook's, in the Strand, enabled him to feel tolerably certain that the note came from the Earl of Bideford. Being in reply to Fenwick's advertisement, there was, of course, no doubt in his mind that his lordship desired to engage some one in the capacity indicated by the young man.

He descended to Mr. Hurlston's room, with the view of mentioning the result of his inquiries at Wilmington House. They had previously had a conversation, when Fenwick had expressed his fears that the man whom Ralph Fletcher had conceived so deadly a hatred against was Captain Towers. Mr. Hurlston was inclined to take the same view of the case, and had recommended Fenwick to see his father upon the subject. The demeanour of Richard Towers at that interview had almost entirely removed Fenwick's anxiety in that respect; but he was quite at a loss to account for the inquiry that had been made on two occasions about a person having a scar upon his cheek. Mr. Hurlston received his visitor with great dignity, and waved him to a broken-backed chair—the only one in the room which was quite sound in the legs.

"Avoid leaning back in it," said Mr. Hurlston, "and you may sit upon it in perfect safety. In a short time I shall remove to Claridge's Hotel, where I shall remain till my departure for Australia. During my stay there, I need hardly say, that a visit from you will always give me great pleasure. I don't suppose that my society will be any inducement to you, but if you are a *gourmet*, an invitation to dinner, where there is so famous a *chef* in the kitchens, will be some compensation for spending a dull evening afterwards. I know what you will say in reply," he continued, holding up his hand. "Something to the effect that you would as readily come to see me, if I gave you bread and cheese with small beer. Ah! my young friend, I understand human nature. Any simpleton who can give very good dinners will always have plenty of people to come and eat them. Try your friends with mutton chops

only, and you will find that they won't cross your threshold from one year's end to another, however much they may have previously professed themselves to be enchanted with your society. Your society! Bah! it's your viands, your wine, your pictures—or it may be your well-dowered daughters—that attract them to your table."

"If you were able to convince me that all you say is true, and that there is no such thing as disinterested friendship, I should feel some regret at having made your acquaintance. It must be a wretched existence to have no faith in anything or anybody. You can hardly be surprised, therefore, that at my age I refuse to believe that mankind is so bad as you always represent it to be."

Mr. Hurlston took off his fez, and was about to throw it to the other end of the room, but he suddenly changed his mind, and replaced it on his head.

"Since you prefer hood-winking yourself, I don't see why I should get into a passion about it. Believe that Dutch metal is really silver, that paper flowers are rare exotics, that the long tress of hair which falls over the shoulder of her you love did not once belong to a German peasant girl. In short, believe that what is false is real. Unless you are altogether a fool, Mr. Towers, ere many years elapse, you will detect most of the thousand and one shams which at first imposed upon you."

"Meanwhile, I am willing to be occasionally deceived, rather than mistrust everyone."

"Well, for a short time you may enjoy life more thoroughly in that way," said Mr. Hurlston, thoughtfully regarding a hole in his dressing gown; "but, depend upon it, your confidence will be terribly abused, unless you prove infinitely more fortunate than the generality of men."

"You spoke of removing to Claridge's," said Fenwick, hesitating. "Have you arranged to get the half-a-million of money that you mentioned to me?"

"Yes. I consider the matter settled, as it only depends upon the verification of my statements respecting the property. My views have undergone some modifications, so I shall require a still larger sum than that at first named. I am not now able to show you the plans, as they are in the City; but you shall see them in a day or two, when I will explain to you the great undertaking which it is my intention to carry out at the antipodes. And now let me ask you whether your father has any recollection of Fletcher?"

Fenwick briefly mentioned the assurance which he had received, that the man was altogether a stranger to his father. On the previous day Mr. Hurlston had been made acquainted with the unhappy relations which existed between Richard Towers and his son. The cynical old man had appeared rather gratified at this instance of absence of affection on the part of a parent, and he now inquired, with a sardonic smile, whether Fenwick had any reason to suppose that Richard Towers felt grateful for the solicitude exhibited by his son.

"On the contrary," answered Fenwick, sadly, "I am certain that he was more annoyed than anything else at what he called my interference in his affairs."

"Then take my advice and don't meddle with anything that concerns him for the future. In this case I imagined that he was in some danger from the vengeance of such a man as Fletcher, and I agreed with you that it was your duty to state what you had learnt from me. Now that you have done so, keep away from Wilmington House, and set about earning your living in the best way you can. I offered to introduce you to a gentleman that might have been disposed to give you some advice as to the best course to pursue in order to get the kind of employment you desire. But I find that he has gone to the sea-side for a few days. Perhaps it's not of any consequence; for though he would most likely have given you some advice, he wouldn't have rendered you any assistance. I hope that, young as you are, you know the difference between the one and the other."

Fenwick then said that he had received two replies to the advertisement, which in all probability would render it unnecessary to trouble the gentleman who had gone to the sea-side.

"Very well, Mr. Towers; we shall see whether your expectations are fulfilled. If you were to ask my opinion on the subject, I should say that you will be disappointed. I don't ask who these people are that have written to you, but I venture to recommend caution."

"Why, what have I to lose in my dealing with them?" said Fenwick, smiling.

"If you are offered a thousand a year on condition that you invest five hundred pounds in the shares of a joint-stock company about to be formed, there isn't any fear of your doing so, because you haven't the money. But you may lose your time—your labour, which is much the same thing."

They were interrupted by the appearance at the door of Bridget, the servant, a girl of

eighteen, who was dirty and tattered enough to make one imagine that she was the step-daughter of a rag-picker in very indigent circumstances. She held in her hand a piece of soiled paper, and beckoned to Mr. Hurlston. That gentleman, having just lain down on the tiger-skin, where he was leaning on his elbow, was not disposed to get up again in order to receive Bridget's communication in private.

"Don't stand there waving your arm, but say what you want. If you have brought up the tea, put it on the table, and let me have a cup and saucer for Mr. Towers."

"If ye please," said the girl, glancing at Fenwick; "I was to give ye this paper, and he's waiting below for the money."

"Is it a bill?"

She handed the scrap of paper to Mr. Hurlston by way of reply. He looked at it for a moment, and then threw it contemptuously into the fireplace.

"Tell him it shall be paid in the course of a few days."

"He says it's been running on for nine weeks, sir, and he won't leave the milk till ye settle what's owin'."

"Won't he! The mean suspicious rascal!" cried Mr. Hurlston indignantly. "Let him keep his vile mixture which he sells under the name of milk."

"But there's none for your tea," said the girl, looking rather frightened.

"Then buy some."

Mr. Hurlston thrust his hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown, and searched them carefully before he was able to discover, in the fold of an old letter, a shilling which he put into the extended palm of Bridget. When she had left the room, he got up and unlocked a drawer in the table, from which he took a set of wooden chessmen.

"I took the precaution of securing these yesterday, knowing that if that person in the parlour got hold of them he would keep them the whole evening."

They played two or three games, but Fenwick's thoughts wandered so frequently to the interviews he was going to seek on the following day that his opponent obtained an easy victory, despite the disadvantage of giving a castle.

On the following morning, Fenwick walked down to Fleet Street and sought the office of Mr. Figg. It was situated in Heron Buildings, a dingy court, many of the houses in which were occupied by printers, and the rest, with a few exceptions, by bookbinders. Mr. Figg

appeared to have commenced business in a hurry, for, besides not having had time to get his name painted on the board at the outer door, he had not yet found leisure to furnish the back room on the ground floor, which he had tenanted for a month past. On the wall at the entrance to this room a piece of paper was pasted bearing that gentleman's name written in a neat round hand. Fenwick's knock was answered by an unhealthy-looking boy, who, upon seeing a visitor, hastily secreted a peg-top in the sleeve of his jacket. Mr. Figg had not yet arrived, and it was unlikely that he would do so for half an hour. But despite this information Fenwick expressed his intention of waiting. The unhealthy boy foreseeing a prolonged interruption to the amusement in which he had been engaged, resented the intrusion by taking immediate possession of the only chair in the room, and staring gloomily at Fenwick. It was nearly eleven o'clock when Mr. Figg made his appearance. He was a man about five-and-thirty, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and wearing as much jewellery as it was possible to display without becoming absolutely ridiculous. When he took off his hat, which, like everything else he wore, appeared to have left the maker's within the previous hour, you saw that his black hair grew down upon his forehead to within an inch of his eyebrows. He pulled out his handkerchief and dusted his patent leather boots with it, at the same moment that he bowed to Fenwick.

"Waiting to see me?" said Mr. Figg, mincingly.

"I believe you sent a letter to me yesterday, addressed to Northumberland Street?"

Mr. Figg's correspondence was possibly too extensive to admit of his recollecting so trivial a circumstance, for he assumed an air of doubt, and turning to the boy, asked him whether he had posted any letter to that address. That young gentleman, surprised in the act of making a vicious bite at his peg-top, became too confused to reply. The production of the letter, however, induced Mr. Figg to admit that it was highly probable he had sent it, but he still failed to remember why.

"It was in answer to an advertisement of mine for literary work," said Fenwick, with difficulty controlling his impatience.

"Oh, now I understand all about it! Well, I'm going to start a new paper. A reg'lar tip-top one, mind, and I want first-class talent on it. Everything that's written for it must be done in a style different to any other paper. I've registered a title that's sure to make it



sell. What do you say to the *Evening Galvanizer* as a name for it?"

"There is enough of pretension in it, at any rate," replied Fenwick, smiling. "What politics is the paper to advocate?"

"That's a question I can't answer just yet. It depends upon circumstances. I should like something novel—something that hasn't been done before, you know. Just think it over a bit, and try if you can give me a new idea."

"What, about politics?"

"Yes, or about anything else."

"Perhaps you would like to devote one half of the paper to the Conservative interest, and the other to the Liberal," said Fenwick, ironically.

"Do you think it would take? That's the important point. By the by, I haven't yet asked whether you have had much experience in writing for newspapers."

"I have not had any."

Mr. Figg drew back, and his manner perceptibly changed.

"Do you mean to say you've never been put into print?"

"I have not yet written anything which has been printed; but I suppose everything of this kind has a beginning."

"Very likely, but I would rather you didn't begin at my expense. I want first-class talent and—and novelty," said Mr. Figg, putting on his hat. "Don't be offended with what I say: you're a very nice young feller, I make no doubt, but you won't do for my paper."

"I hardly think I should, since you tell me it must be written in a style unlike that of any other. If your own tastes in the matter are consulted, it is not unlikely that the *Evening Galvanizer* will prove a curiosity."

"If you could tell me of anything that would make it prove a success I shouldn't mind listening to you; but as you can't, allow me to wish you good morning," said Mr. Figg, loftily.

Fenwick took his leave, and as it was still somewhat too early to call upon Lord Bideford, he made his way into Hyde Park and took a seat under one of the trees near the statue of Achilles. As Fenwick thought over the reception which he had met with from Mr. Figg, he could not disguise from himself that, however ridiculous the man's ideas about journalism might be, there was a probability that Fenwick's want of practice as a writer would prove a serious obstacle to his being able to carry out the plans that he had formed. Yet he was not disheartened. Within the next few hours he resolved upon laying in a stock of paper

and commencing an article which, when completed, he would send to one of the magazines. If it failed to gain admission to the pages of the publication, he would try again. A great author, whose genius is universally recognised, has said that he owed his success to patient drudgery. Fenwick, as he remembered this, determined to devote himself to the task he had undertaken with unwearied industry. His means, though very slender, were sufficient, with economy, to support him for some months; and ere they were exhausted, he felt a strong conviction that he should be able to find suitable employment. Meantime he was happy in the assurance of Mary's unwavering love. That morning he had received a letter from her, in which she had affectionately encouraged him to essay the thorny path of literature. He drew it from his pocket, and, for the second time, read as follows:—

"*Upfield Rectory, Thursday.*

"DEAREST FEN,—You know how happy a letter from you always makes me. The one which I received to-day has rendered me especially so, because it is so full of hope, and expresses so much resolution to win your way in the world, in spite of every difficulty that may arise. Remember, however, that I am not ambitious. When you are able to take me for your wife, without the prospect of my becoming a burden to you, I shall be quite content to share your lot even though it should be a very humble one. I cannot imagine, dearest, any profession more noble and elevating than that of literature. Your tastes, apart from your necessities, would incline you, I am sure, to enter upon such a career. If, however, you think that the law offers a better field for the display of your ability, of course you must not let my opinion in any way influence you. In either of these professions, with your power of application, I feel confident that you could not fail to attain to any position that can reasonably be desired. The post leaves here in a few minutes; and as I wish you to get this before you go out in the morning, I shall reserve anything more that I have to say on this subject till to-morrow.

"Florence has received an offer of marriage from Sir Charles Pennington, but, for some reason which I cannot understand, she declines to give him a decisive answer. This appears the more strange to me, because for some time past I have been under the impression that she loves him.—Yours affectionately,

"M. C.

"P.S.—I have hitherto omitted to mention

that Mr. Bentley Wyvern is a daily visitor, and is always asked by papa to stay to dinner."

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

**L**ORD BIDEFORD'S town residence, to which Fenwick directed his steps, was situated in Brook Street. It stood back from the rest of the houses, having a court-yard in front enclosed from the vulgar gaze by a high wall, in which was a couple of large wooden gates, covered with iron knobs. The prison-like appearance which this wall gave to the entrance, was but little diminished by the family arms which were stuck on end over the gateway. They originally bore some resemblance to two leopards supporting a shield; but in their present state, it would have required a highly imaginative person to see anything like the animals mentioned. It always afforded Lord Bideford peculiar satisfaction to contemplate the ravages which the lapse of a century had made in the soft stone of which these figures were made, and no earthly consideration would have induced him to allow them to be coated with paint as a protection from the weather. The more time-worn they appeared, the more precious they became in the eyes of his lordship. He would willingly have sacrificed much of his fortune could he have been able to prove that they had occupied their present position for a thousand years. Alas! it was only during the previous century that his family had been ennobled. The father of the first peer had been a Lancashire weaver, who had amassed an immense fortune by an improvement he had introduced in the manufacture of cotton. The present earl, upon succeeding to the title, had employed a skilful genealogist to inquire into the ancestry of the weaver, in the hope that it would be found he was related to somebody of distinction. After much research, the genealogist delicately informed his lordship that the Bideford family had better be content with tracing its descent to the weaver. An explanation was demanded, which it may be assumed was satisfactory, for from the day that his lordship received it he ceased to institute any further inquiries. Soon after, he married the youngest daughter of a marquis, and when an heir was born, the peer was highly delighted by the consciousness that the family veins had received a further infusion of noble blood. The son had died in his infancy, to the great grief of the earl, who had now no other child than a daughter. In his earlier years his lordship entered the Life Guards; but a serious blunder that he made in conveying an order, when

acting as aide-de-camp, during a sham fight in the presence of two foreign sovereigns, so disgusted him with military life that he sent in his papers the next morning. For a lengthened period he had conscientiously discharged his parliamentary duties by invariably voting with his party, and at last his reward came in the form of a riband of the garter. Of late he had devoted much of his leisure to writing a work upon the republics of the world.

When Fenwick gave his name, and stated that he attended at the request of the earl, he found that the servant to whom he spoke had received orders to show him into the library. It was a spacious room, lined on all sides with books. Even the door by which he entered was concealed, when closed, by dummy volumes ranged on shelves attached to it. In a few seconds Lord Bideford came in.

"I am very much obliged to you for—hum—calling," he said. "If I understand your advertisement, you are willing to undertake some literary work. But I am not quite sure that what I want done is—hum—exactly of that nature. Do I make my meaning clear?"

"Oh, quite," said Fenwick, anxiously waiting for a further explanation.

"The fact is, I have written a very important work which I am going to get printed. It is just possible that there may be a few trifling—hum—" His lordship paused, and appeared at a loss for a word. "Ah, yes, I mean omissions," he continued.

"I shall be very happy, my lord, to give you all the assistance in my power. May I inquire what the subject is upon which you have written?"

"It is one to which I have devoted a great amount of attention, and of course I am anxious that the—hum—thing should look as well as possible when it is printed. I am desirous, therefore, to get some competent person to make any corrections that may be necessary. Will you do me the favour of mentioning some one to whom I can refer as to your—"

As the earl appeared quite unable to select the exact word that he wished to use, Fenwick ventured to suggest "fitness," and added that Dr. Craven, of Savile Row, would give his lordship some information on that point.

"No doubt, no doubt. I am quite satisfied, Mr. Towers."

The earl went to a small portfolio, and took out about thirty sheets of paper written on both sides.

"This is the manuscript," he said, showing them to Fenwick.

"But not all of it, I presume?"

"Every line, I assure you. There may be some additions, which you can make when re-writing it. I don't impose—hum!—any restrictions, except that you spare no amount of pains to render the work as complete as you can. The title is to be, 'The Republics of the World.' Have I been sufficiently explicit?"

"As far as the name of the book is concerned, quite so. But am I to understand, Lord Bideford, that you wish me to write a comprehensive work on the subject you have indicated?"

"I am author of the work," replied the earl, coldly. "Extend it to as many volumes as you think proper. If you foresee any great—hum!—difficulty about the matter, it would perhaps be better not to trouble you any further."

"It will involve more labour than you suppose, but I am quite willing to undertake it. Are there any books of reference that you can place at my disposal?"

"You are at liberty to use this library whenever you consider it necessary."

And then the earl bowed, by way of signifying that he considered the interview should be brought to a close.

As Fenwick passed through the court-yard, a carriage drove in. It contained Lady Beatrice Thorpe, the daughter of the nobleman who was so desirous of enlightening the world on the subject of republics.

### SILVER.

SILVER is the most useful, if not the most valuable, of the precious metals; and if it is not invested with the same marvellous and romantic interest as its companion gold, there is still much that is interesting about its history and its manufacture.

Silver has a specific gravity of 10.50; it is less hard than gold, but harder than copper, and in a pure state may easily be cut with a knife. Inferior only to gold in malleability, it can be beaten out into a leaf  $\frac{1}{100,000}$  of an inch in thickness; while in tenacity, it surpasses its more valuable rival—a wire one-twelfth of an inch thick being capable of supporting a weight of nearly 200lbs. One of the most remarkable properties of silver, however, is that it reflects light and heat more completely than any other metal. The rays of the sun concentrated by the most powerful burning glass,

which would easily melt gold or platinum, strike powerless upon the highly polished surface of a silver object. They are reflected, not absorbed, and the metal remains unaffected by the heat. Another effect of this quality of silver is its power of retaining heat; whence its use for the manufacture of teapots, coffee-pots, and other vessels for holding liquids which are required to be kept as hot as possible.

Silver has been esteemed as one of the precious metals from the earliest times, and would seem to have been used as a medium of exchange even before gold. We read that Abraham purchased the field of Ephron for 400 shekels of silver, and Joseph was sold for forty pieces of the same metal. It is noteworthy, also, that the Hebrew word for silver has exactly the signification of the modern French word *argent*—meaning either "silver" or "money." Silver, however, was certainly not coined until it had been used for many hundred years as a medium of exchange. According to Herodotus, money was first stamped or coined by the Lydians, about 700 years before the Christian era.

The value of silver, as compared with that of gold, has varied greatly at different periods. M. Faucher is of opinion that, originally, silver, in some countries, was worth quite as much, if not more than gold. In the fifth century B.C., gold was only worth six times as much as silver, and in some ancient Egyptian laws we find the relative values of the metals fixed at two-and-a-half to one. The immense amount of silver obtained from Asia, Greece, and Spain, during the Roman Empire, caused its value to be much depreciated, but the deficiency of skill in working the ores, and the great demand for the metal for ornamental purposes in the sixteenth century, caused its value to rise to one-tenth of that of gold. During the last hundred and fifty years, its value has been pretty constant at one-fifteenth of the value of gold.

The chief silver-producing countries of antiquity were Nubia, Ethiopia, and parts of Greece; but the wealth of the Spanish mines was developed at a very early period, and was the principal support of the extensive commerce so long carried on by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Romans. A very valuable mine was opened by Hannibal himself, in the Sierra Morena. The Spaniards continued to supply Europe from their native mines until the discovery of the New World opened to them a fresh field for enterprise, in the golden realms of Southern America.

When Mexico was conquered, a very small amount of silver was found in the possession of the inhabitants, in comparison with the marvellous quantity of gold. But during the sixteenth century a great number of mines were opened by the Spanish colonists, and in the seventeenth, their productiveness was enormously increased by the discovery of large quantities of quicksilver, and its use in separating the precious metal from the ore. One mine at Valenciana averaged for many years together a produce of about £320,000 per annum. These Mexican mines, far from failing, are increasing every year in productiveness, and yield at the present time about £10,000,000 worth of silver per annum!

The celebrated mines of Potosi, in Peru, were for a long time unrivalled, but they have fallen off greatly in productiveness of late years; and owing to the heavy government dues in Peru and Bolivia, and the rude and inaccessible country in which the silver is found, the supply has fallen off to such a degree, that while Mexico alone exports annually more than 2,000,000 lbs.—only 600,000 lbs. are exported from all South America! Spain contributes about 150,000 lbs., Austria, 90,000 lbs., and Great Britain, 70,000 lbs. Silver, like gold, is also found in small quantities in almost every part of the world; but it should be remarked that in Great Britain it is very rarely found in a pure state, but chiefly combined with lead, from which it is separated by a very ingenious process called cupellation. Even in Mexico, the metal is usually found in such an impure state as to render its refining complicated and expensive. It is separated from its impurities in two ways—in the first method, the ore is crushed to powder in a mill, and the silver separated by means of mercury and common salt. This process is somewhat similar to that previously described in the article on "Gold," but more difficult and complicated, owing to the greater amount of impurity in the silver ore than in the quartz. In the second method, the silver is combined with lead by fusion, and afterwards separated by cupellation. In this process, the lead containing the silver is roasted in small crucibles or *cupels* made of bone ashes. These cupels have the property of absorbing the oxides of those metals which are affected by oxygen, and holding those that will not oxidize. A current of air is made to pass over the metal when in a state of fusion, and the lead, being oxidized by the oxygen, is absorbed into the cupel. When the oxidized lead or *litharge* is all absorbed, the cupel is withdrawn

from the furnace, and its contents are pure silver.

The silversmiths' art has been at all times held in the highest esteem among civilized nations; but it received a wonderful impetus in Europe from the triumph of the Christian religion, under Constantine, in the early part of the fourth century. Incredible sums were lavished on decorating the Christian churches, especially at Rome, with figures, shrines, and ornaments of silver, and sometimes even of gold; and communion vessels, croziers, and crosses, still remain to bear witness to the liberality and artistic taste of the early converts. France soon began to take a lead in the beauty of her works in silver; and Eloy, a celebrated artificer in the precious metals, was made a bishop by Dagobert I., and subsequently canonized. He did not cease to work after his consecration, and his example was followed by many of the French bishops. A taste for Saint Eloy's art was thus created in France, which continued to flourish in the monasteries and religious houses during many centuries of barbarism. The calamities which befell Italy during the seventh and eighth centuries, checked the progress of the art; but after the consolidation of the temporal power of the popes by Charlemagne, the pontiffs endeavoured to restore the churches to their former splendour. Leo III. is said to have caused no less than 300,000 ounces of silver to be worked up for the various churches in Rome. The influence of Byzantine civilization had a marked effect upon the silver work of the eleventh century, and gave a new impulse to the art. Suger, the minister of Louis le Gros, and Theophilus (who has left us a most interesting treatise on almost all the industrial arts of his time) kept up the old glory of France during the twelfth century. At the end of the thirteenth, the Italians once more took the lead in Europe. Their artificers studied in the schools of the great painters and sculptors, and the silversmiths' art rose in consequence to a high state of perfection. It would be out of place, in an article like this, to give a list of the great silver-workers of the middle ages, but we cannot pass over such a man as Benvenuto Cellini without a word. This great artist came into the world with the sixteenth century; he spent some years in Paris, at the Court of Francis I.; but executed most of his wonderful designs for his native city, Florence. Many of his productions have been preserved, by their extreme beauty, from the fate of almost all mediæval silver work, and are still the gems of many a rich collection.

Cellini, also, like Theophilus, wrote a treatise upon the art he cultivated, and died while writing his autobiography, in 1572. Previous to the fourteenth century there was very little silver in the houses of the laity—almost all the plate being in the possession of the clergy, or used for ecclesiastical purposes. In the luxurious days of Richard II., in England, however, plate began to be considered a necessary at the tables of the rich. But it seldom remained long in their possession, for there were no bankers in those days, nor any way of investing money, except in land; so when a sudden call came to be made upon a great lord, his only resource was to melt down his plate, or sell it at a ruinous sacrifice to an obliging Jew. Owing to this state of things, and to the disastrous civil wars in England during the fifteenth century, very little plate was accumulated in the mansions of the rich. The taste revived in the reign of Elizabeth, and flourished during the palmy days of the cavaliers, only to be put down as an abomination by the rude Puritans of the Commonwealth. The Renaissance in France produced many skilful artificers, whose efforts were the admiration of that wondrous period, but after the death of Louis XIV. the French style became greatly deteriorated. Much of the English plate of the time of Queen Anne is very beautiful, and, though somewhat too Flemish in character, is much superior to the French work of the same period. The tendency of time is to wear away distinctions, and little remains to be said about the distinctive peculiarities of plate in modern days, but it may be interesting to our readers to learn something about the mysterious marks with which all plate is stamped.

The English sterling, or silver standard, which term first occurs in the reign of Henry II., was of the fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwts. in the pound troy, and 18 dwts. of alloy.

At the present day, there is, nominally, a second standard—which, however, is never used—of the fineness of 11 oz. 10 dwts. to the pound troy. The real standard is still that of 11 oz. 2 dwts., as it has continued almost without interruption for more than six hundred years. By a statute passed in the year 1300, goldsmiths were prohibited from selling any articles of which the gold or silver did not come up to the standard, and the privilege of assaying these metals was conferred upon the Goldsmiths' Company, who stamped every article approved of with their corporate mark—a leopard's head crowned.

Various other marks were rendered ne-

cessary by subsequent acts of parliament, and up to the year 1550, three stamps were necessary:—1. The leopard's head; 2. The date mark; 3. The maker's mark. The date mark consists of a letter of the alphabet, which varies from year to year. The maker's mark is the first two letters of his name. These continue to the present day, and by this means the connoisseur can tell with certainty the age and maker of any article of English plate. In 1550, a fourth stamp was added—the lion passant, which continued until 1697, when the figure of Britannia was substituted for the leopard's head, and a lion's head erased, for the lion passant. In 1721, the original marks were restored, and continue up to the present time. In 1784, when a duty was imposed upon plate, a duty mark of the head of the reigning sovereign was added, making five in all. Since 1823, the leopard's head of the Goldsmiths' Company has been deprived of its crown. The alphabet at present in use is the small black letter, and the date mark from May 30th, 1869, to May 30th, 1870, is "o." There are also assay offices, with peculiar marks of their own, in Scotland and Ireland, as well as at Birmingham, Sheffield, and other English towns, but it would be far beyond the limits of this article to give any account of them.

Before concluding, we must briefly notice one of the most important uses to which silver is put in these days—the manufacture of plated ware. The art of plating is said to have been invented by a Birmingham spur-maker, who, finding that spurs—then usually made of solid silver—were liable to be easily bent and injured, owing to the softness of the metal, conceived the idea of introducing a steel foundation within a shell of silver. Finding the experiment succeed, he gradually made the silver thinner and thinner, and at last applied it, in thin sheets, over a complete steel spur. In the last century, however, a great deal of plated ware was manufactured in France, but very little in this country. The French system, which consisted of soldering thin plates of silver upon the articles after they had received their shape, was introduced into England early in the present century, and soon entirely superseded the old method of applying the precious metal to the surface of the ingots of copper before they were drawn out into sheets.

The superior process of electroplating, by means of which so much of the ordinary table plate is now manufactured, is quite a recent discovery. A Mr. Wollaston is said to have silvered copper in this manner as early as the year 1801; but the process did not attract

much attention until 1840, when Messrs. Elkington and Ruolz took out the patent for electroplating articles which has made their names so famous. The following is a brief sketch of the *modus operandi*:—The article to be silvered, being first cleansed and freed from every particle of grease by being boiled in an alkaline ley, is placed in a bath of cyanide of potassium, containing pure precipitate of silver in a state of solution. One end of a copper wire is then made to touch the article, and the other end is connected with a powerful electric battery. In a few hours the article is covered with a dead white coat of silver. This is afterwards burnished, and the process is complete. There is a good deal of delicacy in the operation; for, if the battery is not strong enough, the silver is weakly precipitated, and remains soft and easily worn off; whereas, if the current be too strong, the silver is apt to be precipitated in the form of black powder. Electroplated articles—especially such as are not liable to be much worn—will last for a very long time, and, strange to say, are less apt to tarnish than solid silver.

Silver is used for an infinite number of purposes to which I have not space to allude; and, whether regarded from a utilitarian or an æsthetic point of view, I think no one will be inclined to deny that its existence is a great boon to humanity.

### THE WASP.

PROPERLY speaking, perhaps, it was a “fly,” but being large and, moreover, yellow, we called it “Wasp.”

There are moments when—even to the most contented amongst us—the life of a cabbage, however peaceful and happy it may be, grows wearisome; and of all minor resources against *ennui* there are few more satisfactory or better fitted for the purpose than what I will call fireside travelling. There is an indescribable charm in escaping at will from the dull surroundings of the present, to betake oneself in memory to a sunnier past; to wander along a shore where fig trees dip down to the blue waters of the Mediterranean; to gather golden fruit in the orange gardens at Sorrento, or watch the white sails skim over the Bay of Naples. It is pleasant, also, to invoke not memory but imagination—aided by vague ideas gleaned from books of travel, seeing with other people's eyes and not our own; to lose one's self in vast primeval forests teeming with marvellous animal life; to sail amongst the coral islands of

the Pacific, past the feathery cocoa-nut palm upon the shores—to go, in short, anywhere in the wide world where one never has been. Yet on the whole, having tried them both, I am of opinion that retrospective travelling is the most enjoyable—the past is such a real and true possession, a realm of our very own in which to escape from out the present—and of all such travels the flight I most often follow is the flight of the Wasp.

It was on one sunny sixth of May that the above mentioned yellow-bodied conveyance rolled into the courtyard of our inn at Verona—a quaint old inn, with its staircase outside the house, on the broad wooden balustrade of which one could lean at ease and watch the scene below. People were busy in the court at that hour, and the open door of the big kitchen revealed the cooks busier still; the sun shone upon great brazen water pots which a scullion in paper cap had placed beneath the fountain and left there, while he formed one of an idle group surrounding a travelling carriage standing ready laden with luggage in the yard—not that the Wasp was insulted by any burden of the kind: a friendly post-chaise followed it throughout its flight bearing all the *impedimenta* of the journey. By and by there was a slight stir; the scullion became mindful of his brazen pots, by this time full to overflowing, while the bright water splashed over the hot white paving stones, and madame herself came out smiling to witness our departure—smiling, but with at the same time an ill-concealed anxiety upon her countenance, as she sought to read in monsieur's face whether the bill had been settled liberally, or with the usual amount of wrangling.

Oh those bills! and oh the consciences of innkeepers! Thinking thereof, I recall a certain morning at beautiful Spezzia. The vetturino waited—even the ladies were ready—the account had been duly presented, and the paymaster of the party was in the very act of producing from his purse the coins wherewith to pay it, when the chair he sat on—the landlord's chair—gave way beneath him and crumbled to the ground; he barely saved himself from an awkward fall. With anxiety depicted on his features, with a hasty “Scusa, Signor!” the waiter seized the unreceipted bill and fled; breathless he returned, and lo! now the bill bore the added item—“Damage to furniture, 5fr. 50c.!”

But the memory of no such cupidity mingles with memories of “my” Verona. I use the possessive pronoun advisedly; what we *know*, that we *have*; the world itself is larger to us

by such portions of it as we have beheld with our own eyes ; what we have not seen, *for us* has no existence. It is in this sense that I have a Verona, whither in my fireside travelling I betake myself at will : a stately town, encircled by strange castellated walls, noisy with the rush and dash of the noisy Adige, fresh with the sharp healthy air from the Alps—a city of fruit and flowers, a city surrounded by white-walled villas contrasting with the dark groves of cypress trees in which they nestle. I do not know what other people's Verona may resemble, but such is mine.

We had duly visited the lions—are they not recorded in “Murray?” we had “done” the Amphitheatre and Juliet's tomb—that ancient washing-trough of red Verona marble which no one believes in, and yet which “does just as well,” according to the philosophical guide-book aforesaid, as the real one long since destroyed. Certain it is, that we stood at Juliet's tomb, which is not her's at all, with thoughts of Shakspeare's heroine, and her perfect love story echoing in our hearts. Verona and Shakspeare are naturally connected in the mind, but it was at Florence that we saw “Othello.” The language bears translation into Italian better than into any other tongue, and it was Silvani whom we saw : a never-to-be-forgotten night ! It used to be said of this great actor, that so completely was he at times carried out of himself, so perfectly identified with the character he performed, that the Desdemona of the evening feared to appear with him. There was a story, whether true or not I cannot say, that he had once seriously injured the prima donna ; but however that may be, the musical Italian tongue, the passionate Italian nature, combined to give such a rendering of Othello, as those who were present can never cease to remember with keen pleasure.

Talking of acting—these people are born actors. In “my” Amphitheatre at Verona there is at one end of the vast arena a rough stage of wood, a few hastily put together boxes, and under the blue canopy of an Italian sky a company of strolling players are producing a commonplace little drama : the old thread-bare story—an everyday history of love and sorrow. There was the conventional “heavy father”—a venerable man, leaning on a stick ; a young girl deceived, betrayed, and returning home at last ; a lover of whom I do not remember much beyond that he represented the orthodox handsome villain of the piece : nothing more. But what acting ! Hardly able to follow the dialogue owing to

the *patois* of the performers, we leaned forward—interested, excited, completely carried away, not even ashamed of our emotion. The pathetic grief of the old man, the struggle between tenderness and pride, the final forgetfulness of all but his love for his erring child as he received her again, and the girl's despair at the death of her little one—by some accident which constitutes the sensation scene of the play—made an impression which even now, after the lapse of years, I can vividly recall ; and they were nothing more than a company of strolling players passing through the town. The Amphitheatre is frequently hired out for exhibitions of horsemanship, tight-rope dancing, or such entertainments as that we chanced to find there.

I sometimes in my own mind contrast the above scene with one witnessed in a little country town at home, where a troop of English actors played a tragedy, entitled “Catherine Howard,” wherein we were treated to an altogether new and original version of that unfortunate lady's history. The play opens in a vault, where Catherine, arrayed in white muslin, is discovered buried alive ; she comes slowly to herself, exclaiming, with much pantomimic surprise, “Ere ! hand halone !” and after a series of startling events, which it is not rash to say would be novelties to Mr. Froude himself, the play ends by Catherine's first husband appearing in disguise as her executioner. The blow of the fatal axe is heard behind the scenes, and the headsman, weapon in hand, rushes to the front, crying, “Catherine 'Oward ! Hi ham hanged.”

The contrast is sufficiently striking between this and the Italian drama, which, in memory, I behold for ever being played under the blue sky in the Amphitheatre of “my” Verona.

But the Wasp waits, and on that 6th of May we did not keep it waiting, but started without loss of time upon our holiday trip through the Tyrol to Munich. Conventionality we left behind in the quaint old inn ; as we rolled out of its courtyard we shook off the fetters that bound us to civilized society, and determined to be free. It was a week of freedom—it *is* so still, for how often do I once more take my seat in that open carriage and live over again that pleasant time ! In “my” Tyrol it is always May. The sky itself is not bluer than the fields of blue gentian which laugh up at it from the green earth ; the ground is a mosaic of bright flowers ; the cattle stand knee deep in grass, so luxuriant and so green that only in the Emerald Isle itself shall you find its equal ; peasants pause in their labour to look

after the Wasp as it flits by them, and give us a merry greeting as we pass ; in the hot noon hour we halt beside some rushing torrent and pic-nic there, while the horses rest ; in the warm still evening we reach Trent. There is a grass grown court before a dilapidated house standing in one of the arcaded streets of Trent ; a ruined fountain is in the midst, and the iron gate opening upon all this is situated somewhere near the church of St. Maria Maggiore, the church where the last Council sat—the Council that after 1869 will no longer be the “last” ! We stood upon the bridge that evening watching the river dashing along beneath us, until the stars came out. The river runs through the streets, under a wooden grating, and the washerwomen can perform their task in the town itself, if so minded. The next day, more green grass, more flowers, more, *many* more hills and valleys, brought us to Botzen, and here the banks of the rushing mountain stream, dashing over great masses of stone in its bed, were fringed with forget-me-nots, some of whose blue blossoms, faded now, are before me as I write. A railway runs to-day from Verona to Bolzano ; quicker, more convenient certainly, but—as pleasant ? I leave my fellow-travellers in the Wasp to answer ; I write of years ago ; there is no railway anywhere in “my” Tyrol, I am happy to say.

From Bolzano to Sterzing there lives in my remembrance—dust ! Dust on the road, on the wings of the poor Wasp, on our dresses, our very eyelashes—nothing but dust. As we entered the town, looking back, there came a diligence clattering on the road behind us—but a glorified diligence ! The steeds stepped on golden clouds ; soft golden clouds surrounded the whole apparition—under the wheels, beneath the horses’ feet—they trod no common earth, but a golden glory. Coming near, passing us, the golden glory was dust—clouds upon clouds of dust touched into a halo by the setting sun—it enveloped us, it choked us, it nearly suffocated us altogether. Even so does life appear surrounded with a halo of glory to young eyes ; so does it ever turn out but a dusty work-a-day affair after all ; yet, looking back at it from a distance, has it not recovered something—nay much, of its pristine splendour ?

The next morning I gathered a little wild blue gentian from off a child’s grave in the campo santo—the “holy field,” where the dead rest. Why have *we* no word like that—no better, sweeter name for our gardens of the dead than church-yard ?

Sterzing has curiously painted houses—it is in North Tyrol, and one thinks how often Andrew Hofer must have trodden the quaint streets. Looking at the many villages in the neighbourhood of this old town, we saw, in imagination, the “red flag” floating past them on the little river Inn, and the eager gathering of the peasants as they watched it come. But Hofer’s tomb is one of the lions to be visited at Innsbruck, and thither, over the Brenner Pass, the Wasp winged its flight. May was smiling still, our hands were full of flowers, but here on the Alps lay heaps of pure snow. The Brenner, beautiful as it is, is the least grand or lofty of the Alpine passes : the Wasp traversed it easily enough, bringing us in good time to Innsbruck. Here, in the Franciscan church, we recall the days when the achievements of Theurdank excited the interest of his much bewildered subjects. Enthusiastically as he was beloved here in his own Tyrol, the caprices of Maximilian must have sorely puzzled his friends. Later, standing beneath the spire at Ulm, up which one of his rash freaks led him, to the great danger of life and limb, but that the king was hardly less of a Tyrolese hunter than of a monarch, and recalling him in his best days, full of life and strength—full too of noble impulses—there was present with us the thought of the tomb in the dimly lighted Franciscan church, and of the colossal statues looming in the dusk around it. In the hurried flight of the Wasp there is little in “my” Innsbruck save the Franciscan church, and the giant figures ; it was evening when we saw them, and, in memory, looking back over my shoulder as I leave the church, I see them still ; the very name of Maximilian recalls them standing there grimly guarding his quiet rest.

Possibly a railway runs now from Innsbruck to Munich ; of course there does—I have no doubt of it—there is one everywhere—but I will not verify the fact in the pages of my “Murray” until it is my fate to take that road again. In the days I write of, we chose a line unusual even then, by Wallensee, a mountain lake, but after all met with no worse trouble than a difficulty in finding horses. There lives in my remembrance a little post-town, where in the open space before the inn the tired horses were taken from the Wasp, and that inestimable insect, somewhat battered and travel-stained since it had left Verona, stood helplessly immovable. It had lost its wings. In other words, fresh horses there were none. Clouds threatened, too—the sky grew dark, a few drops fell—and we betook ourselves inside the inn,



into a room with sanded floor, where peasants sat drinking beer from Bohemian glass mugs; we drank beer, also, from similar mugs, while our post-boys came in to bear us company, and the host despatched a stalwart wench to bring horses from the plough. In due time she returned leading two and driving others before her, being followed by German sons of the soil, whose energies were concentrated upon their pipes. The rain now fell in torrents, the good Wasp reared the shelter of its hood and strong leather apron; and so we sped on through the chilly air towards Wallensee. I remember no town or village there. I remember nothing but a lake and a little inn; searching through a guide book to refresh my memory, I can find no mention of the place. What a triumph! In my fireside travels I visit a spot not alluded to by "Murray!" I go down a steep hill to Wallensee, a hill growing steeper and steeper as we proceed, a long hill—down, down through a forest of fir trees; there is a shining as of water through the trees; it grows lighter over head, and the rain ceases as we emerge from the wood, upon the shores of a deep dark lake. All the evening we row about the lake in an old fashioned punt; at one point we land and fill our hands with wild flowers from the bank; there are dark wooded hills all around, the sky grows crimson with the sunset, then the lake fires and is crimson too; and so on the red water, we row to the little inn standing upon—seeming to stand *in*—the lake itself. While we dine, the storm that has threatened all day, comes down in earnest, the thunder rolls over head and is echoed back from the pine forest; later, all is quiet and the stars appear; through the night the waters whisper and lap about the walls of the little inn, lulling us to sleep; when we turn half awake in bed the waters are whispering and lapping still.

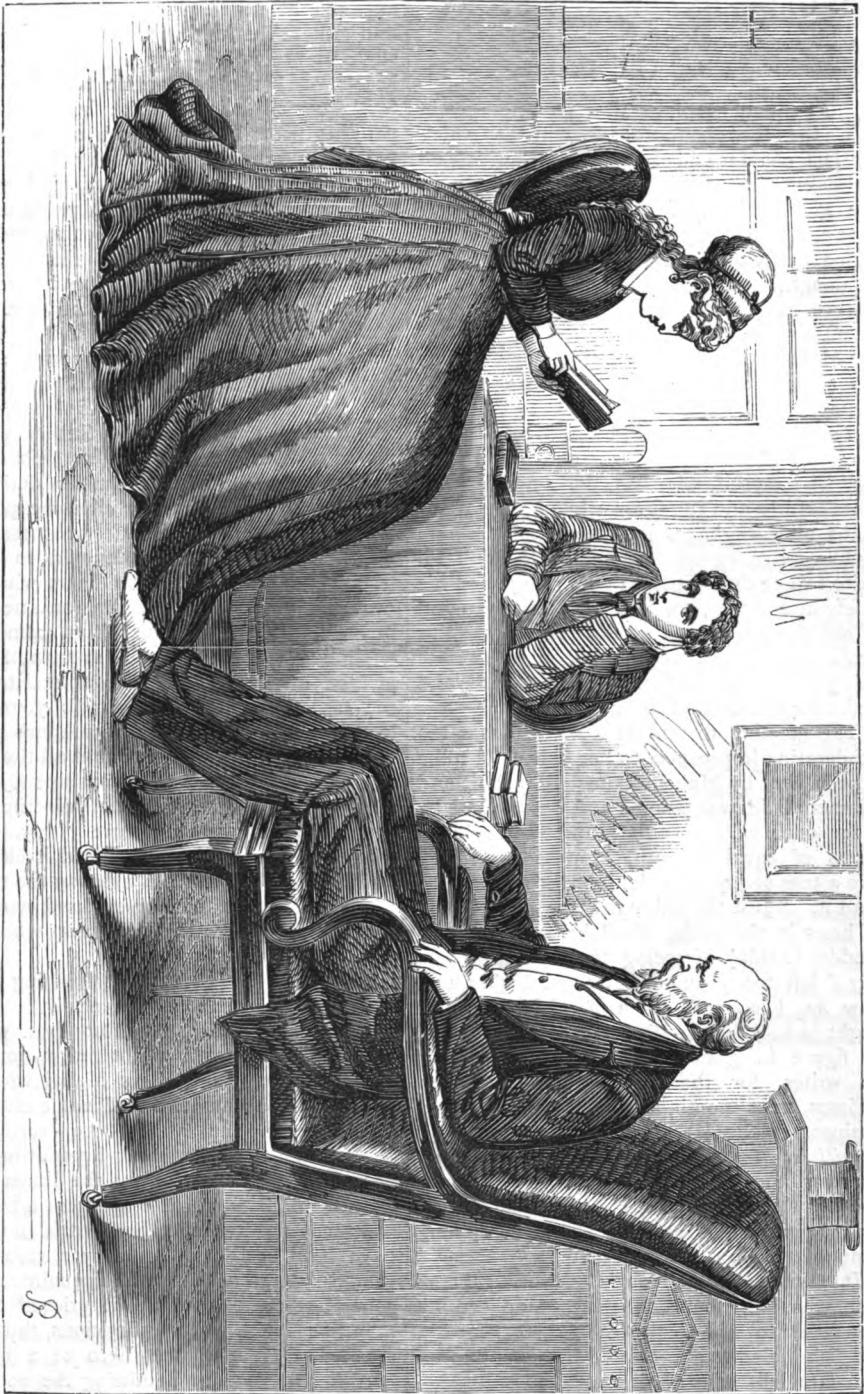
But Wallensee is not in the Tyrol. Somewhere between here and Innsbruck we passed the post painted blue and white—we passed the Bavarian frontier—and at the inn upon the lake we were introduced to our first real German eider-down quilt—that inconvenient covering, which, however still you lie, contrives to slip off upon the floor, and leave you shivering. A little child of our party, after much puzzling over the "great enormous green silk pillow," decided that the way to be comfortable was to sleep *upon* it; and there we found her, sunk so deeply into its soft depths that the silken mass closed almost completely over her, and there—with the addition of a shawl by way of cover—we left her as in a nest. A friend of mine, travelling in Germany, once hit upon an expe-

dient to prevent the loss of his *duvet* at the first slight movement he might chance to make in his sleep. The box-like German bed stood against the wall, to which, with a few tin tacks, he proceeded to nail the quilt; raising it, after the manner of a lid, he crept underneath, and lay there in warmth and comfort, until the morning, when he left it still fixed to the wall, doubtless to the intense astonishment of the chambermaid; only, he was an Englishman, and the world has long since ceased to be astonished at anything we do.

We left the mountains behind us on the last day of our trip; coming out from amongst them upon the wide plain, hill-surrounded, in which Munich stands, we looked back regretfully; slowly the rough outlines softened and melted into each other as we drew near the city; passing over a rut caused by some drainage-pipe or other in the street, the poor Wasp gave a great lurch. "The springs are broken at last!" we exclaimed. But what matter? our interest in the springs had ceased. Travel-stained, shaken, somewhat out of repair, the Wasp disappeared from the yard of our hotel. We saw it no more, but we left many a pleasant memory amongst its moth-eaten cushions. I wonder if its next travellers were the better for them? Whether, dozing on the way, their dreams were happy?—whether, waking, they were conscious of some influence that made their thoughts bright? Surely it *should* have been so; for, in spite of its ominous name, there are none but bright thoughts connected in my mind with the flight of this Wasp without a sting.

#### ADIEU.

SHALL you not love me, sweet,  
 With rich soft hair and fair,  
 As we sit with the sands at our feet,  
 And breathe the glad salt air?  
 You look in my face and laugh,  
 With your little light laugh and sweet;  
 Ah! you smile for the worthless chaff  
 When you have stolen the wheat.  
 You smile for our old young days,  
 And cry, with a laugh, "Forget."  
 Forget you our love's delays  
 With my kiss on your cheek still wet?  
 Shall your heart not utter a sigh,  
 Nor the blood thereof quicken its pace?  
 'Tis hard as the glance of your eye,  
 And cold as your marble face.  
 Yet bend low your head, sweet fair,  
 Let me kiss the small veins and blue,  
 Let my hot lips burn thine eyes and hair,  
 As they bid for ever "*Adieu*."



"AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY."—(See page 523.)

## AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY.

## CHAPTER II.

NOT many evenings after an utterance of the oft-pronounced eulogium with which our last chapter ended, the effect of which on an imaginative and enthusiastic temperament like Mabel's, was, of course, proportionately strong, Sir Geoffrey was performing his preliminary part of cutting open the *Times*, which his daughter was about to read to him, when his eye caught the name of the very man on whom his thoughts had lately dwelt.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed, "Jasper Osborne has come home as I expected—has had an audience of the Duke—has been to Windsor, and all that; I wonder if, by and bye, he will ever find time to run down and see an old foggy like myself, who has done nothing but plant turnips and run foxes, while he has made Sikhs and Affghans, Persians, and Chinese fly like sparrows before a hawk! I think I'll write two or three lines to wish him joy on his safety and promotion, just to put him in mind of old times; and who knows but a week or two's quiet in the country, when he tires of being made a lion of, may do him good, and make boys of both of us once more."

The meeting, distant as it seemed, was too exhilarating in prospect to her father not to be kept in view by Mabel. The letter, short and characteristic, was penned and despatched by a for once willing scribe; and the reply, in terms of equal warmth, brought something like a tear of joy into the baronet's eye as he read it. "Just the old man!" he cried—"full of heart in the midst of all his spoiling! and gladder to think of seeing an old brother sub. (for I left too young ever to get higher, and now *he*, I suppose, is a Field-Marshal, or ought to be!) than to dine with crowned heads, or figure in grand galas. He must wait, he writes, for the installation of Grand Crosses, next month, and do some necessary business at the Horse Guards, and then—if I will let him!—he proposes beating up my quarters, and my covers too (he was a famous one for the pheasants when he could hardly hold a gun), and having, please God, long chats over school and camp stories."

It was not long ere the "Conquering Hero"—in whose honour Mabel was induced by her father to add to the limited stock of old English melodies appreciated by his untutored ear Handel's triumphal march so entitled—made his appearance; and like the victor of

old, it was to "come, see, and conquer." Not only did he take by storm—with his manly and gallant bearing, and total absence of the slightest pretension—the already prepossessed hearts of his old comrade and his warm, frank, boyish son and heir; but Mabel, prepared to greet in her father's school-fellow a veteran grown grey amid every vicissitude of toil and climate, beheld, with mingled astonishment and admiration, the realization of every day-dream of a poetical and cultivated mind in a man immeasurably superior to all the commonplace individuals whom her secluded education had brought before her view.

Sir Jasper Osborne, at two-and-fifty, would have challenged, in court or camp, the admiration of more experienced judges, and might have laid himself and his laurels, without fear of repulse, at the feet of many a votary of fashion. But his first leisure, after paying, in the shape of public duties and scarce less public hospitalities, the penalties attendant upon "achieved greatness," had been, as we have seen, devoted to private friendship. And the noble heart which had beat unmoved while basking, for a necessary interval, in the radiant court atmosphere encircling our heroes on the return of peace, yielded insensibly and without resistance to the fascinations of his friend's young and lovely daughter, enough of a soldier's child to have followed and appreciated all the glories of the war and of its most prominent leaders, and enough of a delicate, discriminating woman to estimate even more highly, the rare modesty which "blushed to find itself fame," and long wilfully shut its eyes on the triumph which the union of bravery and gentleness was achieving over the only heart whose possession he had ever coveted.

Even to the not very discerning eyes of a father (sharpened, however, by a natural desire to see his daughter thus worthily mated) a thousand slight indications had conveyed, that though his Mabel would not "unsought be won," she had not breathed for many weeks the atmosphere surrounding her father's friend, without luxuriating in its congenial glow. And when the lingering on, from week to week, of one whom a thousand welcomes awaited elsewhere, could no longer have been set down, even by a vainer man than Sir Geoffrey, to "auld acquaintance," or schoolboy companionship, it grieved the old man to see with what pertinacious, though unaffected diffidence, the hero of a hundred battles shrank from admitting the possibility of a conquest over youth and beauty.

It required all Sir Jasper's confidence in the integrity and candour of his old friend's character, were his hints of devotion on his daughter's part at the shrine of her self-elected idol, could be admitted, far less appropriated, by the genuine humility of a noble nature. Nor was it till a timid withdrawal of apparently unappreciated homage on the part of his child, quickened the anxious parent's sense of its extent and reality—that its full, though silent reciprocation was avowed by its long incredulous object.

The avowal made not only two, but three human beings supremely happy; the more so that at the bridegroom's considerate suggestion, his beloved was to remain for some time at least a resident under her father's roof—Sir Jasper's scruples in robbing his friend of his daughter almost equalling his diffidence in possessing himself of the treasure. A brief sojourn in the Pyrenees, combining, amid exquisite scenery, the exercise of a pencil, which had beguiled the tedium of many a solitary quarter, with benefit to an occasionally troublesome gunshot wound, sufficed to send the lovers home, primed for tenfold enjoyment of the old England to which Sir Jasper had been so long a stranger.

Surrounded by kindly neighbours, among whom Mabel had grown and flourished—a sort of universal pet and pride—his unaffected urbanity and genial warmth of temperament endeared Sir Jasper inexpressibly to the limited circle, in whose warmth the man of world-wide fame was content to sun himself; persisting, with his unconquerable modesty, in attributing to the fascinations of his child-wife the atmosphere of kindness and good-will in which they both luxuriated.

Securing their own happiness by joint efforts towards promoting that of all ages and ranks around them—adored by the young, for entering heartily into every innocent amusement; respected by the aged, for uprightness in every public and private relation; blessed by the poor for never forgetting, amid social enjoyment and domestic happiness, their less favoured neighbours, the successful general had well-nigh forgotten his toils, his triumphs, nay, even his laurels, among the sheltering hollies, beneath whose shade the first two years of his married life glided joyously away.

Then came a cloud, and a dark one, big with successive thunder claps, over the scene of tranquil bliss, too perfect, perhaps, for continuance here below. The young heir of the Hall, Mabel's gay, bright, amiable, if not very clever brother—devoted, like his father,

to field sports of every description—was overtaken by the reckless sportsman's too characteristic doom—a fatal fall in the hunting field extinguishing at once the hopes of a fond father, and the male line of a proud and ancient family.

It may be believed that all the comfort and solace to be derived under such an affliction,—shared in to the utmost by the affectionate heart of Mabel—was afforded by her and her husband; who, removing at once to the Hall, devoted themselves heart and soul, to compensate to its bereaved owner for the untimely loss of his boy. They had hoped much from their united efforts, and the smiles and infant prattle of his baby grandchild; and for a time these seemed to cheer the drooping spirits of the prematurely-aged baronet. But with the return of the hunting season, the loss of his gay, youthful companion and late efficient substitute in the field, was realised more painfully than at any former period. Hounds, horses, all the paraphernalia of the sport became sources of a daily rankling mind-torture, under which the spirit of the once devoted Nimrod drooped and finally gave way.

He died, full of gratitude to his old comrade for the happiness of his darling girl, blessing Mabel and her infant with a grandsire's depth of affection; yet pining for reunion with the boy of whose rosy infancy his grandchild but too well reminded him.

"I am but a useless old fellow, Jasper," he would piteously exclaim; "good for nothing but to be in people's way. You and Mab will do a great deal better when I am gone."

These two humble predictions were far from being realised, and for many a long day the dutiful daughter felt her "occupation gone;" and, but for her husband and child, would have experienced the desolation always more or less attaching to the last survivor of a time-honoured line.

So inexpressibly, indeed, had these fast-following shocks saddened to poor Lady Osborne the home of her childhood, that Sir Jasper hastened to remove her from its cold grandeur, and untenanted rooms to the humbler home in the neighbourhood which his forethought had provided, at a time when his succession to the family mansion was not even dreamt of; the more readily that since her brother's death some surmises, hardly amounting to doubts, had arisen, whether, on the failure of the male line, the estate could descend to females. The case, during a lineal succession of some dozen or more of baronets, had never occurred, and

might have to be investigated; though the absence, as far as known, of even any collateral male heir would, in all probability, open to Lady Osborne and her boy the unquestioned succession to the Hall.

It was fortunate, perhaps, that after more than a year's indulgence of a sorrow too natural not to obtain his willing sympathy, the claims of duty, public and private, and the remonstrances of friends, compelled Sir Jasper to winter in London, where his house soon became the rendezvous of the most distinguished companions of his former exploits, among whom his young and lovely wife was an object of almost chivalrous devotion, so well did she seem suited for a "help-meet" to the hero they all admired. And well might the rising champions of their country, as well as its tried defenders, and many a fair countrywoman of the envied object of his choice, look up, with a sort of pardonable idolatry, to a man who, on the pinnacle of military glory, was simple and unassuming as a novice, and who, gifted with every advantage of mind and person, could yet wonder that man should venerate or woman love.

Among those few remaining relatives whom, amid the crowd of later acquaintances, it was a pleasure to the gallant veteran to seek out and cultivate, there was a lawyer cousin, of whom, immersed as they were in different pursuits, Sir Jasper had lost sight for many years, and only remembered as a fine, handsome, manly boy, whom he would fain have persuaded a doting mother to let him make a soldier of—a vocation to which, at that time, the spirited lad would have had little objection. His maturer tastes, however, led him to acquiesce in his original destination for one of the learned professions; and at the end of his university career he declared for the bar, and entered, heart and soul, into the studies indispensable to success or distinction.

During the first laborious year or two, the young man had systematically abstained from such society as a limited London acquaintance placed within his power, influenced unconsciously by motives less palpable than simple prudence. But when the drudgery of the profession had been mastered, the still diligent student felt more at liberty; and equally pleased and gratified by the kind solicitude of his distinguished relative to make up, by cordial hospitality to his "mother's son," for not having been permitted, as he playfully wrote, to manufacture him into a hero.

The overture had been made and followed up during the days of Sir Jasper's sole hero

and bachelor reign in the London world; and when kindly and pressingly renewed in the name of himself and his bride at a later period, during their joint town sojourn, it had been a double joy to the good General to find in his own kinsman the early friend and college chum of his wife's brother, and to endow Cecil, as such, with a Benjamin's portion of willing hospitality. Though the sad, chastened feeling of a common bereavement, and the perfect happiness of Mabel's wedded life, had lent to her sisterly greeting a tone of friendship, as pure and simple as that with which she and Cecil had parted some five years before—and though, on his part, no resuscitation of a feeling for all those years steadily ignored, repressed his frank rejoicing that one, herself so worthy, had been so worthily mated—yet, on the close of the season, Cecil had ceased to accept his cousin's invitations, and not only pleaded, but entrenched himself in legal avocations.

A visit at the "Hollies" during the ensuing season had been talked of, and pressed by the disappointed host. But the expediency of declining it (if such existed) had been obviated by the sudden necessity of a journey, early in autumn, to a milder climate—to remove, if possible, the more distressing symptoms connected with Sir Jasper's old wound, which had disappeared during his former successful visit to the Pyrenees. A winter at least, passed among those healing springs, was now expressly ordered; and a break-up—a final one the invalid himself foresaw it to be—in his loved English home took place with a haste precluding all farewells.

Some weeks of delusive improvement, amid the scenery painfully endeared to both by happier recollections, were succeeded by months of prostration and languor; during which the hitherto defied and baffled foes of a lifetime—toils, climates, and anxieties—seemed to have rallied their forces for one tardy, but too successful, attack.

They made, alas! sad havoc of the frame—never robust, even when erect in manly pride—now bowed into premature feebleness by the reaction of hardships long gone by. But the unconquerable hero-spirit, wearied from its external manifestations, still triumphant over disease and suffering, never, perhaps, shone out more ineffably superior than in its noiseless conflict with the stealthy approach of the destroyer.

Serene, sweet-tempered, unselfish, suppressing every indication of suffering to spare his Mabel a pang, and hailing every interval of ease to beguile her into cheerfulness, Jasper

Osborne died as he had lived, his every thought and care for others—words of tender gratitude on his lips, a bright smile presaging future reunion, and eyes that in closing rested on his wife and child.

Months, gliding into years—two, at least—elapsed ere Mabel, whom no father, or mother, or brother survived to welcome to her two equally forlorn English homes, could tear herself away from the spot, where, beneath the shadows of those lovely mountains, behind whose hoary peaks her sun of happiness had gone so sadly down, her warrior “alone in his glory” had been reverently laid by the few loving lingering English visitants of B—. That she should rouse herself sufficiently to undertake the homeward journey might have been doubtful, had not her late husband’s solicitors urged upon her the necessity of returning to England to prove Sir Jasper’s will; and to take such steps as might be expedient in circumstances which would be explained to her by a member of the firm, now travelling in the south of France, whose kindly offered escort would facilitate the painful task of removal.

This left Lady Osborne, ever alive to the claims of duty, no alternative; and Mr. R—, on arriving to perform his willing office, found her calm, resigned, nay, ready to accompany him, and fulfil, thus tardily, perhaps, the often-expressed wish of his father—that “my boy” should be reared and educated at home.

That “home” she at once resolved (spite of many a pang connected with her former happy days there) should be the “Hollies,” a choice strengthened into determination by the tidings communicated by the agent; involving, he informed his client, legal questions of great importance, on which her trustees (two friends of her late husband’s) proposed, in pursuance of directions to that effect in Sir Jasper’s will, calling in the experienced aid of his kinsman, Mr. Cecil Cunliffe.

It was long since that once familiar name had fallen on Mabel’s ear, and it might well have startled her, coming thus unawares from strange lips, had aught beyond the simplest and purest regard on her part characterised either her earlier or later intercourse with her brother’s comrade or her husband’s cousin; now strangely selected by that husband’s partial foresight to be her son’s champion in a probably arduous contest.

“He was always a favourite with Sir Jasper,” she would quietly remark to her informant, “and with my poor father and brother, who owed much to him at college; strange it will

be if he proves equally a friend to little Felix!” Of Cecil, again, it may be said truly, that though less fortified by hallowed self-sought ties than Mabel against the intrusion of boyish dreams, before, long before she was another’s, he had buried them fathoms deep among things studiously to be forgotten. And when that fresh barrier—scarcely viewed by him as such—arose between them, he dropped over their crumbling ashes a granite tombstone, never, he believed, to be raised by mortal hand.

It was, nevertheless, with a thrill of long-suppressed emotion that he found himself some three years after their last meeting, summoned as the legal referee designated in Sir Jasper’s will to direct with his advice the trustees under his marriage settlements (for of the will Lady Osborne had been left the sole executrix) in a point of difficulty which baffled their non-professional skill, and which sufficed to create (the summons bore) no small amount of uneasiness.

The documents which it might be necessary to search out and examine being, it was presumed, in the muniment room at the old Hall, it was to that long deserted mansion Mr. Cunliffe was requested to repair, to be met there by his two coadjutors, whose hospitalities at their several neighbouring abodes he was requested to partake; while the close vicinity of the “Hollies” would facilitate the necessary intercourse with their joint clients. Cecil’s feelings on revisiting the scene of his brief youthful holiday were of a strangely mingled character. How seldom, without even the lapse of so many as seven years, can we return to some hospitable roof, and find there no changes save the gentle inevitable ones which Time brings noiselessly along! A few more grey hairs—a gait less erect—a step more feeble in the elders, we think we are prepared for; and yet even these silent footfalls of age strike us, on whom they have not stolen imperceptibly, with painful surprise. The vacant chair, even of the hoary patriarch or octogenarian grandmother, seems filled, like Banquo’s, with some “shape” of well remembered kindness.

But when that warm-hearted host, fuller apparently of health than years, whose vigorous parting grasp we had hoped often to exchange for a shake of cordial greeting—and whom, in our youthful gratitude for past favours we had endowed with fabulous longevity—is no longer on his threshold to meet, or at his board to welcome us, when the still handsome and erect matronly figure, ever on “hospitable thoughts

intent," has vanished at the call of premature decay, we feel as if, with the host, all of the dwelling, save its cold walls, and still colder hearths, had undergone some inexplicable change.

If we are young, however, we can, after the first shock, fall back on the companions of our pastimes—on the generation to be to us, we fondly hope, even "better than their fathers," and with whom we may look forward to long years of intercourse, endeared, if saddened, by our joint recollections of those who have only "gone before." But when these, too, are stricken, when the sword of the boy hero hangs idly beside the mute hunting-horn of his stalwart father—(hung up, alas! in sad unnatural precedence, before that horn's last blast was blown!) the "place" which knows "father and mother and son alike no more," becomes, indeed, so strange and desolate, that we ask ourselves if it could ever ring with noisy mirth, or even heartfelt cheerfulness, and wish we had never trod its ghostly floor again, but left it to the blithe memories of former and happier times.

And when, as in Cecil's case, to the blank occasioned by the deaths of his kind host and stately hostess, was added the loss of a younger and loving comrade, cut off in his prime by sudden accident, it cannot be wondered that he shrank from "treading alone those banquet halls deserted," and those scenes of inanimate nature peopled with memories embittered by sharper pangs than regrets for the departed. Not old Sir Geoffrey in his ancestral marble, or Lady Dorrian in her, no doubt, richly decorated coffin, or the son lying prematurely stricken at the feet of both, were more deeply, solemnly, interred, during many subsequent years at least, than that "baseless fabric of a vision," if it ever assumed even an incorporeal shape, Cecil's love for Mabel. Was it, indeed, exorcised, and for ever?

## THE PAROLE OF LITERARY MEN.

THERE was an excellent article, not long since, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, on "Quoting and Capping," in which the author, Mr. William Sawyer, has given some examples of felicitous quotation, and spoken of its charm and the qualities on which its merits depend. He might aptly have cited the following passage from Boswell's "Life of Johnson" (May 8, 1781):—"The subject of quotation being introduced, Mr. Wilkes censured it as pedantry. Johnson: 'No, sir, it is a good thing; there

is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the *parole* of literary men all over the world.' Wilkes: 'Upon the Continent they all quote the Vulgate Bible. Shakspeare is chiefly quoted here; and we quote also Pope, Prior, Butler, Waller, and sometimes Cowley.'"

I will add a few examples to those given in Mr. W. Sawyer's paper; and, as he has spoken of the "practical capping" to Burke's celebrated dagger-speech, I may remark that it was further capped in one of the brilliant speeches of Sheridan, who, in his invectives against Burke for defending the conduct of the allies in the Polish revolution, said, "Why had he never come to brandish in that House a Russian dagger, red in the heart's blood of the free constitution of Poland?" adding that "in his heart is a record of brass for every error and excess of liberty, but on his tongue a sponge to blot out the foulest crimes and blackest treacheries of despotism." Many happy classical quotations occur in Sheridan's speeches, and it was in one of them, that, when denouncing Burke, he applied so wittily the motto of the *Sun* newspaper:—

Solem quis dicere falsum  
Audeat?

In one of his addresses, Burke retaliated on Sheridan, by alluding to his convivial habits and long speeches, in the following quotation:—

Solid men of Boston, make no long potations,  
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations,  
Bow, wow, wow!

Sheridan at once retorted upon Burke, by saying that there was another moral precept in that system of ethics to which he alluded, and he begged to remind him of the couplet—

He went to Daddy Jenky, by Trimmer Hall  
attended.

In such good company! good lack! how his  
morals must be mended!

Burke was furious that his morals should be attacked; but Sheridan coolly observed that he appeared to have such a superabundance of morals that he might easily spare a portion to the gentlemen who surrounded him.

Of that power for classical quotation of which Dr. Johnson spoke, several witty examples are told of Dr. Parr. When, in taking down some books from his shelves, a critical work of Lambert Bos fell upon a volume of Hume, he promptly said, "*Procumbit humi bos.*" When some one opened the window of a room, while he was suffering from a cold, he said, "That draught of air is too much; at present, I am only '*par levibus ventis.*'"

When a lady, at a musical party, in passing a table on which lay a valuable Cremona violin, accidentally swept it on the floor with her mantua, Parr quoted Virgil's line—

Mantua, vix miseræ, nimium vicina Cremonæ !

(Ec. ix. 28). When asked for an address to a tea-chest he promptly gave the words "*Tu doces*"—"Thou tea-chest :—" though this joke is also attributed to his friend, Lord Erskine. A caricature of Dr. Parr was published, representing him as preaching and smoking, and using the quotation, "*Ex fumo dare lucem*." When he tried for the head-mastership of Harrow, and was opposed by one who made a long, swelling speech, a Harrow boy wittily quoted the line—

Si te rupeis, non par eris.

A Mr. Colc, of Cambridge, left money to erect St. Clement's Church, Cambridge, on condition that his name was plainly inscribed on the exterior of the tower. It was done thus : "COLE : DEUM," i.e., "Worship God." Vere Foster asked Dr. John Taylor, editor of *Demosthenes*, why he was going to sell his horse. The doctor replied that he could not afford to keep a horse in such hard times. "Then," said Foster, "you should keep a mare. As Horace says,

Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
Servare"

When Wakefield published an edition of the "Hecuba," Porson, who had done the same, said,

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should publish her ?

And, when Hermann accused Porson of being more dictatorial than explanatory in the metrical decisions contained in his notes to Hecuba, Porson replied to him with an epigram in Greek, accompanied by a translation in English, about "Hermann the German," which is equal to his other epigram on Professors Brunck and Ruhnken. When Hermann's pupil, Passow, published his lexicon, he is reported to have happily quoted Horace (Car. lib. III. xxx.) in reference to Brasse's lexicon, "*Exegi monumentum ære perennius*." Another ode of Horace was quoted by Bishop Heber, when, after dinner, the removal of the white cloth revealed a green-baize covering to the table : "*Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis*" (Car. lib. IV. vii. 1). Bishop Heber also wittily quoted Horace's "*Exsomnis stupet Evias*" (Car. lib. III. xxv. 9), when the fat gentleman, who was known by a peculiar nickname, awoke and asked in astonishment

what they were all laughing at. A Vice-Chancellor, who was unjustly hissed by the undergraduates in the Senate House at Cambridge, bowed to them politely and said, "*Laudatur ab his*." When Sir Robert Walpole was talking to his friends of retiring from the cares of office, he quoted Horace (Ep. lib. II. ii. 214),

Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti ;  
Tempus abire tibi est.

When a friend observed, "Yes, my Horace says so ; but I should have thought that in your Horace it was bribe-*isti*."

When Lord Sandwich (who was known by the *sobriquet* of "Jemmy Twitcher," and is said to have been the inventor of the sandwich) was First Lord of the Admiralty, and was entertained by the Corporation of Worcester, a servant let fall a neat's tongue, and, when the Mayor apologised for the mishap, Lord Sandwich said, "Never mind, it is only a *lapsus lingua*," which raised a laugh. An alderman who was present, treasured this saying in his memory, and quoted it when his servant threw down a leg of mutton, and was greatly surprised at his quotation falling so flat. When Paley took his doctor's degree, in 1795, he made a false quantity in *profugus*, pronouncing it *profūgus*, upon which one of his hearers, quoting from the opening of the *Æneid*, said :—

Italiam, fato profūgus, Lavinaque venit  
Litorea :

adding, "*Errat Virgilius, forte profūgus erat*." When a classical lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, was laughed at for pronouncing *nimirum* with a long accent on the first syllable, Porson defended him, by saying that Horace had declared to Claudius Nero, that there was only one person who really understood the word—(Ep. lib. I. ix. 1) :

Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus.

Porson's powers of apt quotation were unusually great, and this, together with his prodigious and exact memory, is shown in an anecdote (much too long to be here quoted), in which, commencing with an apology for borrowed shoes, he and a learned friend quoted and capped, in quick succession, felicitous passages from Horace, Theophrastus, Theocritus, Æschylus, Bion, Homer, and other classical authors.

If the new members of the new House of Commons are desirous to follow Dr. Johnson's advice in not scorning classical quotations, it is fervently to be hoped that they will allow



*Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi* to be a thing of the past; together with that terrible *Timeo Danaos*; and that more aggravating *Sic vos non vobis*, of which everyone has long been heartily sick.

### TABLE TALK.

“**A** BALLET GIRL” writes to the *Times* to seek protection by making public the hardship that she and her companions undergo at Christmas time. She says that the smiling fairies we see dispersed aloft in the transformation scene of a pantomime are strapped to iron bars and compelled to look happy under pain of dismissal. This part of the nightly performance she calls “the terrible ten minutes,” and most heartily do we sympathise with her terrors. We have always thought that it must be a dreadful ordeal for a poor girl to undergo to be hoisted up, perhaps fifty feet, and suspended in mid air, and we only hope that the Lord Chamberlain may see this ballet girl’s letter, and may not think it derogatory to his dignity to follow its advice.

A SUBJECT OF INQUIRY by no means uninteresting, and certainly instructive, is that of the period of domestication of once wild animals. Who first tamed dogs? When were cats taken from their tiger-haunts into the homes of men? Who harnessed the first draught horse or first put panniers across a donkey? This last question has been made the subject of a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences. It appears that Professor Owen, returning from Egypt some months back, pointed out, as one fact of his observations, that horses and asses were absent from the numerous and careful representations of Egyptian life and usages, as these were some four thousand years before our era: and he inferred that the founders of Egyptian civilization, if they came from a country where solipèdes abounded, immigrated at an epoch anterior to the subjugation and domestication of these animals. Now, an Egyptologist takes exception to this conclusion, so far as the ass is concerned, for he cites an abundance of monumental evidence to prove that this quadruped was universally employed in Egypt and Syria as a beast of burden, from the most distant times to which graphic records and mural paintings refer. With the horse, matters are different; there is no evidence of its use in the countries to the south-east of the Euphrates, up to the time

when the shepherd-kings were dominant, or some sixteen centuries before our era. The high antiquity of the donkey’s office ought to enhance our respect for him, and our appreciation of his patience under bondage and burthen. For six thousand years, at least, has his race been persecuted: is his present dejected condition, then, a thing to wonder at?

FOR SOME YEARS past the *Times* has persistently forced upon its readers a novel spelling of certain words, with the apparent expectation that the innovation would be universally adopted. One of these words was *diocese*, which, in whatever part of the paper it might occur, was, for several years past, spelt *diocess*. Perhaps the leading journal has seen the error of its spelling, if not of its ways; or, perchance, the compositors may have been affected by the near approach of the genial Christmas season. Any way, in a leading article in the *Times* of December 23, 1869 (on the subject of the Œcumenical Council), we again meet with our long-lost friend “*diocese*.”

“ELECTRICITY IS LIFE,” say the advertising medical galvanists; and, no doubt, there is truth in the dictum. Not only do animal systems exhibit certain phenomena admitting of an electrical explanation, but plants and seeds manifest actions which go far to prove that the subtle fluid plays an important part in the vitality of the vegetable world. Strange things have been written upon the curious effects produced by passing galvanic currents through seeds and young trees; one learned man once declaring that some electrified seeds which he sowed, grew to plants having their roots in the air and their cotyledons in the soil! The famous Becquerel has told of some strange experiments on plant galvanization, but of nothing so comical and perverse as this. Just now, an amateur electrician, Edwin Smith, by name, is making a series of researches that have led already to results that are very interesting and that may develop into something important. By inserting two little plates of platinum, at a short distance apart, into the stalks and roots of plants, and connecting each by a wire with an exceedingly delicate galvanometer, he has been able to prove the existence of electric currents, sometimes running in one direction, sometimes in another, through the stem. For instance, in a rhubarb stalk the current flows from root to leaf, and this seems to be a general direction with all plants, at all events

in spring-time, when these experiments were made. When transverse currents are sought for, they are found to run from the outside to the centre of the stalk; and from the upper to the under side of a leaf, in some cases, but from the under to the upper in others. A raw potato shows a flow of electricity from the centre towards the skin; but a lemon, a turnip, a gooseberry, and a pear, give currents flowing in the opposite direction, and so does a cold boiled potato. A nasturtium growing in a flower-pot, showed that it was giving a current to the earth from which it was deriving sustenance, but at the same time sending one from the root end to the leaf ends of the stem. It is too soon to theorize upon these manifestations; but, as Mr Smith says, they are enough to set one thinking.

IS IT A VULGAR ERROR to suppose that Frenchmen imagine Englishmen to be prone to severe attacks of "the spleen" and to suicidal thoughts during the months of November and December? At anyrate, a Parisian friend said to me, the other day, when we were speaking of a common acquaintance who had just started for Port Said, "See the consequences of your November fogs! all the thoughts of your nobles and enriched ones are now turned to suicide!" It is supposed that the ingenious foreigner meant a play upon the words "Suez side," and that he referred to M. de Lesseps' canal.

THE PHRASE "runaway eyes" in "Romeo and Juliet" (iii. 2), is one that has proved to be a *crux* to Shaksperian commentators, who have argued and fought over it in the accustomed manner, and have either agreed with Collier and Knight that it should be "un-awares," or else have found some other new reading of their own. I wonder what a critic of the future would say, if when looking through a file of old newspapers, he were to light upon a Worcestershire paper of the date of November, 1869, and therein to read a police case in which it was stated that the prisoner was drunk from having been to a "runaway mop." What sense, or what nonsense, would the critic make of this expression! Yet, singular as the phrase may be, "a runaway mop" is an expression that would be well understood in many localities, especially in the midland counties. There, the statute fairs or hirings are ordinarily called "mops;" a hundred years since they were termed "mapps," and the word is but an abbreviation of that word *mappa* that was applied to some

of the Roman games. Occasionally a second mop is held, shortly after the first, and this is termed a runaway mop from its having run away from its usual course and collected the runaways from the regular mop. Although these mops and statutes have, in some places, dwindled to a shadow of what they were, yet in many parts they still flourish, like weeds of evil growth, despite the efforts made by the clergy and laity in the establishment of servants' registration offices. The Yorkshire Martinmas Statutes, this last November, were as largely attended as usual, and marked by the same riotous drunkenness and profligacy. Of course the secret of the popularity of such evils is to be found in their affording to the agricultural labourers and their friends that revelry and merrymaking from which their lack of holidays deprives them. If their rational amusements were extended, they would not find so much pleasure in noxious excitement.

FROM AMERICA comes the report of a wonderful steam engine that is being constructed by an ingenious artisan, Trafton by name. Its marvellous element is to be its diminutiveness: all the metal to make it is to be furnished by a silver half-dollar, and when completed it will stand under a glass case three-quarters of an inch in diameter. The diameter of the cylinder will be one-sixteenth of an inch, and other dimensions in lilliputian proportion. The boiler will hold eight drops of water, and half this quantity will, it is expected, run the engine for several minutes. In case there should be any who are indisposed to credit the possibility of human fingers making such a machine, I can tell them that I have seen steam engines much smaller constructed by a clever model maker in London. Imagine a microscopic copy of the great engines of the *Warrior*, so small as to stand upon a three-penny piece, with all the essential parts accurately reproduced to scales, and all so perfectly finished and fitted that the machine actually worked! This beats the American curiosity that is to be; and it is a *fait accompli* and not a thing merely talked about. The man whose fairy-like fingers fashioned this little metallic insect made many similar models. He had, and I saw work, a small edition of the *Great Britain's* engines that would stand on a shilling: this mechanism actually propelled a steamer a few inches long. It was astounding to see the workmanship of this artist in mechanics; watch-making was coarse bungling compared to some of it. Death seized him too

soon, poor man! or the world would have heard more of him. Before he died, he sent for all his patrons' watches (he had been a watchmaker in his time) and set them in order that he might leave his work at its best.

THE INHABITANTS OF BOSTON, U. S., are never tired of telling us, how greatly they surpass the denizens of all other cities of the civilized world in intellectual vigour and culture. They lay particular stress upon the generally high level of education, comprising all classes. If this be the case, one cannot help wondering to whom the three following advertisements, taken at random from one copy of a leading Boston journal, can be addressed with any hope of satisfactory results!

Mrs. Colgrave, 120, Court Street, the celebrated clairvoyant, has removed from 169, Court Street, as above. Mrs. C. has been more successful, and given better satisfaction than any other medium at present in the city. As a test medium for the recovery of lost or stolen property, or in case of sickness, she is invaluable.

Madame Clarkson has removed from Prince Street, to 395, Hanover Street, where she will continue to tell the past, present and future. Also French lotion for the complexion, which will remove tan, &c., &c.

Madame Defaust will examine and prescribe for all diseases, give advice on business matters. Letters containing a lock of hair and 1.00 dol. will meet with prompt attention.

ON THE 11TH of the month, the first day of Hilary Term, the judges breakfast with the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn, and drive down with him in their respective carriages to Westminster Hall. This is a very old custom; but the proceedings on arriving at the Hall have been greatly curtailed. Formerly the sergeants used to assemble, in their robes, in front of the Court of Common Pleas, and were formally saluted by each of the judges in order with "How d'ye do, brother—I wish you a good term;" but since the exclusive right of the sergeants to practice in the Common Pleas has been abolished this custom has been discontinued. At present, the judges only walk up Westminster Hall in procession, and make formal bows to the assembled barristers on taking their seats upon the bench.

TO THOSE CONSCIENTIOUS PERSONS who dislike to make use of any one's service without paying for it, the crossing-sweeper is a constant embarrassment. How far is his calling to be regarded as a legitimate one, and to what extent is he to be accepted as a servant of the public? Generally humble in his demeanour,

and less importunate than the unserviceable beggar, the pedestrian has compunctions in entirely ignoring him, and on the other hand feels that the claim of each sweeper being equal, if he gave to all the tax would be too heavy to be borne. He therefore compounds with his conscience by dropping a copper here and there; just enough to make it worth while for these men to stick to their idle trade. One day, on starting to walk from Knightsbridge Green to Charing Cross, I determined, as an experiment, to pay at every crossing on my way. I gave the smallest current coin—a halfpenny, and on reaching my destination had disbursed ninepence halfpenny. I had traversed nineteen crossings in my twenty minutes' walk, and arrived with my boots *very dirty*. I could have had a cab for a shilling or a seat in omnibus for threepence, and saved time and shoe-leather. The next (equally dirty) day I started from the same point to pay a visit in Victoria Street. Leaving home about one o'clock, which appears to be the fashionable dinner-hour with Belgravian sweepers, I found every crossing deserted, and in ten minutes got so muddy as to be quite reckless for the rest of the way. At Victoria Station a little red-coated fellow applied his brushes so deftly to my dirty boots that in two or three minutes I was turned out quite neat and spruce, to enter my friend's handsome rooms. The charge for this was three halfpence. I gave my shoe-black two-pence and we parted reciprocating polite thanks. The fact is, that the crossing-sweeper is an unprofitable servant, and one of the disgraces of our streets. The public has already been mulcted in a rate for the unperformed duty these volunteers undertake: but, as usual, the State neglects the work for which it compels us to pay, and we, as usual, endure the abuse in indolent silence. The streets are not cleansed, nor the crossings swept, properly. We ought to insist on this being done, and there are plenty of men, women, and children, entirely supported on public money, who might, and ought to, be employed in the business.

A NEW TALE, of powerful interest,  
entitled

THE MORTIMERS,  
A NOVEL WITH TWO HEROES,

BY THE

EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK,"

Will be commenced in the first number of Vol. V. (February 5th). "The Mortimers" will be illustrated by HABLÖT K. BROWNE (PHIZ) and other Artists.

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 108.

January 22, 1870.

Price 2d.

## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

**A**LTHOUGH but a short time had elapsed since the discovery made at Doddington, a fresh rumour had reached Lord Bideford that Sir Charles Pennington, possessed of evidence sufficient to establish his claim to the earldom, was about to institute proceedings in order to have the question decided. Dr. Craven had learnt that this was positively the case during a recent visit to the rectory, and as he happened to mention it to a patient who was an intimate friend of the earl, it was by that means communicated to his lordship. However indignant that nobleman felt at anyone presuming to dispute his right to the title, he had not the slightest anxiety as to the result. He could far more readily have realised the possibility of his being proved a native of the Sandwich Islands than that he was not the head of the house of Bideford. He had a deep conviction, too, that it was rather a fortunate circumstance for mankind he occupied so distinguished a position. His eminent services as a legislator had been acknowledged by the high honour conferred upon him by the sovereign, and his liberality as a landlord had been proved, after a very bad harvest one year, by his returning ten per cent. on the amount of rental to most of his tenantry. Of late, as we have seen, he had applied his powerful intellect to the study of republican institutions, and he hoped, by writing a book, to impress his friends with a belief in his ability as an author. Had he been aware that the young man who was about to undertake this work had been engaged in seeking evidence to support Sir Charles Pennington's claim, it is hardly necessary to say that the interview described at the close of the last chapter would have had a very different termination.

Soon after Fenwick's return to Northumberland Street he opened the manuscript entrusted to him by Lord Bideford, and after much tedious scrutiny managed to decipher sufficient to show him that it merely consisted in a few extracts from other works that had been written upon the same subject.

A tap at his door was followed by the appearance of Mr. Hurlston.

"Well, my young friend," he said, glancing round the room, "I perceive that your quarters are less comfortable than mine. Lodging-house keepers have a wonderful aptitude for dispensing with all superfluous articles of furniture. No doubt you wish that I had waited to receive an invitation before coming to you; but don't let my presence disturb you, for I shall only remain a few minutes. Tell me what success you have met with to-day. It isn't mere curiosity that prompts me to ask the question. The fact is, I am beginning to take an interest in you. Have you secured an appointment at five hundred a-year?"

"No; but I have obtained some temporary employment. The first person whom I had to call upon was about to bring out a new paper, but he objected to me on the ground that I had not had any experience as a writer. This gentleman, whose name is Figg, appeared to have some singular ideas on the subject of newspapers."

"Figg! What, Adolphus Figg?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I have heard of him from the man to whom I offered to introduce you. This Figg, not long ago, was a comic singer at a music-hall. His connexion with newspapers has hitherto been limited to buying the copyright of a weekly paper, which he sold again at a small profit a month afterwards. Now that you know what his previous occupation has been you can hardly be surprised that his notions about journalism did not agree with your own. So he declined to avail himself of your services, eh?"

Before Fenwick could reply, Mrs. O'Sullivan quietly opened the door, and, closing it carefully behind her, walked up to Mr. Hurlston.

"Do ye know any one of the name of Myers?" she asked, in a low voice.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because there's two gentlemen wid thick sticks sittin' in the drawing-room, and one of them says he's an ould friend of yours. When I opened the street door, and tould them to wait while I took the message up-stairs, they said they would, but instead of that they followed close on my heels. As ye weren't below, nor in yer bed-room, I thought ye were out, and tould them so. But they said they weren't in a hurry : and there they are waitin' for ye."

"What kind of men are they?" asked Mr. Hurlston, in his usual loud tone.

"Faith, I can't tell ye ; but I don't like the looks of them, nor yet their manners."

"It's rather strange that I should receive a visit of this kind. I never had an old friend named Myers. Be good enough to say that I am very much engaged, and ask them to state their business."

Mrs. O'Sullivan was saved the trouble of taking this message, for at that moment the door was unceremoniously opened, and two shabbily dressed men walked in.

"What do you mean by entering my room without permission?" said Fenwick, sternly.

"My name is Myers, officer to the sheriff of Middlesex, so don't you go putting yourself out of the way on my account. We can get on nicely without your meddling in the matter, Can't we, Sam?"

The man thus appealed to nodded his head, and grunted as he stationed himself close to Mr. Hurlston, to the evident astonishment of that gentleman.

"Now, Mr. Hurlston, you will have to come along with us, unless you can pay the money due," said Mr. Myers.

"This is the most infamous proceeding that I ever heard of! Am I to understand that you are going to arrest me?" asked Mr. Hurlston, his face flushing with passion.

"Well, I rather think that's about the size of it, and as we're partic'lar busy this evening, the sooner you gets ready the more pleasant it will be for all parties, not excepting this gen'leman as occupies the room we're in."

"All this is perfectly inexplicable. Is it possible that in a civilised country a man can be put in prison for debt without any legal proceedings having been first taken against him? There is only one person to whom I owe more than five or six pounds. Show me your authority, that I may ascertain if it is the scoundrel

I suspect who has subjected me to this indignity."

"There it is," said Mr. Myers, showing a paper. "You see it's all quite correct. So don't make no more fuss about the matter."

"It's the man I supposed," said Mr. Hurlston, turning towards Fenwick. "But how he has been able to arrest me without the slightest warning is what I am utterly unable to understand."

"Well, to save any more waste of time, I'll tell you," said Mr. Myers. "You was going to leave this country, and he swore you told him so. That's the way he got leave to put a stopper on you without delay. Now I'll just ask you one question:—Have you got money enough to pay?"

"I am possessed of property worth three millions sterling," replied Mr. Hurlston, with energy.

"My eye!" exclaimed the bailiff. "You are an uncommon rich old gen'leman as ever I see. Excuse my having intruded on you. Dooty is dooty, sir. Let me see how much you'll have to give me to settle this little business," he continued, taking out a pencil and putting down some figures. "Twenty-six pounds, five shillings, and I only wish it was more. I'm a bit ashamed to have given any trouble about such a trifle. Ain't *you*, Sam?"

The man who kept so close to Mr. Hurlston looked hard at his own boots, as the best way of signifying a proper state of feeling.

"Observe this fellow, how his tone changes when he hears that I am wealthy," said Mr. Hurlston, turning to Fenwick. "Suppose I were to offer you twenty pounds, Mr. Myers, upon condition that you knelt down and kissed the carpet at my feet, would you accept it?"

"You try me, sir, and see if I'm too proud to do it."

"Degraded creature! I perceive that you are provided with most suitable employment."

"You never mind my employment," said Mr. Myers, sulkily. "Are you going to pay?"

"No," said the old man, in so loud a voice that the bailiff started back. "Although, as I have just told you, my estates are worth millions, I am unable at this moment to command a sum sufficient to satisfy your claim."

"Then you've been trying to humbug us, have you? As you don't seem inclined to come with us when you're asked civil, we shall have to be rough with you. Take hold of him, Sam, and bring him along."

"Stop," said Fenwick, interposing. "Are you unable to pay any part of this money, Mr. Hurlston?"

"At present quite so. It's useless, however, to ask these fellows to give me any time. They have no power to do so."

"Then I will pay the money for you," said Fenwick, taking out the few bank-notes that he possessed, and placing the necessary amount upon the table.

"You may do so with a full reliance upon the promise which I now make you, to repay it ere many days elapse. It is not my habit to borrow from any one; but in this case, you see, there is no way of avoiding it, except by going to prison."

Mr. Hurlston, as he said this, displayed no emotion at this unexpected act of kindness on the part of Fenwick.

"Now then, Sam," said Mr. Myers, when he had placed the money in his pocket-book. "There's no occasion to trouble these gentlemen with any more of our company." Then he made a clumsy bow as he said "good evening," and left the room, followed by Sam.

When the sound of their retiring footsteps had died away, Mr. Hurlston said, with a smile,

"Do you know that you have just done a very foolish thing, Mr. Towers?"

"If I had, one would hardly expect that you would be the first to tell me so."

"Oh, don't imagine that I am ungrateful for the service that you have rendered to me. Still, I repeat that you have acted foolishly in lending your money to a comparative stranger, unless, indeed, you can afford to lose it without any inconvenience."

"When I tell you that the sum I have just paid was more than half of all I possessed, you can form some idea as to whether its loss will occasion me any inconvenience," rejoined Fenwick.

"At your age I was equally impulsive in my generosity. You must learn to control yourself better for the future. I say this because, however contrary to my experience, I really believe that you have assisted me without any mercenary motive."

Mr. Hurlston held out his hand and grasped that of Fenwick.

"You are busy," continued the old man, "and I have already interrupted you for too long a time. Rest assured that you shall have no reason to regret having assisted Ulysses Hurlston."

He drew himself up to his full height, buttoned his old dressing-gown across his chest, and stalked out of the room with a great assumption of dignity.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

IT is not yet eight o'clock, but very little of the remaining daylight finds its way into Hanging-Sword Alley. That ill-paved passage is so narrow, that one might easily be persuaded it had been specially contrived with the view of encouraging friendly intercourse between the residents on one side of it and those on the other. At any rate, it is certain that animated conversations have frequently taken place between opposite neighbours without their finding it at all necessary to cross their respective thresholds. The rain is falling in a steady torrent, and Mr. Bender stands at his door looking wistfully towards the little public house at the corner, in the hope of being able to catch a glimpse of the potman, who usually makes his appearance at this time with a large can in which he carries the beer for supper. At length, when Mr. Bender's patience is almost exhausted, he sees the man for whom he is waiting, and orders an unusually large quantity of porter. The necessity for this outlay will be understood when it is stated that the detective is entertaining a select party of friends. Porson has just succeeded in obtaining employment in the police; and, at the suggestion of Mrs. Bender, the event is about to be signalled by a supper, to which he has contributed a couple of fowls.

The superannuated watchman occupies his usual seat by the cupboard, upon which he keeps a watchful eye. In honour of the occasion he has allowed his greasy old coat to be exchanged for a better one; but for some reason he has stoutly refused to allow it to be taken out of his sight—so, to humour him, it is hung upon a nail by his side. Mrs. Bender has just dished the supper, and placed it on the table, as the welcome announcement is made by her daughter Tilly that the porter has arrived.

"Then we're right now," says Mr. Bender, vigorously rubbing the edge of his carving-knife against a fork. "You sit next me, Mrs. Pryor, and then I'll be able to take care of you."

"Much obliged to *you*," replies Porson's landlady, "but anywheres will do for me, because I'm not a going to stop long."

"Hullo! why what does that mean?" asks Mr. Bender, in surprise. "Ain't you going to spend the evening with us?"

"It's quite impossible to do that, leastways not what I calls spending an evening, which going away at a little before ten is not."

"But why need you go away so early?"

"She's got her business to attend to," answers Mrs. Bender, with some severity. "I wish some people as I could name looked as sharp after theirs as she does."

As Mr. Bender does not wish to give his wife an opportunity of enlarging upon the subject which he knows is uppermost in her mind, he goes on carving without asking for any further explanation.

"I'm afraid you'll have a wet walk of it, Mrs. Pryor," remarks Porson, as he helps her to potatoes.

"It do seem set in for the night; but it ain't so very far from here to Lombard Street."

Mrs. Pryor has become much more civil towards her lodger now that there is a prospect of her obtaining the rent that he owes her.

"Perhaps you can look in when you come back? I suppose your business won't take long to finish, if it's a cheque you're going to present at any of the banks," says Mr. Bender, with a laugh.

Mrs. Pryor explains, with becoming dignity, that she is going to get the keys of the Leviathan Assurance Office, where Mr. Mansfield is working late that night. Then the conversation turns upon Mr. Bender's children, and she takes the opportunity of observing that Tilly is wonderfully like her father, but looks delicate.

"I never could see that she was a bit like me," says the detective, shaking his head.

"You can't see any further than the end of your own nose!" cries Mrs. Bender, sharply. "Ain't Mrs. Pryor, as is the mother of a family——"

"Three dead and two living, my dear," murmurs Mrs. Pryor.

"——better able to judge about such matters than you?"

"Come, mother, let's be agreeable," returns Mr. Bender. "Tilly may be like me or not—it don't much matter either way. But as to her being delicate, you won't persuade me into believing that. Why, she eats as much at a meal as I do, and I'm a pretty good hand at my knife and fork, I can tell you. If that girl dies in her early youth, it will be through busting herself."

The young lady whose appetite is thus made the subject of remark breaks into a plaintive howl, and is not consoled till she is handed about half a pound of cake by her sympathising mother. At this juncture, the postman knocks at the door and leaves a letter for Mr. Bender, who reads it attentively, but of course without

considering it necessary to make any apology for this interruption in his duties at the table. His wife watches the expression of his face, as he deliberately refolds the letter and puts it in his pocket. She sees that he is both surprised and annoyed. When he leans back in his chair, and slowly rubs his chin, she knows also that he is endeavouring to solve some professional problem which is more than usually difficult. The silence which has continued for some minutes is broken by a cry from Tilly, who is engaged in a sharp conflict with her brother, arising from that young gentleman having tried to dispossess her of the piece of cake that she was eating. Parental authority having restored order, Porson tries to promote conversation, by an allusion to the sheets of rain, which beat against the window.

"I hope there's nothing in that letter, which will oblige you to go out again to night," says Mrs. Bender, looking at her husband.

"I'm uncommon glad to say there ain't, for I don't want to leave good company."

"Is it from the superintendent?" asks Mrs. Bender, putting the kettle on the fire.

"No," answers the detective, laconically.

"Then just hand it over here and let me have a look at it."

This request seems to occasion Mr. Bender some embarrassment, which he endeavours to hide by getting up and uncorking a bottle of whiskey.

"Did you hear what I said?" she inquires.

"You're not sharp-sighted, I know; but you ain't become suddenly deaf as *I've* heard on."

"Ah," sighs Mrs. Pryor, "my poor dear husband never got a letter—which it wasn't often that anyone wrote to him—without *my* seeing it."

"Very likely, ma'am," says Mr. Bender, dryly. "But will you excuse me if I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," replies Mrs. Pryor, with emphasis.

"Was your poor dear husband able to read?"

"Large print he could; but I must say as writin' tried his eyesight terrible."

"Well, it don't try mine, and therefore it's a pity to trouble my wife with business correspondence."

Old Bender, who has finished his supper and is dozing in his chair, catches the last two words.

"Foller it up, Jack, foller it up," he says, opening his eyes. "If it's business, there's money in it."

"Quite right, guv'ner. I'll look after it, don't you fear," answers Mr. Bender, nodding kindly to his father.

"I'll look after *you*, unless you give me that letter," says Mrs. Bender. "If I was a gossiping woman as couldn't keep a secret, it would be very different. When Clinker was alive he always used to consult me if he had anything very partic'lar on hand, and many is the good——"

"Lord, how you do go on!" exclaims the detective. You're destroying the harmony of the company. If you'll be quiet I'll show it you just now. See if the water is boiling, I'm going to propose a certain party's health."

It being nearly ten o'clock, Mrs. Pryor declares that she cannot remain another moment. Whereupon Porson, who seems much interested in the state of the weather, goes to the door and looks out. A violent gust of wind obliges him hastily to close it.

"It's raining as hard as ever," he says, rubbing his hands and approaching the fire.

"It don't matter if tenpenny nails was a falling, I must go," returns Mrs. Pryor. "I've got a good thick cloak and a umbreller, which is something towards keeping off the wet. I know Mr. Mansfield's ways, and if I was to break my promise he would go on working there till midnight."

After much persuasion Mrs. Pryor is prevailed upon to drink a glass of raw whiskey, as a preventive from catching cold, and takes her departure.

The remains of the supper being removed to another table, and Mr. Bender's glass being filled with steaming liquid, he feels that the time has come for proposing the toast of the evening.

"You're only a super as yet," he commences; but by attending to my advice you'll get made one of the reg'lar force. Wherever you are, Porson, keep your eyes and ears wide open. You never can tell when a bit of information picked up by chance may be useful. I remember one night last year seeing a young man give a splendid diamond ring to a barmaid, and afterwards order in half-a-dozen of champagne for those that were present. I studied his face and listened to the tone of his voice. When one of his friends mentioned his name I wrote it down in my pocket-book. Within three months there was a reward offered for his apprehension on a charge of embezzlement. I caught him soon after, as he was going to get into a train at King's Cross."

"And did you receive the reward?" asks Porson.

"Part of it: the rest went to the fund established by the commissioners of police."

"Precious little you got of it," says Mrs. Bender.

"Well, it wasn't much, I admit. But you can't expect us to be allowed to pocket all the rewards that's offered. Why, I'm blest if I shouldn't retire in three or four years if that was the case. What I've just told you, Porson, is only one case out of many where my taking notice of things has proved advantageous to me."

"When you've finished sounding your own trumpet, perhaps you won't mind asking whether I'm going to drink Mr. Porson's health out of an empty glass," says the detective's wife.

"It's not expected that you should do anything of the sort, mother," answers Mr. Bender, as he proceeds to mix some whiskey and water for his spouse.

The toast is then given and drunk with becoming cordiality. Mr. Porson clears his throat preparatory to returning thanks. But at that instant there is a loud knocking at the door. It is opened by Mr. Bender, and to his surprise Mrs. Pryor enters, looking very pale. She is a good deal out of breath, and drops into a chair without speaking. Mr. Bender, concluding from these symptoms that she requires a stimulant, loses no time in offering one; but she pushes it aside with her hand.

"There's something gone wrong," she gasps. "What with wind and rain, and walking so fast, not to mention other things, it's hard to get out a word."

"Take your time, there's no hurry," says Mr. Bender, coolly.

"I've been down to that office in Lombard Street, and got there as the clocks were a striking ten. But I knocked, and knocked again for above ten minutes without anyone coming to let me in."

"There's nothing much in that. He has gone home earlier than he expected."

"No, he ain't," rejoins Mrs. Pryor, quickly. "I'm certain as there's something wrong, for there was a light burning."

"Gone asleep," suggests the detective.

"Begging your pardon, I'm pretty sure he ain't, for I made noise enough at the door to wake the dead."

Mrs. Pryor shudders, and glances round when she has said this.

"It does look rather queer," observes the detective, thoughtfully.



"Oh! do come with me, and see what's the matter," she adds, earnestly.

After a moment's consideration, Mr. Bender gives his consent, and hurriedly puts on a heavy overcoat. As they turn out of Hanging-Sword Alley, the wind and rain rush upon them with increased force. Mrs. Pryor has so much difficulty in managing her umbrella, that Mr. Bender hires the first cab he can obtain. On their way he listens attentively to his companion's account of Mr. Mansfield's foreboding, and draws his own conclusion from it. Arrived at the office of the Leviathan Assurance Company, he tells Mrs. Pryor to remain in the cab. There is a faint light observable within, which seems to proceed from the back part of the ground floor. He batters at the door for some time, but there is no reply. A policeman who has been sheltering himself in a doorway is attracted by the noise, and joins him. They exchange a nod of recognition, and Mr. Bender, after a brief explanation, gets upon the shoulders of the man, and looks through the window. A single jet of gas is burning, and a hat is hanging upon a peg near to it. The rest is hidden by a low partition of wood and glass. Mr. Bender descends, and communicates what he has seen to Mrs. Pryor, from whom he learns that the hat he has noticed must, from the position it occupies, belong to Mr. Mansfield. The detective no longer hesitates as to the course he ought to pursue. There is a working locksmith in a neighbouring by-street, and the policeman, at Mr. Bender's suggestion, goes for him. Mrs. Pryor remains for some minutes seated in the vehicle, absorbed entirely in her own reflections. Mr. Bender paces calmly up and down the wet pavement, in front of the Leviathan Assurance Company's Office. The regular sound of the detective's heavy footfalls is the only noise that disturbs the silence of the street.

"What's the best thing to do?" asks Mrs. Pryor, putting her head out of the cab window.

"Get the lock picked," answers Mr. Bender. "You leave it all to me, and I'll see that everything is done in a proper way."

The constable comes back in a little time with a man carrying a bunch of thick wires bent at the ends. It is a long time before he can accomplish his task, but at length he succeeds in opening the door. Mr. Bender goes in first, followed by the policeman. They advance towards where the gas is burning, and push open the door of Mr. Mansfield's room. The great balance has been made. Upon the floor lies the corpse of the cashier.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE EASTERN ARCHIPELAGO.

### NO. III.

FROM Borneo, where we left him in our last article, Mr. Wallace proceeded to Java, where he spent about three months and a half, from July 18th to October 31st, 1861.

Taking it as a whole, and surveying it from every point of view, he considers it as "probably the very finest and most interesting tropical island in the world." In area it is nearly equal to England. Its whole surface is magnificently varied with mountain and forest scenery. It possesses thirty-eight volcanic mountains, several of which are 10,000 or 12,000 feet high and some of which are in constant activity. "The animal productions, especially the birds and insects, are beautiful and varied, and present many peculiar forms found nowhere else upon the globe." At Wonosalem, where he first settled, Mr. Wallace obtained several specimens of the magnificent Java peacock—which is a different species from that of India, the neck being covered with scale-like green feathers, and the crest of a different form. "It is," he observes, "a singular fact in geographical distribution, that the peacock should not be found in Sumatra or Borneo, while the superb Argus, Fire-backed, and Ocellated pheasants of those islands are equally unknown in Java. Exactly parallel is the fact that in Ceylon and southern India, where the peacock abounds, there are none of the splendid Lophophori and other gorgeous pheasants which inhabit northern India. It would seem as if the peacock could admit of no rivals in its domains." In two of the peacocks which Mr. Wallace obtained here the tails were more than seven feet long. In the course of a month, he collected ninety-eight species of birds, including the rare green jungle-fowl (*Gallus furcatus*); six kinds of woodpeckers; four kingfishers; "the fine horn-bill (*Bucerus lunatus*), more than four feet long; and the pretty little lorikeet (*Loriculus pusillus*) scarcely more than as many inches."

In November, 1861, we find Mr. Wallace at Lobo Raman, in the centre of the east end of Sumatra. Although it was so rainy that he could not do much in the way of collecting, he succeeded in working out a most marvellous butterfly problem. The male *Papilio memnon* is a splendid butterfly of a deep black colour, dotted over with lines and groups of scales of a clear ashy hue. Its wings are five inches in expanse, and the hind wings are rounded with scalloped edges. The females not only

differ from the males but from one another, and may be divided into two groups—those which resemble the male in shape and only differ in colour, being often nearly white; and those which have no resemblance to the male in shape, the hind wings being lengthened out into spoon-shaped tails, no rudiment of which is perceptible in the males or in the other group of females. These tailed females are remarkable for a peculiar ornamentation of the surface of the hind wings with stripes and patches of white or buff; and from this peculiarity these females, when flying, closely resemble another butterfly of the same genus—the *Papilio coön*. The use of this resemblance—which there are sound natural history reasons for our knowing not to be accidental—appears to be, that the butterflies imitated belong to a section of the genus *Papilio*, which for some unknown cause are not attacked by birds; and by so closely resembling these in form and colour, the female of the *P. memnon* escapes persecution. The most singular fact connected with these distinct female forms is, that they are both the offspring of either form. A single brood of caterpillars is found to produce males as well as tailed and tailless females; and forms intermediate in character seem never to occur.

Mr. Wallace's quaint illustration will, perhaps, make this strange story clearer to the minds of our readers. "Let us suppose," he says, "a roaming Englishman in some remote island to have two wives—one a black-haired red-skinned Indian, the other a woolly-headed sooty-skinned negress; and that instead of the children being mulattoes of brown or dusky tints, mingling the characteristics of each parent in varying degrees, all the boys should be as fair-skinned and blue-eyed as their father, while the girls should altogether resemble the mothers. This would be thought strange enough, but the case of these butterflies is yet more extraordinary, for each mother is capable not only of producing male offspring like the father and female like herself, but also other females like her fellow-wife, and altogether different from herself!"

Another strange story, in which protective resemblances of another kind come in play, is told of the Leaf butterfly, which is of the same family and about the same size as our Purple Emperor. Its upper surface is of a rich purple, variously tinged with ash colour, and across its fore wings is a broad bar of deep orange, so that when on the wing it is very conspicuous; yet, though he often watched it flying into a bush among dry or dead leaves,

he could never detect it, till it suddenly flew out and similarly disappeared. One day, however, he saw the exact spot where the butterfly had settled, and although it was close before his eyes, he was some time in discovering it, for "in its position of repose it so closely resembled a dead leaf attached to a twig as almost certainly to deceive the eye, even when gazing full upon it." For an account of the way in which it can effect this wonderful disguise that saves it from the observations of birds and reptiles, we must refer our readers to pp. 204-7 of Mr. Wallace's first volume. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable case of protective imitation known, but there are hundreds of similar resemblances in nature.

Some years afterwards, when studying the fauna of the Moluccas, Mr. Wallace first discovered an undoubted case of mimicry amongst birds. If the Leaf butterfly, being a savoury morsel to birds, had closely resembled another butterfly which was disagreeable to them, and therefore never eaten by them, it would be as well protected as if it resembled a leaf. These cases of almost exact resemblance of one creature to quite a different one (as, for example, the clear-winged moths in our own country, which resemble wasps and hornets) were confined to insects, till he found two birds in the island of Banda (one of the Moluccas) which he constantly mistook for each other, although they belonged to two distinct and somewhat distant families. One of these is a honeysucker, and the other a kind of oriole. The oriole resembles the honeysucker in the following points: the upper and under surface of both are exactly of the same tints of dark and light brown; the honeysucker has a large bare black patch round the eyes, and this is copied in the oriole by a patch of black feathers. The top of the head of the former has a scaly appearance that is imitated by the latter. The honeysucker has a pale ruff formed of recurved feathers on the nape (whence the name of friar-birds to the whole genus) and this ruff is represented in the oriole by a pale band. Lastly, the bill in both birds is round, with a protuberant keel, although this condition is not common to the orioles generally. Hence, on a superficial examination, the birds seem to be identical, although, in reality, they have important structural differences, and cannot be placed near each other in any natural arrangement.

In the adjacent island of Ceram, we find a precisely parallel case. There is a species of honeysucker in that island which is of an

earthy brown colour, washed with ochre-ish yellow, with bare orbits, dusky cheeks, and the usual recurved nape-ruff; and accompanying it is a species of oriole which is absolutely identical with it, so far as a superficial examination can show. Here then we have two species of orioles which seem to have departed from the gay yellow tints so common amongst their allies, in order to imitate the normal colour of the honey sucker family. The orioles are clearly the mimics in these cases, and it is not difficult to see the advantage they obtain from the imitation. The orioles are weak birds, with small feet and claws, while the honeysuckers are very strong active birds, with powerful claws and long sharp beaks. Hence the smaller birds of prey, in all probability, mistake the weaker orioles for their strong and pugnacious friends, and respect them accordingly. "The laws of Variation and Survival of the Fittest," says Mr. Wallace, "will suffice to explain how the resemblance has been brought about, without supposing any voluntary action on the part of the birds themselves."

The reader who wishes to learn more on this interesting subject may be referred to an article by Mr. Wallace, published in the *Westminster Review* for 1867, entitled "Mimicry and other Protective Resemblances among animals."

A very curious animal which he met with in Borneo, but which is more abundant in Sumatra, is the *Galeopithecus*, or flying lemur. This creature has a broad membrane extending all round its body, to the extremities of the toes, and to the point of the tail, and enabling it to pass obliquely through the air, from one tree to another. During the day, it is sluggish, and rests clinging to the trunks of trees; and as its olive or brown fur closely resembles the colour of the mottled bark, it readily escapes observation. "Once," says Mr. Wallace, "in a bright twilight, I saw one of these animals run up a trunk in a rather open place, and then glide obliquely through the air to another tree, on which it alighted near the base, and immediately began to ascend. I paced the distance from the one tree to the other, and found it to be seventy yards; and the amount of descent I estimated at not more than thirty-five or forty feet, or less than one in four. This, I think, proves that the animal must have some power of guiding itself through the air, otherwise it would have little chance of alighting exactly upon the trunk." Dr. Collingwood, who had a good opportunity of observing the habits of these animals, from

the verandah of a friend's house, at Sarawak, declares that they can glide from near the top of one high tree to the lower branches of another tree about 150 yards distant. This seems almost a mechanical impossibility, and we prefer accepting Mr. Wallace's figures.

Before leaving Sumatra, he had the good fortune to obtain a family of the large horn-bill, known as *Bucerus bicornis*. As he was sitting at breakfast, his hunters brought in a fine large male, which was shot while in the act of feeding the female, who was shut up in the hole of a tree. The size of this specimen is not mentioned, but the full-grown bird usually is fully four feet in length. The tree was at once visited, and, "at a height of about twenty feet, appeared a small hole, and what looked like a quantity of mud which had been used in stopping up the large hole." The harsh cry of the bird inside was soon heard, and she was seen to put out the white extremity of her bill. A rupee was in vain offered to anyone who would ascend the tree and secure the bird, with the egg or young one; and, with a sad heart, he returned to his breakfast. In about an hour afterwards, a tremendous hoarse screaming was heard, and the bird, together with a young one, which had been found in the hole, was triumphantly brought in. If the young bird was at all like its picture, which may be seen at page 212 of Mr. Wallace's first volume, it must have been a most remarkable object. It was "as large as a pigeon, but without a particle of plumage on any part of it. It was exceedingly plump and soft, and with a semi-transparent skin, so that it looked more like a bag of jelly, with head and feet stuck on, than like a real bird." This extraordinary habit on the part of the male in plastering up the female, with her egg, and feeding her, not only during incubation, but till the young one is fledged, has been long known to be common to several of the larger hornbills.

Lombok was the first island in his journey eastward on which our author met with the strange bird known as the mound-maker (*Megapodius gouldii*), which is also found in Australia, the Philippines, and north-west Borneo, and a species of which has just been reported as discovered in the New Hebrides. The Megapodidæ (so called from their large feet) are allied to the gallinaceous birds, but differ from these and other birds in never sitting upon their eggs, which they bury in sand, earth, or rubbish, and leave to be hatched by the heat of the sun or of fermentation. Their large feet terminate in long curved claws, with which they rake and scratch together

dead leaves, sticks, earth, rotten wood, &c., till they form a large mound often six feet high and twelve feet across, in the middle of which they bury their eggs. The natives can tell whether the mounds contain eggs—which are as large as those of a swan, of a brick-red colour, and highly esteemed by them as food. A number of birds combine to make a nest, in which forty or fifty eggs may be found. The species found in Lombeck is about the size of a small hen, and of a dark olive or brown colour. It is a very miscellaneous feeder eating fruits, worms, snails, and centipedes; but its flesh, when properly cooked, is white and well flavoured.

Mr. Wallace subsequently found these birds very abundant in the Moluccas, where they were generally of a dark ashy or sooty colour.

On the jungles along the sea-shore, where sticks, shells, sea-weed, leaves, &c., abound, they were seen by our author in the act of constructing their nests, which were often six or eight feet high and twenty or thirty feet in diameter, by running a few steps backwards, grasping a quantity of loose material in one foot and throwing it a long way behind them. The eggs were found in these large mounds at a depth of two or three feet. It is not easy to understand how the young birds, when hatched, can work their way to the surface; but they seem to do so without any external aid. They come out of the egg covered with thick downy feathers, and have no tail, but the wings are fully developed; and in this state they run off at once into the forest. Mr. Wallace had the good fortune to discover a new species, which is named after him, *Megapodius wallacei*. It is the handsomest of the group, and, instead of making a mound, burrows into the sand on the sea-shore to the depth of about three feet, obliquely downwards, and deposits its eggs at the bottom. It then loosely covers up the mouth of the hole, and is said to obliterate its own footsteps by making scratches and tracks over them.

Mr. Bickmore, when staying in Buru, obtained a specimen of the *Megapodius wallacei*, which was caught by a native while she was crawling up from her hidden nest. She lived "for some time" (which is a very vague expression for a professed naturalist to use), "but after laying an egg more than one-third as large as her whole body she died."

Dr. Collingwood observed another species in the jungles at Labuan, which, although less than a guinea-fowl, laid eggs as large as those

of the turkey, long and pointed at both ends, and of a brownish-buff colour. He observes that the young are highly developed when they leave the shell, at once running freely on their large, strong feet, and capable of using their wings in a few hours.

Lombeck abounds with beautiful birds. Large green pigeons, brilliant kingfishers, the Australian bee-eaters, splendidly coloured ground thrushes, grass-green doves, little crimson and black flower-peckers, large black cuckoos, metallic king-crows, golden orioles, and fine jungle-cocks—the origin of all our domestic breeds of poultry—were some of the most valuable treasures which he secured in this comparatively small island.

From Lombeck he sailed to Macassar, in the southern region of Celebes, and on proceeding to occupy a house that had been assigned him by a friendly Rajah in a village where a European had never previously been seen, he found himself an object of universal terror. "Wherever I went, dogs barked, children screamed, women ran away, and I was stared at as though I were some strange and terrible cannibal monster." Even the pack horses on the roads would rush into the jungle on his approach; while the buffaloes that he met "would rush away helter-skelter as if a demon were after them;" so that when he saw these animals coming to the village with packs he was obliged to turn into the jungle and hide himself.

Mr. Bickmore's experience regarding the buffaloes is similar to that of Mr. Wallace. He observes in his notices of these useful animals in different parts of his extensive travels, that while they are usually so docile that Malay children can drive them, "they dislike the appearance of a European, and have a peculiar mode of manifesting their aversion by breathing heavily through the nose." He was often requested by the owners to get out of their way, lest he should be attacked.

From this inhospitable district Mr. Wallace subsequently proceeded to Menado, a pretty little town in the north-eastern extremity of Celebes, known as Minahasa. To all who take an interest in the civilization of savage races we would strongly recommend the careful study of Mr. Wallace's remarks on the system of government now adopted by the Dutch in their eastern possessions generally, and especially in Celebes, where "the people are now the most industrious, peaceable, and civilized in the whole Archipelago." (Vol. i., pp. 397-401.)

## CHURCH SERVICES.

THERE are few of us, past the sixth lustrum, who can look back with feelings of unmixed pleasure at the church services of our childhood. The remembrance of these generally calls to mind a large square pew, the family pew. It contained cushions of a sort of rough red baize, which, being scraped, made your flesh creep : there were hassocks of divers sizes, whose equilibrium, when you stood on them, suddenly became unstable, and whose bowels when you knelt on them grew hard and stony. The back of the pew was so high that nothing could be seen except the face of the preacher—that was always visible, and was generally turned full upon the gazer, with red cheeks and fierce eyes. There was a dreadful publicity about the square pew. If you yawned, your eldest sister frowned, or your aunt shook her finger—not openly, of course, but in a more terrifying way, under the big prayer-book. If you looked straight across, your brother Jack began to laugh, which was afterwards bad for both ; if you looked down, they said you had gone to sleep, and when you turned to kneel your feet came into unhappy collision with other feet much bigger and heavier.

There was no refuge, either, from the sermon. During the long prayers, with one's head well buried in the cushions, one might sleep or one might think ; but of the sermon there was no evasion. Eyes were in every corner of the pew. Neither sleep, nor reading of odd bits in the hymn-book, nor kicking your brother under the seat was possible. This could be all done in a long pew, but in a square pew was out of the question. There was no snugness, no feeling of warmth, no virtuous glow of voluntary wakefulness : it was all compulsory uprightness—perfunctory piety.

Some children about the period of the world's history to which I refer used to be subjected to the indignity, under penalty of getting no pudding, of having to remember the text, and to quote the principal points of interest in the discourse. This tyranny was not exercised on the writer, who may boast with pride of never having remembered a word of a sermon.

The service, which seemed, owing to the height of the wall at our backs, to have been expressly composed, arranged, and delivered for ourselves was, as one may say, “of a piece” with the unstable hassocks and the cushions of red baize. Jackson's “Te Deum” was the *pièce de resistance*. It was sung very slowly,

and with great force of the organ. In the middle was one quite lively bit—“day by day”—which came over our senses like the sweet breath of the south. The “Jubilate” is short ; but they used to make the most of it. It was chiefly remarkable for the extraordinary time spent in sustaining one note ; and to this day it is a mystery to me how any human voice ever held out so long. Nor, even then, would it at any time have surprised us to hear that the leading treble had gone off suddenly, taken to Heaven direct in a kind of paroxysmal rapture of harmony while hanging on that one long note. There were two hymns. These never—not even at Christmas, when the “Herald Angels” was sung slowly, or at Easter, when the “Hallelujah” was gloomily performed—appeared to afford the congregation much joy. Melancholy was the face of the clerk who gave out the hymn—we had a clerk who sat in a box under the reading desk—which again was under the pulpit, the whole forming a sort of Giant's Staircase leading to the organ loft, which was over the altar ; melancholy were the countenances of the singers ; melancholy were the cadences of the organist ; melancholy the words which we sang, and set with the deepest gloom the faces of the children, for the sermon was all before them.

Another noticeable thing in those days (in these days also in the few churches which have not mended their ways) was the way in which people got up and sat down. A fixed idea possessed all minds that their movements in church must be slow, in order to be reverential. Accordingly, we were generally well towards the middle of the second line of the hymn before the people were all on their legs, and the preacher had got through half his introductory prayer before we had all made up our minds to sit down again. There was, perhaps, one merit attaching to this *façon de faire* ; it prevented the Church from getting the upper hand too much. If people obeyed the injunction to stand up or sit down—it was not always they did, some ladies preferring to take their hymns, like their tea, sitting—they did so, as it were, under protest. They partially obeyed, reserving the right to disobey, and they drew the line at kneeling. No one in my old church ever knelt except the school children. These poor little sufferers were only too glad to get down and think with their eyes shut. Thus a graceful concession was made to the discipline of the Church. Permission was accorded to arrange these little matters for them, the arrangement not being at all binding, and chiefly suited to the wants of the lower classes.

Few of these churches remain. They may be sought out—those that yet linger—in the wilds of remote suburbs, such as the less known districts of Clapham, or in those country towns where the march of civilization sounds with approaching, but yet still distant, tramp. In the country itself, away from towns, it is of no use to look for them.

The changes that have come over our church service present aspects of far too serious a nature to be considered in these pages. It is only in its connexion with the progress of artistic tastes that the subject can be here approached.

Apart, then, from all other considerations, observe the æsthetic beauty of the modern service, and the way in which it is loved and appreciated. Observe the joyous confidence of the hymnal: the fit setting of words to music: the accordance of *time*, no longer the old drawl which served alike for penitence and for praise, with the sentiments expressed: the external beauty of the structure, and the lavish ornamentation within. These things have, it is true, a doctrinal significance; but they have, also, a significance of art. Forty years ago they would have been impossible. Neither clergy could have conceived them, nor people understood them. Symbolism, whether we like it or not, *must* be introduced into religious services where the people have begun to cultivate their taste. For the highest art is not to represent, but to idealise; under cover of the earthly form, to symbolise the higher and spiritual image. Thus, the form of woman is the fittest to represent the soul; flowers represent spiritual attributes; and all things of the earth and the sea have their analogies with things unseen. To ignore the application of these analogies in the most important of all man's duties, is possible only where their application would be unfelt. That symbolism has entered our church service is not the effect of new religious teaching, so much as a sign of the artistic education of the people.

Forty years ago the sampler was the *bourgeois* ideal of artistic beauty, and a mis-shapen white and gold vase was its ideal of artistic form. The art of household decoration was not studied, except in the richer class. Exhibitions had not begun: places like the Crystal Palace were not yet thought of: concerts were occasional things: there were no art lectures, or schools of design: no choral unions. There was no cheap literature, save of the *useful* order, like the *Penny Magazine*. And dull, stunted, prosaic, as is life still in most country towns, it was far duller then, far more stunted,

far more prosaic. The soul sinks at the contemplation of lives such as the middle class unmarried women of England led then, drilled to have no wants, no desires; and taught by their surrounding circumstances to have no aspirations. No wonder that their religion, external as well as internal, was dreary and common-place. It was a reflex, as it always will be, of their lives. And no wonder that, of all St. Paul's precepts, the most disregarded of all was that concerning Hope.

We seem now, as a nation, to be rapidly awakening to the influence of Art. The glorious nurse of joy and hope has been among us, busy in the details of every-day life. We are looking more and more for the cultivation of things fair and fitting—*τὰ κάλα καὶ τὰ προσηκόντα*—by which the daily tenour of our way, in spite of narrow means and adverse circumstances, may be made brighter and more beautiful.

The change from gloom to joyousness, in our Church services, is one of the many manifestations of this national progress. There may be things which many of us do not approve—symbolisms of doctrine which may appear fatally wrong; but here we have nothing to do with these questions. The only two things that it is desired to suggest are first, the close connexion between the growth of Art and the improvement in our public worship; and, secondly, the vast importance, when life to so many must have few things to enliven it, few thoughts beyond the anxieties and necessities of the day, that the Church should lift their hearts, once a week, at least, out of the grinding cares of the working days, by appealing to the soul through the æsthetic sense.

#### THE BELL.

WHEN legends of Judæan hills  
Began to haunt the German rills,  
Nigh where the Murg, to join the Rhine,  
Flows down by Castle Eberstein,  
An old man dwelt, a hermit grey,  
Ere yet the fear had passed away  
Of Hertha from the haunts of men:  
Still many a grim and hidden glen  
Flared with her stealthy altar-fires.

Sometimes a touch of old desires  
Burn'd in the bosom of the man:  
For he had been, ere he began  
To serve the Christ, a libertine.  
Then, kneeling on the rushes green  
That strew'd his cell, he groaned aloud,  
His head with bitter grief was bow'd  
Before the image of God's woe,  
Until the fiend was fain to go.

It fell upon a winter eve,  
Strange fantasies he 'gan to weave,  
While raindrops splutter'd in his fire,  
And round his hut the wind rose higher,  
And roar'd and whistled in the pines :  
And deeper grew the deep-set lines  
Of age and sorrow in his face.

Lo, when the storm was still apace,  
He seem'd to hear a piteous cry,  
Come from some place his hut anigh.  
The wind, as he drew back the door,  
Blew wide the rushes on the floor,  
And drove the log-fire's ashes wide.  
Then he beheld, close at his side,  
A woman stand his hut within,  
With chattering teeth and raiment thin.

"Now, Christ!" he muttered, "me befriend!"  
She is an angel or a fiend,  
Or she had perish'd in this storm."  
But she began her hands to warm,  
And, kneeling near the woodlogs' blaze,  
She seem'd to see the better days  
That once befel; nor spake a word;  
Till beating of his heart he heard.

She had blue eyes and yellow hair,  
And every lineament was fair.  
And suddenly each curve and limb,  
Half-hidden, was a joy to him.  
Her beauty made him glad, as one  
Who, when the long day's work is done,  
Feels water lap his weary feet,  
And soothe him with its influence sweet.

Then, angry with himself, he cried,  
"What seek you on this bleak hill side,  
On such a night? or are you dead?"  
Then, looking round the hut, he said,  
"What! I have slept! How strange a dream!"  
But still he saw the golden gleam  
Of fair hair reaching to the floor.  
And, seeking to be fool'd no more,  
He touch'd the shoulder fair and white;  
But only knew a wild delight  
Thrill'd him to marrow of the bone,  
As softly, with a dovelike moan,  
But neither bashful nor afraid,  
Upon his knees her head she laid.

Then, fearfully, he raised his eyes  
Athwart the lattice, with surmise  
Some one benighted, wandering,  
Should peer and see so strange a thing.  
But she, in accents musical  
As bells that at the sunset call  
The folk to prayer, said, "Dost thou fear?  
Though I should stay with thee a year,  
It were no hurt; still I should be  
Invisible to all save thee."

What fancy made him tremble so,  
With dread, with joy, such truth to know?  
But gently lifting in his hand  
The hair, as yellow as the sand

In lonely weedless sea-reaches,  
He said, "Fair child, what locks are these,  
To have the rough wind beat among?"  
But she, now crooning a low song,  
Wrote on the ground a mystic rune:  
And he remember'd well the tune  
Which oft, in youth, the priestesses  
Sang 'neath the haggard old yew trees.

What fears within his soul arise!  
He knew the saga's withering eyes:  
He knew the clutches of the fiend  
Have those that love her in the end.  
But each breast's tender areole  
With beauty had ensnared his soul.  
"Wilt thou," he said, "the Christ confess?"  
But, gazing on her loveliness,  
The words upon his lips seemed vain:  
And all the days grew fresh again  
Of his lost manhood; and the days  
In which he follow'd holy ways  
Grew into phantoms lean and wan.  
The vex'd blood in his veins began  
To beat like floods whose gates are shut;  
And lonely seem'd his mountain hut.

Soon, tremblingly, his hands begin  
To stroke the cheek and little chin.  
He gently raised the sweet-shaped head,  
And drew her on his knees, and laid  
Her breast against his rougher breast;  
And placed the soft round arms, to rest  
One on each shoulder: then, I wis,  
The white and lissome neck to kiss  
Was as an utter gain to him.  
With tears his eyes began to swim.  
"Stay, love!" he cried, "stay here awhile!"  
She answering, with a subtle smile,  
And skill in heathen artifice,  
Raised to the crucifix her eyes:  
"Nay, love," she said, "nay, love," she said,  
"With that wild sorrow overhead?"

Then, hastily, with brain afire,  
Blind with the passion and desire,  
As one, who, in foolhardiness,  
Too near a steep cliff's brow will press,  
Must leap, he stagger'd to the wall,  
To hurl from its poor pedestal  
The image of the oft-slain One.  
But, ere his hand was laid upon  
The well-carved wood, he heard a sound,  
That to the floor his feet fast bound,  
The tinkling of a little bell:  
Then, with a bitter shriek, he fell.

And, in the morn, when storms were still,  
And sun and shadow clothed the hill;  
And all was peace, and deep woods rang  
With axe-strokes, and the woodmen sang;  
The hermit good, whose old grey head  
The peasant loved, lay stark and dead.  
One hand a little cross clasp'd round,  
The while the other clench'd the ground.



"Then he beheld, close at his side,  
A woman stand his hut within."



## AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY.

## CHAPTER III.

ON arriving at the hall, where the sad, but cordial greeting of the old lodge-keeper they had frequently visited together, had sufficed to insert the first point of the wedge, Cecil was met on its threshold by the two gentlemen to whom his departed friend had, on his marriage, committed the care of one, destined with more than ordinary probability, to be left a youthful widow.

On the brow of the one, the stamp of simply conscientious vigilance over a cherished trust was unmistakeably impressed. This was Colonel Vandaleur, a contemporary and comrade of the late General's, and his groomsman on one occasion, which, however joyful to the parties, had filled the bachelor veteran with more of surprise than envy. Tall, stiff, and erect, he had formed there a complete contrast to the genial, joyous, almost youthful looking bridegroom; and now, with more than half-a-dozen years, he might easily have passed for the grandfather, not only of the boy heir, but of his little-altered mother.

Not so was it with his associate in the trust, a more inscrutable and far different personage, Sir Walter Meredith, the nearest neighbour of old Sir Geoffrey, and acquaintance from childhood of the late General; who had transferred to the son much of the respect and esteem he had himself, when a boy, entertained for the baronet's father. During his abode under his father-in-law's roof, and subsequently when resident at the "Hollies," they had seen a good deal of each other; and though a certain tinge of reserve and caution in the young man's character failed to harmonize with the more genial temperament of his host, respect for his talents and valuable qualities as a country gentleman had combined to keep up the intimacy, and to influence (along with the circumstance of his being so much their junior) Sir Jasper's choice of his second trustee.

Nor was that choice repented of, when, some years later, and in view of his own approaching fate, the unselfish veteran could calmly contemplate his bereaved Mabel finding in Sir Walter not only a steady friend, but a possible permanent protector. It had been, during his long painful decline, his earnest wish that she would give his boy the inestimable benefit of a male guardian, under whose roof his early years of childhood might be passed without forfeiting a mother's tenderer solicitude; and

who, when her boy should be consigned, at ten or twelve years old, at furthest, to the wholesome discipline of a public school, might compensate to Mabel by his society for the void in her affections.

Two individuals alone, of his acquaintance, had passed, in those unselfish dreams, before Sir Jasper's mind's eye. The one—and the preferred one—he had, to his great regret, well nigh lost sight of, and had fancied, from slight indications, to be unaccountably distasteful to the object of his *post mortem* solitudes. The other was Sir Walter Meredith, for whom she certainly felt a neighbourly regard, which might ripen into such affection as she had yet to bestow.

An observer *au fait* of the unconscious rivalry (in those chivalrous day dreams) of the two men before him, might have fancied they too were already apprised of its existence, so visibly did the slightly-enhanced usual *hauteur* of the baronet jar on the barrister's no less proud susceptibilities. On the singularly flexible features of the latter, the stamp of reciprocal *hauteur* was probably so unmistakeably written as to call forth a lowering of the tone first assumed by the former; whilst, though the dictate perhaps of mere recovered good breeding confirmed with one—jealous of even the shadow of patronage—the previous unfavourable impression, it contrasted too forcibly, not only with the courtly, though stern, politeness of the elder gentleman, but still more with the recollection of the perfect equality of tone, preserved under the same roof, by its lamented owner, towards a mere undergraduate a few short years before, and the affectionate devotion, bordering on idolatry, with which he had been looked up to by its heir.

Observing the unconscious familiarity with which, on a very slight introduction on their part, Cecil made his way at once to the allotted scene of their conference—the library—Colonel Vandaleur remarked that Mr. Cunliffe had surely been at the Hall before. The simple reply—"I spent my long vacation here with young Dorrian, some seven years ago"—while it deepened the courtesy due to one so privileged by former intimacy, did not tend to lessen the instinctive sense of danger to a favourite project from that intimacy, at a susceptible period, and under her brother's auspices, with its present mistress.

Sir Walter's eyes vaguely followed the *quondam friend's* as they glanced for a brief moment on a full-length picture of Mabel Dorrian, done shortly after his visit, on one side of the fireplace, but to rest fondly and

fixedly on its companion, the speaking likeness of her lost brother, whom it had been Cecil's labour of love to keep steady, by reading to him, during the weary process of sitting for it, and on the fine portrait of good old Sir Geoffrey in hunting costume, as he had so often seen and admired him, over the chimney.

A deep sigh—the precise origin of which Sir Walter would have liked to investigate—was the result of the examination; and Colonel Vandaleur, attracted again to the young man by his evident sympathies, remarked, while echoing the sigh—

"They were, indeed, a handsome and happy family at the time you allude to! No wonder you feel it, returning to so sad a change!"

And it was in the desire to operate a diversion on such thoughts, that, after offering refreshments, which it would at that moment have choked Cecil to swallow, the kind, though formal old man, proposed proceeding to business.

And now, for the first time, was the young lawyer made aware of the disagreeable nature of the office in which his professional acumen was to be called out—viz., the appearance, from America, of a male heir to the Hall, whose possible claims, under the entail, had always floated as a dim vision before the eyes of the family since the death of Lionel; but the delay in advancing which, and their supposed visionary character, had prevented their investigation during Sir Geoffrey's short survivorship, or his son-in-law's absence from England.

They had, however, combined with reminiscences of a more tender and painful nature, to indispose Lady Osborne from residing, at least during her boy's minority, at the Hall, and made her cling with double thankfulness to the inalienable shelter of the "Hollies."

The search for the original deed of entail was neither a protracted nor difficult one; and, when found, it required no "second Daniel" to pronounce on its specific exclusion of females, as long as a male heir, in the direct line of the first baronet, should be proved to exist. As, however, several papers of no less decided consequence to the impending suit were less easily discoverable, amid the accumulated parchments of anteniors, Cecil, whose heart was too thoroughly in the search to relinquish it unaccomplished, and whose spirits recoiled from the idea of partaking (on this day at least) of a stranger's hospitality, prevailed on his intended host, Col. Vandaleur, to summon the housekeeper (happily herself a stranger); and on her assurances that a well-aired bed, as

well as the already-offered refreshments, had been actually provided, on the chance of the gentleman from town availing himself of both, the lawyer was permitted to bury himself for that evening in the charter chest of the Dorrians, and was, to his great relief, left alone with his memories.

They might have been more overpowering but for the stimulus of the quest—a vain one, after all—for a document indispensable to the legal refutation of the transatlantic claim.

"If above ground, and in England, however, I shall ferret it out, and, if not forthcoming, to prove its details will lie with the adversary!" was the lawyer's half-uttered exclamation. "If the Hall must pass from her," was the silent, soon-suppressed whisper of Cecil's inmost heart, "then, perhaps"—but he put the thought from him, and hated himself for having entertained it. Its intrusion, however transient, was nevertheless not favourable to repose; nor as a preparation to the next morning's joint visit to the "Hollies," for which the old colonel, with military precision, appointed twelve o'clock.

At that early hour—punctuality written on every line of his somewhat too regular features—Colonel Vandaleur held up his watch, and summoned Cecil out of the brown study into which he had fallen over some memoranda of his yesterday's papers, to the visit he half dreaded, half longed, to accomplish.

"You will find Lady Osborne little altered and, if anything, handsomer than when you last saw her, if, as I thought you mentioned, that was some years ago."

"Many, if you allude to the vacation I passed at the Hall now nearly eight years since; but I had had the pleasure of renewing the acquaintance the year Sir Jasper passed in town, shortly before leaving England. We, however, met but seldom; law, duly studied, allows few recreations."

"Studied, permit me to observe, in your case, to some purpose, judging by your early reputation," said the courteous old gentleman. "My late friend, Sir Jasper, felt implicit confidence, as the special reference to which we owe the pleasure of your acquaintance testifies. I wish it was in your power to form a more favourable judgment than your silence leads me to apprehend on my poor ward's case."

"As yet," replied the barrister, "that only applies to the letter of the deed; it remains for the claimant to prove his descent from its framer. Do you happen to remember hearing of any emigration in the Dorrian family some generations back?"

"No," said the Colonel, "I can't say I do ; but I have heard something of a Dorrian branch, which lost everything in the civil wars, and was likely enough to have had grants in the plantations to make up for it. If this is their descendant, I could have wished he had stayed there, and not turned up in England to plague Mabel, and beggar her boy!"

On turning into the beautiful, though small domain of the "Hollies," which Cecil recollected having cursorily visited, while uninhabited, in the course of a well-remembered evening walk with Miss Dorrian and her brother, the perfect seclusion and exquisite arrangement of the limited domain, harmonising as they did with his own peculiarly domestic and unambitious tastes, went far to reconcile him to the idea of the future days of its mistress being passed in that sweet retreat—even in preference to the pretentious style and dimensions of the Hall and its surrounding park.

"She may lose in wealth and grandeur by the change, but in all else methinks she will be a gainer in this calm abode; not to mention that her happiest days of married life must have passed so peacefully and congenially beneath its roof. How fortunate now that Sir Jasper's purchase of it, in kindness to a needy relative, will indeed prove its own reward!"

Similar thoughts must have been passing through his companion's mind, for he remarked aloud—"Little did my kind old friend imagine, when helping, I fear to little purpose, his needy, profligate cousin with the purchase money of the cottage he had rented, to be near his wife's father—first, that by poor Lionel's death, his kind provision of a separate residence for his widow would have been apparently superseded; and still less that it might, after all, prove to be the only shelter she could claim as her own!"

And a sweet refuge did it seem, from the glare of prosperity, as well as from adversity's gathering cloud—that peaceful, yet cheerful house!—with enough of the cottage about it for sentiment, and of the mansion for comfort; where any income varying from £500 to £1,500 might be suitably expended, and yet the smaller sum suffice for content.

It had been added to, as means or families increased, by successive inmates. The original, or cottage front, by which it was entered from an ivied porch, retained the latticed casements and clustered chimneys of a former century; while to the south, ran a suite of more cheerful modern rooms, with recessed bay windows, admitting from them into a large flower-garden. Into one of these, a morning room or

library, the visitors were ushered, and the footman was proffering his services to seek his mistress, when, perceiving her at a distance with her boy, Colonel Vandaleur, with the intimacy of a privileged friend, stepped out at once into the garden, followed, with a beating heart, by one formerly endowed in the same presence with almost brotherly familiarity.

It was, in truth, a pretty picture which, as they neared, the mother and her son presented! The latter—as noble a specimen of lovely boyhood as his age (some six or seven) so fertile in aristocratic beauty, ever exhibited—bare-headed, his auburn curls tossing in the wind, was digging for bare life with the energy of an infant Hercules, in what, he afterwards informed them, was his "own own garden, next door to mamma's;" who, on her part, stood looking on, with all a mother's interest, her large straw hat converted into an impromptu basket, and filled with the choicest treasures of her flower-beds, unceremoniously dragged up by little reckless hands, to be transferred to the new garden he was improving by their side. Loaded with these in one hand, and the tiny watering-pot, indispensable to even the possibility of their surviving the removal, in the other; Lady Osborne had not, for a moment, a hand to hold out to either of her old acquaintances. But the child, not sorry, perhaps, to have the pretext for a little respite from his baby toils, ran up joyously to the Colonel; and after extricating himself, rosier still than before, from the old soldier's somewhat formal embrace, stood looking on the younger stranger with a pretty mixture of shyness and frankness, till, the latter preponderating, he ended by shaking him heartily by the hand.

"That was a good boy, Felix!" said his mother, disengaging herself from her burden, and holding out her hand to Cecil with the winning courtesy which, maid, wife or widow, had gained the hearts of all who come in contact with her. "Mamma is glad you made friends at once with the gentleman kind grandpapa and poor uncle Lionel liked so much, long ago."

"Did they? then I'll like him too," said the boy, nestling, as all children were sure to do, attracted by some secret sympathy, to Cecil's side; and by dragging him off to inspect his labours, dispelling, at the same time, any awkwardness there might have been in his reply.

Colonel Vandaleur availed himself of it, to say a few words to Mabel in praise of his

guest, whose retiring though easy manners were perfectly to the old courtier's taste, and without prematurely committing Cecil to a decided opinion on the points he had been summoned to investigate, mentioned that he would be prepared, after a few day's further researches into the family pedigree, to start for London, and, in conjunction with the late Sir Jasper's solicitors, endeavour to elicit the grounds on which the transatlantic claim was likely to be based.

### WINTERPICK WINE.

DID you ever, my reader, drink winterpick wine? Perhaps you may not only have never seen it, but may have never even heard of it. In fact, I had never heard of it till a few months since, and only made its acquaintance in a labourer's cottage. Winterpick wine, then, I may say, is an honest wine, and by no means unpalatable; and it is of English vintage. In appearance it is like to port, and it is certainly superior to many of the concoctions sold under that name; while it has a bouquet of its own that a connoisseur might delight in. The cottager who introduced it to my notice was good enough to give me a bottle of it. "You needn't be afraid of it, sir," he said; "winterpick wine won't get in your head like other wines, and it's my old woman's making. It isn't for me to crack up my old woman, but nayther is it needful for me to tell you a lie about her, and you may take my word for it, that you won't find in these parts a better hand at making winterpick wine than my old woman. Why, bless your heart, there's never a Christmas comes round but what Lady —, up at the Hall, sends here for a bottle of winterpick wine. Yes, sir, it's true what I'm telling you, and you may take my word for it, that the quality favours it wonderful." By which he meant, that the lords and ladies and the Miss O'Gradys who visited at the Hall were believed to quaff the winterpick wine in preference to the vintage of foreign lands.

"Shall I tell you the reason of its being so good?" said the old cottager.

I begged him to do so.

"Why, this is the reason that my old woman's winterpick wine is so good,—it's made of bullies and not of slans. That's bullies wine, that is!"

These were words of such dark meaning to me, that I was compelled to request him to further explain himself, and, when he had done

so, I found that I was indebted for that bottle of wine to the fruit of the blackthorn. I made many other inquiries from other cottagers, and found that they were all well acquainted with the winterpick, although they did not all make it into wine; and I also found that the sloe, besides being called the "winterpick," was also called "slan" and "bullace." Winterpick is, perhaps, somewhat of a local name for the sloe, and is only met with in certain East-Anglian parishes. But slan is the genuine Anglo-Saxon word for the sloe, and, according to the glossaries of Hartshorne, Akerman, and Sternberg, is used in Shropshire, Wiltshire and Northamptonshire, and I can testify to its use in Huntingdonshire. Sternberg also gives the word "bullosin" as meaning "gathering the bullace, or wild damson." In Bailey's dictionary, the bullace is also spelled "bullis," which word he derives from bowl or bullet, or from the similitude of the fruit to a bull's-eye. In Huntingdonshire, the bullaces are called "bulls" or "bullies"—the latter word, perhaps, being Bailey's bullis; and, in the parish from which I write this, the bullace grows freely in certain places where the hedge-rows have not been much cut into or levelled. A fine tree, transplanted from a hedge-row to a cottage garden near to my house, bears very fine fruit. At Brighton, I have seen baskets full of this wild damson, labelled "bullace." Some botanists make the bullace to be a distinct species from the sloe or blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*) and call it *Prunus insititia*. My cottage neighbours are of the same opinion, for they say that the two shrubs are very different, although they do not appear to be so, except in the size and quality of the fruit. "The bulls don't set your teeth on edge, like the slans," I was told by one; thus confirming the old cottager's commendation of his wife's winterpick wine, that its superiority lay in its being made of bullies and not of slans, and, therefore, that it was bullies wine. It was certainly an honest, genuine wine, which cannot be said of the so-called port, that is manufactured from sloe juice, or largely adulterated with it.

The blackthorn has weighty claims to be considered useful as well as ornamental. Its stem is highly valued by the manufacturers of walking-sticks; its bark, when grated to a powder, is a capital remedy to cure diarrhoea, at least, my old friend the cottager said so. Then there is the fruit; and, last of all, there is the leaf, which is put to base purposes for the adulteration of tea. Besides this, the shrub is, to country-folk, a weather prophet. April is

considered to be the blackthorn month, and it is the forerunner of the whitethorn or "May." But, last year, the blackthorn flowered very early. On March 25th, 1869, my children brought home large branches of the blackthorn in full bloom; and I had gathered its snowy blossoms some days previously. It may be remembered that, just at that date, the wind kept persistently to the north and east; and it was noticed by Gilbert White, in his "Selborne," that the blackthorn always flowers earlier and more freely "while cold north-east winds blow." Hence the term "blackthorn winter" to such a season; and such a season was that which will not soon be forgotten by the volunteers and holiday-folks who sought for out-door pleasures and pursuits on Easter Monday, 1869.

### STRAY NOTES ON SCIENCE.



VERY interesting paper on "Frog-history," by Mr. Newman, the editor of the *Zoologist*, has just been published, in which, after describing the mode of reproduction of the frog, the development of the tadpole from the egg, and that of the perfect animal from the

tadpole, he proceeds to consider the question whether in some cases the tadpole stage is not omitted and the young frog emerges direct from the egg. For a series of cases in support of this remarkable view I must refer to the December number of the *Zoologist*, in which Mr. Newman collects the evidence of several naturalists, as Mr. Edward Lowe, F.G.S., Mr. Sidebotham, of Manchester, the Rev. A. Merle Norman, and Mr. Garland, who describe finding little frogs of varying sizes in cellars and other places which seemed perfectly inaccessible to these animals from without, and which were so dry as to be totally unsuited to tadpole life. Mr. Newman naturally demurs to the conclusions at which these observers have arrived, and quotes cases showing that frogs are able to climb walls and trees to an extent that would not be generally believed, and he thus ex-

plains their occurrence in places in which tadpoles could not have existed. That frogs can be produced without passing through this stage is, I think with Mr. Newman, very improbable; but still the subject is one deserving of further inquiry. A yet more astounding doctrine has lately been promulgated by M. Jullien, a French naturalist, which, if it bears confirmation, will more than compensate to the tadpole for its occasional displacement from the frog family-tree. Tadpoles are able to lay fertile eggs and produce little tadpoles without ever becoming frogs! Such is M. Jullien's belief. Last April this naturalist obtained, from some ponds near Paris, four tadpoles of the spotted newt (*Lissotriton punctatus*), which on dissection were found to be filled with ripe eggs and the other organs necessary for reproduction. Amazed at this discovery, he returned to the ponds and captured four more of these tadpoles, which he carefully watched. In three days' time he was rewarded by seeing that two of them had deposited eggs. Here, unfortunately, his observations seem to stop, as nothing further is said (in the *Cosmos*, from whence these facts are taken) regarding the further development of the eggs. That the tadpoles examined by M. Jullien were those of a newt, and not of a frog, is a matter of no physiological importance, the wonder being that any amphibian in the larval form should be able to produce young. Although the term amphibians is applied to such animals as frogs, toads, and newts, these animals are not able to reside persistently in air and water at the same stage of their existence. They are water-breathing animals, with external branchiæ or gills when tadpoles, and air-breathing animals with internal lungs in the adult stage, the branchiæ disappearing as the lungs become developed. There are some animals, however, which in their adult stage present both external branchiæ and internal lungs, and which are consequently able to breathe with nearly equal facility in air or water. Amongst the best known of these animals are the *proteus*, found in the dark caverns at Adelsberg, in Carniola, and admirably described by Sir H. Davy, and the *axolotl*, of the Mexican lakes. Nothing certain is known regarding the mode of reproduction of the *proteus*; but some very remarkable observations have lately been made upon the mode of breeding of the *axolotls*, of which some living specimens were recently sent to Paris. These animals, when full grown, vary from nine inches to a foot or more

in length, and somewhat resemble in form a large frog with a long tail attached to its hinder end, the gills on each side being three in number, with small ramifications from their sides. Under the watchful care of M. Dumeril, the axolotls that arrived at Paris were seen to lay their eggs in much the same manner as frogs and newts; and these eggs produced a new generation of young axolotls, proving, apparently, that these animals were true adults, and not, as some naturalists thought, the mere larval form of some unknown animal. Amongst these young axolotls he found some which, to his amazement, after a time threw off their external gills, and, like the tadpole, underwent a decided modification of form. In place of realising the zoological type presented by their parents, they resembled in their organisation the adult frog or newt. While some of them underwent this metamorphosis, the majority retained their gills, and produced young ones with persistent gills like their own, and undergoing no further change. So that here we have an animal which is capable of producing young ones of two different kinds, each able to multiply themselves, but presenting such different forms that if their common origin were not known they would have been regarded as belonging not merely to two distinct species, but to two different zoological families. These remarkable observations of M. Dumeril, published in 1867, led Professor Marsh, an American naturalist, to inquire whether a similar animal possessed of gills and lungs, the *Siredon lichenoides*, found in lakes in the Rocky Mountains, 7000 feet above the sea, underwent similar changes when placed under different conditions from those in which it naturally lives. His observations were crowned with success, and he had the satisfaction of watching several siredons change into a larger reptile without gills, previously known under the name of *amblystoma*. Professor Marsh's paper is reprinted in the *Zoologist* for last March, and our readers would do well to invest a shilling in its purchase. It seems not unlikely that all the so-called perenniobranchiate reptiles will ultimately turn out to be the larval or undeveloped young of well-known species.

SOME important observations have been made during the past summer on the effects of mountain climbing on the most important bodily functions. Dr. Marcet has published his "Observations on the Temperature of the Human Body at various altitudes, in connexion with the act of ascending," in the November

number of the *Philosophical Magazine*, and M. Lordet has communicated to one of the French journals a very important memoir on the "Disturbances of Respiration, Circulation, and of the Bodily Temperature at great heights on Mont Blanc." As M. Lordet's observations are the more elaborate of the two, we shall confine our observations to his results. From Chamounix to the grand plateau (from 3444 to 12,879 feet) the disturbances of *respiration* are little marked on experienced Alpine climbers, who hold down the head to diminish the orifice of the breathing organs and respire only through the nose, and suck a pebble to keep the closed mouth moist. Up to this point the respirations were nearly constant, and averaged 24 in a minute, but from hence to the top (15,776 feet) they were about 36 in the minute, the pectoral muscles feeling as if they were rigid, and the sides as if squeezed in a vice. After two hours' rest at the top these inconveniences disappeared, and the breathings fell to 25. It was found, by means of an instrument called an anaphograph, that the quantity of air inspired and expired was much less than on the plain, and as the air was under so low a pressure the quantity of oxygen given to the lungs was necessarily small. Although the pace throughout the ascent was very slow, the *circulation* was enormously accelerated. M. Lordet's average pulse being 60, it increased from Chamounix to the top; ascending to the heights of 80, 116, 136, and finally to 160 and more to the minute. The artery at the wrist felt almost empty, and the least pressure stopped the pulse. From 14,760 feet the superficial veins began to swell, and even the guides felt heaviness of the head, and painful somnolence from venous stagnation and imperfect oxygenization of the blood. The internal temperature of the body was carefully taken at different heights by a thermometer placed beneath the tongue. It was found that in ascending from Chamounix to the summit, the temperature fell, while they were moving, from 7° to 11° below the ordinary standard of 99° Fah., an enormous diminution for mammals; but that on remaining stationary for a few seconds it rose to nearly its normal amount. The influence of food is very marked, but only transitory, the act of digestion raising the temperature to its normal height for nearly half-an-hour. This great diminution of heat may be thus explained:—on a plain, the intensity of the respiratory combustion increases proportionally to the expenditure of force, the heat being transformed into mechanical force, and enough

heat being thus formed to compensate for the expenditure of force. But on great mountain heights, where the mechanical labour of the ascent is very great, the expenditure of force consumes more heat than the organism can supply when the body is cooled, and frequent halts must be made to re-heat it. The rapidity of the circulation and the rarefaction of the air must also contribute to the cooling process. The *mountain sickness*, which attacked two of the party very severely, is due to the depression of the temperature, and, probably, also to the vitiation of the blood by carbonic acid. To keep up their heat the guides usually eat about every two hours, but at great heights inexperienced climbers usually feel so great a want of appetite as to be almost incapable of swallowing food.

TREES have been lately found in Australia which in height, although not in bulk, seem to exceed the celebrated forest giants of California (*Sequoia Wellingtonia*), the highest of which rises to about 450 feet. Until lately, the highest known Australian tree was a Karri Eucalyptus (*E. colossea*), measuring about 400 feet high, and growing in one of the glens of the Warren river, in Western Australia. The hollow trunk of this tree was sufficiently large to admit of three riders, with an additional pack horse, entering and turning round in it without dismounting. At the request of Dr. Müller, the Government Director of the Botanic Garden at Melbourne, Mr. Bogle measured a fallen Eucalyptus (*E. amygdalina*), in the deep recesses of Dandenong (Victoria), and found that it had a length of 420 feet with a proportional bulk; and Mr. Klein has subsequently taken the measurement of a Eucalyptus growing ten miles from Healesville, that was 480 feet high. Still loftier specimens will probably yet be discovered, as easier access is afforded, by miner's tracks and otherwise, to the back gullies of the South Australian mountain-system. These isolated facts have a practical value, for the Eucalyptus is a genus which has a naturally wide distribution, which may be extended by the aid of acclimatisation societies. One species, which in fifteen years is equal in girth to an oak of a century old, has already been largely introduced, with perfect success, into certain departments of Italy and France, where it flourishes on denuded mountain sides; and as this genus extends so far to the south as Van Dieman's Land, it is almost certain that it would thrive in Devonshire, Cornwall, and in the west of Ireland.

## TABLE TALK.

WE HAVE RECEIVED from the Registrar-General's Office, Wellington, New Zealand, the colonial blue-book containing the statistics of New Zealand for the year 1868. The subject matter of a book, two inches thick, and crammed with the most stubborn tables of statistics, is rather too heavy an item for "Table Talk," and we do not purpose to inflict the most superficial summary upon our readers; but upon the subject of emigration we have a word or two to say. Few topics are at present of more general interest than those which deal with the problem of how we may best relieve the over-crowded labour market at home, by the transplantation of labourers and artisans to such new countries as afford a suitable field for industry, energy, and enterprise, and offer, at least, a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. Australia and New Zealand have divided with North America the great army of European emigrants. In the former country, the province of Queensland has been described as a land literally "flowing with milk and honey;" the climate, the soil, the productiveness, and the advantages of Queensland have been the theme of many interested pens; but to such intending emigrants as may be disposed to look well ahead before they take what may prove to be a "leap in the dark," we can strongly recommend the perusal of a pamphlet entitled "Queensland, as it is," published by Messrs. Cooper & Co., 81, Fleet Street, and compiled from independent, dispassionate, and authoritative sources, by a gentleman who has had a practical experience of the colony.

A CORRESPONDENT: In "Table Talk" (No. 105), in some remarks on the sign of "The Three Nuns," the writer says, that it is, now-a-days, so rare that Mr. Hotten gives no modern instance of it in his "History of Signboards." I may inform him that "The Three Nuns" is the sign of an inn, standing just outside the park wall of Kirkless Hall, the seat of Sir George Armitage, Bart., on the high-road from Leeds to Huddersfield, and within fifty yards of Cooper Bridge Station, of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, and within a short distance of where a brook, called Nunbrook, running from Brighouse, empties itself into the River Calder, just above Mirfield. It is a large, fine, old house, and has an obelisk standing nearly in front of it, where, in the spring of 1820, bands of armed men (Luddites) made it

a *rendezvous*, preparatory to attacking the town of Huddersfield, and bursting forth into open rebellion, and as suddenly returning to their homes on hearing reports of the advance of the military. There used also to be kept there a species of fine large Spanish blood-hound, reported to have come from Cuba. Mr. Edward Baines, in his "History of Yorkshire," says,—“Kirkless Hall, in the parish of Dewsbury and manor of Wakefield, is four-and-a-half miles north of Huddersfield. This interesting portion of the township of Harlshead is chiefly memorable as the site of a nunnery, founded in the reign of Henry II., by one of the Reyners, for Benedictines. The nunnery was situated on the verge to the south of a deep brook, hence called Nunbrook; and, though only one fragment of the house remains, among the numerous buildings of a large farm-yard, yet the outline, diligently pursued, shows that the establishment must have been of considerable extent. The tomb of Elizabeth de Stanton, and another, protected by iron rails, which still remain, point out the situation of the church; and it is ascertained that the nave, transept, and choir, must have been at least 150 feet long. Kirkless is also famous as the occasional residence and sepulchre of that ancient archer and freebooter, Robin Hood, who lived in the beginning of the thirteenth century, and who, according to tradition, was suffered to bleed to death by a nun, to whom he had applied to take from him a portion of his redundant blood. That such a character existed, the testimony of “Piers Ploughman” appears to decide; whether he was, as the epitaph preserved by Dr. Gale, Dean of York, imports, of noble parentage, or an outlaw of humble birth, is not equally clear; but that his mortal remains rest at Kirkless, under an ancient cross, and beyond the precincts of the nunnery, is generally admitted. The cross bears no inscription, but the epitaph may have been engraved upon a tombstone, which has ceased to exist: it is in these words:—

Hear, undernead dis latil stean,  
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntington;  
Nea arcir vir as him sa geud,  
And pipl kauld him Robin Heud;  
Sick utlaur az hi, an his men,  
Vil Inglande nivr si agin.  
Obit. 24 Kal. Dekembris, 1247.

A statue of this renowned freebooter, large as life, leaning on his unbent bow, with a quiver of arrows and a sword by his side, formerly stood at one side of the entrance into the old hall. In the first of Elizabeth, Kirkless became the property of Robert Pilkington, and

in the eighth of that reign it was transferred to John Armitage, in whose family it has continued to the present day. Till the time of James I., the site of the priory was the family residence, but, in that reign, they removed to the present more airy mansion, which is now occupied by Sir George Armitage, Bart.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA has presented a diamond ring to a M. Buchan, who has recently invented a mode of warming railway carriages without expense by utilizing the heat of the locomotive. The details of this most valuable invention have not yet reached us—but perhaps that is not of very much consequence, as it would be absurd to suppose that directors of English Railway companies would consult the convenience of the public in such a matter. Directors, of course, always travel in first class carriages and find obsequious porters with hot water tins in the cold weather. Besides, there must necessarily be some preliminary outlay. It is rather a curious fact that in such an out of the way country as Russia, whose railways are but things of yesterday, railway travelling should be so much better understood than in England—the parent country of all railways. In Russia all are cheap fares, four classes of carriages, all well warmed and comfortable in every way. In the first class, beds, lavatories, and every luxury; and above all, punctuality on the longest journeys.

IT WOULD APPEAR that the use of slang is spreading in quarters where we might least expect to find it. At any rate, we may see an example of this in certain advertisements that appeared in the *Times* on the last days of the year. Therein, the secretary of Rossall School, Lancashire, announces that he wants for the school an instructor in swimming, and will prefer a married officer of marines, “without resident children, whose wife would keep the tuck shop on behalf of the council of the school.” This is the first time that we ever heard of a “council” keeping a “tuck shop”—much more, advertising in the leading journal for a keeper of such shop. And it is also the first time that we have seen schoolboys’ slang officially recognised and used by their most potent, grave and reverend seniors. A “tuck shop” is known to all schoolboys; though why it is so called, and what may be the etymology of “tuck” we know not. There is a “tuck out” and a “tuck in,” and Friar Tuck would also seem to have some affinity with the word. We have searched numerous



dictionaries—philological, derivative, provincial, and imperial—without satisfying ourselves as to the origin of this mysterious “tuck shop.” Hotten’s “Slang Dictionary” gives the word “*Tuck*: a schoolboy’s term for fruit, pastry, &c.” (2nd edition, p. 262); but it does not venture upon any suggestion as to the etymology of the curious word. Can any of our readers help us to a solution of this philological *cruz*?

THE DECAY in the popularity of certain colleges, in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, may generally be satisfactorily accounted for. A brilliant and accomplished tutor does a great deal for the success of a college; good dinners in hall, probably more; and the position of the college boat on the river, most, towards placing the names of a long list of undergraduates on the boards in the buttery. But who will explain why Gray’s Inn—I believe the richest of the four Inns of Court, and certainly formerly one of the most popular, the inn to which Francis, Lord Bacon, and many another great man belonged—is now deserted. It has on its books but nineteen or twenty students, while Lincoln’s Inn and the two Temples count hundreds. Its chambers, formerly inhabited by the gentlemen of the long robe, are now occupied by solicitors and a nondescript assemblage of other residents. The prestige attaching to the names of its most distinguished members alone survives of all its former greatness. Why is there this decay? Is it a question of locality? Is it solely because Gray’s Inn is situate a couple of hundred yards north of Lincoln’s Inn, and four or five hundred north of the Temple?

IN ROMAN CATHOLIC families there is, I am told, a feeling, if not of disgrace, at least of a dereliction of duty, in the mind of a parent who causes his child to be christened by any other name than that of a saint. A friend of mine, whose sponsors conferred upon him, at the font, the name of Coleman, gets over the difficulty by writing his name Colman. There was a St. Colman.

WE understand that two members of the University of Cambridge propose publishing “Lives of the Senior Wranglers.” The book is sure to be a success, as so many personages of the highest distinction in after life were fortunate enough in their respective years to secure that distinguished honour. The only

thing we wonder at is, that nobody thought of such a book before.

WE HAVE RECEIVED the December number of the *Register and Magazine of Biography*. We are sorry to see that it is to be discontinued after an existence of only one year. Its biographical notices of deceased celebrities were well written; and its genealogical lore was entitled to respect.

IN OUR NEW VOLUME, the fifth of the new series and the twenty-second since the first publication of ONCE A WEEK, we propose to make some slight changes, which we hope will be regarded by our readers as improvements. The illustrations to “THE MORTIMERS” will be printed upon the thirteenth page of the weekly numbers, and will be left white at the back, instead of being printed upon as at present. This is a reversion to the practice pursued in former volumes of the new series. The designs for these illustrations will be furnished by Hablot K. Browne (Phiz) and other popular draughtsmen. Every care will be taken in engraving and printing to secure a thoroughly artistic picture. The front page of each weekly number will have a pictorial initial letter, illustrative of some scene or character in the chapter at the head of which it stands. At the conclusion of “Caught by a Thread,” a new story by a well-known and popular novelist will be commenced, the title of which will shortly be announced. In addition to the two fictions above mentioned, we shall occasionally give our readers a short story complete in two or three chapters. Our usual articles on popular scientific subjects, social essays, travels, reviews, and all topics of general interest will continue to be supplied by writers of eminence in their several departments of literature; and Table Talk will, we venture to predict, be found as attractive a feature in our new volume as it has been heretofore in the pages of ONCE A WEEK.

*The first instalment of “THE MORTIMERS” will appear in the number for Feb. 5; with an Illustration by W. GUNSTON.*

*All contributions should be addressed to the “Editor,” and if considered unsuitable will be returned, providing stamps for that purpose be enclosed.*

*“ONCE A WEEK” is registered for transmission abroad.*

# ONCE A WEEK

NEW SERIES.

No. 109.

January 29, 1870.

Price 2d.

## CAUGHT BY A THREAD.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

### BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

"IT was rather late when you got back from the rectory last night," said Bentley Wyvern to Sir Charles, as they sat at breakfast. "I suppose you waited for the wind and rain to abate."

"The weather was not by any means inviting, I admit; but it was only just midnight when I returned. You can hardly call that late. A hard gallop brought me here within ten minutes, but I got drenched in spite of the speed at which I came. George told me you went to bed early."

"Yes, I felt somewhat fatigued and not very well. The clatter that your horse made under my window awoke me, and at the moment I wished him at Jericho, for I have slept very badly for the last night or two."

"By Jove! I am extremely sorry that I disturbed you. Mr. Clare inquired very kindly about you, and begged me to say that he should expect you to dinner to-morrow. I don't know how you have managed it, Wyvern, but you appear an immense favourite of his."

"Did Mary make any remark about my absence?"

"Well, I don't recollect that she did; but Florence said that she was sorry you had not accompanied me."

"Much obliged for her politeness. I need hardly tell you, however, that I should have preferred hearing that her sister had shown some interest in me. It is strange that Mary continues to display so much indifference towards me. She cannot be unconscious that I love her."

"But you forget what I told you some time ago with regard to Towers."

"Forget it!" exclaimed Bentley Wyvern, with sudden energy. "Why, my dear Pennington, I have thought of little else for weeks

past; but I can't bring myself to credit that she will sacrifice herself by marrying him. Besides, I have just learnt that her father has threatened to disown her if she persists in such an intention. She never sees the young man, so I have great hopes that she will soon forget him."

"Has the rector told you all this?" asked Sir Charles, in a tone of surprise.

"Oh! no. I heard it from—from a relative of the family."

"Well, you must take pattern by me, and have patience. It was only yesterday that Florence gave her consent to be my wife."

"My dear Pennington, I congratulate you," said Bentley Wyvern, leaning across the table, and shaking the baronet's hand cordially. "I should have thought, however, that with your worldly prospects you would not have experienced any delay in receiving a favourable answer to your proposal."

"Ah! I like her all the better for hesitating, because it proves that she isn't eager to secure rank and fortune. If she had at once accepted me upon my telling her about the earldom, I should have feared that she didn't love me for myself."

It never occurred to Sir Charles that this was precisely the reason which induced Florence to keep him in suspense for some time after he had made an avowal to her.

"Is her father aware of your engagement?" asked Bentley Wyvern.

"I lost no time in mentioning the matter to him, and he expressed the greatest satisfaction at the prospect of my becoming his son-in-law. In fact his emotion quite overcame him, and I declare his eyes filled with tears."

"I wonder what he would have said had you made such a proposal to him a year ago," remarked Bentley Wyvern, with a covert sneer.

"He would have unhesitatingly refused me, of course. Don't imagine that I have any doubt about that. You know, as well as I, that my affairs were then so hopelessly involved that he would have been a lunatic to have acted otherwise."

"Then, remember that, among other things, you owe to me your having become the accepted lover of Florence Clare."

Bentley Wyvern rose and left the room as he said this. A few seconds after, he walked to the railway-station, and went to town by train. On his way to the City he called at Fenwick's lodgings in Northumberland Street, and at the moment when he reached the door Mrs. O'Sullivan was receiving a letter from the postman. Bentley Wyvern glanced at the address upon it and recognised the handwriting of Mary Clare, which he had more than once seen during his visits to the rectory. In reply to his inquiry for Fenwick, the landlady stated that he was not at home.

On arriving at Lombard Street, Bentley Wyvern failed to notice two or three people who were standing on the opposite side of the street, and looking curiously at the office of the assurance company. He passed rapidly to his own room and rang the bell for his letters. One of the messengers appeared with them, closely followed by Mr. Bender.

"Why do you allow strangers to come up here without first ascertaining that I am disengaged?" asked Bentley Wyvern, sharply.

The messenger, looking very much scared, was about to reply, but Mr. Bender anticipated the man's intention.

"Don't you blame him, sir; it's my fault, if there is any," he said, taking off his hat and putting it on the table at which the manager was sitting. The fact is, I've been waiting to see you in order to mention a very serious matter without delay."

"Who are you?" inquired Bentley Wyvern, in a husky voice.

"Perhaps you'll be so obliging as to tell your man as we will call him, in case he's wanted."

The messenger being requested to leave the room, somewhat reluctantly retired to the landing outside, and applied his ear to the keyhole as soon as he had closed the door behind him.

"You want to know who I am, sir," continued Mr. Bender. "Well, I'm a detective officer."

Bentley Wyvern half rose from his chair, but sank back into it again with a pallid face.

"Why, what's the matter, sir? You seem regular startled. Have you heard of what I've come to see you about?"

"No."

"Now I call that odd. I should have thought, from your looks, that you *had*."

"What is it you have to say to me?" asked Bentley Wyvern, in a low voice.

"I want to ask you a few questions. But, first, I must inform you that Mr. Mansfield, the cashier of this here establishment, was last night found dead in his room down below."

"Dead!" cried Bentley Wyvern, hurriedly rising to his feet.

"Ay, and what's still worse, he was shot."

"Then the wretched man committed suicide?"

"What makes you think that?" demanded Mr. Bender, quickly.

"I meant what I said to be taken interrogatively. However, in reply to your question, I may inform you that he was a man of a singularly melancholy disposition, and therefore not unlikely to commit an act of that kind."

"I've heard from the clerks that he was always very quiet in his manner, but I didn't know as he was melancholy. You and him have been very friendly, I suppose, so you can tell me more about him than those in the office downstairs."

"I have been acquainted with him for about five years, but we have never been upon terms of intimacy. Still, his shocking death grieves me very much," said Bentley Wyvern, in a mournful tone.

"It's pleasant to meet with a gentleman that has a feeling heart like yours. Did he seem in low spirits when you saw him yesterday?"

"He certainly appeared more depressed than usual, but I can give you no idea of the cause."

A slight noise outside the door, as if the handle of it had been struck against, attracted the attention of the detective. He walked noiselessly across the room, and suddenly threw open the door, to the great confusion of the messenger, who was upon his knees before it.

"When you've done saying your prayers, my pious friend, I'll trouble you to take yourself off," said Mr. Bender.

The man slunk away, muttering something about his having stooped to pick up a pin.

"How uncommon curious some people is, Mr. Wyvern. That fellow has been listening at the key-hole in hopes of hearing the full particulars of how I found the body, but I've disappointed him."

"He shall never have an opportunity of that kind again in this office."

"Quite right sir. A man as wears silver buttons of that size ought to be above such

meanness. What time did you say it was when you last saw Mr. Mansfield?"

"About four o'clock yesterday afternoon."

Bentley Wyvern had completely recovered from the agitation which he displayed at the commencement of the interview. The detective, after a pause, took a pistol out of his pocket, and placed it upon the table.

"Just examine that," he said, "and tell me if you know who owns it. I found it lying close by the body."

"I never saw it before, but I suppose it's only reasonable to conjecture that it belonged to the man who shot himself with it. When was the suicide discovered?"

"I'm not aware as there has been one. It was a little after eleven last night when I found that this murder had been committed. No doubt the guilty party wished to make people believe that Mr. Mansfield destroyed himself, but I've had it proved to me that it was impossible he could have done so."

"You amaze me beyond measure. What object could anyone have in killing him? Was it for the purpose of robbery?"

"There's not a thing missing, so it wasn't done with that view, I'm quite certain," said Mr. Bender, decisively.

"Then I think you will ultimately find that his death was by his own hand."

"That may be your opinion, but it ain't mine. Two doctors that have examined the wound are as convinced from its direction, as I am, from other circumstances, that some one came to this office and killed the poor gentleman. Now the question is who that party was, so if you've got reason to suspect any person, I wish you would inform me, and your hint will be received in strict confidence.

"I am quite unable to give you the slightest clue. The only suggestion I can make is to ascertain, in the first place, where the pistol was bought," replied Bentley Wyvern, calmly.

"Oh, that will be attended to, as a matter of course. I am afraid," added Mr. Bender, looking steadily at his interlocutor, "as my appearance, when I first came in, made you feel uneasy. Some persons are so nervous that the slightest thing upsets them."

"The fact is, I have not been very well, for the last day or two, and a trifling annoyance makes me irritable. Let me urge you to spare no effort to bring the criminal to justice. As an additional incentive to exertion in this matter, let me offer you five pounds, with a promise of double that amount in case you are successful."

"Much obliged to you; but I don't require

anything of that sort to make me perform my duty," said Mr. Bender, making no attempt to take the bank-note that was held out towards him.

"A highly creditable feeling on your part, and one that gives me the greatest confidence in your perseverance."

"Well, it's my impression that I can stick to a thing as well as most people; so, perhaps, you won't find any reason to be disappointed with me. There's nothing more that I have to say just at present, and as you've got a lot of letters to read, I had better say 'good morning.'"

Mr. Bender, as he was passing through the lower office, addressed one of the clerks.

"By the by, I forgot to ask Mr. Wyvern to give me his private address, in case I should want to see him to-night."

"He lives at the Old Hall, Upfield," replied the clerk.

The detective, on reaching the nearest cab-stand, got quickly into a hansom and told the driver to make all speed to Upfield. Before his destination was arrived at, Mr. Bender had arranged, to his satisfaction, the plan which he was about to adopt. Leaving the cab at a short distance from the house that he found upon inquiry to be the Old Hall, he passed through the gates, which happened to be unfastened, and rang the bell at the door. George, the footman, appeared in answer.

"Just tell your master as I'm here, will you, and be so kind as to say I'm sorry it wasn't convenient to call yesterday evening as I promised," said Mr. Bender, politely.

"He's not at home. Went to town hours ago."

"Now I call that unfortunate for me! What a pity I didn't come last night!"

"You wouldn't have seen him if you had been here; so it's as well you saved yourself a journey through the rain."

"Oh, he didn't spend the evening at home—eh?" said Mr. Bender, carelessly.

"I rather think he did though, for he complained of being ill, and went to bed early."

"Very sorry to hear that," remarked Mr. Bender, rubbing his chin. "Still, I fancy if I had got here before nine o'clock he would have given me a few minutes' conversation, because he wished to see me about something particular."

"Considering he went to his bedroom before seven, I feel pretty sure neither you nor anyone else would have been able to speak to him

on business. However, if you'll give me your name, I'll tell him you called."

"Pleasant sort of house this, and I dare say you've a nice garden at the back."

"Yes, it's a decent sort of place enough, but I like living in town."

"I'll tell you what I've come here about," said Mr. Bender, suddenly; "Mr. Wyvern wants me to make an alteration in the window of his bedroom, which, I think he told me, looked upon the grounds behind. Now you're so uncommon civil that perhaps you wouldn't mind letting me take a peep at it, so as I may see what can be done with it?"

The man made no objection to this proposal, and Mr. Bender was conducted into the garden. When he had looked up at the window, and expressed his opinion that there would be no difficulty in making it larger, he promised to call again on the following day.

"You needn't go round to the front again unless you like," said George. "There's a door in the garden-wall that leads into the road."

"To be sure, so there is. Now I call that very convenient for getting in and out privately."

Mr. Bender returned slowly to the cab that was waiting for him, and his manner was less cheerful than it was upon his arrival.

## CHAPTER II.

SOME days after the mysterious occurrence at Lombard Street, Florence and her sister were sitting in the drawing-room of the rectory. It was about half an hour after luncheon time, a period of the day which Florence usually devoted to reading the new novels sent to her from Mudie's. One of these books was open before her, but she glanced occasionally at Mary, who was writing at a little table by the window.

"Are you never going to finish that letter? I can't imagine what you find to write about day after day," said Florence, impatiently.

Mary looked up and smiled, but made no reply.

"Oh, I know whom you are writing to," she continued; "and that's why I mention the subject. It's a most unfortunate affair that you should have fallen in love with Fenwick Towers."

"Why is it unfortunate?"

"Because it isn't a suitable match in any way. Depend upon it, Mary, that you will only waste the best years of your life in waiting for him to marry you, and be disappointed

after all. I wish to avoid saying anything that may give you unnecessary pain; but I cannot refrain from telling you that if you persist in disobeying papa the consequences will be very serious. Only yesterday he was talking to me about this correspondence which you maintain, and he said that he had determined it should cease. I never saw him so excited as he was then."

"I don't understand why he should have been excited about it. There was no promise made to him that I would not write to Fenwick."

"Good gracious! I am quite surprised to hear you talk in that way. Even if there were no other reason, you know what an unconquerable objection he has to the Towers family. Besides, I suppose you have discovered that Mr. Bentley Wyvern is the gentleman papa wishes you to marry."

"I certainly have noticed that he is invited hither very often; but I was not aware that it was with that object."

"At any rate, you cannot be unconscious that Mr. Wyvern pays you marked attention. Indeed, I have no doubt that he will make a declaration of love ere long."

"Then he will only subject himself to a refusal."

"Don't decide too hastily. I think he would prove an excellent husband."

"Florence!"

"Why he is very amiable and kind. Besides all that, Charles tells me that Mr. Wyvern is a man of large fortune, and is about to enter Parliament. I confess that, at first, I was not very favourably disposed towards him: but now that I have become better acquainted with him, my opinion is, that he is rather clever, and I should have no objection to his becoming my brother-in-law. As to papa, I am certain that he has set his heart upon your becoming the wife of Mr. Wyvern."

Mary rose, and approached her sister.

"Do you advise me to forsake Fenwick, and marry this man of whom you have been speaking?"

"Unless you wish to lead a life of poverty," replied Florence, hesitating, "I think that you had better give up all idea of marrying Fenwick Towers."

"But that is not a distinct answer to my question."

"Then I must candidly tell you that *I do*. We go so little into society, that there is very little chance of your making a more eligible match."

"I haven't any intention of selling myself to

the highest bidder. There is no woman whom I hold in more utter contempt than she who degrades herself by marrying a man whom she regards with complete indifference, merely that she may enjoy his wealth and position."

Mary spoke with some warmth, but she was unprepared to see her sister's face suffuse with crimson, and her eyes flash angrily. "Is this intended as a reflection upon my conduct?" asked Florence, after a momentary pause.

"How can you possibly suppose so?"

"Because I know that you think I am not very deeply in love with Charles."

"You are quite mistaken, Florence. My impression is just the reverse. Indeed, I am convinced that if by some mishap he did not succeed in establishing his claim to the Bideford estates, you would not hesitate on that account to fulfil the promise you have given to him. Yet, strange to say, you cannot understand my feelings towards Fenwick."

"There is not the slightest probability of my affection being put to the test in the way you suggest. I have seen the certificate which will secure Charles his earldom. Now, only picture to yourself my becoming the wife of a wealthy peer, while you propose to marry a poor clerk."

"Fenwick is not a clerk."

"Pooh, he is much the same thing, my dearest Mary. Don't give way to romantic notions—he has no profession, and no money, so there is not much doubt that he will become a clerk or something of that kind. It was only the other day he was in the employment of Mr. Wyvern."

"Yes; fortunately for Sir Charles Pennington," retorted Mary. "Let me beg you to abstain from urging me any further. Whatever may be the lot of Fenwick Towers, I am willing to share it."

The door was opened, and Mr. Clare entered holding in his hand a letter.

"This is addressed to you, Mary," he said, coldly, as he handed it to his younger daughter. "The postman gave it to me as I was coming in at the gate. I have observed that you have received several letters in that handwriting of late. I conclude, therefore, that you are in correspondence with Mr. Towers."

Mary put the letter unopened into her pocket, and turned towards the window without replying.

"Your conduct, in this respect," he continued, "has occasioned me the deepest anxiety; for I need hardly point out to you that—that it is very imprudent. Will you promise me to discontinue this correspondence?"

"I cannot," she replied, vainly endeavouring to repress her tears.

The rector's cravat began to feel uneasy, and he made a fruitless attempt to hide his chin in it.

"But I insist upon it," he said, after a slight pause. "In return for all the—the affection and care which I have lavished upon you, I expect that you will show a becoming respect for my wishes. Unless you are prepared to do so, I shall give orders which will insure these letters being sent back to the writer. I am resolved that you shall hold no further communication with that young man."

"Then you wish to make me miserable?"

"On the contrary, I only desire to secure your happiness. Mr. Bentley Wyvern has asked my consent to your union with him, and I have given it with the utmost pleasure, because I feel assured that he is in every respect worthy of you."

"He will never obtain *my* consent," said Mary, firmly.

Mr. Clare paced up and down the room in great anger. At last he stopped opposite to the table where Mary had been writing, and his eye fell upon the half-finished letter.

"Is this about to be sent to Mr. Towers?" he asked, holding it up between his finger and thumb.

"When I have concluded it."

He tore it into fragments and threw them on the table.

"Understand me clearly," he said, returning to where Mary was standing. "You must send no more of these letters, nor receive any. If you disobey me you will oblige me to adopt very harsh measures towards you."

Without waiting for a reply, the rector left the room.

"Really, Mary, you are getting into dreadful difficulties, owing to your obstinacy," said Florence. "Why in the world didn't you give papa the promise that he required? You could have the letters addressed to the post office."

"That would be a deception which I could never stoop to practice."

"But what do you intend to do then? It is quite certain that he will prevent your receiving any more of them."

"I am so much distressed that I hardly know what course to take. This is the first time that he has spoken so unkindly to me."

"What a pity it is you can't make up your mind to marry Mr. Wyvern," said Florence, with a little sigh.

"Never mention that subject to me again. If any attempt is made to force me into consenting to become his wife, I shall at once endeavour to obtain a situation as a governess."

## THE MUSIC OF COLOURS AND PERFUMES.

IT is told of a certain spectator in the crowded pit of a theatre, that, during one of those intervals between the acts, in which the entertainment of the audience devolves upon the orchestra, and everybody else sits or stands at ease, he politely requested a gentleman in front, to remove his hat: whereupon the latter, with equal courtesy, observed that he would have done so sooner, had he supposed that anyone cared much to *see the music*. The anecdote, whether true, or, *ben trovato*, reminds one, at once, of other possible circumstances, in which the request would have involved no absurdity—that is, the suggested possibility of presenting its appropriate music to the eye, by means of a succession of colours, appearing and disappearing, and following each other with a rapidity and a harmonious arrangement similar to that of the sounds into which, by various instruments, we convert the vibrations of atmospheric air into music, specially so called.

Familiar as we are with the facts; that colours can be, on the one hand, harmonized and contrasted æsthetically; and, on the other arranged, as they sometimes are by tasteless persons, in such a manner as to produce the most painful discords; we can, of course, see no difficulty in the way of realizing such a speculation, but that of constructing an instrument suited to the purpose; nor any improbability that the effect upon the imagination, would be precisely analogous to that of a corresponding succession of sounds, with this inevitable difference, that it would be enjoyed and appreciated by a very much smaller number of persons, than the other. The public ear—so to speak—is now, through long habit and constant discipline, far more sensitive to and appreciative of the melody and harmony of sounds, than the public eye is of the artistic capabilities of colour; and we might, any day, easily find ten or twenty persons capable of detecting a false note in any popular air, where we should scarcely find one, able to perceive a discord in the juxtaposition of two colours. We constantly hear popular tunes and opera airs sung and whistled in the streets, correctly enough, by persons who have no scientific knowledge whatever of music; and, just as constantly, we see around us everywhere, in dress, in upholstery, in the internal decorations of houses, the most jarring incongruities and misplace-

ments of colours—greens and blues, for instance, alternated and placed side by side; cold colours laid on in apartments facing the north, and crimson and yellow adding oppressively to the effect of sunshine, in rooms of southern aspect. These facts naturally incline one to believe, that the music of colours would not, for a considerable time, be even nearly as popular as an acquaintance of many centuries has rendered that of sounds; not that the harmony would be less perfect, or intrinsically different; but, that they would be so very much fewer to whom it would convey any meaning, or, in whom it would awaken any emotion.

Of the term “harmony”—which is pure Greek—it may not be irrelevant to observe that it, properly and originally, signifies “regularity and symmetry” of motion or arrangement, and may be as literally applied to the creations of any other artist, as to those of the musician, to which it is conventionally limited; and that the general ignorance of its etymology, especially in times when it was universally understood as synonymous with music, has originated errors, some of which have assumed so poetical a form, that it seems almost a pity to dispel the picturesque illusion. We have all heard or read, for instance, of “the music of the spheres”—that eternal and universal hymn, which the planetary and sidereal bodies are supposed to chant incessantly in their revolutions; but which, as Shakspeare and other poets tell us, we can never hear, while enclosed in “this muddy vesture of decay.” In the first place, we may not unreasonably doubt the existence of music which nobody has ever heard; and secondly, we discover that this beautiful superstition took its origin from the supposed identity of the words “harmony” and “music;” and that the phrase simply means the regularity of the movements and the symmetry of the parts of the sidereal systems. There is, however, after all, a more intimate association between the phenomena of the celestial bodies and music, properly so called, than many persons may be aware of, and for the knowledge of which we are indebted to Pythagoras. The discovery which we owe to him, and which we must introduce by observing that some among the ancients were acquainted with the true theory of our planetary system and the law of gravitation which are generally regarded as belonging exclusively to modern astronomy, was this:—Having calculated the relative sizes of the seven planets, of which our solar system was at that time supposed to consist, he constructed seven globes of metal of the same relative

magnitudes; and suspending them from a horizontal bar by seven strings representing, in like manner, their respective distances from the sun, he found that those strings, when struck, vibrated the seven notes of an octave. Now, if we understand "the music of the spheres" in a literal sense; the phrase, though eventually perverted to a totally different meaning, may probably have an original, but long-forgotten, reference to the curious result of that interesting experiment.

But all through the phenomena of the external creation, we find inexhaustible numbers of such analogies. With colours and perfumes—especially those of flowers—there is associated a little world of mysterious ideas, which it would be next to impossible to define and which, if defined ever so clearly, would suggest to the multitude only an empty-headed and fantastic dream. These, however, no matter how imperfectly expressed, will be intelligible to those who have an æsthetic eye for colour; who receive impressions, not less through the imagination and the heart, than through the external senses; and, to whom the tints and odours of the material creation speak a poetical and mystic language—on the imagination of such persons, the influence of colour is such, that it needs only that they contemplate any special colour for some time to call into existence and activity a train of sensations and emotions, totally different from those which they had previously been experiencing. Colours, in fact, are music to the eyes, and are susceptible of combinations and contrasts and harmonies and half-shades, analogous to those of the artistically arranged sounds that give pleasure to the ear. A curious parallelism, for instance, may be recognized, on the one hand, between the characteristic decorations and the appropriate music of a ball-room; and, on the other, between the stained windows of a cathedral, and the majestic and solemn voice of the organ. In natural scenes, also, there are pictorial harmonies, more suggestive than any artificial music; because they appeal to all the senses simultaneously. At the same moment when our ears are soothed by the sighing whisper of the summer breeze among the leaves, the murmur of the rivulet under its veil of wild flowers, and the hum of insects around the blossoms; our eyes are feasted on the emerald hues of herb and foliage, the amethyst of the violet, and the topaz wings of the bee; and we breathe the mingled perfumes that sunshine extracts from vegetation and scatters round us on the wind. There is,

indeed, one, and only one, piece of music—known as Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"—in which one may easily fancy that all these sensations are expressed. Although the most ordinary of harmonized sounds and colours can never be adequately conveyed in words; because, if they could, the poetry of sound and colour would be superfluous; still, it may be possible to indicate some of those analogies, or rather the nature and meaning of the resemblances, by a few illustrations in the way of juxtaposition; fanciful, perhaps, and open to modification, according to individual tastes, but, at least, conveying some perceptible idea of our meaning. Thus, the idea suggested by *crimson*, is, most probably, that of ostentatious splendour; and by *purple*, a more austere and chastened magnificence, akin to that calm and dignified sadness into which violent grief subsides.

*Rose-colour*—that is, *pink*—according to the proverbial use of the expression, may represent the joyous carelessness and enthusiasm, and exuberant vitality of youth.

*Lilac*, the pleasing melancholy, the mingled smiles and tears of successful love.

*Blue* may be regarded as the emblematic and peculiar colour of confident hope, and calm enjoyment, untroubled by doubts and fears.

*Scarlet*, which so speedily fatigues and hurts the eye, indicates loud and obtrusive arrogance.

*Yellow* is the representative of abundance, unrestricted enjoyment, smiling beauty, gaiety fed by wealth.

*Amaranth*, of the languid apathy of refinement, slumbering into *ennui*.

*Grey* aptly denotes dull sadness and weariness of heart.

*Green*, deep and pensive reflection—that sort of gentle melancholy, that accompanies and characterizes genius.

These speculations may, of course, be indefinitely multiplied by sufficient thought, acute perception, and ingenuity; and resemblances traced between colours and the peculiar tones of certain musical instruments; as, for example, between *green* and the *harp*; *lilac* and the *flute*; *scarlet* and the *trumpet*; *pink* and the *flageolet*; *amaranth* and the *piano*; and, on the same principle, between colours and perfumes; as for instance, between *scarlet* and the odour of the *tuberose*; between *crimson* and that of the *heliotrope*; and as many others as any lover of such a study may choose to arrange in parallel columns, for his own amusement and edification.



## PRYING INTO FUTURITY.

POPE'S dictum that "Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate," finds many unbelievers, even in these days of supposed general enlightenment. There are, probably, several millions of average common-sense Britons who cherish a faith, more or less ardent, in the power of various astrological quacks to pry into futurity. An essayist, writing some years ago, asserted that "Society believes in Astrology," and proceeded to prove his assertion by citing as evidence that "the copies sold of Moore's Almanac are 600,000; those of Partridge 290,000; of Zadkiel 56,000; and of other prophetic annuals 50,000; making in all close upon one million of astrological almanacs sold in this country alone. These imply, perhaps, eight millions of readers." This estimate is rather under than over the mark, if Zadkiel's Almanac for 1870 may be credited, and on such a point the conductor of that curious annual is possibly a reliable authority. He declares that Old Moore has a circulation of 700,000 copies, and that if Raphael, Orion, and other productions of a kindred character be included in the account, the number of astrological almanacs disposed of "reaches full 1,730,000; which, supposing there to be eight readers to each copy sold, will bring up the sum total of readers to 13,840,000, or just one half of the whole of the population of England." Making every allowance for looseness of calculation and exaggeration on the part of the writer, it is plain from these figures that the amount of credulity current is exceedingly large. Worse than that, it is a growing quantity, for while the circulation of Zadkiel was placed at only 56,000, when the estimate referred to above was made, it now stands, according to the astrologer himself—and surely he ought to know—at 80,000.

Notwithstanding the broad notoriety which this enormous sale betokens, it does not seem that these modern sibylline leaves are favourites with that ubiquitous personage the "general reader;" or if they are, the circumstance must be carefully hidden from ordinary observation. One sees all sorts of publications on parlour tables, but never the vaticinations of Tao Sze, or his more vulgar fellow seer, Old Moore. It is possibly worth while, therefore, to gratify a harmless curiosity by taking a passing glance into futurity through the medium of the British star-gazers.

Beginning with the great question of the day—the pacification of Ireland—it is exceedingly gratifying to find that this toughest of political problems is to be solved before March

next. So desirable a result is brought about by no efforts of Mr. Gladstone, or his colleagues in the Cabinet. Nothing half so commonplace as statesmanship is to disarm Fenianism and satisfy the tenant farmer. It is Jupiter that does it. Predicting what is to happen in March, Zadkiel announces that: "In Ireland, Jupiter is still reigning prosperously in Taurus: wherein he brings health, and a contented condition of mind." There is a little haziness here, as if the seer were not quite so well grounded in grammar as becomes a professed "Doctor of Reason" in the "Brotherhood of the Suastica or Mystic Cross." One has some difficulty in deciding whether propitious Jupiter brings the blessings of health and a contented mind to Taurus, or to Ireland. A profane jester of the Fenian persuasion might, perhaps, discover in the prediction an occult reference to the most obnoxious of Irish bulls—"John Bull;" and think that Jupiter, like Balaam, was blessing where he ought most solemnly to curse. It might even be possible to adduce plausible reasons to show that Zadkiel, in a frisky moment, had been attempting to perpetrate a bull on his own account, and had failed, like any other thick-headed Saxon, where only an Irishman could succeed. Let us hope the best, however, from Zadkiel and Jupiter, and, swearing by the latter, believe, if we can, that for the first time in history no Celt may be "spoiling for want of a fight" about the month of March. But this is a matter of only insular importance, and Zadkiel can tell with equal facility of the future of affairs of consequence to Europe and the world.

Had his publication been but a little earlier, our fears for the health of the Emperor of the French might have been sooner relieved—might never, indeed, have been entertained at all. That potentate, according to a carefully cast nativity by Zadkiel, is in no danger of troubling Charon with a fare for twelve months at least. Objection could be taken to the irreverence of the prophet in saying of an Emperor, "the year 1870 opens favourably for the imperial native"—native being irretrievably associated with "nigger" in the British mind, and especially with that particular development of nigger which was in attendance on a certain knowing major whose memory is ever green. But when the conclusion of the horoscope declares "the year is prosperous to him generally," much may be forgiven. Then, again, what comfort must be conveyed by the sentence—"In June he is troubled by the press." To an Emperor writhing daily under such torture as can be inflicted by venomous

censors with an epigrammatic turn of mind, the inference of eleven months' "kef" ought to be soothing in the extreme. "In August," continues the seer, "he increases his armies, and will be full of warlike dispositions, and, if at war, he will gain some battle." Happily there has always been much virtue in an "if," though a fool was the first to discover the fact, and we take comfort. Altogether, his Imperial Majesty has every reason to be satisfied with Zadkiel; and if sublunary honours may be conferred with propriety on a man who is on intimate terms with Jupiter and other leading planets, Napoleon should recognise Tao Sze the next time he is distributing bits of ribbon.

If the stars are thus favourable to the French Cæsar, their aspect is menacing towards the next greatest European sovereign, King William of Prussia. His Majesty is doomed. In May next, his planetary condition is terribly bad, as is indicated by the following awful symptoms:—"Moon opposition Mars, zod. con.  $73^{\circ} 10'$ , and M. C. square Mars, zod. con.  $73^{\circ} 10'$ ." Dreadful as this appears, worse remains behind; for Zadkiel continues:—"And, as Saturn will be this month retrograding over his ascendant, we may hardly hope he will long escape the hour when he shall hear the great summons."

Under such circumstances, the seer is probably justified in adding the solemn warning "Let him therefore prepare." It looks almost like profanity to hint in reference to this serious matter, that the prediction may contain both "bane and antidote"—especially the latter. Something might possibly be done by "squaring" Mars; if that disreputable luminary could be induced for a consideration to refrain from misbehaving with "zod. con."—whoever she may be—the king might escape, and Count Bismarck ought to look to it at once. Though the Berlin exchequer has not benefited by the recent high tide, the Prussians would make an effort in behalf of their grim old God-fearing drill-sergeant. It seems odd to suggest such a slangy terrestrial operation as "squaring" in connexion with celestial bodies, but the practice seems to prevail in the upper circles, for Zadkiel plainly states, in his predictions for February, that "on the 6th of this month, Saturn will square the Sun." There are other monarchs "in a parlous state," as well as he of Prussia. The Kings of Saxony and Italy would do well to follow the grave advice given by Zadkiel to King William, and "make their souls," as an Irishman would say, with as little delay as possible. They are both astrologically referred to in the

month of March as "if now living," and that phrase is as intelligible as it is ominous. The oracle has something to say about the Great Republic, as well as about our petty European sovereigns. A total eclipse of the moon on the 12th July, combined with certain objectionable proceedings of Saturn and Mars at that period, threatens to produce lamentable results. "There seems reason," says Zadkiel, "to expect some serious quarrel with these people, the Americans, who seem more susceptible of planetary influence than most others. I judge they will pick a quarrel with some other nation; but I hope it will not be with England. Yet we should be prepared for the worst. It is more likely to be with Spain." Our prophet is here a little incoherent; but there is consolation in the last sentence.

Great as Tao Sze is in political foresight, he is equally great in the prediction of physical phenomena. He tells us, for instance, that "the Dragon's Tail in Capricorn"—one wonders what possible connexion there can be between a dragon and a goat in the blue empyrean—"signifies earthquakes and damages in the southern parts, but this he trusts"—and we with him—"applies more to Greece and its vicinity than to Old England." If Zadkiel, who must be on a familiar footing with the Dragon, would only say "poor old boy" to him caressingly, the beast might waggle his tail in some safer direction.

London and the Londoners receive a large measure of Zadkiel's attention, and it is not unnatural that the modern Babylon should be watched over with some care by the nineteenth century Chaldean. In January, for instance, owing to "old Saturn creeping slowly on in the last face of Sagittarius . . . quarrels and vile actions abound." That, however, is rather a safe shot on the part of the astrologer, for irrespective of any conspiracy between Saturn and the "horsey party" mentioned above, it would be hard to name any day, save the 29th February, in a year indivisible by four, in which "quarrels and vile actions," did not abound in the great metropolis. To compensate for this drawback in January, general prosperity and the opening up of "some new trade" are promised to the citizens in May. But on the 14th July there is an ugly opposition of Mars and Saturn, which "will produce a bitter cup for the Londoners to drain." Zadkiel commiserates his fellow-citizens under these trying circumstances, and adds piously, "let us hope that the evil will be mitigated, however"—to "sherry and bitters," perhaps, or the cooling Bass may be added suggestively. A mitigation of the

bitter cup in that direction would not be a totally unacceptable drain in July weather. In August "Jupiter is in Gemini," and would shower down benefits on London and elsewhere, were it not for the opposition of that cruel old child-devourer, Saturn, who prevails; and in consequence, "some great failure among the merchant princes may be feared; and other evils affect the honour and credit of the Great City at that period." Perhaps in view of this calamity, the exclamation "Oh Gemini!"—once a cockney invocation of power—might be revived with effect.

The care of Zadkiel does not fail in noticing even trivial matters affecting the person. Thus, he tells people unlucky enough to call the 21st January their birth-day that, during the coming year, they will be "liable to injuries, and may break a leg or meet with other accidents;" and those born on the 16th March are adjured to "guard against scalds to the feet especially." Nobody can gainsay the need of this piece of advice, but it might have been made more general in its application with great advantage. It is not exclusively people born on 16th March that are prone to get into hot water. Humanity in general has a surprising propensity to put its foot in it, in season and out of season. It is Saturn, by the way, who does most of the mischief, great and small; and he does it by making inconvenient halts every now and then, on his way through space, just as if he were a drunken old carrier, calling at ever so many public-houses on the road, and getting unpleasantly tipsy in each. For example, the "Voice of the Stars" for April whispers "Saturn will be *stationary* on the 7th, and he will then inflict many evils on Spain, Hungary, Dalmatia, Tuscany, &c., such as uproars of the people and other misfortunes." The obvious remedy is the appointment of a planetary policeman, with strict injunctions to compel this reprobate and degenerate Chronos to fulfil his proper mission, and "move on"—nay, in the words of a forgotten chant of some renown in its day, to "push along, keep moving." Pains are taken by Zadkiel to point out the particular days on which the "lunar influences" indicate that business ought to be done with particular sets of people. But it does not seem apparent why the moon should be the guiding influence in such matters, unless in the case of one resorting to an attorney. Then, indeed, Luna must be the ruling planet, and lunatic the proper name of the client. Need it be observed that the writer of this paper consulted Zadkiel with assiduous care, and transmitted his manuscript on a day when the stars were propitious?

Besides the predictions dictated to him by stellar influences, Tao Sze imparts much astounding information of an astronomical kind to his patrons. They may learn, if they listen to wisdom as personified in Zadkiel, that Newton was entirely wrong about that little matter of the falling apple. The reasoning of the author of the "Principia," who seems to have been little better than a tobacco-smoking old chuckle-head, is entirely fallacious. Attraction is a delusion, the motion of the earth a Copernican snare, and the received figures as to the sun's distance a pack of thrice-besotted nonsense. The earth is fixed; "it stands *unmoved* as the Scriptures and common sense declare, and the sun moves round it at the mean daily rate as herein shown," says Zadkiel. What can be said of nonsense of this kind? The author declares of his "little annual" that:—"It was cast like bread upon the waters of public opinion. It has struggled through the fiery blasts of animosity, and swum through the mighty rivers of abuse." There is unknown force in that "swum." A publication that has "swum" with so much lead as Zadkiel carries must exist in defiance of Darwin and natural selection.

#### WINTER SCENES IN SCOTLAND.

THOUGH vanished now the brilliant dyes,  
Whose splendour canopied the woods,  
And earth be roofed with leaden skies;

A mighty charm still o'er her broods.

See, in the winding deep ravine,

What forms of loveliness unknown

Had lain 'neath summer's pall of green,

Veiling all beauties save her own;

Revealed through purpled elm and beech,

Its eddying foam the torrent stirs

By mossy coves, until it reach

The dense o'erhanging shroud of firs;

The shelving rocks, with herbage fringed,

The arrowy stems, in ivy stoled,

The burnished holly, coral-tinged—

These winter's hands to sight unfold.

Or, when keen frost crusts white the land,

And wraps in mist th' enfeebled rays,

Like crystal wrought by cunning hand,

The boughs entwine their feath'ry sprays.

Ere yet the sun forsakes the west,

To distant space the mist is rolled;

Amid the mountain's shadowed breast

There lies a mellow haze of gold.

White distant summits, tap'ring high,

Flush with the budding rose's hue,

As, floating down the turquoise sky,

The sun's last fringes sink from view.

Awhile their crests the mountains rear,

Still sterner, colder, than before;

Awhile dim shadows they appear,

Then, blent with night, are seen no more.

## AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY.

## CHAPTER IV.

THAT a male heir, if such really existed, had a paramount right under the entail, there seemed little doubt; and Mabel had so often, during the short period of her father's surviving his son, heard the surmise started, that it had not, when likely to be realised, come upon her with the effect of a sudden blow; but found her quite prepared for the possible result. "If it is God's will, and man's right, Colonel Vandaleur, that my boy there should make his way in the world, like his dear father—who had not even a cottage he could call his own, when he carved for himself a position and a name—I am sure I am not the person to wish it otherwise, or take one step, unjustified by honour or honesty, to usurp another's birthright. Felix is a born soldier, every inch of him, and the contrast in your two latest military friends' career is proof sufficient that the stuff of which heroes are made is not rich baronets but poor knights!" The deep sigh which closed her speech might have had reference to both her father and her husband, but the sparkle of the eye, through an unshed tear, belonged to the memory of her hero alone.

It was not an unpropitious reminiscence for the friend of early days who just then rejoined the party; for had not he, whose slightest predilections she unconsciously adopted, peculiarly singled out, nay, even courted, the man who stood before him—in the double capacity of her lost brother's model and her late husband's *beau idéal* of young England? And if in neither instance had the distinction been seemingly appreciated, or, at least, made the most of, there was, to Mabel's woman's instinct, a why and wherefore for the reticence which redeemed it from churlishness, nay, even exalted it in her eyes from a fault to a virtue.

She spoke sweetly and frankly, as of old, to Cecil about her father and brother, and even of the Hall and its precarious tenure.

"Whatever the law awards and you acquiesce in, you may depend on my sanctioning, nay, feeling to be right. I am quite prepared for an adverse decision; and, as I was telling Colonel Vandaleur, my future soldier (if God spares him to me) will make one none the worse that he has no estate to hang like a millstone round his neck, and tempt him to retire at five-and-twenty, like my poor father."

"We must take our chance of that," said

the veteran. "I did not sell out till the peace myself; but to be sure Mount Garret, though a pretty property, is not quite the Hall! We must keep that for my little friend there, if the law will let us. I can't fancy a Yankee in possession of so fine an old English place."

"You forgot, Colonel," said she, smiling, "how different the hospitable planters (as one reads of them, at least, in books of travels) are from the money making, tough, encroaching republicans of the north. Except the colour of their servants, and that sad, sad slavery, it strikes one there is little difference between the manners and ways of the south and our own. My poor father used sometimes to say he should have liked to go and take a look at them; and that he thought he might find friends there, and of his own name too."

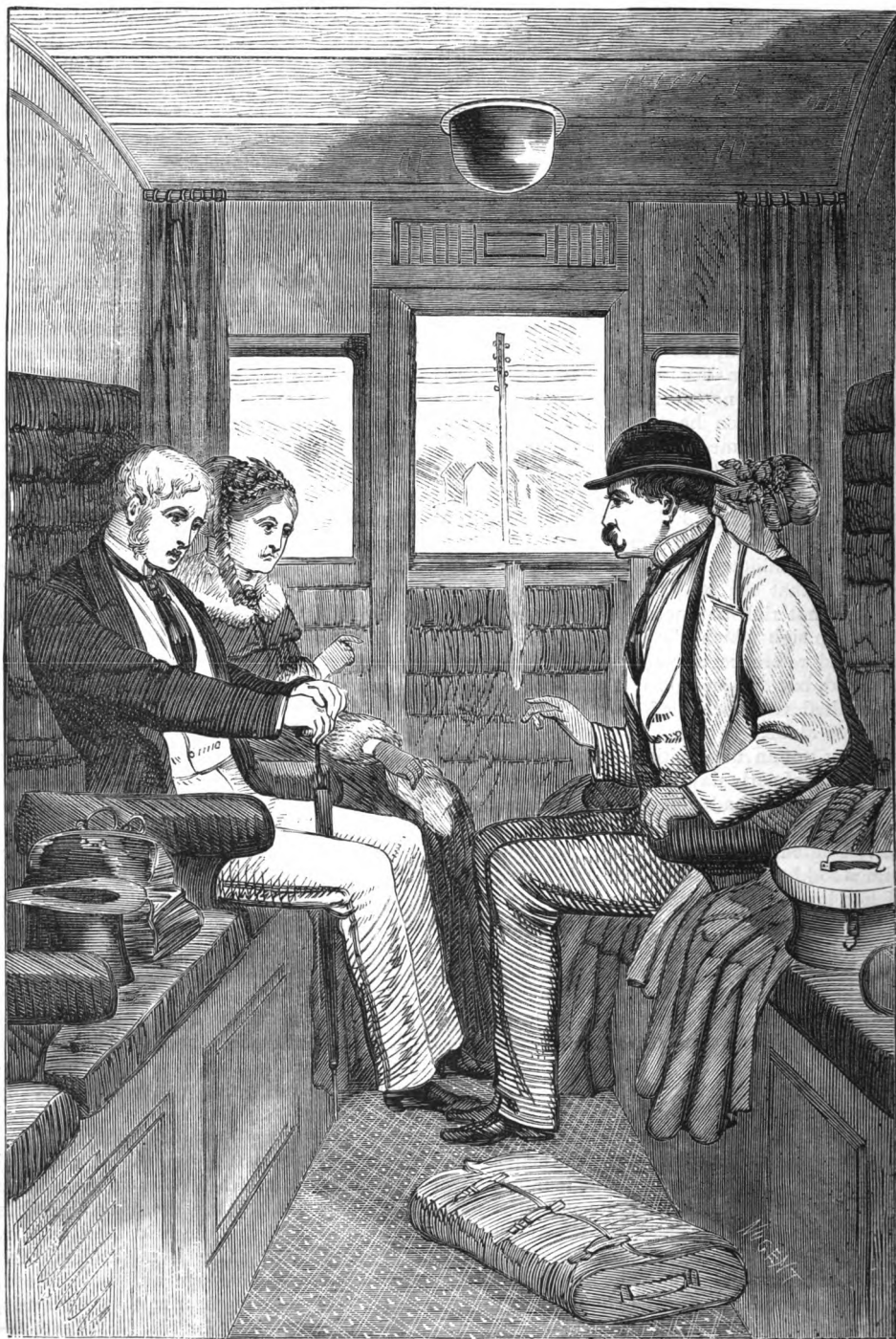
"Ah! that sounds as if there were something in this *mal à propos* resuscitation!" sighed the Colonel. "I don't like to think so, but we shall hear more of it when Mr. Cunliffe gets to town."

"Meantime, you and Mr. Cunliffe must be hungry after your long drive," said Mabel, courteously. "Ask the gentlemen to stay and lunch at your early dinner, Felix."

"You'll stay, won't you?" said the child, thus prompted, to the frequent visitor; "you always do, you know." Then, nestling up again to Cecil, by this time seated in the library, and jumping on his knee, "You'll stay, too! Felix would like it, and so would mamma, and grandpapa, and Uncle Lionel, and dear papa, and everybody."

If this strange comprehensive invitation brought a slight dimness to the bereaved one's eyes, those of the guest were not free from a responsive moisture, so oddly did the child seem to have taken in and grouped round this stranger the various parties whose affections he had traditionally shared. And as the boy, still perched upon his knee, "perused" (as Shakspeare has it) the record on Cecil's open brow, he seemed to draw thence the same conclusion, and ratify the general verdict by taking his new acquaintance suddenly round the neck and giving him a hearty kiss.

It was but an instance more of the universal spell under which, with little or no exertion on his own part, and still less consciousness of its universality, Cecil Cunliffe held man, woman, and child. With some it might lie in his chivalrous courtesy to age and womanhood, or his frank and manly bearing towards equals, or rare consideration for the feelings of inferiors. With many, in his unquestionable nobility of air and aspect (which would have



"AN UNDERGRADUATE'S STORY."—(See page 585.)

graced a dukedom), in the intellectual expression of features over which every generous emotion played, as on a native element. Some might be lured by the irresistible witching of manner; some, simply propitiated by that "letter of recommendation," or handsome face, lit up by honest blue eyes beaming with intelligence, and graced by a well-cut mouth, with its rare smile of resistless fascination; and some taken by storm by a warmth of greeting, all the more appreciated that it was not the common property of all alike.

With children, his "open sesame" was manifestly the love he bore them—his unaffected delight in their companionship. But with them (discerning little sprites!) as well as with their discriminating elders, the charm lay chiefly in a truthful reality of character, which knew no shams, and condescended to no subterfuges; content to be appreciated at his own absurdly humble valuation. For Cecil, being no faultless monster, a want of self-esteem (not a very common deficiency) prevented his assertion of superiority when it was but his unquestioned due, and prompted, on the slightest token of assumption in others, either haughty reserve, or a painful degree of sensitiveness. This—with somewhat of the habits and feelings of a recluse, due in part to his early self-immolation, and partly to real devotion to the duties of the profession he had embraced, with a dash of superinduced, not natural, cynicism, due to a lawyer's insight into the least flattering phases of our common nature—summed up, as far as man might judge, the few failings of one, who, if he sought fewer friends than many, bound those whom he really loved, in a pleasing thralldom, they cared neither to analyse nor to break through.

On Mabel, perhaps, the spell had been long unconsciously laid; but its working on the stiff old soldier of seventy, and the curly-headed boy of seven, was alike immediate; and it were hard to say which was most sorry to think that business must carry him, early next day, to town.

The prospect of the journey was not enlivened to Cecil—self-denying and self-abjuring as we have seen him to be—by learning after dinner from his host that a letter, found lying on his table on coming home, from the same agents by whom the claim of the American stranger had been originally put in, contained a hint that, on the return of his principal—now absent on a tour through England, and daily expected in town—a negotiation for a compromise, to be effected (he, the agent, believed) by a proposal on his client's part for the hand

of the widowed Lady Osborne, might be expected, for which it would not be amiss to be prepared. Amid some common-places as to the eligibility of such an arrangement—neither parties likely to be dispossessed by its failure—the experienced lawyer's eye detected a secret hope that the ground for a protracted and lucrative lawsuit might not, after all, be thus unprofitably cut away. Did he, or did he not, in his secret soul, indulge a similar hope?

On joining—after a fresh and unsuccessful rummage among the family archives at the Hall—somewhat late on the following day, the afternoon train for town at the nearest station, Cecil found the opposite seat in a first-class carriage occupied by an individual, whose precise status and country it puzzled him equally to conjecture. Tall, dark, and sallow as a Spaniard, the handsome stranger's features somehow disclaimed a peninsular origin, while his aristocratic bearing and look of unmistakeable birth and breeding, were a little at variance with a finical nicety of travelling equipments, and a redundancy of really valuable jewellery, such as no English gentleman would care to exhibit on a journey. For a foreigner of some kind or other, Cecil, on these indications, set down his stately *vis-à-vis*; and as, apparently engrossed with his guide-book, he for some time maintained a dignified silence, there was no opportunity of judging, from accent or pronunciation, the truth of the conjecture.

The lawyer was feeling, as they neared London, a good deal of the interest which baffled curiosity seldom fails to call forth; and, despairing of having even a ray of light thrown on the *whereabouts* of the almost princely-looking unknown, when a chance remark of one of two elderly ladies who occupied the two remaining seats, on the extent of strawberry gardens, already skirting both sides of the road—drew forth, by a slight concentration of ideas, the desired information.

"I believe," said the mysterious stranger, to whom the remark was specially addressed, in excellent, though slightly peculiar English, "that I may pique myself on having this year enjoyed the longest strawberry season that ever fell to an individual's lot. I am just returning from the Scottish Highlands, where" (the season was October) "their three months' reign was not quite at an end. I found them on the Lakes in July, in London in June, at Paris in May, and in April I had them from my own garden, near Savannah, in Georgia."

"Savannah, in Georgia!" Cecil almost exclaimed aloud, as he instinctively recognised, in the magnificent stranger, not only the

dreaded claimant of the Hall, but the no less formidable proposer of the tempting compromise! Unfavourably prepossessed against him in both capacities, he could scarcely fail to be. Still there was no denying to the tall Southerner all the exterior attributes of a thorough gentleman, no unmeet successor, in point of birth or breeding, to even Sir Jasper Osborne; and, as such, were Mabel, for her boy's sake, to accept the conditions, not even Cecil could venture to wonder or blame. There was an air of habitual command, mingled with a gentle gravity in the stranger's bearing, which contrasted so strongly and advantageously with all his preconceived ideas of a Yankee claimant (something like the insufferable pretender of Miss Ferrin's "Inheritance," or the specimens of "Young America" which he had met with on his travels abroad), that Cecil felt an "*amende honorable*" due to the man before him for the "counterfeit presentment" of him which spleen and imagination had conjured up; and he found himself returning his unconscious foeman's parting bow with a courtesy which proved he did not, at least, deem him unworthy of a fair field in future warfare.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE first step to be taken by the barrister with a view to further elucidation of the American cousin's claim, was to set out in search of the genealogical tree of the Dorrian family, which he had of course expected to find in the muniment room at the Hall, but which was unaccountably missing. His first thought had been its possible abstraction from thence for inimical purposes connected with the coming suit; but on hinting his suspicions to the solicitors of the late Sir Jasper, with whom he had been requested to put himself in communication, he was relieved to find the missing document safe in their custody, its removal thither admitting of a very easy and natural solution. On the marriage of their late client it had been borrowed for the Herald's College for the rectification of some necessary details as to the quarterings of the two families; and the rapidly succeeding deaths of young Lionel and his father had hitherto postponed its replacement at the Hall.

That it was now eagerly scanned by two experienced conveyancers and acute counsel may easily be imagined; and the result was such as clearly to establish the late Sir Geoffrey's ancestor having had two sons (temp. Carol. II.), of whom the younger, Reginald—previously married to a lady of the honourable house of De Vere—disappeared

about 1698, the supposed period of his emigration, from the family record. If the gentleman bearing that corroborative family name could prove his lineal descent from the Reginald aforesaid—a male heir, in the direct line, was at once to be found.

That he would be able to do this was felt to be almost certain; the very indifference to the result which had sent the presumptive heir to £6000 *per annum*, after simply giving legal notice of his claim, on a three or four months' tour through Britain, before following the matter up, indicated not merely the indolence and *sang froid* of an absurdly independent Southerner, but a sober certainty of ultimate success which boded ill for the infant heir in the female line of Dorrian Hall. For proofs of the descent thus negligently claimed, it was, however, necessary to call; as, were these forthcoming, pride for his client and her boy dictated—to Cecil, at least, on their part—a prompt and unhesitating surrender, in anticipation of anything in the least resembling a public trial. For himself, it is needless to say, had the case been a trumped-up one, or the claimant an impudent scoundrel, deep interest in the parties, and in what has been styled the "Romance of the Forum" would have stimulated him to supernatural efforts on behalf of a widow and orphan in general, and of one special widow and child in particular. But, not to be the hero of a *cause célèbre*, or even to win the Hall for Mabel, could Cecil wish to champion wrong, or talk down truth; and he thanked heaven once more that her favourite Hollies no interloper could start up to take from her.

Meantime, he had to return to the trustees with information far too miscellaneous to be transmitted on paper, and was, this time, to be the guest—it may be conjectured not the very willing or welcome one—of Sir Walter Meredith. But though the same offensive shade of superiority on the part of the entertainer still rather grated on the feelings of the guest, it was no longer manifested in the form of haughty rivalry, but the rather more offensive one of condescending patronage; and contempt took the place of disgust in Cecil's mind, on perceiving that, with the chances of her rich inheritance, were fast waning, in the worlding's eyes, the attractions of the no longer wealthy widow.

"Lady Osborne will have enough to do," said he, compassionately, "to educate her boy, and keep up the Hollies upon its slender income and her widow's pension. Her husband, I know, had invested all his small means in



the purchase, as well as the £5,000 she had down at her marriage; of the £20,000 she was meant to have, had her brother lived, out of the estate, I suppose poor Sir Geoffrey was too much cut-up, as well as too confident of her succession, to secure the original portion; indeed, I doubt if he had any ready money, and Jonathan, of course, will ignore the claim, and not come down with a dollar."

It may seem absurd to say how much the nick-name for Americans in general, applied to one American in particular, and from the lips of a mammon-worshipper qualified to take rank among his most abject devotees, offended the ear and feelings of Cecil. "Do you judge of others by yourself?" he felt tempted to ask aloud, and mentally replied, "Were *you* the heir, we should know what to expect in the way of liberality." He could not, in justice, forbear to say that the gentleman from Georgia, whom he had accidentally seen and conversed with, as a stranger, in a railway carriage, had that in his bearing and demeanour which the best blood in England need not care to disavow.

"All the better for the widow," said the retiring candidate, "for if he makes out his case, I suppose it will end in her accepting his proposal. 'Tis the best and wisest thing she could do."

"Perhaps," was Cecil's one word of extorted assent—muttering inwardly, "indubitably so, if the alternative lay between him and you—yet I don't consider it at all likely."

"Not at once, of course," said the cautious man of the world; "indeed, Vandaleur tells me she has, through him, point blank repudiated the very idea. But she will be induced to see her yellow adversary, and the baronetcy will have its weight; for if Jonathan wins the estate, the title must go with it."

From such after dinner talk as this, it will not be wondered that Cecil felt it a necessity to escape; and saying that what Sir Walter had just mentioned, as well as other matters, rendered it expedient he should at once see Colonel Vandaleur, whose house lay within a two miles' walk, he took his hat, and strolled towards his former quarters.

He found the Colonel pacing to-and-fro, with a cigar in his mouth, on his terrace, and received, notwithstanding the unusual hour for a visit, a wonderfully cordial reception. The old gentleman saved Cecil all inquiries by dashing at once into the subject nearest their hearts.

"That Reginald Dorrian seems a thorough gentleman, and as English as his name, which

I fear bespeaks his parentage. His letter here will save explanations, and speak for itself. Mabel will none of him—one cannot wonder; but, methinks, she might do worse. Her boy will be but slenderly provided, but not even for him will she sell herself for gold."

"The same from both guardians!" thought Cecil to himself, "though somewhat differently expressed! No Mabel is indeed incapable of selling herself—though one, at least, of her so-called protectors, would toss her into the scale without a misgiving!"

The letter, which had been handed to him for perusal, ran as follows:—

"Ignorant as I necessarily was, on arriving in England, of the circumstances under which the inheritance of my forefathers had unexpectedly opened to me, I deferred advancing my claims on that succession, till opportunity should be offered me of rendering that claim as little onerous to the surviving relations of my cousin, the late lamented Sir Geoffrey, as possible. Sufficiently aware at all times, from family tradition, of the privileges attached to a hereditary estate in England, I have become since my arrival yet more thoroughly alive to their extent. And though too independent to require, yet not perhaps chivalrous enough wholly to relinquish, so proud a distinction, it would still further endear and ennoble the position fate has assigned me, and which I so highly appreciate, could it be enjoyed without infringing on the previously implied rights of any members of the same good old English race, to represent whom, however inadequately, is my chief object of ambition. The daughter of one friend of Colonel Vandaleur, and wife of another, has shown, I have been led to believe, by a previous choice, that nobler motives than mere girlish predilections could influence her selection of a protector. Heroes, alas! do not abound sufficiently in England, for life's lottery to afford even the chance of a second similar prize. But if the devotion of that life to the interest and welfare of my widowed cousin and her orphan boy can exalt to somewhat of her lofty level a very ordinary and prosaic—but I trust upright; and I am sure sincere—well-wisher to both, Dorrian Hall will acquire a tenfold value in the eyes of its new possessor, as the joint home of the descendants from one common ancestor, which the enclosed papers will show, to exist upon earth.

"P.S.—I deem it almost superfluous to say that, were such an union to take place, Lady Osborne's boy would find in me the most



affectionate of parents ; and, failing sons of my own, it would be in my power, as last heir under the entail, to replace him by will in the position from which I may involuntarily and reluctantly displace him."

"A gentleman, every inch of him! is he not?" asked the Colonel, replacing in his pocket the Georgian's delicately worded proposal. "I have urged Mabel to take time to consider, nay to do her cousin the justice of granting him an interview, and letting him plead his own cause. But she absolutely declines both, and says that were he an angel, and her son a beggar, any compromise of the sort would be utterly out of the question. It is the greater pity, that her husband, to my knowledge, was bent on her marrying again, both for her own sake and the boy's ; and I once thought my neighbour, your host, might have been the likely man. But, somehow, she never liked him, even as an adviser, and always clung to me instead, and could hardly be civil to him—pleasant and clever as you no doubt find him—from suspecting, I thought, what were his views. However, since the doubt about the estate, I have fancied Meredith has kept aloof, so he would not stand in the way of the compromise."

"No, indeed," replied Cecil, "his last words before I came here were, that he thought it the best thing that could happen—quite a god-send; and, indeed, Colonel Vandaleur, fairly drove me hither by his disparaging remarks. You'll let me stay the night, on pretext of protracted business, for, really, I can't go back in my present mood, and half told him not to expect me. I'll walk over, betimes, in the morning to breakfast, and apologize."

Colonel Vandaleur gave the necessary orders with cheerful courtesy ; and he did not, *entre nous*, think the worse of his young guest for being disgusted at Sir Walter's undisguised mammon-worship.

"The Yankee is worth a dozen of him," said he, with unusual energy, "and cares less for dollars, as far as I can see, though he prizes English acres for the sake of their English pedigree. Mabel might have been very happy with him, and I spoke my mind on it, and even went so far as to tell her Sir Jasper's special wish that she should marry some good man, who would care for and bring up his precious boy. He had a distrust of female training, while showing implicit confidence in his young wife, by leaving her his sole executrix, and the little he had to

leave entirely in her own power. The Hall *he* thought must go to his darling Felix—'tis well he passed away in that belief."

It was no mere pretence of business which prolonged to a late hour in the night the *tête-à-tête* of the Colonel and his guest. The extracts enclosed in the American's letter were copious and conclusive enough to dispel all doubts as to his being the direct male heir to the Dorrian estate, and, as such, to the baronetcy also. All idea of legal resistance was out of the question, and it only remained to put him in possession, with as little of delay as possible, of his undoubted rights.

To do him justice, the long-descended scion of an ancient race slunk, with almost guilty privacy, into the home of his ancestors ; refusing to do so till everything had been removed to which either law or inclination could give the late possessors the shadow of a claim—the portraits, especially of Sir Geoffrey, his son, and daughter, were forwarded, with every expression of respect, through Colonel Vandaleur.

"Though my cousin," wrote he, in an accompanying note, "has declined, perhaps only naturally, to give her noble husband an ignoble successor, I trust I may yet be permitted to testify, by deeds not words, the esteem with which her conduct and character have inspired her transatlantic relation."

The pictures were accepted and acknowledged, and duly transferred to fit places on the walls of the Hollies ; and the very name of the new baronet, but for rumours of his good deeds which occasionally reached that quiet spot, was well-nigh forgotten amid the anxieties and alarms which soon sprang up from another quarter to threaten the very existence of those with whom he had vainly sought to share his solitary wealth.

It has been mentioned that Sir Jasper, soon after his marriage, from mingled notions of kindness to his wife (whose brother was then alive) and of compassion for a spendthrift cousin of his own, whom he vainly believed the purchase-money might snatch from impending ruin, had invested his original patrimony, but little increased by a long course of expensive military service, in the small estate of the Hollies—already, and for generations back, occupied by a branch of his family, and which, on that account, he was the more desirous to rescue from public sale.

## TABLE TALK.

IN the *Standard* for January 5, 1870, appeared the following paragraph :—

NEWSPAPERS.—The Italians led the way in the publication of newspapers, under the title of "Gazettas;" and the first English newspaper, of which there are many copies in the British Museum, was entitled *The English Mercurie*, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and "imprinted at London by her Highness's printer, 1588."—*Solicitors' Journal*.

As this paragraph appears without any remark or correction, it is to be presumed that it is a thing not so generally known as it ought to be, that this celebrated copy of *The English Mercurie* of 1588, was, long since, discovered to be a clever fraud. The copies of the newspaper were found in the British Museum by Mr. George Chalmers, when searching for materials for an article on newspapers. They purported to contain contemporary accounts of the Spanish Armada which was "then in the Channel;" and Mr. Chalmers, in his comments, observes, "it may gratify our national pride to be told that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper." Mr. Chalmers' statements were received unhesitatingly, and were adopted not only here (by the elder D'Israeli, &c.) but also in continental encyclopædias. They remained undisputed until about twenty-five years ago, when Mr. Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, carefully examined these celebrated newspapers and discovered that they were printed on paper that bore the water-mark of one of the Georges! The fact that these papers were forgeries—and not very clever ones either—was then indubitably established, though their history was never clearly known. It was thought, however, that they were produced by the second Lord Hardwicke, whose sudden death probably prevented him from destroying the papers or explaining the reason for which they were manufactured. We referred to this in our "Table Talk" for July 10, 1869, p. 570. Perhaps the writer in the *Solicitors' Journal* may be glad to know that the first newspaper in England was Nathaniel Butler's *Weekly News*, published May 23rd, 1622, which succeeded the sheets of news and pamphlets of news, mentioned by Burton and others.

A CORRESPONDENT: I have read with interest the article about "Tobacco," which appeared in your magazine; but I must say I was sorry that it was written by a lady, as she

could not speak from experience. The facts she gave were very true, I confess, but I should like to hear, from some one who smokes, his opinion on tobacco, and the effect it has on him. The writer has smoked for the last ten years, and has never found any worse effects from it than a dryness in the throat, accompanied with thirst: it also has the effect of keeping him awake, rather a long time, after retiring to rest, when he has smoked rather more than usual.

FORTY YEARS AGO the Rev. John B—— P—— was vicar of the parish of St. Mary, in the city of L——d. He married a sister of Sir N—— B—— G—— Bart., and, between the two, they contrived to make themselves eminently ridiculous and offensive—under a somewhat circumscribed condition of worldly means—by the exemplification of the most intolerant personal pride and exclusiveness. And the affairs of the parish were conducted in the *sic volo sic jubeo* fashion. One of Mr. P——'s parishioners—a man of powerful physical development—was not more remarkable for the largeness of his person, and the loudness of his voice, than for a dogmatic expression of his opinions, and, in a literal sense, a thorough independence of ideas. Though he might fear God, he certainly regarded not man. His name was Thomas Alexander Rutter, and he was an ironmonger, brazier, and tinsmith worker, as his shop card set forth. Upon a time, some discontent arose in the parish upon the subject of pew rents. Mr. Rutter—as was expected—led the free-seat majority in vestry; and, for the first time, carried the parish with him in rebellion against the aristocratic overbearing of the vicar. After a hostile vote in vestry, Mr. Rutter (who had been elected churchwarden) concluded some remarks with these words:—"And, 'sir, I will call upon you this evening with a copy of the minutes." "Call upon me!" haughtily exclaimed the vicar; "I suppose you mean *wait* upon me?" "No, sir," replied Mr. Rutter. "I *wait* upon you on *my* business, but I *call* upon you on *yours*." Accordingly Mr. Rutter did call—announcing his arrival by a muscular rat-tat-tat at the hall-door of the vicarage. A maid servant who attended the door got well rated for not conducting the ironmonger into the kitchen before he was ushered into the dining room; and when he was there, the vicar haughtily demanded why he presumed to enter at the front door. "I expect," added he, "my tradesmen always to attend at the house at

the back door." To which remark, Mr. Rutter, not at all taken aback, responded, by desiring the vicar to consider that, upon the present occasion, he did not come there as a tradesman, but in pursuance of a matter concerning the interests of the parishioners; in which it happened he had a legal authority superior to the vicar himself. It may be assumed the interview interfered with the vicar's digestion and acidulated his subsequent pulpit preparations; for, on the Sunday following, the congregation in general and the churchwarden in particular, were astounded when the vicar gave out the text—(2 Tim. iv. 14, 15):—"Alexander the coppersmith did me much evil; the Lord rewarded him according to his works; of whom be thou ware also; for he hath greatly withstood our words." From this text he enlarged freely at the cost of the muzzled churchwarden, and fairly preached him out of church.

FOR THE SAKE, and in compliance with the wishes, of his boys, Hallam and Lionel, Mr. Tennyson spent the Christmas holidays at his old home, Faringford, near Freshwater, returning there from a sojourn at his newly-built house near Haslemere. Of this house, our contemporary, the *Builder*, has recently published a description. It is, it says, "a stone structure of considerable dimensions, approached by a broad carriage-drive to the principal entrance, which is a large porch of five pointed arches, so arranged, however, that visitors cannot alight under it, as it is paved, and approached by three steps. The style of architecture does not carry us back to the days of Arthur, nor have we in the new house any strong reminders even of the age of knights of chivalry—its architecture being a free treatment of domestic Gothic of the Tudor period." Everyone will wish Mr. Tennyson health and happiness to enjoy a long lease of Haslemere; and, more than this, it is to be hoped that his peace and privacy will not be rudely interfered with. For years past, tourists in the Isle of Wight have subjected the poet-laureate to intrusions and annoyances, which, at last, have fairly driven him away from the spot. That

Careless-order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down,

to which he invited his child's godfather, the Rev. F. D. Maurice, was deemed by the touring snob to be public property, and to be walked in and invaded at all times and seasons; and if a sight of the poet, or the

poet's wife, could be obtained through the windows, it added zest to the Paul-Pryism. We trust that Mr. Tennyson may be enabled to secure real privacy at Haslemere; yet it is to be feared that the following advertisement, which has appeared in the *Times*, is but the first threatening of the coming storm—

ONLY one mile and a half from Mr. Tennyson's seat on Blackdown-hill, near Haslemere, with full view of the same.—To be SOLD or LET, a convenient 16-roomed HOUSE, with walled-in garden and lawn, &c. &c.

Mr. Tennyson must accept this as among the perils of popularity. Perhaps a speculative builder will run up a "Tennyson Terrace" within still nearer distance of Haslemere, with powerful telescopes brought to bear on that "stone structure of considerable dimensions;" and if the poet-laureate could be induced to sit for half-an-hour each day under the "large porch of five pointed arches," and there enjoy his beloved cigar, doubtless the competition for a house in "Tennyson Terrace" would be vigorous and long sustained.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* states that in Adam Street, Adelphi, he took into a baker's shop, a beggar, who was "a tall, powerfully-built navvy," and gave him a loaf, which the man, instead of eating, sold to the baker at half-price. I can also testify that giving relief "in kind" is no security against the tricks of beggars. Some years since, I and others, living in the neighbourhood of a town, made a practice of only giving relief in kind, and after a while we had the satisfaction of discovering that the beggars took the bread, &c., to a receiving-house, where the broken victuals were purchased from them, and, for the most part, thrown into a wash-tub to be again sold to pig-keepers.

*The first instalment of "THE MOR-TIMERS" will appear in the number for Feb. 5; with an Illustration by W. Gunston.*

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SHAKESPEARE—"Love's Labour's Lost," *Act I., sc. 1.*

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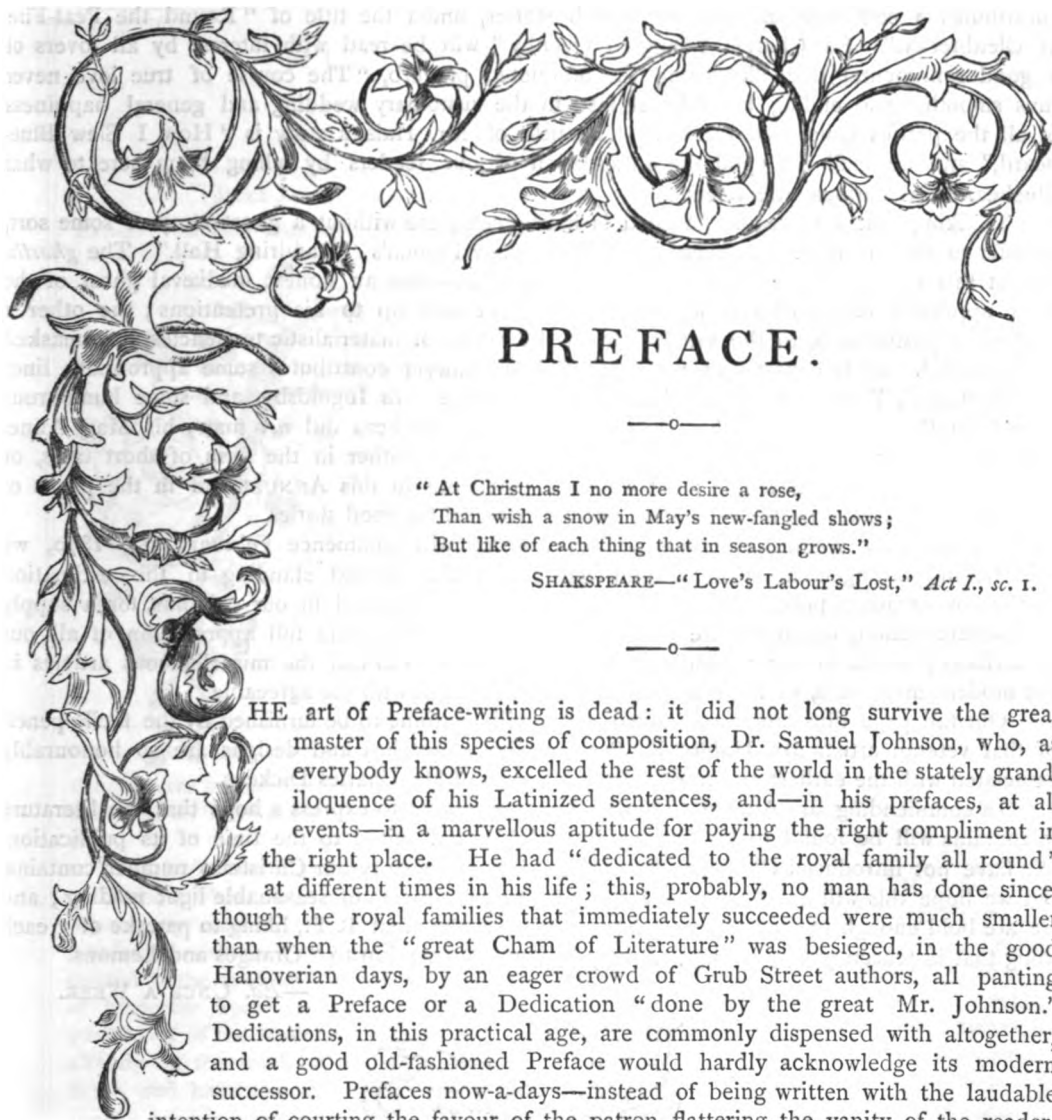
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But like of each thing that in season grows.”

SHAKESPEARE—“ Love's Labour's Lost,” *Act I., sc. 1.*

THE art of Preface-writing is dead: it did not long survive the great master of this species of composition, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, as everybody knows, excelled the rest of the world in the stately grandiloquence of his Latinized sentences, and—in his prefaces, at all events—in a marvellous aptitude for paying the right compliment in the right place. He had “dedicated to the royal family all round” at different times in his life; this, probably, no man has done since, though the royal families that immediately succeeded were much smaller than when the “great Cham of Literature” was besieged, in the good Hanoverian days, by an eager crowd of Grub Street authors, all panting to get a Preface or a Dedication “done by the great Mr. Johnson.” Dedications, in this practical age, are commonly dispensed with altogether, and a good old-fashioned Preface would hardly acknowledge its modern successor. Prefaces now-a-days—instead of being written with the laudable intention of courting the favour of the patron, flattering the vanity of the reader, and puffing the reputation of the author—usually contain but a few simple sentences explanatory of the matter contained in the body of the work; let ours be of this sort.

We have endeavoured to place upon our table at this Christmas time dishes that shall please the palates of all who taste them; some are highly spiced and piquant enough to gratify the most fastidious literary gourmet: others are plainer, but still present good wholesome fare. Mr. Tom Hood gives our readers a humorous story, entitled, “Hunting Him Down,” wherein is clearly shown the advantages society derives from professional detectives, by exhibiting how very easily amateur spies are put on a wrong scent. Mr. Charles H. Ross contributes a grotesque sketch, entitled “A Strange Legend of the City of Old Women.” Mr. Saunders (the author of “Abel Drake's Wife,” “Hirell,” &c.) offers to the lovers of an exciting story an admirable short tale, called “Conscience Money.” Mr. Cuthbert Bede



contributes a collection of first-rate Scotch stories, under the title of "Round the Peat-Fire at Glenbrecky." Sir Charles Young's "Quenby" will be read with interest by all lovers of a good sentimental tale, illustrating the oft-quoted proverb, "The course of true love never runs smooth," and ending blissfully at last in the customary wedding and general happiness of all the parties concerned therein. The title of Mr. Halse's story is "How I Slew Bluebeard," and we shall not spoil the anticipation of our readers by telling them here to what Bluebeard this curious title refers.

Thinking that a Christmas Annual is hardly complete without a ghost story of some sort, we offer to the lovers of the supernatural Mr. Sydney French's "Standing Hall." The *ghostliness* of this tale is unique, for it contains two spectres—one an honest mediæval ghost of the most approved order, who is what he seems and acts up to his pretensions; the other a modern impostor, who, to the satisfaction of the reader of materialistic tendencies, is unmasked and exposed. In the matter of verse Mr. William Sawyer contributes some appropriate lines on the "Dead Year." We have also a legend in verse *à la* Ingoldsby, and some humorous lines from the pen of Mr. Halse, showing how it was his hero did *not* marry his Mary Anne. It is in these days no easy matter to obtain good fiction, either in the form of short tales, or novels of the regulation length; but we hope that both in this ANNUAL and in the pages of ONCE A WEEK we sustain the reputation of the periodical for good stories.

For the new volume of ONCE A WEEK, which will commence February 1st, 1870, we are making arrangements with several authors of the highest standing in the estimation of the novel-reading public, whose names will be duly announced in our columns, for a supply of first-rate fiction, which we are well assured will meet with the full approbation of all our subscribers; whilst in our "padding," as it is the fashion to call the miscellaneous articles in our modern magazines, we hope happily to blend the useful with the agreeable.

Our full page illustrations on toned paper will continue to be furnished by the facile pencil of that veteran artist, Mr. Hablot K. Browne, whose sketches and designs are so honourably associated with the earliest and most enduring laurels of Mr. Charles Dickens.

In commending our Annual to our readers, we venture to express a hope that the literature it contains will be found to be thoroughly readable, and suited to the time of its publication. We have not introduced Christmas associations into every story our Christmas number contains, but we hope this will not be considered any fault by the lovers of seasonable light reading; and we are bold enough to predict that a large section of the great B. P., liking to partake of "each thing that in season grows," will give a very favourable reception to "Oranges and Lemons."

—Ed. ONCE A WEEK.



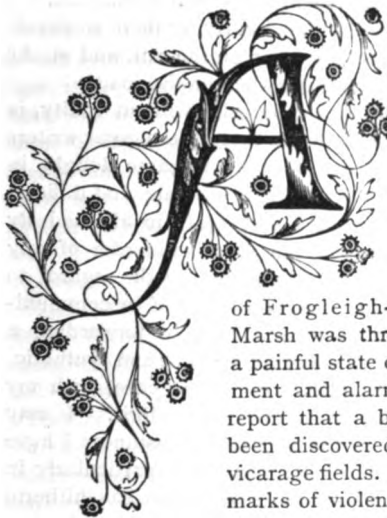
# HUNTING HIM DOWN.

A Sensation Story in Four Parts.

By TOM HOOD.

## PART I.—MURDER.

*Extract from the "Mudclod-cum-Clay Express."*



At a late hour last evening the usually quiet village

of Frogleigh-in-the-Marsh was thrown into a painful state of excitement and alarm by the report that a body had been discovered in the vicarage fields. It bears marks of violence which

cannot have been self-inflicted, and suspicion points to its having come to its end by foul play.

"The body was found by Mr. Potterton, of Dovecot Farm, who was returning from Squampsby market. He immediately communicated with the police, who at once proceeded to the spot, and, under the guidance of Inspector Spry, the active and intelligent head of the Mudclod constabulary, are already on the track of the supposed murderer, and have strong expectations of his speedy apprehension.

### *"Further Particulars.*

"At the moment of going to press we are enabled to give some further particulars connected with the mysterious discovery of a dead body in the fields near Frogleigh-in-the-Marsh.

"Our reporter—who, we may state in the public interest, in order that the inhabitants of Mudclod and its vicinity may not be imposed upon by the impudent fabrications of unscrupulous journals, was the only member of the local press who placed himself in

communication with the authorities—has been furnished with the following additional information on this painful and terrible subject:—

"It appears that the body is that of a young man named John Redhope, son of a farmer residing at or near Mashborough. He has for some time past been paying his attentions to the daughter of Mr. Trowse, of the Red Lion Inn, at Frogleigh, and it was understood that they were engaged, and would be married at the beginning of next year. Within the last few weeks, however, there has been an estrangement between them, in consequence, it is alleged, of the deceased's jealousy with regard to Miss Trowse's receiving the attentions of another suitor, and which had been the subject of high words between them on more than one occasion.

"The unfortunate man's rival is said to be one William Travers, a person of notoriously bad character, and who has been in trouble on more than one occasion in connection with the frequent poaching affrays on Lord Fitz-Fessantrie's estates. It is known to the police that the deceased and Travers had words together no later than last market-day, and the latter was heard to threaten to 'knock the other's head off,' and which threat he is perfectly capable of performing. On going to Travers's lodgings, however, he was found to be absent, and it is believed that, hearing of the discovery of the body, he has fled to avoid arrest. The police, under our able and intelligent chief-constable, Mr. Spry, are on his track, and express themselves certain of his speedy apprehension.

### *"Latest Intelligence.*

"We regret to say that no trace has been yet discovered of the suspected murderer, who, it is feared, has made good his escape. A reward will probably be offered for his apprehension, and the London police will be communicated with without delay.

"The shock has, we are sorry to learn, been very severe to Miss Trowse, who is completely prostrated, and is being attended by Dr. Cullum, who, however, states that no immediate danger is to be apprehended.

*"Postscript.*

"Since the above was in type, an individual has presented himself at the Police Station in this town, and has made certain revelations of great importance touching the suspected criminal. He states that he was in communication with Travers this evening at the Bull and Butcher Inn, in High Street, and that Travers declared his intention of going to London by the 7:58 train. Enquiries at the Railway Station however tend to prove that Travers did not leave by that train, but as he has mentioned his destination, hopes are entertained of his ultimate apprehension. The police, under Inspector Spry, the intelligent and able head of the borough constabulary, are on the track, and express themselves confident of success.

"To further the ends of justice, we may here append a description of the appearance of Travers. He is of the middle height, or thereabouts, with sandy hair and whiskers, the latter meeting under his chin, in what is frequently facetiously styled, 'a Newgate frill.' His eyes are brown, and there is a cast in one of them. His nose, which is a little on one side, has a tendency to the aquiline. When last seen he wore a velvet coat and cord trousers, with a low-crowned felt hat."

PART II.—MYSTERY.

*The Narrative of Thomas Mole, Commercial Traveller.*

"I HAVE the honour to represent the celebrated and uniformly solvent firm of Tetherbridge, Coulson, and Pobgee, of St. Mary Axe, in hardware. I am known at the chief hotels on my circuit, and among my friends in town, as Tommy Mole, my precise and proper Christian name being Thomas. My residence is Hackney, my principles are Conservative, and my family three in number.

"Having placed the public *au courant* with my name, position (commercial and domestic), and place of abode, I will at once

proceed to explain how it is I come to pen this narrative.

"I have from childhood upwards been of a studious and meditative turn. I have read—I may almost go so far as to say devoured—the thrilling creations of Mr. Kilkee Wollins, the distinguished novelist, and of his yet more distinguished master and teacher, Mr. Edgar Allen, poet and romancist. I never travel without carrying their works in my portmanteau when on the rail, and in the box-seat of the gig when on the road.

"My mind, I may state without vanity, is of the same order as those of the great writers above-named. I have the same delight in threading the mazes of intricate and difficult mysteries; and I may state in all modesty that for the last ten years no murder of any importance has occurred, with regard to which I have not placed myself in communication with the authorities by forwarding a minute report, at once analytic and synthetic, of the circumstances of the case, with my deductions as to the real culprit. I may add, that in the majority of instances I have been more or less right, more particularly in those in which the real culprit has hitherto escaped detection, chiefly in consequence of the failure of the police to follow up my suggestions, which would have led to the arrest of parties who I felt sure were guilty.

"While staying at Puddledock I received instructions from the firm which I have the honour to represent—those instructions necessitating my staying in that part of the country for at least a fortnight. My ordinary business in Puddledock and the neighbourhood was speedily completed, and I was therefore left with a considerable amount of unemployed time on my hands.

"It so chanced that while I was meditating how to turn this brief holiday to the best account, I took up the *Mudclod-cum-Clay Express*, and read the particulars of a mysterious murder which had been committed in the neighbourhood of that town.

"Here, I felt, was presented to me an opportunity for putting into practice myself those theories as to the detection of crime, of the soundness of which I had failed to impress that peculiarly obstinate body, the London police.

"I determined to give my mind—and not

only my mind, but my holiday and my personal energies—to the discovery of this remarkable crime. I devoted the morning to a rapid glance at the writings of my two great literary guides, philosophers, and friends, and having thus refreshed myself at the springs of their wisdom and acumen, I turned my attention to the case under consideration.

"At a first glance I could see many salient points on which evidence would hang. First, that there was a murder; second, that there was strong reason for supposing some one to be the murderer; third, that there was strong reason for supposing that that murderer was Travers. So far all was clear enough. Then came this important question: Travers had disappeared—where had he gone? It did not take me a moment to decide. The recent perusal of "The Purloined Letter," and of a story curiously resembling it, from the pen of Mr. Wollins, enabled me to argue the matter out, thus:—Travers had declared he was going to London in order to fly from justice. Therefore Travers was still concealed in the neighbourhood of his crime, because he would immediately argue that that was the last place where the police would look for him.

"I at once made up my mind what to do. I placed myself in communication with the obliging and accommodating manager of the Theatre Royal at Puddledock, and hired from him, professedly for an entertainment, which I was to give for a charity at a neighbouring town, a selection of such theatrical costumes as I thought might prove useful to me as disguises. Armed with these, I proceeded to the Railway Station to book myself for Mudclod-cum-Clay.

"My reading of the works of the two writers I have named prepared me for one thing—the extreme probability of accident revealing important clues to the solution of the mystery. I was not, therefore, surprised when, on reaching the Railway Station, I happened to discover something that induced me at once to alter my plan of action.

"It was a cold day, and as the down platform was open and unprotected, I waited on the up platform, which afforded the shelter of the booking-office and waiting-room, until my train should be signalled.

"While seated in the latter apartment I heard voices outside the window. Something was said which attracted my attention. I cautiously opened the window, found two persons outside talking in a low voice. I listened, but I could only catch a few words here and there, which I at once took down in my note-book."

*Extracts from Note-book.*

"'Of course not! It would at once have brought the police upon us!' 'No, he did not strike me, though he threatened to do so; but I was too quick for him.' 'Serious injury.' 'Telegraphed to London.' 'A cut across the head, exposing the brain, and laying the cheek open.' 'Look about for some employment.'"

"I had little difficulty in connecting these scraps of conversation with the Mudclod murder. Here was the criminal. All I had to do was to hunt him down.

"At this moment, unfortunately, I made an unguarded movement which attracted the attention of those outside. They turned round quickly, and looked hard at me, but with great presence of mind I began to whistle, and assumed an air of indifference. To put them still more off their guard, I affected to be nodding and kissing my hand to some one on the opposite platform, and finding them still gazing intently at me, I drew out a coin and pretended to be amusing myself with pitch and toss. The ruse was successful. The two smiled and walked away.

"Of course I abandoned my notion of going to Mudclod. I would follow the individual whose words I had taken down. I did not know his destination, but that was immaterial. I would get into the same carriage and watch him, and getting out when he did could excuse my not having a ticket by showing that for Mudclod, and explaining that I had taken the wrong train. Under pretence of waiting for a down-train I could contrive to go to an inn, where I could assume one of my disguises and follow the murderer unsuspected.

"Having come to this determination, I went out on the platform to compare him with the minute description in the *Mudclod Express*."

*Comparison extracted from Note-book.*

<i>"Mudclod Express."</i>	<i>Observations.</i>
"Of middle height or thereabouts."	"Yes, thereabouts certainly."
"Sandy hair and whiskers, the latter meeting under the chin."	"Dark hair and no whiskers."
"Eyes brown, a slight cast in one of them."	"Eyes brown, and a decidedly slight convergence."
"Nose on one side, and with a tendency to the aquiline."	"Nose hooked, and with a turn to the left."

"Here will be seen, except on one point, a very strong coincidence in the various peculiarities described. That point is the hair. But the difference in that respect was the one thing which made me certain of my man. I had not read my Wollins and Allen in vain, and if the man had had sandy hair and whiskers with a Newgate frill, I should have doubted the accuracy of my conclusion, for I felt certain that he had altered that portion of his personal appearance. *He had dyed his hair and shaved his whiskers.* But he couldn't alter his height, the colour of his eyes, or their squint, the shape of his nose, or its crookedness.

"When the train arrived, I followed him into his carriage, and watched him narrowly while affecting to read the paper. He got out at Biborough, and I followed him. Of course I had an altercation with the porters, and, to keep up appearances, threatened to report the guard for allowing me to get into a wrong train. My travelling companion seemed much amused, and waited to hear the dispute, which ended by my paying the fare, and going across to the Railway Hotel to get something to eat before taking a return train. I was glad to see that after chatting with the porters he came to the same place.

"I sent for the landlord of the hotel, and took him into my confidence. In order to impress him the more I described myself as a detective, without feeling it necessary to add the qualification 'amateur.' He undertook to forward my views, and to instruct the servants not to take any notice of the disguises I might think fit to assume. I then sent him to learn what my intended prisoner was doing. After some delay, he

came back and said he was lunching in the coffee-room.

"I determined to dress myself as a Dissenting Minister, having a costume of that description in my portmanteau, because the green spectacles belonging to it would allow me to watch my man unobserved.

"Soon after I came downstairs he took his hat and went out. I followed him. He strolled about the town with a well-assumed appearance of innocence and *insouciance*, calling merely at one shop, where he stayed a few minutes only. Unfortunately it was impossible to follow him in such a purposeless stroll without risk of raising his suspicions, a result which I feared was the case as I saw him watching me as we returned towards the hotel. I therefore waited behind for a time, and then, slipping in unobserved, went upstairs and assumed a fresh disguise. This time I assumed the appearance of a naval officer. I found him in the smoking-room, and entered into conversation with him. I contrived very cautiously to turn the conversation so as to be able to ask him his destination. He said he was going to start that night for Norchester. After smoking a cigar or two with him, I took my leave, and returning once more to my room, assumed another disguise.

"This time I dressed myself as a lady; it necessitated my shaving off my whiskers, but what was that compared with the object I had in view. As I came downstairs I observed his luggage in the hall. It was labelled 'Dr. Masters, Plaskerton, near Norchester.' I went across to the station and learnt that Norchester was two stations further on, and that Plaskerton was about four miles from Norchester.

"I had not been at the station long, before he came across. Something had evidently made him suspicious; nothing more perhaps than a guilty conscience, but he was certainly about to start some hours earlier than he had stated to me in the coffee-room.

"I had no time to lose, for the train was due in two minutes. I must leave my portmanteau at the hotel, and pay my bill when I returned. I was soon seated in the same compartment as my man, being whirled along to Norchester. I had learnt from one of the porters that the station (like many others),

though called Norchester, was situated some mile or more from the town, and as Plaskerton lay in the opposite direction it was customary for passengers who wished to go to the latter place to order a conveyance to meet them.

"This was all that I could wish. As an unprotected female I could on reaching Norchester throw myself on his protection, and obtain a place in the vehicle he had doubtless ordered to meet him. I now saw why he had waited at Biborough. It was in order that he might send on to have a fly ready at Norchester, and so throw his pursuers off the scent at Biborough, should they have traced him to Puddledock. He was journeying in this disjointed way, in short, in order that they might be at fault at every turn. It was some triumph to me to think how I was circumventing all his clever and deeply-laid schemes.

"I determined to exercise all my ingenuity, in entrapping him into damaging admissions in the train and on the road, and to hand him over to the police at Plaskerton. With this view I got into the same carriage with him, and got into conversation with him by artfully pretending that I thought I knew him; asking him if I had not met him at Frogleigh-in-the-Marsh. With a marvellous assumption of nerve, he answered without a tremble that it was possible. I then told him I was going to Plaskerton, at which he was evidently much surprised. Telling him I was a stranger to the place, I asked him if there was a conveyance from Norchester, upon which he explained that it was necessary to order one beforehand, but that if I had not done so he should be happy to give me a lift so far, as he had ordered a vehicle to meet him, and was also bound for Norchester.

"On arriving at that station he left me and his luggage to go to a neighbouring inn, where he had ordered his trap to wait. He evidently did not wish to have it waiting at the station lest it should attract attention. He was gone some time, which I employed in drawing up this statement."

*Further Extracts from Note-book.*

"The vehicle was a gig. We have driven to Plaskerton, where he has stopped at an inn. He is now in the stables looking after the horse. I have despatched a note to the

police station by a waiter in his absence. Since his arrival he has been nervous and excited. I fear his suspicions are roused. When he returns from looking after the horse, I shall effect his capture whether the police arrive or not."

*The Statement of Charles Masters, M.D.*

"I am one of the Medical Officers of the Lunatic Asylum at Plaskerton. I had long given my attention to the phenomena of mental disease: indeed I had so over-exhausted my strength in pursuing the study of mania, especially in the very atmosphere of the disorder, that it became necessary for me to go away for twelve months for change of air.

"As I was on my way back to my duties, I met at the Puddledock Station an old fellow-student at St. Panurge's Hospital. We had not met for years, and fell into a long professional chat. I remember relating to him some of my experiences at Plaskerton, among others, a curious case which happened not long after I became medical officer there. A patient had escaped. We were most anxious to recapture him without publicity. Should the police have heard of his escape, the case would have got into the papers and considerable harm would have been done to the reputation of the Asylum, and the character of its officers. We went in every direction to look for him, and at last we found him among some strolling players, whom he had joined, and who did not discover that he was mad. We took him. He threatened to strike me, but I was too quick for him, and we captured him. Then he got it into his head that we had done him a serious injury in the struggle, and nothing would satisfy him but that we must telegraph to London for the first medical assistance. To humour him we pretended to do so, describing him as having received a cut across the head, exposing the brain and laying the cheek open. Of course the clerk merely pretended to send off the message, and we eventually got our patient safely into the asylum again. In time he completely recovered, and was discharged, the last I heard of him being that he had gone to London to look for some employment.

"As I was telling this anecdote a noise behind us attracted our attention. We saw

an odd-looking person close behind us at the waiting-room window. His antics were so extraordinary that I could not help saying that I thought he was mad. I was going to stop at Biborough, *en route* for Plaskerton, to do some business. The eccentric stranger got into the same carriage with me. He behaved in so strange a manner, that I felt assured of his insanity even before we got to Biborough, where he got out, and declared that he believed he was going in the opposite direction to Mudclod! I was now so strongly convinced of his madness that I determined to keep an eye upon him, and if necessary secure him, and take him to the asylum until his friends could be communicated with.

"To my intense amusement I found he had a mania for assuming various disguises. He was evidently a crazy actor, and I learnt from the landlord, to whom I was well-known, that he had told him some cock-and-bull story about being a detective. I kept my eye on him, until I think he began to be alarmed, for he dressed himself up as a woman; and leaving his luggage at the inn, he went off without paying his bill, and tried to get away by train. I however followed him, and by humouring him, and assenting to all he said, I got his confidence. To my surprise I found he was going to Plaskerton. I thought it not impossible that he was some patient who had been received during my year of absence, and discharged not sufficiently cured, and that with the folly, which so often takes the place of the proverbial cunning, of madness, he was actually running into the jaws of the lion. I had determined to follow him wherever he went and to obtain aid to secure him at the earliest opportunity, but on learning his, or rather her, destination (for, as I have said, he was dressed as a woman), I offered him a lift in a gig which I easily procured from one of the farmhouses, near Norchester Station. When we got to Plaskerton under pretence of seeing to the horse I slipped out, and sent to the asylum for a couple of keepers."

#### PART III.—MISAPPREHENSION.

##### *The Evidence of William Jenkins, Constable.*

"I AM chief constable of Plaskerton. From

information I received in the shape of a note, signed 'T. Mole,' I went to the Golden Lion, in Plaskerton. That note stated that the writer was in company with Travers, who was suspected to be the Frogleigh murderer, and for whom the police were looking. I was aware at the time that the Frogleigh murder, as it was called, had been explained, but I went to see what the writer meant.

"From information I received on reaching the Golden Lion—that is to say, from the sound of heavy thumps on the floor, and loud cries, I proceeded to the coffee-room, where I found two parties struggling violently, one of them being Dr. Masters, of the Asylum. As I came in at one door two keepers came in at the other. 'Seize him!' cries Mole; 'he's the man as done it!' 'Secure him!' cries the doctor; 'he's an escaped lunatic!' The keepers were about to secure Mr. Mole, but considering that an interference with the prerogatives of the police and the liberty of the subject, I interfered. Explanations ensued, and by my mediation matters were brought to an amicable and satisfactory arrangement, including a bowl of punch and likewise consideration for lost time to the keepers. I refused such in my capacity as policeman, but as a private individual accepted a solid recognition of my judicious bringing of matters to a pleasant issue."

##### *The Testimony of Benjamin Bung, Innkeeper.*

"I keep the Railway Hotel, Biborough. I remember being called to Mr. Mole, who wished to see me. He informed me that he was a detective, and that he was on the track of a murderer who was in the coffee-room. He called on me to assist him, and I agreed. With a pardonable curiosity, never having seen a murderer, I looked into the coffee-room, where I found Dr. Masters, who was well known to me. He told me the gent upstairs was a lunatic, and that we were to humour him till the doctor had done his business in Biborough, when he would have him took and carry him off to Plaskerton.

"N.B.—Mr. Mole absconded subsequently, leaving behind him a trunk, containing a curious assortment of second-hand clothing, and the following bill—unpaid.

*Bill of Railway Hotel.\**

	£	s.	d.
Apartment . . . . .	0	7	6
Wax Candles . . . . .	0	5	0
Chop, &c. . . . .	0	2	9
Sherry . . . . .	0	5	0
Cigars . . . . .	0	2	0
Brandy-and-Water . . . . .	0	2	0
Attendance . . . . .	0	1	6
	1	5	9

\* Subsequently settled, though exorbitant.—T. M.

## PART IV.—MISREPORT.

*Extract from the "Mudclod-cum-Clay Gazette."*

"OUR idiotic contemporary, the *Express*, during one of those temporary obfuscations which occur to it so often on the evening of market-day—the evening unfortunately on which it goes to press—was guilty of discovering a mare's nest of remarkable proportions. Whether it was the victim of a hoax or merely of its own innate stupidity we cannot say, but at any rate it gave a full, true, particular, and circumstantial report of a murder—which *didn't take place!* The *Express* says—

"Our reporter—who we may state in the public interest, in order that the inhabitants of Mudclod and its vicinity may not be imposed upon by the impudent fabrications of unscrupulous journals—was the only member of the local press present,' etc.

"The charges of 'impudent fabrications' and the terms 'unscrupulous journals' fall back rather hard on our friend's own head. As for its reporter, he was evidently 'all there,' and no mistake."

*The Confession of the "Express" Reporter.*

"I had certainly been at The George all the afternoon. Farmer Potterton called in there for a glass on his way home. I distinctly understood him to say that he had seen young Redhope in the fields near the vicarage at Frogleigh, dead! He certainly said young Redhope was courting Miss Trowse. I must admit the farmer was the worse for liquor. I am no judge of my own state, but I should say I was decidedly sober. I merely added a few details to his, which I felt were necessary to swell the paragraph to its proper importance. I communicated the information to Inspector Spry, whom I met on my way to the *Express* Office."

*The Admission of Giles Potterton, Yeoman.*

"I was not more drunker than usual of a market-night when I met Mr. Chivery, the *Express* gent at The George. He axed me what news there was. I told 'un I didn't know of none, except I'd passed young Redhope, lying dead-drunk in the ditch near passon's house, to Frogleigh. I said 'You know—the chap as were courtin' Polly Trowse!' He didn't say much, but then he couldn't, you see, for he were well on. But he wagged his head and looked solemn."

*The Deposition of Inspector Spry.*

"I met Mr. Chivery, who informed me that Mr. Potterton had told him he had seen the body of young Redhope. He advised me to go at once to Frogleigh. He asked me if I knew of any one who had a grudge against young Redhope, and I mentioned that I had been called in to separate him and Travers at the Red Lion one night, when they were fighting. Mr. Chivery was not sober, and I don't suppose the farmer was, being market night. However, I felt it my duty to investigate, and went over to Frogleigh at once. I met young Redhope just as I was getting to the village. He had not been murdered."

*The Explanation of the Murdered Man.*

"Nobody hasn't murdered me, as I'm aware of. On the night in question I was lying under the hedge near the vicarage. It was Polly's evening out, and we were going for a walk. I saw Farmer Potterton ride by, but didn't speak to him, because I knew he was drunk. I did have a fight with Travers once, but it was all in friendship. He's left these parts in consequence of Lord Fitz-Fessantrie's keepers being that hard upon him."

*Latest from Mr. Mole.*

"I have returned to Puddledock, and shall henceforth devote myself entirely to the hardware.

"N.B.—To be disposed of, a bargain, the complete works of Kilkee Wollins and Edgar Allen. Apply to T. M., care of Messrs Tetheridge, Coulson, and Pobgee, St. Mary Axe. No reasonable offer refused."



THE LEGEND  
OF  
PERTINAX CREECH AND PHILIBERT FLIP.

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R. Pertinax Creech

Was a wonderful "leech,"  
And the glory and pride  
of the town of Broad-  
beach.

His person was portly,  
His manners were courtly,  
His smile was so sweet, and  
his bow was so bland,

And he had such a dainty and delicate hand,  
So deft and so dimpled, so plump and so pink,  
With such sweet almond nails, that I verily think  
The highest-born, haughtiest dame in the land  
Would have made him *her* leech, at one glimpse  
of that hand.

He'd cures for disease's dire, death-dealing doom  
at his

Fat finger-end,

And was prompt to defend,

'Gainst the Atomy's clutches each neighbour and  
friend,

And the aid of his anodyne touches to lend,  
To an alderman's gout, or a charwoman's "rheu-  
matiz!"

Indeed, it was said

That the Atomy dread,

Who is tyrant to all and a terror to each,  
Had not a worse foeman than Pertinax Creech.

Well, it happened one night that our doughty  
M.D.,

In a hand-to-hand fight with his skeleton foe,  
Had forced the grim phantom reluctant to flee.

It was winter, and full half a fathom of snow

Sheeted the ground,

And the doctor found

(As also no doubt did the doctor's mare)

That three miles of snowing, and sleeting, and  
slipping,

In a frosty North-easter confoundedly nipping,  
Was enough for one dose, and a little to spare.

So you'll scarcely find fault

That he came to a halt

At the door of a hostelry, tempting and tight,  
Whence a ruddy irradiance reddened the night;  
And called for a stiff steaming jorum of—well,  
Call it tea if you like—though it hadn't the  
smell.

But not for the world, by expressing it plainer,  
Would I shock the mild nerves of a total ab-  
stainer!

The sand-sprinkled parlour was cozy and bright,  
And the doctor stepped in (as was nothing but  
right),

Took a seat, gave a nod comprehensive and free  
To the company round;

Then, with relish profound,

Took a long and strong pull at his sparkling—  
Bohea!

Now it chanced that a lawyer, one Philibert Flip,  
Had also that evening stepped in for a "nip."

Philibert Flip was a jovial soul,

Fat, florid, bald-headed, and fond of "the bowl."

You wouldn't have thought that so much rubi-  
cundity,

Joined with such true aldermanic rotundity,

Covered such 'cuteness and legal profundity.

But this I can say—if I *should* make a slip,

Give me as an advocate—Philibert Flip!

He was wary of wit, he was fluent of speech,

In his line he was potent as Pertinax Creech;

And the schoolmaster said, in his classical  
crambo,

They (allow for the metre) were *Arcades*  
*Ambo!*

Now Flip and the doctor were cronies, and  
therefore

As neither had wife, nor a "wiggling" to care for,

They sat down by the fire, and were soon  
hob-a-nob,

With long pipes in their mouths, and—ahem!—  
on the hob.

"And how," said the lawyer, when greetings  
were done,

"Is that rattle-brain reprobate, Sandiland's son?"

Poor, broken-down hack! he's a long time a-croaking!"

Said Creech—with an air, "Pray refrain, sir, from joking"—

"Don't, Flip, be so flippant! I'm happy to say That the squire's eldest son's in a very fair way To recover, and " (here he indulged in a sip)

"May—(puff!)—yet—(puff! puff!)—outlive *you*, Mr. Flip."

"By jingo!" cried Flip; and that limb of the law

Burst into a loud and protracted guffaw.

And when he had fairly recovered his speech,

"Beg pardon!" he said, "but, oh! Pertinax Creech,

(I assure you I'm serious, sir, and not 'funning')

What a heavy account with old Death you are running!

Why, you shocking old Sawbones! you don't mean to say

You have cheated poor Death in this scandalous way,

Out of such a legitimate morsel of prey?

By Jove! I declare

It's not fair! It's not fair!

Oh! yes, you may simper and shrug if you will,

But—*what will you do when he sends in the bill?*"

Said Creech in a twinkle, "Why—*give him a pill!*"

The lawyer exploded. "Good! Pertinax, good! And to give you your due, I believe that you would.

Only, Creech, man, how tempting soever you make it,

I doubt if you get the old harpy to take it.

He knows *you* of old, man——"

Said Pertinax—"Stay!

Don't think you're to have it, sir, *all* your own way;

I regard your remarks, sir, as very uncivil.

If I cheat old Death, *you* would diddle the devil!

You're *his* debtor I guess to a tidy amount,

And one day *he* will call for his 'little account.'

And permit me to ask, Mr. Philibert Flip,

What dodge *you'll* devise to escape from his grip?"

The listening company roared with delight,

Each cheered on his champion back to the fight.

The majority owned that friend Creech had the best of it

(Although one or two

Of a Puritan hue

Thought the subject too awful to make such a jest of it).

The lawyer felt worsted, his choler arose.

"There, you needn't all bawl!

Why! no *dodge*, sir, at all,

But I'd tweak him—like Dunstan of old—*by the nose!*

Ah! ah! He's a dodger no doubt, but I'll answer, *he*

Wouldn't get out,

Not so much as his snout,

If once in the grip

Of Philibert Flip,

*For the Devil himself couldn't get out of Chancery!"*

• • • • •

It was late when the pair from the inn issued forth,

And the night it was dark, and that wind from the north

Blew uncommonly cold

O'er the snow-sheeted wold,

That lay between them and the town of Broad-beach,

Which, once out of the inn, they were anxious to reach.

So with coats buttoned up, and with beavers rammed down,

And faces both puckered up into a frown;

With bodies aslant, and with noses askew

(The prominent tips of a rubicund hue);

With frostbitten ears, and with chattering teeth,

They set spurs to their nags, and made over the heath.

But it might (had there been any one to observe)

Have been thought that their riding showed rather more "swerve"

Than befitted two riders of skill and of nerve.

Now half-way to the township the road took a bend

Through a sort of a glen, known as "Highway-man's End,"

Where, in days when those gentry abounded *ad libitum*,

They used (when they happened to catch 'em) to gibbet 'em.

Here yet on a hillock there stood the old gallows,  
 And though obsolete,  
 And its ricketty feet  
 Surrounded by innocent briars and mallows,  
 Yet still the old Justice's Summary Minister  
 Had an aspect decidedly sombre and sinister.  
 For the gibbet's a *tree* I should fancy that few  
 pass  
 But give it wide berth, as they would to the  
 Upas.

So don't accuse doctor or lawyer of "funk"  
 When I say that the two simultaneously shrunk  
 To the opposite side;  
 But the road wasn't wide,  
 And hence the result of the movement they tried  
 Was this (the manœuvre much lacking precision)—  
 The grey and the chestnut came into collision,  
 And e'er the two riders could utter a—Woa!  
 The doctor and Flip were a-sprawl in the snow;  
 While their terrified nags, now their riders were  
 down,  
 Galloped off side by side on their way to the  
 town.

The two sat erect astern in the snow.  
 Cried Flip—"Well, I never!" Said Creech—  
 "Here'sh a go!"  
 Said the doctor—"Why don't you get up, you  
 old muff?"  
 Said Flip—"After you." Cried the doctor—  
 "What shtuff!"  
 If yer d—don't get up I shall knock yer  
 d—down!"  
 "I defy yer sha' do it!" said Flip with a frown;  
 "Lay a finger on me, shir, I'll—Action—  
 Asshault!"  
 How long they'd have squabbled a-squat on the  
 snow,  
 This pair of *bon vivants*, I'm sure I don't know,  
 But a voice like the thunder, and hoarse as the  
 crow,

Cried "*Halt!!!*"  
 At which terrible sound,  
 Still a-squat on the ground,  
 The lawyer and doctor faced suddenly round  
 To the gibbet, and saw—  
 "Oh! la!! oh! la!!!"  
 Two shadowy forms of indefinite figure,  
 Like shades of themselves, only blacker and  
 bigger,

Standing one on each side, like a couple of mutes,  
 And erect as two posts.  
 Thought the doctor—"It's *ghosts!*"  
 "Footpads!" groaned the lawyer; "oh! bother  
 those brutes!"  
 Then added aloud, with of spirit a show—  
 "Who the devil are you I should like to know?"

Quoth one of the shadows, "You're not very civil,  
 But right in the main, sir, I *am* the Devil!  
 At least you rude mortals have christened me so,  
 Though I go by a different title below."  
 Here he threw off his cloak, and displayed to  
 their view  
 An elegant form of the orthodox hue.  
 Two respectable horns, and a promising queue,  
 And his eyes were a sort of a phosphorus-blue.  
 And he looked Mr. Philibert Flip through and  
 through,  
 And he rolled his goggles, and twitched his tail;  
 And Philibert Flip he turned wofully pale:  
 And Pertinax Creech felt his courage to fail,  
 But he struggled and guggled in effort at speech.  
 "Ha! ha!" quoth old Hornie; "my good Mr.  
 Creech,

Pray how do you do?  
 My friend to the right will attend, sir, to you.  
 Nay, nay, my good doctor, pray husband your  
 breath,  
 Allow *me*—Dr. Pertinax Creech—Mr. Death!"  
 Here the other (old Atomy) threw back his cowl,  
 And exhibited, oh! *such* a hideous jowl—  
 Bony and bare,  
 Without flesh, without hair,  
 Huge goggles that glowered with a vacuous glare.  
 Poor Pertinax shook, and the terrified pair,  
 Set up an ear-splitting and horrified howl!

Said Death, "Hold *that* row!  
 And get up from the snow."  
 (Oh, his voice it was creaky, and hollow, and  
 low!)  
 "If you've something to say, Dr. Pertinax Creech,  
 I am ready to listen; but do, I beseech,  
 Be so good as to utter *articulate* speech;  
 I know your renown 'mong the medical tribe—for  
 me  
 May be you'll try  
 Your best skill, sir, as I  
 Have heard you avowed some desire to prescribe  
 for me."

"And you, Mr. Philibert Flip," said Old Hornie,  
 "If I'm not misinformed, my agreeable attorney,  
 Have expressed a desire to have *me* for a client,

To lead by the nose ;  
 As you practise with those

Silly quarrelsome mortals you find so compliant.

Now, gentlemen both,  
 Death and I are not loth

To accept your fair challenge. But please comprehend,

We are not to be trifled with, I and my friend.

If you, Mr. Creech, singlehanded and solus,  
 Can coax my companion to swallow your bolus.

Or if *you*, my astute Mr. Philibert Flip,  
 Get *my* nose in your wily, professional grip,  
 Why, Death and myself will relinquish all right to you,

And a quittance will give in—ahem! *red* and white to you.

But if you should fail  
 (Here he flourished his tail),

And, mark you, all second essay we prohibit,  
 Why—" Here the Old Nick

Gave an ominous, "*click*,"

And pointed suggestively up at the gibbet !

Oh ! vain is the uttermost power of speech  
 To convey an idea

Of the hideous fear

That fell upon Flip, and that crept over Creech ;  
 As with tremulous lips, and with hearts palpitating

Eighteen to the dozen,

They stood with their toes in

Six inches of snow, and their fingers half frozen.

"Will you please to look sharp?" said Old Hornie ; "we're waiting.

And, though I should really be sorry to pain you"—

"Nay, nay," stammered Creech,  
 Who'd recovered his speech,

"My d-dear Mr. Devil, don't let *us* detain you !"

"No nonsense !" cried Death in a terrible tone,  
 That caused them to cower, and creep, and convulse.

Then slowly extending a hand all of bone

Wrist, finger, and knuckle,

He said, with a chuckle,

"Feel my pulse ! Mr. Pertinax Creech ; feel my pulse !"

But, alas ! 'twas too much,  
 At that skeleton touch

The doctor collapsed, tumbled all of a heap ;  
 While poor Philibert Flip, with a leopard-like leap,

Bounded up in the air, gave a horrible screech,  
 And fell flat as a flounder a-top of the leech !

• • • • •

The town of Broadbeach was astir, and the light  
 Of lanterns and torches flared up through the night,

For the doctor's grey mare, with the chestnut beside her,

At 12:48

Galloped in at the gate,

Each covered with foam, and each minus a rider.

And forty brave fellows, each feeling a hero,

Set forth through the snow,

All agog, all aglow,

Though the glass was at twenty degrees below zero.

They found them at last in a pitiful plight,  
 Sound asleep, in a faint, or tremendously "tight"—  
 They couldn't tell which. 'Twas a comical sight.

For there at the foot of the gallows they lay,  
 Doubled up in a most ignominious way  
 (I'd have given a trifle myself to have seen them),  
 Back to back, with the post of the gibbet between them.

When the searchers disturbed them they opened their eyes,

And glared round the group in exceedingsurprise ;  
 And then, I'm informed, Mr. Pertinax Creech  
 Confounded them all by this singular speech.

"Ah ! good Mishther Devil, and you, Mishther Death,

Don't be in a hurry ; jusht let ush take breath.

I'll give sha a pill, if sha like, in a minute,

"But le' me assshure yer, ther'sh nothing mush in it

But beeshwax and flour ; it'sh a short of a pill  
 Ash we give to the ninnish ash fanshies they'sh ill.

If yer wishing to try one, jusht open yer jaw ;

It'sh 'markable nishc,

But, take my advishe,

Good gen'l'men both, and *shun physic and law* !"

Such then is the end of this singular history.

Still, I'm afraid

It is like to be said,

The events of that night are environed in mystery.

Philibert Flip and Pertinax Creech  
 Themselves were remarkably chary of speech.  
 They admitted, in fact, they were "quite in a  
 fog,"

And confessed, with a wink,  
 That they couldn't but think  
 They'd mistaken the strength of that last glass of  
 grog.

Nevertheless,  
 I feel bound to confess,  
 I consider it strange that one Timothy Tress,  
 Who went out with the searchers, picked up in  
 the snow,  
 From the foot of the gibbet a fathom or so,  
*A skull!!!*

Need I say that the town of the horror was full?

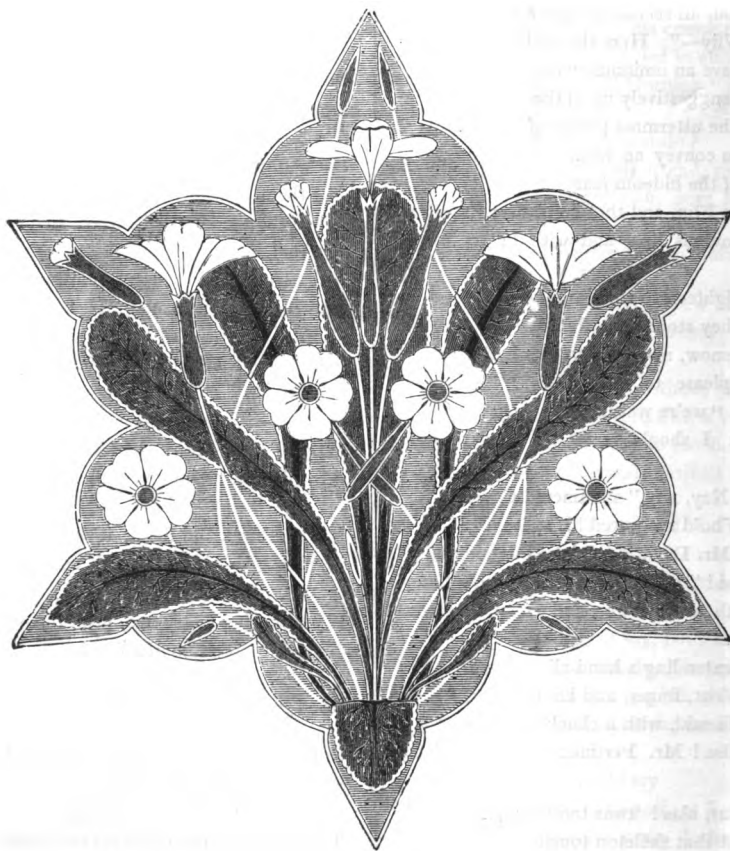
It has also been heard, since the death of the  
 leech,  
 That the Theatre Royal, in High Street, Broad-  
 beach,

Either on or about that particular night,  
 Lost one of its "properties." Also that Wright,  
 The low comedy man, and young Patrick O'Brien,  
 Two frolicsome sparks,  
 And addicted to "larks,"  
 Took a tumbler of whisky that night at the  
 "Lion!"

Now, I really can't say  
 In what precise way  
 These facts to the story I've told are related;  
 But of this I'm assured,  
 That the incident cured  
 Both the doctor and lawyer of being belated

More often than needful;  
 And both were more heedful,  
 In future, to measure their grog and their speech.  
 Which, perhaps, on the whole  
 Won't be bad for the soul  
 Of Philibert Flip, or of Pertinax Creech.

E. J. M.



## CONSCIENCE MONEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HIRELL."

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SENTENCE.



WILLIAM BRADLEY, you have been found guilty by the jury of the murder of John Mellish, and I am bound to say I concur in their verdict. It has been clearly proved that you were in debt to him as your landlord; that this had led to angry words between you; that you were near the unhappy gentleman at the time he was so barbarously murdered; that the instrument of his destruction, the hammer, found close by, was yours; that your whole attitude and behaviour at the time of the discovery betokened conscious guilt. The jury then have rightly discharged their duty; I must now do mine.

"The sentence I have to pass upon you is that you be taken back to the prison from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and that your body when dead be taken down, and buried in the precincts of the prison where you were last confined before this sentence of execution was passed upon you: and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

The prisoner, with his hands stretched towards the judge, strove to speak.

"I—my lord—" but the organs of speech seemed paralysed.

A heart-rending shriek rang through the court—there was a low murmur, a sense of half-suppressed agitation and tumult; amid which two officials moved forward, and led the prisoner away in a stupor.

About a quarter of an hour afterwards a benevolent young lawyer put into a cab, and paid the fares, of Eliza Bradley, the condemned man's wife, Will Bradley his son, and three children over ten.

"Do you think she is fit to go?" he asked,

looking at the woman, as she sat rigid and white as death.

"I think so, sir," answered Will Bradley; "I think we'll be better at home."

That home was the very house, the rent of which had given rise to the fatal quarrel between Bradley and Mellish; and facing it was the very brickfield wherein the landlord had been found murdered.

But at such a time home was home to them, even under these circumstances.

All the street (which was not far from the Old Bailey) knew *how* they returned, and came out to stare at them.

Even that fact, however, so hardened are the poor and wretched—even that fact did not destroy the intense relief and comfort with which, when the stairs were mounted, and a door unlocked and opened upon three little prisoners, they all clung together and wept aloud, making for some minutes a motionless family sculpture-piece of misery's own grouping.

Mrs. Bradley, a pale, black-eyed, and still comely woman, had sank on her knees just inside the threshold, clasping two little dirty children with one arm, while the other hand clutched Will's, and her head was thrown back against him as he stood behind her, the youngest child in his arms, and a brother and sister clinging and weeping at either side of him. The next in age to Will, a great boy of fourteen, lay prostrate with his face in his mother's skirt.

Will himself, a sturdy young fellow of twenty, in bricklayer's clothes, was the only upright and calm figure in the group.

He was the first to break it up, to prepare and make them take less bitter food than their own tears and sobs—and in less than an hour he had seen his mother in bed, almost calm, with her sleeping children in her arms.

After this he sat with his brothers—the two great boys—by the fire, comforting them by an occasional kind word of the very simplest philosophy, and himself with his pipe, till far on into the night.

At last he made them go to their bed, which

was in the same room where he was sitting; but as they still continued to break out now and then with fresh bursts of grief, Will judged it best to stop his soothing words and try a tonic in the form of a sound scolding. He did so, and told Harry to kick Ned every time he made "that howling," and gave Ned permission to do the same kindness to Harry.

In a little while they fell asleep, and Will was left to himself, his pipe, and his own thoughts.

What were those thoughts after such a day—before such a prospect?

They were such thoughts as made him envy all the sorrow-stricken ones about him; they were more bitter than his mother's grief, they were more helpless than the babes that slept beside her.

In every other breast than Will's the burden of sorrow was simply—"Father is to die—father is innocent, yet must die."

In Will's heart rang the bitter burthen—  
"*Is father innocent?*"

for the evidence against him had been so simple as well as so strong, and Will knew certain things which, had they been known in court, had made it stronger still. Mellish was in Will's opinion a brute, who almost deserved the treatment he had met with. Will could not have turned from his father if in a downright quarrel he had caused this man's death, but his father had declared himself innocent; all his family believed him—all but Will, and his father alone guessed his doubt, and refused to see him even after his sentence.

This was Will's bitterness. This was what he had to sit and think of when he had comforted all the rest, and lulled them to sleep.

When Harry said his prayers, Will had heard him add the words—

"O Lord, don't let 'em hang him! You haven't seen a hanging and I have. I know what it is. O, don't let 'em hang him!"

But Will's last words before he slept that night were simply—

"Is he innocent?—Thou knowest. Let me know."

The next morning, when all the pale faces were gathered by Will round the little breakfast table, on which was not nearly sufficient

food to remove the look of hunger out of any of them, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Will.

A woman—a lodger from the ground-floor—came in with a letter.

"Don't be flustered, Mrs. Bradley, it's for you—don't be put out now; when the worst has come to the worst, you know it's no use expecting nothing."

"Thank you. That'll do," said Will, taking it from her, and putting it in his mother's trembling hands.

Mrs. Bradley tore it open, and drew from the envelope a sheet of paper, which, on being unfolded, revealed another enclosure.

"Why, it's a bank-note, Will!" she said, holding it up. "What is it? Is it enough to help *him* with—see, see!"

Will took it.

"It's a five-pound note," he said quietly.

"Whoever from, Will?"

He examined the envelope and blank paper.

"Not a word; not a trace of who it's come from."

"But it's for me, Will—it's Mrs. William Bradley, plain enough; isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the poor mother, hugging the thin form nearest to her, "God bless whoever sent it, to keep these worse than orphans from starving!"

Will sat quite still for several minutes, turning the note over and over in his hands.

Mrs. Bradley looked at him wistfully.

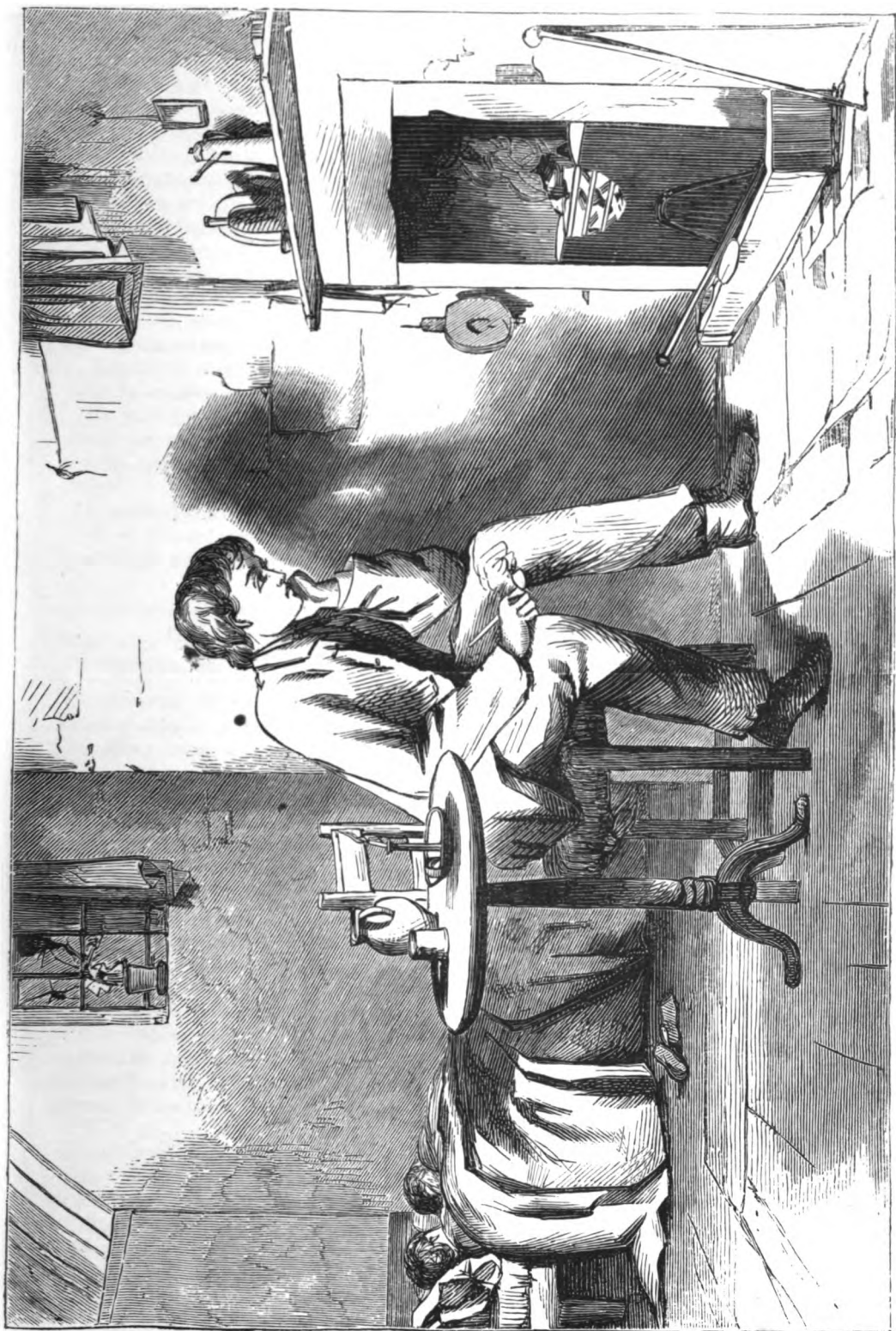
"I know what you're thinking of, lad," she said presently. "You're wishing it was enough to help him. O, surely, lad, whoever was good enough to send that, if they knew all, if they only knew all, would do more—would do something that should help him, that should do the lawing for him that any other man that could afford it would have."

"Mother!" exclaimed Will, suddenly rising from his chair. "What if I do? It's our last hope—what if I do?"

"What if you do *what*, Will?" asked poor Mrs. Bradley, impatiently.

"Take half this to find out the sender, and show him how it all is, how we can't get any more lawing for father for want of money?"

Mrs. Bradley got up, and putting her arm



"IS FATHER INNOCENT?"—See p. 18.



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round Will's broad shoulders, pressed the note into his hand, saying—

"Just leave us enough to keep from starving, and use the rest for him, Will—though it be wasted, it will comfort us to think of having done it for him."

"I'll go first to Leasem's, and see what he says—if I don't come back, mother, you'll know the money is left there for you, and that I have found how to begin about this search."

Will took leave of them all and went out into the hated street opposite the hated field.

There was a strange, suppressed excitement in his step, and in his very breathing.

He had got a wild, half stupefying hope, which he had not hinted a word of—would not for worlds hint a word of—to those at home.

This five-pound note. What did it mean? Was it possible, was it in any way possible it could be *conscience money*?

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW WILL BRADLEY GETS THE FIVE-POUND NOTE CASHED, AND KEEPS THE NOTE.

MR. LEASEM, Will's employer, was a speculative builder in a small way, living in the Old Kent Road—a man who had but just risen from the ranks, and had not yet discovered the necessity of drawing the usual hard-and-fast social line between master and man. He welcomed his young workman with grave cordiality, and a silence, at once kindly and expressive of sympathy with his dreadful position—made him sit down, poured out a glass of ale, handed him a pipe, and then waited, without seeming to wait, to learn what had brought him there.

Will stared blankly at the opposite wall, and drank, or rather tried to drink; then smoked on spasmodically, as if lost in perplexing thought. At last he took out the letter from his breast-pocket, and said—

"Will you look at that, guv'nor?"

Mr. Leasem did look, first at the envelope, then at the enclosure, and then at Will, and then handed both back.

"It's a kindly thing, Will, ain't it?"

"It looks so."

"Have you any guess as to who it might be?"

"No. I wish I had."

"Why?"

"I can't say. But I do. Guv'nor, I'm going to ask two queer things."

"What are they, Will?"

"Will you give me sovereigns for this, and let me keep it all the same for a few days?"

"That is one queer thing, certainly. What's the other? Perhaps your two queer things may explain one another."

"Well, it's this. Suppose—I only say suppose," and the lad's lips whitened as if with loathing for the word, "my father to be innocent, and the man as sends this knows it, mightn't there come out of it all something worth my while to see to?" With hand on knees, bending head, and sidelong glance, Will Bradley waited for an answer, as if Mr. Leasem's reply involved either new hope or a second sentence of death.

Mr. Leasem was struck by the idea; but fearing to encourage delusions at so critical a time, replied—

"Hardly, lad! hardly. If you'd take my advice, you'd content yourself now with comforting them at home."

Will struck his heavy fist on the table, and said with a hard, thickening voice—

"Guv'nor, I didn't come here for that. I want help—not preachin'."

He rose and put on his cap, when Mr. Leasem placed his hand on his shoulder—

"Will, you are a lad to be trusted. You shall have the sovereigns—d—— me if you shan't!"

He put his hand into his trousers' pocket, brought forth a handful of money, gold, silver, and copper all jumbled together, and counted from his capacious palm the five pieces.

"The note, Will, is now mine. We understand that—I lend it to you."

"All right, guv'nor, and thank you kindly. If I'm missing a few days—"

"Your place shall be kept. And now, Will, if you are dead set to try this affair, I'll tell you what to do. Go to the man whose address I am writing down, tell him you've got little or no money to spend, but say I sent you to ask his opinion."

"Is he one of them detectives?"

"Yes, but a decent fellow for all that; I helped him once."

Will took the paper, pored over it for full

half-a-minute, shook hands with his master, and went away.

### CHAPTER III.

#### WILL SEEKS ADVICE ABOUT HIS JOURNEY.

THE detective lodged in a couple of rooms, in a by-court not far from the Strand, one of them being occupied by the great man himself, while the other served for a waiting-room. They were both sufficiently dark, not to say dirty, to accord with the mysterious mental atmosphere that seemed to hang about them.

He had to wait with three other persons, while some visitor was closeted within.

There was a miserable-looking, aged man, seeking a divorce from his wife; an elegant, sprightly little woman seeking a divorce from her husband; and there was a knowing, shabby, vulgar-looking ruffian, who might be a detective out of work, and was certainly very hard up. This man made an effort to draw Will into talk, thinking perhaps to do a bit of sly business, but relapsed into silence under Will's stare and stern monosyllables. The others looked pre-occupied with their own affairs, but still found time to wonder who the young workman was, and what he wanted. Will's only thought about them was that they, like all the world, might be thinking he was the son of a felon under sentence of death. But he neither bent his head, nor covered his face, but stared doggedly at the door, through which he wanted to pass.

When admitted he found a thin, sharp, angry-faced man, with an impatient twang in the tones of his voice, which contrasted oddly with the artificial calmness and suavity he affected. Measuring Will with his eye, as he approached his table, there was a flickering expression across his face that seemed to say—

"Nothing to be got here."

Will told his name, and the detective knew his man, and guessed his mission.

"Before you go any further, my poor fellow," said he, "I may as well tell you, if it's about your father it is hopeless."

Will stared at him so long and earnestly that the detective's eye quailed, and then his face smiled as if conscious of the ridiculousness of the thing, with such an innocent.

"You know Leasem—Mr. Leasem?"

"Old Kent Road?"

"Yes. He sent me to ask your opinion. Please to look at that letter."

It was remarkable how differently the sight of the letter affected the detective and Will's master. The latter had seen nothing but an act of kindness in it, the former saw everything but that. The professional instinct was in arms in a moment, and he seemed almost about to be so absurd and Quixotic as to offer to undertake the case without payment. But putting aside that folly, he went to the window with the letter, and there studied the envelope, the bit of paper, and the bank-note scrutinisingly for some time in silence.

"The job's well done!" he said at last. "Not a reliable vestige of any kind left to track by. Paper of the commonest kind, no water-mark; envelope ditto, and no tradesman's name; handwriting evidently disguised."

"Disguised—sure?" cried Will, eagerly, as though that one fact removed his every doubt, and gave overwhelming support to all his beliefs.

"Quite sure. The disguise is the weakest, the only weak part of the fellow's case—because it's so plainly a disguise."

"Go on, please!" urged Will, feeling already the force of the incoming flood of light, and his eyes dilating as they gazed on the very peculiar fount.

"There's a post-mark, it is true—Birmingham—which is, therefore, the one place where you may be sure not to find him. Somebody has taken it there for him, and there posted it; or, if he's very cautious, he may himself have gone secretly and hurriedly to do the job, and got back in time, say between night and morning, not to be missed from his employment."

Seeing how greedily Will sucked all this in, the detective felt the unconscious flattery of his skill, and went on.

"A bank-note was just the only thing he could send without personal contact; gold must have been registered, Post Office order have a name and address: stamps, five pounds' worth, would attract attention in purchasing; a bank-note is popped into a letter, and nobody the wiser.

"Of course there's the number and date, but all he had to do was to ask for a note in exchange for sovereigns of some small tradesman who had more notes of the same value, and wasn't used to take record of particulars. To ensure that, he'd probably go again, plead anxiety about the fate of his letter, and ask for the number. If he couldn't get it, he knew all was right, the communication effectually broken; and if he did get it, he'd go somewhere else, re-exchange his note into sovereigns, and again try the same game till the job was accomplished."

Poor Will's face grew more and more blank as he saw knocked away one after the other the props on which he had been erecting his edifice of hope.

"I must try something, mister," he said.

"Right. Try then to trace the note backwards, and go to the Bank of England to begin with. That's one chance. The other is to go to Birmingham, and trust to your luck. Accident and pluck often succeed when no other combination can. Let me know how you get on. I may help you at the last moment, if you really do discover anything worth while."

Thus ended the interview, and poor Will, as he afterwards told his friends, departed with his purse half-a-guinea lighter, and his heart pounds heavier.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WILL VISITS JENNY LYNCH AND STEALS HER LETTER.

IF truth, whether of word or action, is always in harmony with itself through all its parts, untruth of word or deed, however skillfully devised, exhibits invariably the opposite characteristic. The falsity may be a Hercules in proportion and strength, but then there is the ever vulnerable *heel*. So it proved now.

Poor Will, after racking his brains till he felt they wouldn't much longer be of any use to him, in the vain effort to discover a recent owner of the bank-note, or any trace of the sender at Birmingham, returned to London with only a few shillings in his pockets, ill, worn-out with fatigue and depression, and asking himself how he was to face his mother, and confess his utter and dreadful failure.

The poor fellow yearned for a bit of comfort, and resolved, before going home, to go to the only place and person that was likely to be able to give him any.

The place was a gloomy-looking house at Clapham—the person a hard-worked general servant, whose one solitary, quiet, and much abused "follower" was Will Bradley.

She was the daughter of a man named Lynch, who had lived in the same street as the Bradleys for many years, and whose struggle for bread had been harder even than their own. Six months before Bradley's arrest Lynch had been obliged to accept a situation at a distance too great for him to think of taking his family with him. He had therefore left them, and although he sent them every farthing but what he required for his own bare sustenance, it was only enough to keep them. Like the Bradleys, they let the rent debt grow and grow, till their landlord, seeing it was absurd to expect ever to receive his money, turned them from the rooms, and seized and sold all their small possessions. They had gone into the workhouse, and thus poor Will Bradley's beloved was by no means so much a stranger to trouble as to be unable to sympathise with him.

In spite of this, however, Will had no sooner descended the area steps and rung the bell of the area door, than his already weary and sad heart began to beat—to thump so that the very stone step under his feet seemed to shake with a new and sickening alarm.

He had never seen Jenny Lynch since all was over, and his father had been shut in the condemned cell.

Will thought of the newspapers, the talk above stairs that Jenny would hear, the commands that had most likely been laid upon her concerning the murderer's son.

He heard her light step in the passage—she opened the door—she stood before him.

Jenny was very pretty—she was what the Scotch would call a "bonnie lass" with fair hair, and a sunshiny face, and quick impulsive glances and gestures. Her own class called her bright, her betters called her pert; perhaps she was both. At all events she had been not a little imperious and capricious in her treatment of poor Will, who, since he knew her, had acquired a curious

habit of putting his hand protectingly to the side of his face whenever a woman spoke angrily to him.

As the two looked at each other, Will noticed with a sinking heart that Jenny turned pale instead of red, and that her hand trembled as it held the door.

"Jenny," said Will, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

Then Jenny drew back, and gave her head a little jerk towards a long seat just inside the door. Will interpreted it, as "Come in, and don't let 'em hear you talking there; it's as much as my place is worth."

Yes, she looked very pale, and very unlike herself, and Will, whose hope was like a handful of dry sand, which the tighter he grasped it the faster it ran out, felt the last grains trickling away like so much life-blood.

He crawled in at her bidding, and sat down on the bench, waiting for her first words, almost as he had waited for the words following the official's question of—"Gentlemen of the jury, what is your verdict?"

Jenny shut the door very carefully, then went to the end of the passage and shut another door at the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, how mortal ashamed she is of me!" thought Will.

She came back with slow and hesitating steps.

"Now for it," he thought; and with a despairing attempt to meet and break a little the blow he felt coming, he stammered out—

"Jenny—I—I didn't ought to ha' come here."

Then the storm burst, and Will bowed his head and bore it pretty well. After all, it was nothing more dreadful than a heartier, stronger squeeze than he thought the slim arm capable of giving, a shower of warm tears on his face, and a voice sobbing over him—

"Bless him! bless him! Poor old chap, what he's bore since I see him! Oh, Will, Will, I've 'most broke my heart about you!"

When they were what Jenny called "quieted down a bit," Will told her all about the five-pound note, and his useless journey.

"Will, dear, you can do no more—though if ever there was conscience-money, *that's*

conscience-money, but you can do nothing more."

"That's the worst of it," said Will. "If I could, I could bear things so much better. But to sit down, and reckon the hours and days before he will be——"

To divert his thoughts Jenny took a letter from her pocket, and slid it into his horny hand, dividing with her touch the iron-linked fingers, which seemed bent on self-torture.

"It's from father, Will. Such a kind letter, and sending me for mother twenty-five shillings in stamps, that she may leave the workhouse, and saying he will send ten shillings every week till he can come himself, or till he can have them down there."

"I'm glad to hear that, Jenny," said Will, and then his eyes fell on the letter she had put into his hands. There came a sudden light into them as he looked, and eagerly examined it all over.

The letter was one of the most commonplace character, so far as regarded its appearance to ordinary eyes, but not so to Will's. He seemed almost in a tremble, as he hurriedly and vainly ransacked his pockets, and said below his breath—

"My God, have I lost it?"

But no, the letter he sought was there, and had been missed merely through his impatience and agitation. He brought it forth, and compared it in silence with the one Jenny had just put into his hands.

The envelopes were exactly alike, but that was only very negative kind of evidence. What moved him was that he saw in both that peculiar flourish over the t's which had first attracted his eye on his mother's letter, and suggested the thought he had seen it before. Here it was again, and exactly where he had feared or hoped to find it.

Remembering that Jenny was watching, he ceased to look at the letter, and stared before him with eyes that rolled portentously under their new burden, till Jenny spoke—

"Why, Will, what's the matter? You don't suppose those two letters have anything to do with one another, do you?"

Will laughed, as he said—

"I did, but look at the handwritings. Not a bit alike, are they?" And again he laughed.

"No. Give me my letter."

"Have you taken out the stamps?"

"Yes."

"Where does he write from?"

"Leeds."

"And he tells you inside how to find him?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must be going. One kiss, Jenny."

Drawing her with a strong grasp into his arms, he held her in a passionate embrace, kissed her, all trembling and pale, and full of wonder as she was, then put her away, and stepped out into the road, through the area-door, without another word, heedless of the voice that called after him—

"Will! Will! my letter! my letter!"

### CHAPTER V.

#### HOW WILL THANKS THE BENEFactor OF HIS FAMILY.

To the very great surprise of Mr. Leasem, and to the somewhat more than surprise of Mrs. Leasem, their bed-room door opened early one morning, before they had risen, and in stalked Will Bradley; looking so haggard, unwashed, and disorderly, that they wondered if he had ever been in bed since he parted with his master four days before.

He had come to beg that another sovereign might be trusted to him. Mr. Leasem generously gave it, and was himself not a little excited by the hints which Will let fall.

It was yet very early, not seven o'clock, when he started off to walk to the Railway Station, when a sudden faintness warned him of a novel danger—he might be too ill, or too weak for the job in hand. So thinking, he did two acts, so absurdly extravagant for him, that he often thought about them afterwards. He took a cab to the station, and there sat down in the refreshment-room to breakfast, and ate heartily, for the first time for many a week. He seemed, too, to forget everything but the great comfort of the meal, only that he once took out the letters, put them side by side, and put them back again.

The moment the doors of the carriages were opened, he planted himself in a corner of one of them, out of which he never moved, except

when compelled by incidents of the journey, till he reached Leeds. He seemed to casual observers to be asleep the whole way; but when any one had occasion to touch, or to speak to him, there was a something in the face and eyes so alert, sinister, and strange, mingled with the shy awkwardness and immobility natural to him as a workman among strangers, that quite dispelled all notion of mental rest, or bodily slumber. He did volunteer to speak once. It was when two men came into the same carriage, and began talking about Leeds. He watched them till their talk ceased, then said to the nearest—

"How far now, mate, to Leeds?"

"It's the next station. We shall be there in ten minutes."

Will drew himself up, rigidly, stared out of the carriage window, and again relapsed into the corner, his cap drawn down over his eyes, till the train stopped.

He spoke to no one on leaving the station, but gazed up at the names of the streets and courts, as if seeking some particular one street or court, but feeling an instinctive dislike to mention the place of his destination.

The peculiarity of his manner—influenced as it was by his absence of mind on all but one subject, attracted the attention of a policeman, as he paced over the bridge, going in the direction of Hunslet Lane.

"Looking for somebody?" guessed the guardian of the public peace.

Will stared at him, and the uniform, and replied gruffly—

"I'm a stranger in these parts, and am just looking about me," and passed on.

A minute or two afterwards, he saw the policeman standing in the same place, following him inquisitively with his eye.

Will turned down a street, as if to evade him.

It was remarkable that he never once, from first to last, fluctuated in doubt about what he was going to do. That which so troubles wiser and more experienced men—proof, troubled not him. From the moment he had seen the two letters, side by side, he adopted a fixed belief, and held it with the characteristic obstinacy of a man of few ideas when once powerfully moved.

Failing now to find unaided that which he sought, he began to study the faces of people

as they passed, and stopped a woman and began to speak to her; when to her surprise his words became inaudible, and died away, and his face, turned in another direction, became livid, and she saw him walk hurriedly on, forgetting her altogether.

The very man Will sought was there before him, not twenty yards ahead!

Did he know who followed? It was evident Will's first anxiety was to be clear about that, for he began to cover himself as much as possible, walking behind others; by crossing, sheltered by a cart, to the opposite side of the street; and by stopping suddenly, as if engrossed in the attractions of a shop window, when he saw his man stop at the corner of a street, in hesitation, and then return toward Will, whose stout heart began to beat wildly.

The man returned to the very shop, a stationer's, where Will stood on the threshold. He entered, brushing Will's clothes as he passed, to buy a newspaper. Will stared hard into the side window at a print, but moved as far into the doorway as he could, to listen the while.

"Fresh particulars," said the shopman, "about the murderer Bradley."

There was a pause. Then a voice well known to Will answered, in a low, stifled tone—

"Is that in this paper?"

"Yes."

The man put down his money, and went out. Whether in so doing he caught a half glimpse of "Will," or that he merely noticed his listening attitude, while his own thoughts were peculiarly susceptible and active, it might be difficult for the keenest by-stander to decide; but he tried in a furtive kind of way to get a look at Will's countenance in passing, which Will took care to prevent, and the man passed on, slowly reading his paper.

Will did not dare to move till he saw the corner reached round which the man went, slower than ever; but the instant he disappeared, Will moved rapidly after him, but paused just at the corner for some passing shelter, to avoid the risk of exposing himself to the man who might be standing there close by.

When Will did venture to look, the man

was nearly a hundred yards down the street, and running at full speed towards an opening on the left, into which he plunged.

What should Will do? It was a desperate decision, but he did decide not to follow, but to run round the other way, not trusting to the chance that the alley might be that which we call a *cul-de-sac*, or place of "no thoroughfare."

He was right, and just in time to see the fugitive emerge from the other end of the long winding court, turn, and enter the second house, and with such haste that he did not even look behind.

Will had too much good sense to follow at once. Keeping out of sight of the window, but never for one single moment taking his eyes from the door, he waited till it was quite dark, avoiding observation as well as he could.

Then a girl came forth from the house and left the door open, at least so Will supposed. Should he now venture? While he hesitated minutes passed; and he began to fear the man would come out under the veil of darkness, and be lost to him for ever!

The girl soon returned carrying some candles in her hand. Will decided to go to her.

"Do you know, my little lass, one Thomas Lynch?"

"Oh, yes, he lives in our house."

"Sure now!"

"Oh, yes; these candles is for him. He reads a deal."

"I'm an old acquaintance, I want to surprise him. So you shall just show me his room. That'll be capital fun, won't it?"

The girl laughed.

"Has he got a light?"

"No, his last bit's burnt out. He's very poor."

"Poor!" Will was startled at the word, but was in no mood to follow the train of thought it suggested, or the doubt whether this man, so poor, could be the man who had sent the five-pound note.

Will looked at the girl, and laughed in answer to her laugh, as they entered the house together—she going on tip-toe, and prepared childlike for the fullest enjoyment of the "surprise."

"When you have shown me the door, run

down and light a candle ready, and at the right time I'll call you."

"Oh, yes, that will be so nice!"

Will followed the girl stealthily along the narrow passage, and up the narrow stairs; then stopped, listening to the girl's tap, and to the reply—

"Is it you, Molly? Come in."

"Yes, Mr. Lynch," said the girl, opening the door. "I'll get a light." Then she slid past the stranger, while he drew himself up against the wall to give her room.

No longer disguising his step, Will walked into the room, which was not utterly dark, for the light from a row of workshop windows, that overlooked it, cast a faint radiance, that revealed the dim outlines of the chamber, and the meagre furniture, but fell especially on the form of a man, half bending over the table, supported by his hands, which rested upon it, his face towards the door as if he had started up in alarm and preparation.

Will paused just within the threshold, and was therefore only very darkly visible.

Neither spoke.

Will turned, closed the door, and locked it.

Before he had well nigh time to turn again, or understand what was intended, the man leaped forward, and threw himself with his whole weight, and with all the energy of despair, upon the intruder, who was driven by the shock violently against the door, while the house shivered to its very foundations. Will struck out instinctively, and with such power and success, that the assailant was hurled back against the table, and seriously hurt by the sharp edge.

"Thomas Lynch, this ain't no good, you know."

"Will Bradley, is that you? On my soul, I didn't know you."

"Well, you do now. It may also enlighten your mind to be made aware I have a revolver here, with four shots—every one on 'em capable o' settling for once and all with a mean-spirited murderer like you!"

For a brief space there was a terrible silence in the chamber.

"You must be mad, Will!" at last was gasped out.

"That's likely enough. But I ain't come

to talk. My father's lying in the condemned cell for a crime that you know very well you committed."

"How do you know that?"

"Ask me how I know your conscience pricked you to send my mother five pounds. Ask me how I know—but there, I'm soon done. I offer you, Thomas Lynch, your only chance of your neck. Confess before witnesses, and they shan't know in time to hinder your getting away. If you won't confess, I'll get the people up from below, tell them you are a murderer, and, trust me, I won't leave you till you are in hands that'll take precious care on you."

There was no answer. Will spoke again.

"The girl has been frightened: but she's coming up now. Choose!"

What passed through Lynch's mind in that awful moment may be guessed. Projects of denial, wild hopes that Will after all knew nothing decisive—this one moment,—then the next vivid hopes and equally vivid alarms that this was in truth a chance, and his only one, and that every moment's delay endangered him more and more.

He collapsed under the strain, and bursting into a wild passion of tears and sobs, and kneeling before Will, begged him to befriend him, and to hear the whole affair.

"Go on," said Will, still standing in that darkness of the chamber, and gazing down upon the miserable and abject suppliant.

"I came back to my wife and children to bring them good news. I found another man living in my place, every bit of my worldly goods gone, my wife in the workhouse, one of my little ones dead. I sought him, the man that did this—John Mellish—intending no more than to let him know my mind. I stung him, and he struck at me, and passed on. There was a moment of devilish temptation—I yielded to it, saw a hammer lying near me; that's enough. Will, I confess my crime, and that your father's as innocent as a new-born babe."

"And yet you'd ha' let him be hanged? you mean-spirited hound!"

"Will, I've done my best to get up pluck to tell the truth and save him, but couldn't."

Will opened the door, and called loudly.



"What are you going to do?" asked the criminal, almost shrieking in alarm.

The girl came up with a light, and looking like a spectre.

"Who's in the house?" demanded Will.

"Father and mother, and Uncle Ben," sobbed out the girl.

"Beg them to come up for a minute."

The girl ran down with her message, leaving the candle.

"Tom Lynch, if I were you, I wouldn't let grass grow under my feet. Aint you going to write?"

The murderer knelt down at the table, and with trembling hand wrote these words—

"It was I, not William Bradley, who killed Mr. Mellish. He stripped me of our house and home, and when I tried to shame him, and get some compensation, he struck at me with the loaded stick he carried. Hardly knowing what I was about, I took up Will Bradley's hammer and killed him. Nobody saw me come or go. This is the truth. And may God and all good men forgive me.

"THOMAS LYNCH."

When he had finished, and before he had risen from his knees, he turned to Will and with hungry, bloodshot eyes, said—

"Read! Will it do?"

Will read it slowly, once, twice, thrice.

Then turning to the persons who had now come into the room, he said, in a voice as indifferent, as far as they were concerned, as if they were his own familiar friends—

"I want you all to witness that this man has written and signed this paper." Then turning to the murderer—"Have you, or have you not?"

"This is my writing," said Lynch, not letting his eye see aught but the paper.

"As you hope for salvation, do you say and swear it is true?" demanded Will.

"I do."

"You are all witnesses to that?"

"Yes." "Yes." "Yes!" they said, as he looked successively at each.

"Please write your names down as witnesses," continued Will.

This was done in silence, broken only by the scratching of the pen.

"Thank you all, friends," said Will, in a shaking voice, as he took the paper and laid it in the breast of his coat. "You'll know before long what it all means. Please leave me alone with him now."

"We've neither on us much time to waste, Lynch," he said, when they were alone. "I've only this to say to you: you know that Jenny—that Jenny and me have kep' company?"

"Ah, God, no!" moaned Lynch.

"Well, I've only this to say—which may ease your mind or not, according to your nature—your girl kep' true to me when she thought me a murderer's son, and now I want to tell you I'll be true to her now she is—what she is—don't shudder, I'm not going to name it. And more than that, I'll never let none of yours starve by reason of your sending that bank-note, which has saved you from bringing another man's blood on your head and us, from the Lord knows what. Yes; you are cursing the note now, I see; but you will live to bless it, Tom Lynch—you will live to bless it. Now, make the most of your time, and fly; to-night I shall be in London; to-morrow all will be known."

\* \* \* \* \*

Far away from the street and brickfield of bitter memory, the Bradleys, a month after Will's return from Leeds, piled their Christmas fire, and hung up their Christmas berries. There was not only the huge red-whiskered, jovial-eyed, William Bradley, senior, added to their number since we last saw them returning from the trial—there was a pale, thin little woman, with eyes that seemed looking far, far past the things they saw, following with their mental vision some object through dangers and through troubles, that kept her thoughts engrossed, spell-bound, and shut away from the laughter and cheerful sights around her. This was Lynch's wife.

There were mixed up with the dark little Bradleys five fair-haired, blue-eyed little girls, marvellously like a certain hard-worked general servant in the Clapham Road.

These were Lynch's children.

Jenny was not there.

Will sat by the fire thinking about her, and was almost as silent as Mrs. Lynch.

He was thinking how hard it had been of her to cast him off as she had done with contempt and horror the moment she had known *why* he stole her letter. He was thinking, too, what hardships she might now be enduring in her new place, for she had been roughly expelled from the old one, when the news had reached her mistress.

While he was thinking of these things, the children, who had been turned out on the stairs while William Bradley, senior, prepared a surprise for them, came rushing up, and burst into the room with a great and pleasant surprise for all; a delicious surprise for Will.

Jenny had come—Jenny was sitting crying on the stairs, declaring she couldn't come in till Will went, and told her she was forgiven.

Even poor Mrs. Lynch rose and brightened at this news. Will, who scarcely needed any

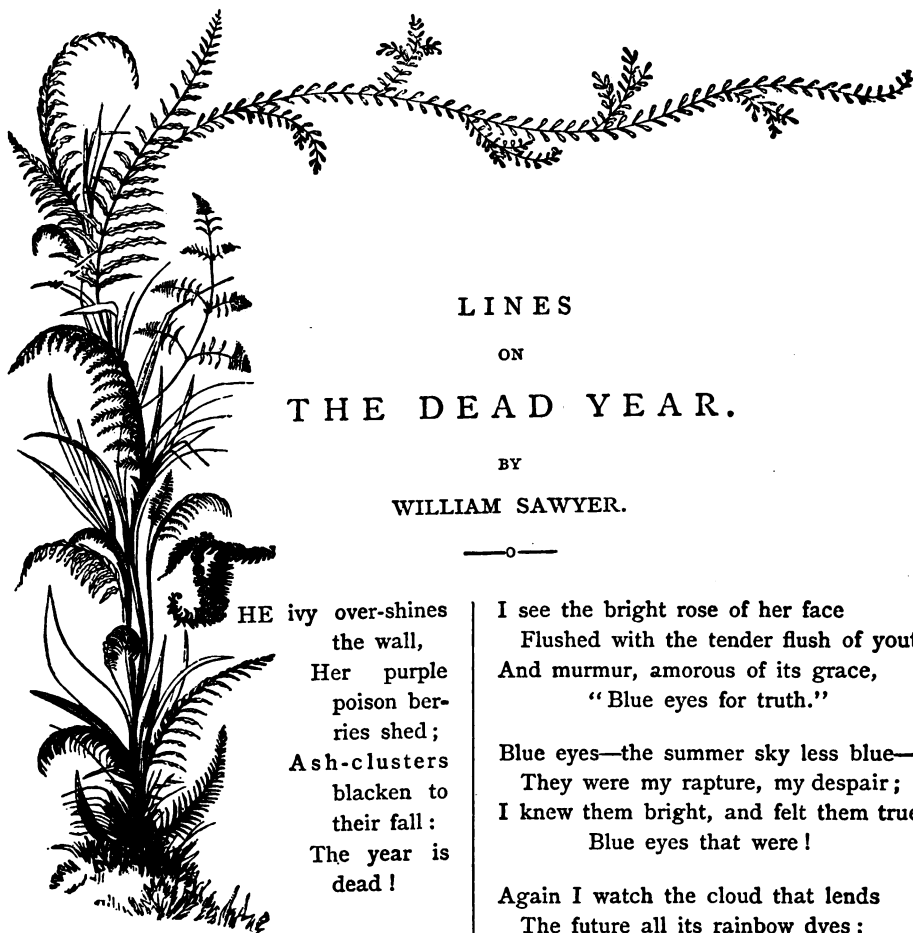
such assistance, was pushed by half-a-dozen hands towards the door.

When, after having had the stairs to themselves rather longer than they were aware of, the two came in together, Jenny, turning from her mother and the children, instantly sought out William Bradley, senior, who had retired as much out of sight as his size would allow, having an immovable belief that he must be hateful to the girl's sight.

"There, there," he said, as she approached him, and pressed his great hand in both her own, "never mind me yet, lass, wait till you get over it—never mind me yet."

"But I domind, Mr. Bradley," said Jenny, her blue eyes running over with tears. "I do thank God that I see you saved—saved by His mercy, and that blessed, blessed CONSCIENCE MONEY."





LINES  
ON  
THE DEAD YEAR.

BY  
WILLIAM SAWYER.



THE ivy over-shines  
the wall,  
Her purple  
poison ber-  
ries shed;  
Ash-clusters  
blacken to  
their fall:  
The year is  
dead!

A fleck of amber, in the cloud  
That swathes the east, is dawn and  
light!  
And day, that gloom and mist enshroud,  
Makes welcome night.

As one who, seeing life depart,  
Ponders the wonder of our lives,  
So, at the dead year's feet, my heart  
Strange thought revives.

I think of one, a blossom set  
Shining amid the snows of years;  
Sweet in remembrance, in regret,  
Even in tears.

I see the bright rose of her face  
Flushed with the tender flush of youth,  
And murmur, amorous of its grace,  
"Blue eyes for truth."

Blue eyes—the summer sky less blue—  
They were my rapture, my despair;  
I knew them bright, and felt them true,  
Blue eyes that were!

Again I watch the cloud that lends  
The future all its rainbow dyes;  
Again its veil the Phantom rends  
And rapture flies.

The anguish of each winter day  
Comes back into my heart anew;  
The charms death could not steal away  
Once more I view.

And in the wailing of the winds,  
The moan of branches swaying bare,  
Again my soul re-echoed finds  
Its own despair.

The ivy over-shines the wall,  
The berries of the ash are shed;  
Under the holly's coronal  
The year lies dead!

## QUENBY.

A STORY.

BY SIR C. L. YOUNG, BART.



NEW Year's Day, and an uncommonly foggy one it was. My native land did not present a by any means cheerful appearance to me the day after I landed—returning home after an absence of five years. Home? The only home I had at present was No. 213, very high up in a large new hotel, which had no existence

when the business to which I was bound took me away from England. New Year's Day! No kind greetings fell upon my ears; there was no hand to shake mine warmly; no soft, sweet voice to whisper blessings on the coming year. Christmas Day I had passed in a heavy, rolling sea, and its octave I was evidently destined to pass in a thick yellow fog. It was a matter of considerable difficulty to decide which was the least agreeable.

How eagerly I had been looking forward to this time. How often on the wide prairie or beneath the burning equatorial sun I had longed to be back once more in England. And here I was; and as I rose from nibbling at a tasteless breakfast, I felt half inclined to think the prairie had the best of it. However, the soothing influence of a cigar in the smoking-room enabled me to take a brighter view of things; and especially did all grow bright and sparkling to my mental vision when I thought of one dear face that the fairest scenes of other lands, and the rude warfare of a hard and struggling life, had never for an instant clouded. I should see that face again; only three hours of railroad stretched between us, and from one at least I should receive a welcome.

Should I find Annie Armytage much

changed? I had heard nothing of her for eighteen months; previously I had received letters from her now and again during my wanderings in South America; light, pleasant, chatty letters they were. Not love letters, mind: oh! not one word of that. She was only seventeen when I went away, and I was three-and-twenty; and although Annie and I had been lovers all our lives, and played at being husband and wife once when she was the mature age of five, we had never talked, when she advanced to womanhood, of our love. I think we understood it all the same. There was a silent promise in our eyes, and in that last farewell five years ago, there was something that was more eloquent than the deepest protestations.

Her father, Mr. Armytage, was a gentleman of small means, who lived in a little cottage on the borders of the great Armytage property, which was in the hands of Sir Bulkeley Armytage, said to be one of the richest squires in —shire. Annie's father was one of the poorest of poor relations, and Sir Bulkeley had munificently allowed Coleman Armytage to live in this cottage, as tenant-at-will, rent free. My father was incumbent of the parish which was bounded by the Armytage estate, but just included Annie's father's cottage. I had no sisters, Annie had no brothers, and as Mrs. Armytage took compassion upon me, being motherless, I was naturally thrown while I was at home much with her little girl. But when I left England, having got an appointment in a mercantile house at Rio, I discovered that Annie was something more to me than a sister, and as the ship took me further and further away from my native land, I was bursting with resolutions to work day and night, make a large fortune in rather less than no time, come home, and marry Annie triumphantly. Well, here I was—come home again, but had not made a large fortune in business—and my father was dead.

"Would you mind letting me have a little of the fire?" said a voice good-humouredly, breaking in upon my reflections. I started up, and began to apologise for my selfishness.

The fact is, I had drawn a large arm-chair right in front of the fire, and positively had got it all to myself.

"Pray don't apologize," said the gentleman, who was young and of prepossessing appearance. "If I had been alone I should certainly have done it myself. It's a devilish cold day, there is no mistake about that; and there's a fog out of doors that tastes of blacks, and smells of decomposed frost: you can pretty nearly bite it if you like."

"Is it often like this in London?" I asked.

"I am told there's a pretty good average of fog about this time of the year," he replied, carelessly, as he lit a cigar of rather large proportions. "I am not much here in the winter myself. Indeed, I am only passing through now. I came up last night from —shire; three miserable hours I spent in the train, and I am going to spend four this afternoon. It's doosid cold travelling just now."

"You have been hunting in —shire, I daresay," I said; "has the sport been pretty good this season?"

"Yes, very fair; till this wretched frost came. Do you know that part of the country at all?"

"If you have been hunting with Lord Graythorne's hounds, I know it well."

It turned out that he had been hunting with Lord Graythorne, and so, after discussing the fences, the supply of foxes, the qualities of the huntsman and whips, I asked if he knew Sir Bulkeley Armytage.

"You have evidently been out of England for some time," he answered. "I was acquainted with old Bulkeley, but I don't keep up the intimacy now. He is dead."

"Indeed, I have not heard of —shire matters for a year and a half. His nephew has succeeded to the title and property, I suppose?"

"Oh, dear no! The nephew and the nephew's two sons were smashed in a railway accident, or drowned out yachting, I don't accurately remember which, and the whole thing has lapsed to a distant cousin, Sir Coleman Armytage."

"You don't mean that!" I exclaimed, starting from my chair.

"I really do mean it. Do you know the present baronet?"

"I used to know him well," I replied, sit-

ting down again, and endeavouring to quiet my feelings. "He used to be very shy and reserved. How does he bear his accession to fortune?"

"I only knew him slightly in his obscure days; but I fancy you will find him much changed. He has certainly risen equal to the occasion, and there is not a prouder man in the county than Coleman Armytage."

"He had a daughter, I think," I remarked with what I fancied was the utmost indifference; "rather a pretty girl she promised to be."

"And she has fulfilled her promise. She is wonderfully pretty."

"And not married yet?"

"No, not yet. You see, she is a great heiress now, and her father expects her to marry a duke at least. He might put up with an earl, but I don't think he will."

"She seconds his ideas, I daresay?"

"Ah! I don't know about that; certainly, they say she appears very difficult to please. They have been for a year at the park now; but I have never heard that she has taken a fancy to anybody, though she certainly has had plenty of chances. It is said that Lord Allonby would have gone in for her, but his crisis came too soon."

"How do you mean? He has that fine old mansion of Quenby, some ten miles from Armytage, has he not?"

"He had it, certainly. But he was on the turf, and the bookmakers were too much for him. He has retired to some remote place upon the continent, and Quenby is for sale."

After a little further conversation, I suddenly remembered that I had some rather important business in the city, and I rose to go. I exchanged cards with my communicative friend. On his piece of pasteboard was inscribed, "Mr. George Lovell" on mine "Mr. Fortescue."

"Perhaps we may meet some day at Armytage?" said Mr. George Lovell, as I bid him good morning.

"Possibly we may," I replied, and I left the room.

I went straight to the city, and had an interview with a firm of solicitors, who had my family affairs in keeping. The result of that interview does not at this moment concern the reader. At noon that day I got into the train with a ticket for the nearest station for Armytage Park. Since I left England a branch line had been made which

rendered railway communication between Armytage and London a trifle easier than before. There was now a station within three miles of the Park; five years ago it was ten miles distant. One of the guards, in answer to my query, informed me that there was a new railway hotel close to the station, which was said to provide good accommodation for man and beast.

When I arrived at the said hotel, I came quickly to the conclusion that the beast was the principal customer. Everything was cold and damp, and a smell of paint and mortar pervaded the entire establishment. The grates, I observed, were marked *patent*, in conspicuous characters, and their principal virtue consisted in wholly refusing to allow a fire to burn up within their registered bars. The paint and mortar soon gave way to an all-powerful smoke, and at 4 o'clock P.M., dark as it was, I thought I would make a venture upon the hospitable qualities of Sir Coleman Armytage. Accordingly I procured, not without difficulty, a sort of dog-cart and a kind of horse, and, in the commencement of an uncomfortable thaw, I set off for Armytage Hall.

Could I be considered as impertinent and intrusive? Had not my father been far kinder and more useful to Coleman Armytage than ever his great kinsman had been? Had he not, on more than one occasion, to my certain knowledge, lent the poor relation money, and otherwise assisted him in the hour of need? Had I not been a favourite with him, and with his wife, to say nothing of his daughter? Could I prove to be an unwelcome guest? Surely not.

In due time we reached the great front door of Armytage Park, and after sounding a sonorous bell, I was informed by a powdered domestic, who was far too well bred to evince the slightest emotion at the sight of a damp individual like myself, that Sir Coleman and Lady Armytage were at home. I directed the uncouth personage, who must have been wearied by his incessant goading of the long-coated animal that had drawn my nondescript vehicle, to wait in the stables till I sent for him; and I told the powdered gentleman, who solemnly enquired who I was, to announce "Mr. Fortescue."

There were several people sitting in the library, and at a glance I saw that Annie was presiding at a tea-table—the miserable practice of five o'clock tea was just getting

into fashion. She did not appear to have caught the name, and barely did more than look up for a moment, but turned again to a gentleman beside her, who was evidently of an amusing disposition. I advanced right into the middle of the long, low library, with the excessively unpleasant conviction that I was being thoroughly stared at, and considered as an impertinent intruder. Another glance round the room showed me that neither Sir Coleman nor Lady Armytage were present. There was a pause in the buzz of conversation, and I overheard Annie whisper to her sprightly neighbour—

"Who is it?"

"I am not acquainted with it," returned this individual, dropping his eyeglass.

There was nothing surprising in the fact that Annie had not recognised me. The room was but dimly lighted, and a beard and moustache no doubt made a considerable change in my personal appearance, for I wore neither when I went away five years ago. She was not much changed though. The graceful form had assumed the rounder lines of womanhood, and the beauty of the face was more matured. But that was all.

She rose from the tea-table, and advanced hesitatingly to meet me.

"How do you do, Miss Armytage? You hardly recognise me, I daresay. It is some years since we have met. I hope Sir Coleman and Lady Armytage are quite well?"

I shook her hand warmly as I spoke, and I saw that she was dreadfully puzzled. She evidently had not heard my name when I was announced, and she looked at me with a doubtful expression.

"I am sure I know you," she seemed to say, "but I have not the ghost of an idea who you are."

Nothing is so disagreeable as having to explain who one is, and all about oneself, to a person one has incautiously addressed as an old acquaintance, and whose memory is somewhat defective. The embarrassment is worse if several people pause in their conversation to listen to your explanations. I therefore resolved not to fall into that humiliating position, and accepting Annie's invitation to wrong my digestion with a cup of tea, I sat down by her side and discussed the present, past, and future state of the weather, with the absorbing interest that that topic usually commands.

The man with the eyeglass, who turned out to be a promising young member of the House of Lords, kept his seat by the table, and endeavoured to ignore me altogether by making observations wholly irrelevant to what I might be talking about, and poor Annie was evidently getting very uncomfortable, when the door opened, and Sir Coleman walked in. He had been told of my arrival, and he singled me out at once, and came up to me with outstretched hands.

"My dear boy, I am delighted to see you. Most delighted. You have only just returned to England? And your first visit is to me. Now this is what I like. You knew you would find a welcome here, and you are right. Annie, my love, John Fortescue isn't changed a bit, is he?"

Annie started up when she caught my name, and a lovely flush suffused her cheeks, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, John — Mr. Fortescue — how you have puzzled me. Your voice sounded so familiar, but I could not imagine who you were. Papa, I think Mr. Fortescue is a good deal changed."

Papa for a moment looked rather sharply at his daughter, I fancied, and then said cheerily—

"Ah, hard work and roughing it a little don't make a man look younger, I daresay. You can't make money without adding a wrinkle or two—eh, John?"

"Nor lose it without a line or two upon the forehead, I am afraid," I returned.

"You have brought your portmanteau, I hope?" continued Sir Coleman, apparently without noticing my remark. "No? Oh, you must send for it: that is to say, I will send for it. At the railway inn, is it? Of course. Now you are here you must stop till Monday."

This was Friday evening: the invitation was not for so prolonged a period as to interfere with any other plans I might have formed, so I accepted it at once. There was a pleasant party staying in the house, and I made myself tolerably at home, and by means of relating anecdotes of my life in the far west, singing Mexican songs, and exhibiting sketches which I happened to have with me, I became quite the lion of the evening. Not a chance did I get, however, of talking quietly to Annie. Once or twice I thought I was going to have an opportunity of recalling memories of the past,

but at that instant up came Sir Coleman in a burst of hospitality, and in utterance of friendship, and made me all his own.

Lady Armytage was far less changed than her husband, and hers was a more genuine welcome, though not so boisterous. She seemed a little afraid of Sir Coleman, I fancied, and when she began to talk about old times, he interrupted her, saying—

"Come, come, I can't have you talk to John Fortescue about those times now. I mean him to enjoy himself, and you must not make him unhappy by referring to his boyish days when his dear father was alive. Now, remember that, my dear."

Although he said this most good-naturally, there was an unnecessary firmness, I thought, about the last injunction: at all events, Lady Armytage kept away from the forbidden topics. When the party broke up at midnight, Sir Coleman said to me, as he shook my hand heartily—

"And so you haven't contrived to discover a gold mine, John, my boy?" I shook my head.

"Ah, that's a pity. People can't get on without plenty of money now-a-days. You are going back to your business, I suppose?"

"I am not going to leave England again," I answered.

"You will take up some other line, then, eh? Well, well, we shall be glad to hear that you are successful. Good night."

I could not help thinking that a few years ago, when Coleman Armytage lived in his little cottage, he never seemed to consider that it was so very necessary to have plenty of money now-a-days. He was of a quiet and contented disposition then, but that seemed much changed now. Should I get an opportunity of talking to Annie to-morrow? I wondered as I was undressing. I was curious to know what effect the sudden rise to wealth and rank had had upon her. "She seems to like having that wretched lord by her side," I muttered savagely, I fear, as I laid my head upon the pillow.

To-morrow came, and answered the question. Immediately after breakfast I was put upon a horse and made to hunt all day. In the evening I tried again to get a *tête-à-tête* with Annie, but all in vain. This was provoking, but it was not perplexing. Annie's papa intended her for my lord's bride, and the re-appearance of the boyish

lover was inconvenient at least, especially as that lover was an impecunious nobody. Mademoiselle must not be allowed to run the risk of renewing an attachment which was simply out of the question. I saw all this on the Saturday night. I appreciated fully the kind and unremitting attention of my host. I thought at the same time of the generosity my father had exhibited in days gone by to Annie's father. I have said that he had on more than one occasion lent him money—slender as the vicar's income was. Doubtless, Sir Coleman would have repaid me with interest had I asked him, but I wanted something better than money. I had not cherished Annie's image in my heart for five long years to allow it easily to be defaced. As I strolled out into the garden on the Sunday morning, I felt sorry for many reasons that I should have a difference of opinion with Annie's papa, but I felt convinced that it must come to that. Annie was the heiress of Armytage—she would have plenty of money. What possible object could there be in securing a rich husband for her? Obviously none whatever. So Annie, I said to myself, whom I have loved long and dearly, shall be my wife, if I can persuade her to care for me.

It was a bright and exhilarating morning, the first Sunday in the glad New Year. There had been a sharpish frost, and the sun rose with a deep red splendour, and I felt in high spirits as I trod upon the crisp white grass of the lawn, taking the shortest cut towards the famous beech-walk for which Armytage was renowned. I went down the walk, turned into a bye-path, and when I came back again I met Annie face to face. She started, and coloured slightly when she saw me.

"Good morning, Mr. Fortescue!" she said; "you are out early."

"So are you, Annie—Miss Armytage, I mean. My manner of life for the last few years has taught me not to lie in bed long after sunrise. I am so glad to meet you now. As I leave to-morrow I was beginning to fear I should have no chance of talking to you about those happy days when I was at the vicarage, and you at the cottage."

"Were they so happy?" she asked hesitatingly, her eyes cast down.

"To me they were. They used to seem so to you; of course your ideas of happiness

are altered now. The little world that contented you then is not big enough for you now. How should it be? You are the wealthy heiress, and wider paths and greater ambition are open to you now. But I—I, who went out to seek a fortune in the grasping ways of commerce, and came back without having achieved it there—must content myself with what contented me before."

"What reason have you to suppose that I, too, am not so easily satisfied as you are?"

"Is there room for doubt? Ah, Miss Armytage, when I landed in England, a few days ago, I thought to find you still in the little cottage. On my voyage home I read and re-read the letters you wrote to me up to two years ago. Till a few days ago I never understood why I never received any more such letters. I fashioned all sorts of excuses for your silence—you might not have got mine; I might not have received yours; once I thought you might be dead—or at all events dead to me, but I would not believe it. It is all clear now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Fortescue? You must not judge me harshly."

"Should I be here now if I did? Surely not. On the contrary, I have come to see if you are the same Annie that I left five years ago."

"And I am," she exclaimed, looking me full in the face; "circumstances have changed, but I have not."

"Hey—what's that?" cried a voice behind us. "Circumstances have changed? Yes, indeed, they have in some respects. Changed for the better, hey, Fortescue, my boy? I am sure I wish with all my heart you had had some of my luck, but we can't change things by wishing, you know;" and Sir Coleman Armytage, with a hearty laugh, took my arm and we went towards the house.

"You are out early, that's a good sign," he continued. "A man who is a lie-a-bed never succeeds in anything. Annie, you see, continues her old habits of early rising. As I heard her say just now, she is not changed a bit." And so, with a flow of conversation that never faltered, Annie's papa led us both to the house, and it so happened that I had no chance of talking quietly to her for the rest of that day.

The chimes that I had loved so well in



early days—the happy chimes that had sounded in my ears in peaceful dreams in countries far away—rang out gaily in the frosty air sweet welcome to the first Sunday in the year. There was no change in their melodious voices, no huskiness about their joyous tongues. They pealed forth the music of undying hope, and sang the glorious song of Christmas tide.

My mind was made up. I felt very sorry that I might have to thwart Sir Coleman's dearest hopes. I felt immensely grieved that I might be the cause of discord round the domestic hearth, but I was certain that Annie had not forgotten her first love, and why should I not marry her? Her father had suddenly grown rich, and had acceded to a certain rank. But what of that? What difference could that make? My father had been his best friend in darker times. Annie and I had been almost brought up together. What if I was poor? he was rich enough, and Annie was destined to be his heiress. What necessity was there then for her husband to be rich too? Such an idea, I ventured to think, contradicted the principles of political economy. But my short visit was drawing to a close. I was carefully given to understand that I was to go away on Monday. Sir Coleman had gone so far as to tell me that I need not write to the Railway Hotel for a conveyance, for he would send me over to the station.

Sunday oozed away, as that day of rest always does in the country. We spent the morning in a mouldy pew in a highly respectable manner. The incumbent of the parish, a young man of absurd revolutionary ideas, had wanted to cut down the lofty distinctions between rich and poor, and had gone so far as to tell Sir Coleman that he thought all persons were alike in the sight of God—and had been very properly snubbed.

The idea of an Armytage sitting cheek by jowl with a peasant! Besides, this youthful incumbent was an *ist* or an *ite*—a thing abhorrent to the grand principles of Church and State, which the squire believed in more than he did in any creed; and Sir Coleman informed us at luncheon that he must shortly write to the bishop, as he was an aggrieved parishioner; and the hardship of his situation was duly compassionated. My lord, with the eyeglass, was quite of his opinion, and when Sir Coleman informed

him of the ridiculous desire of the clergyman to make the sittings in his church all free and unappropriated, my lord said, in a burst of orthodox Christianity, "Damme, this will never do!"

The frightful innovations of the unhappy parson were duly discussed at dinner-time, till at last some bored person changed the conversation by saying to our host—

"What has become of Lord Allonby?"

"Ah, it is a dreadful business, that. One of the oldest families in the kingdom has disgraced itself irretrievably, I fear," said Sir Coleman. "Allonby is utterly ruined: lost every shilling, I believe, except what was settled on his wife."

"On the turf, I think?" lisped a youthful honourable, whose father had been raised to a peerage from his brewery, on account of the money he had freely spent in supporting the ministry. "It's very foolish of him. Why a man ever bets, except on a certainty, I cannot understand."

"How far is Quenby from here?" asked some one else. "It is a very fine property, I hear."

"It is, indeed," replied Sir Coleman; "a grand old house, and many thousand acres of land. It has not been long in the market, though—it has been purchased already."

"Indeed!" echoed several voices.

"Yes, it was to have been put up to public auction next month, but a day or two ago, I learned yesterday, it has been sold by private contract."

"To whom?" exclaimed the earl.

"The name of the purchaser has not transpired," was the reply.

The drawing-room at Armytage Park was the last of a suite of rooms, and that Sunday evening I found myself sitting in the alcove of one of the smaller rooms with Annie. How we contrived to be there together, alone, I don't quite remember. Perhaps a little unintentional diplomacy on both sides managed it; anyhow, there we were, and I thought it was high time I should say something decided. There was a suggestive and inviting quiet about the little room, and there seemed to be no chance of interruption.

"And I am going away again to-morrow morning! Ah! how quickly it has come and gone, the time I have looked forward to so long!"

She made no reply; she only looked up at me for a moment, but there was that in her eyes that made me continue—

"I little thought to find you thus, the heiress of this vast estate!"

"That need make no difference in me?" she ventured, in a low and troubled tone.

"Is it possible?" I answered. "Everything has changed around you. Why should you have escaped the contagion? What right have I, the needy man who set out to seek his fortune, and am now come back just as I went away (as it must seem to you), to expect you to think of me as once you thought? Nay, do not interrupt me. I know what you would say—you were young and inexperienced then, and I have now no right to take advantage of the fact."

"And have you any right to complain that I am changed?"

"To complain? Oh, no."

"You wilfully misunderstand me. What cause have I given you to say that I am changed?"

"Merely that you have shunned me—deliberately avoided me since I have been here. Remembering all the past, have you not feared what I might say to you?"

"And if I have, has it not been for your own sake? Oh, Mr. Fortescue—John, you are cruel to me!"

"Annie, is it possible I am mistaken!" I exclaimed, eagerly, and at the same time caught that little white hand in mine, and held it unresisting.

"Quite mistaken!" said a voice, harshly, in the doorway, and Annie hurriedly withdrew her hand. "Quite mistaken, Mr. Fortescue, I assure you. Totally mistaken in supposing for an instant that my daughter is anything more to you than a childish acquaintance. And upon that you have no right to presume."

Sir Coleman Armytage stood before us, regarding me with an expression that was far from pleasant.

"I think you had better rejoin your mother and our guests in the drawing-room," he said to Annie.

Pale and trembling she rose from the sofa, and left the room.

"I am extremely sorry that, under the circumstances, I cannot ask you to prolong your visit beyond to-morrow morning," he said to me, coldly.

"Under what circumstances, Sir Coleman?" I replied, looking him steadily in the face. "Have I committed any crime in reminding your daughter of what passed between us before I went out into the world to seek my fortune? I loved her then—you knew it—your wife knew it—my father knew it. You had half arranged between you that she was to marry me, if we both still cared for each other when I returned. I love your daughter now as I loved her five years ago; it is my belief that she still loves me. What has occurred that you should change your mind, and appear angry that I should venture to remind Annie of the past?"

"You must excuse my answering your question," he replied, coldly: "or, at least, I will say thus much. I have some doubts as to the single-mindedness of a needy adventurer who, on the strength of a childish attachment, seeks to win a wealthy heiress, all other fortune having failed him."

"Who says all other fortune has failed me, needy adventurer though I be?" I retorted. "What if I answer that it seems to me that the father of the wealthy heiress forgets the condition in which he once welcomed me as a friend, and seeks only to secure a wealthy, and perhaps titled, husband for his daughter?"

"I should say that you were strangely impertinent," he replied coolly. Then he added—

"Come—I have no desire to seem uncourteous to my guest, for such you are, and will content myself with saying this. You have told me incidentally that the income you derive from your employers amounts to about four hundred a year. Is that enough to maintain a wife and family in comfort?"

"Sir Coleman, forgive me if I say that you can answer that question as well as I can. *You* were very happy five years ago."

"You are wrong," he replied, excitedly; "you are quite wrong. To your inexperience I may have seemed happy; nay, I may have thought so myself. What does it matter now? My position is altered. I decline to discuss the question further. I have other views for my daughter. You will oblige me by not re-opening the matter," and he turned to go.

"Hear me, Sir Coleman Armytage. Believe me, these are my last words. Hear

me out. You have sought to impress upon your daughter the necessity of her marrying with a man her equal in wealth and rank—I know it well. My father rendered you many services, and you both contemplated the union of myself with Annie—I know that too. Four hundred pounds a year is four hundred pounds a year still, and I may rise in the business to which I am attached. I am as good a gentleman as the noble lord with the toothpick, who takes Annie in to dinner every night. We love each other—why are you determined to separate us? You decline to answer? As you please. I decline to give her up—I shall marry her.”

He laughed—he positively laughed outright. The notion appeared to be intensely ludicrous. “I am quite aware my daughter is of age, Mr. Fortescue, but I am equally aware that she will not marry without her parents’ consent. *You* marry her! We shall see!”

“We shall see!” I echoed.

Sir Coleman Armytage rejoined his guests, and I went up to my chamber under the roof, and prepared for my departure at dawn.

I met Mr. George Lovell, whom I have already mentioned, shortly after my return to town, and we struck up an intimate friendship. He was a young gentleman of my own age, but possessed a great deal more experience of the ways and means of polite society than I did; and I certainly found him uncommonly useful as the winter passed away, and the spring came on, and London was alive again as far as “society” was concerned.

In the month of May my business, or my pleasure, or both combined, took me to Liverpool, and one afternoon I was standing on the quay, when a large steamer came in from Rio Janeiro. I watched her slowly getting alongside, and then I listlessly took notice of her passengers as they began to disembark. As it fell out, the captain was an acquaintance of mine. I had made a voyage with him myself, and on recognising him from where I stood, I at once went on deck, and reminded him of the time when we had voyaged together. As I was talking to him, a tall, good-looking individual came up to him and said—

“I must say good-bye, captain; I must express my thanks to you for your invari-

able kindness to me—Good-bye.” And he and the captain shook hands warmly. I fancied I recognised the voice, though not at first the face, and as he turned away, I said—

“What, Bulkeley! Is it possible that it is you indeed?”

He looked at me enquiringly for a moment, and then, holding out his hand, exclaimed—

“Why, it is Fortescue of course! What a strange meeting this is!”

It *was* a strange meeting. Two years before I had been taken ill in an out-of-the-way place in Mexico; an Englishman happened to be sojourning in the little town, engaged in the same sort of business as I was, and he had been most kind to me, and this was the same Mr. Bulkeley whom now I met on his return to England—or rather, I should say, on his first appearance in this country, as will be seen.

“I am only too delighted to meet you now,” I said; “I can begin to pay back your kindness to me. The first thing you must do is to come to my hotel, and dine with me.” He consented at once, and I ordered as good a dinner as a Liverpool cook at a Liverpool hotel can possibly produce. I am bound to say, with all respect for the cook, that the cellar was better than the *cuisine*.

“And now you must tell me all about yourself,” said I, as we drew our chairs near the fire after dinner. “What has brought you to England? The ‘shop,’ eh, Bulkeley?”

“No; I have left the ‘shop,’ and I must tell you that my name has acquired an addition to Bulkeley. Most important family affairs have brought me home, and my name now is, or shortly will be, when I have substantiated my claims—Bulkeley Armytage.”

I half started from my chair.

“Claims—Armytage! You do not mean to say that you claim to be Sir Bulkeley Armytage, of Armytage Park?”

“I do, indeed; and I am prepared with the strongest legal evidence to support my claim.”

“I congratulate you,” I exclaimed, fervently. “I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart.”

He told me the whole story, and the next day he showed me the corroborative papers. If all was genuine, and I could see no reason

to suppose that it was not, he was the rightful heir to the late Sir Bulkeley Armytage, and not Annie's father. It appeared that his father had married beneath him, and had sunk the name of Armytage years ago. He died before his son was born, and the mother, a Portuguese, had never examined or even thought about the papers her husband left behind him. Young Bulkeley had come across a sharp English attorney, who had come over with a commission to examine witnesses in an important case, and Bulkeley had met him at a restaurant with the barrister who was employed in the case; and he had incidentally mentioned that his father's history seemed rather a curious one, from what he had heard his mother say. The attorney, who never let a chance go by, pricked up his ears, gained access to the papers, and happening, through country agents, in England, to know something of the Armytage property, felt assured that Bulkeley was the rightful heir, as standing in a nearer degree of relationship. Hence my friend's sudden arrival in Liverpool. We returned to town together.

Spring passed—summer came, and the London season was unusually gay. I had met George Lovell often, and he and I were great friends. He was often down in the neighbourhood of Armytage Park. It was whispered that he had something to do with Quenby—nobody exactly knew what, and he was very mysterious about it himself. He told me all the gossip from those parts. Sir Coleman had nearly had a fit when the news was first broken to him that there was a claimant to his estate, and then he avowed his intention of fighting the ground inch by inch. The case for his opponent was, however, overpoweringly strong. Young Bulkeley was known to many persons in London, for he had been a clerk in a large house in New York, and there was no difficulty as to his identity; and his cousin, Coleman Armytage, was warned that if he fought this case out, and lost it, he would simply be penniless, for the whole of the small fortune he had, independently of the Armytage property, would be swallowed up in costs, and he would be an absolute beggar. He braved it out all the same during the London season, and persuaded himself that the dreadful fate of having to return to his previous humble position

could yet be avoided. I met them out in society occasionally, and Sir Coleman treated me with the greatest coldness. Annie seemed almost afraid to speak to me.

At last the crash came. At the commencement of the ensuing Michaelmas Term, Coleman Armytage was given plainly to understand by the other side, that if he persisted in his vexatious defence there would be no mercy shown to him in the certain event of his defeat. The two years' baronet collapsed, and Mr. Armytage subsided into his cottage again.

"Do you think it is odd that he should return to that cottage, Lovell?" said I, as we were chatting together after dinner at the club, one evening early in December. "Are you not rather surprised that he does not go far away?"

"Not a bit," replied Lovell promptly. "The new Sir Bulkeley admires Miss Annie; I know he does, old Coleman knows it too, and he sees his way to getting Armytage Park for his daughter if not for himself."

"But I can't stand that, you know, Lovell."

"No, old fellow, certainly not! What do you propose doing?"

"I propose marrying Annie within a very short time," I returned coolly. "In fact, as soon as ever I can get a tolerably comfortable home ready for her."

"That need not take you very long," said Lovell, laughing.

Sir Bulkeley Armytage was duly installed at Armytage Park before Christmas, and all the country neighbours hastened to pay their respects to him, and did not seem to think it necessary to pay visits of condolence to poor Mr. Coleman. It was rumoured that Sir Bulkeley intended to keep open house, and that there would be great doings at Armytage Park before long.

But all curiosity and speculations as to Sir Bulkeley were almost drowned in the curiosity and speculations that raged about Quenby. It appeared that the fine old mansion and estate had been bought for a gentleman with a foreign name, a M. de Chatillon. At the same time that Sir Bulkeley came to Armytage Park, it was said that M. de Chatillon had come to Quenby. The excellent and sociable neighbours hastened to leave their cards at Quenby; shortly afterwards M. de Chatillon's

cards were flying over the county, and everybody was invited to a grand ball at Quenby. True, this appeared to the sticklers for etiquette to be rather a premature proceeding on the part of M. de Chatillon. However, he was a foreigner, and a little eccentricity of that sort ought to be overlooked; and so society determined to go.

All this Lovell informed me of at Christmas-tide.

"Do you think Coleman Armytage and his wife and daughter will go to this grand ball, Lovell? Will he like facing the neighbours after falling from his high estate?"

"It is all arranged," replied Lovell; "I happen to know that Sir Bulkeley is going to drive them over in his carriage."

"There is no ill-will between them now, then?"

"Not a bit; old Coleman has pocketed all his pride, and means to have his cousin for his son-in-law."

"Dear me! this is getting serious," I said, gravely.

"It is indeed," answered Lovell, in the same tone; "if you really are determined to marry Miss Armytage you must take strong measures."

"You are quite right. And the first step will be to buy a special license. I'll do that to-morrow. By-the-bye, Lovell, you have the reputation of being the only person acquainted with this M. de Chatillon, of Quenby. Do you think your influence would extend to getting me an invitation?"

"Well, you see," said Lovell, shaking his head, "you are only John Fortescue, a poor London clerk, with 400*l.* a year."

"But rising," I said eagerly.

"Undoubtedly rising, but not yet a county swell. However, I will see what I can do for you."

A day or two afterwards I surveyed, with some complacency, a large card of invitation from M. de Chatillon, and on the afternoon of New Year's Eve I was in the train, whirling away for—shire. Besides my card of invitation to M. de Chatillon's ball, I had another document in my pocket, which was of a legal nature.

New Year's Eve was bright and frosty, and carriages had no difficulty whatever in finding their way to Quenby. The invitations were for 9.30, and at ten o'clock the county was swarming up the drive. I arrived almost unnoticed in the same

humble vehicle that a year ago had conveyed me to Armytage Park from the Railway Hotel. The grand and spacious hall was brilliantly illuminated, and the choicest flowers from an ample conservatory were tastefully arranged about it.

Any embarrassment there might have been on my part was relieved by the sight of Lovell, who came up to greet me.

"Come at last," he said; "everybody is here now. There are upwards of three hundred souls enjoying themselves like anything. There is only one drawback to their entire satisfaction—they cannot discover their host."

"Indeed, how is that?" I enquired, as I noticed that two or three people were eagerly listening.

"Nobody can make out which is M. de Chatillon."

"Dear me—how very odd!"

I passed on into a magnificent ball-room, where I found everybody enjoying themselves thoroughly, and apparently wholly indifferent as to M. de Chatillon. I heard a few people discussing their invisible host, and one old lady was ardently relating his whole history to an open-mouthed group. As that narrative did not much interest me I hurried on, anxious only to find Annie Armytage. In my search I met Sir Bulkeley, and I asked him where I should find his fair cousin. He was in high spirits, and gave me full directions.

"She is sitting with mamma in the blue drawing-room at the further end. My dear friend Fortescue, it is no use your asking her to dance. She has refused me twice. She says she is not very well."

For some inexplicable reason Sir Bulkeley, who had suddenly developed from a counting-house clerk into a jolly British squire, went into a roar of laughter.

"I don't understand your merriment, Sir Bulkeley," I said gravely. "I deeply regret to hear of your cousin's indisposition."

"I feel so thoroughly jolly, old fellow," he returned, laughing more than ever. "By Jove! I'll issue invitations to-morrow for a ball at the park."

"To celebrate a certain event, I have no doubt," I said, drily, and passed on in the direction he indicated; just hearing as I went forward his triumphant exclamation—

"Yes, to be sure!"

In the blue drawing-room, which was a small boudoir opening from the ball-room, and forming an ante-chamber to the grand saloon beyond, I found Annie and Mrs. Coleman Armytage. Annie was very pale, her mother looked tired and anxious. The colour came into Annie's cheeks as I approached.

"How do you do, Mrs. Armytage—Miss Armytage?" and I quietly shook hands with both. "You hardly expected to see me here, I daresay. The fact is, George Lovell was good enough to procure me an invitation from M. de Chatillon at my request. I thought the ball at Quenby after all I had heard, would be well worth seeing."

Annie said nothing, but looked up at me in a most enquiring manner.

"Which is M. de Chatillon?" said Mrs. Armytage. "Nobody seems acquainted with him. We have not seen him all the evening."

"Indeed! That's very strange. Perhaps, as a foreigner in a thoroughly strange place, he is rather shy. May I have the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Armytage?"

"I am afraid you must excuse me, Mr. Fortescue. I am not very well, and I have already been obliged to refuse so many."

"Only for a quadrille," I pleaded. "If you feel fatigued we can sit it out. For the sake of auld lang syne, dance once with me." I would take no denial, and at last Annie accepted my arm, and we went into the ball-room. We walked through a quadrille. Sir Bulkeley Armytage, and a golden-haired young lady constituted our *vis-à-vis*. Every time I caught his eye he went into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Sir Bulkeley seems to be in great spirits to night," I remarked to Annie.

"Yes, something seems to amuse him very much," she answered.

We talked the ordinary ball-room talk. I was at my ease, she appeared much constrained. Why should she? She did not know that I had in my pocket at that moment a certain legal document with which she was not altogether unconcerned. After the quadrille, and the usual promenade, I conducted her back to Mrs. Armytage. There I found papa. His greeting was formal, not to say chilly. That, however, I was quite prepared for.

"You won't forget that you have promised

to allow me to take you in to supper?" said I to Annie, after a few minutes' stiff conversation with her parents. Mr. Armytage frowned heavily, but Annie bowed assent, and I withdrew.

Amid the sounds of mirth and music the Old Year drew his latest breath, and the New Year danced merrily in. At half-past twelve great folding-doors were thrown open and supper was announced. I made for the blue drawing-room shortly afterwards and claimed from Annie the fulfilment of her promise. Papa was there again, and seemed disposed to offer some opposition. I, however, took no notice of him, and at once led Annie away.

As it happened, we did not go into the supper room. It appeared to be inconveniently full, and I proposed that we should inspect the library, about which I had overheard some of the guests speaking in eulogistic terms. We contrived to find our way there, and sat down side by side on a luxurious sofa. This room, compared with all the others, was dimly lighted, and there were very few people in it.

Need I detail the conversation that ensued? I think not. Suffice it to say that I found that Annie loved me still—that her father was anxious she should marry Sir Bulkeley—that she would be no wife at all if she could not be mine.

"And if I can arrange all the difficulties that now divide us, Annie, if I can promise you that your father will offer no further resistance, will you marry me?"

Somehow or other I held her hand in mine as I said this; of course nobody was looking, and she merely answered me by a gentle pressure. But that was quite enough for me.

"Let me show you some more of this magnificent house," said I, rising. "Lovell has told me all about it. Take my arm, I assure you there is a great deal worth seeing."

I looked at my watch—just one o'clock. We could hear the gay music in the ball-room, the festivities were at their height. We left the library by a different door from that by which we had entered, and passed into a little vestibule, from which there was a communication with the hall and ball-room upon one side. I did not take this direction. I opened a small door opposite, and we passed into a comfortable little study, at one corner of which there was another door.

"This appears to be M. de Chatillon's private room," said I; "let us see what there is beyond." We passed through the further door, and found ourselves in a narrow passage, dimly lighted. I closed the door behind me, and at once shut out every sound that rose from the ball-room.

"Annie," I said, pausing for a moment, "you are beautifully dressed to-night."

"Too beautifully for our position," she answered, in a low tone. "I have no right now to wear such things as these," and she glanced at the lace and jewels.

"You only want two or three white blossoms and a veil to look like a bride," I returned. "Come, let us see what there is at the end of this dark passage!"

"Hark!" exclaimed Annie, pausing again. "That does not sound like the ball-room music."

"No; it is more like an organ. How very strange!"

I opened the next door, and we found ourselves in Quenby Chapel.

Oddly enough, the first person we saw was Sir Bulkeley Armytage, and beyond him Mrs. Armytage and Lovell; one or two London friends of mine besides, and somehow or other the rector of the parish had contrived to get there. We were a pleasant company, and, as it happened, we all contrived to remain in the chapel for nearly half an hour.

For some reason or other, Lovell left the chapel before the rest of the party congregated there, but when we returned to the ball-room, we heard it buzzed about that the mysterious host, whom no one had been able to make out, was now in the room, and the hostess too. Coleman Armytage suddenly saw us, and hurried up. I noticed that there was an angry expression in his face when he saw his daughter leaning on my arm.

"Annie, where have you been all this time? I have missed you for upwards of an hour. I am quite astonished!" and he significantly offered his arm. "Come," he added, impatiently, "I wish to present you and your mother to Monsieur and Madame de Chatillon."

We paused. Annie blushed deeply, but never offered to leave my side.

"I don't think you heard what I said—I wish to present you to our host and hostess, and we shall then go home."

"Forgive me for asking the question, Mr. Armytage," said I, "but I do not think you have yet been presented to them yourself."

"Mr. Fortescue," he exclaimed, restraining his anger as well as he could, "I will talk to you another time."

"One moment more. You spoke of taking Annie home. The ceremony is superfluous; your daughter is at home already."

He stared at me in blank amazement. Then his eyes wandered to Annie's ungloved left hand, and on the white third finger he saw a bright circlet of yellow gold.

"What do you mean to tell me?" he gasped out.

"That I have the honour of presenting you, and all here present, to Madame de Chatillon, the mistress of this house. It will be her duty now to present her husband to her guests."

Yes, it was not too good to be true. The despised clerk was the devisee of the vast fortune of M. Ernest de Chatillon, a well-known French banker in the Brazils. I had met him in the course of business three years ago, and had on one occasion been of great service to him: he was unmarried and childless, and he adopted me. At his death, which occurred just before I returned to England, he bequeathed his entire property, with the proviso that it should remain in the hands of trustees till this New Year's Day, when I was to be placed in legal possession and take his name.

Lovell and Sir Bulkeley had both been in my confidence, but no one else, and they kept my secret well. And if I am asked why I did not tell Coleman Armytage all about it, my reply is that I was so disgusted at his conduct to his old friend's son, that I determined to annoy his ambition by keeping steadily before his mind the poor clerk's determination to marry his daughter. I ought to have told Annie? Well, you see, some people are of opinion that women cannot keep a secret. However, we are very happy now, and Coleman Armytage, still at his little cottage, is again the Coleman Armytage of my father's lifetime. Sir Bulkeley, who took the liberty of giving Annie away at the altar, is married, and is a charming neighbour. Lovell spends a great deal of his time here. On the whole, I am disposed to think my trustees made a good investment for me when they purchased Quenby.

## ROUND THE PEAT-FIRE AT GLENBRECKY.

By CUTHBERT BEDE.

Author of "Verdant Green," "Glencreggan," "The White Wife," and other West Highland Stories.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



T was a wild winter's night in the Western Highland district of Cantire; wild enough down in the sheltered valley of Glenbrecky, where hills of more than two thousand feet in height interposed their broad shoulders against the fury of the storm; but wilder far out on the exposed headland of the Mull, as David Fisher found to his cost. He had toiled up to the lighthouse with a burden of

Christmas provisions for the keeper and his family, who not unfrequently in the depth of winter, and when a heavy fall of snow blocked the mountain paths, were as much cut off from needful supplies of food as if they had been a beleaguered garrison driven to the last extremity, or as though they had to victual a similar station built on a solitary rock at a distance from the mainland. But the Mull of Cantire lighthouse was solidly built on the extremity of the peninsula, nearly three hundred feet above the sea, and close to the edge of the precipitous sea-wall of mica, slate, and quartz, at the foot of which the larger rocks, called "The Three Merchants," and innumerable smaller rocks, revealed their jagged forms amid the foaming waves, like so many teeth that would grind and rend the timbers of the doomed ships. But, steadily and clearly, from the headland above them, the lighthouse flashed its friendly ray, and made its path of light in which the vessels could walk those angry waters: while answering beams flickered through the darkness from Pladda and Rathlin.

The Christmas week had set in with such a thorough-going old-fashioned determina-

tion to leave no mistake about its being decidedly wintry weather, that the lighthouse keeper had recognised the necessity of seeing that his *commissariat* department was in a sufficiently effective state to enable him and his limited garrison to withstand the siege of snow-drifts that would intercept his ordinary communication with civilised life. So David Fisher had made various journeys in order to bring him the necessary supplies; and, now that he had fulfilled his commission, he was for taking his leave, and descending to Glenbrecky, despite the lighthouse keeper's entreaties that he would stay.

"Ye'll nae be venturin' ootside the walls the nicht, Davie; 'tis sheer lunacy, mon."

"Nay, but they'll be expectin' o' me down in Glenbrecky: an' I ken there's twa bricht een that'll be dimmed wi' sault tears, an' I keep not my plighted word. My bonnie Jean's father, John Macallum, has a gathering the nicht, and I must e'en be ane amaing 'em."

"Ech! Jean's your loadstone, Davie. Weel, weel, my laddie, I'll nae be the mon to keep thee frae thy sweetheart. But, it's a fearsome nicht."

"I've been in waur. But, gude nicht, the Lord be wi' you."

"The Lord protect thee, Davie!" rejoined the lighthouse keeper, after the pious Highland fashion; and David Fisher left the shelter of the strong and sturdy walls, which, even at that elevation, were bedewed with the spray flung up the face of the cliff. The Atlantic rollers were coming in with fury, as though the wild "white war-horses" had but increased in speed, after their thousand-mile gallop, and were tossing on high their streaming manes. Here and there, amid the short grass by the lighthouse, were some strong posts and rails, formed out of wreck salvage, and to these David Fisher had to cling, while above him swirled the wind, and sleet, and rain, in a drifting cloud, through which the rays from the lighthouse could with diffi-



culty pierce. Below him was the precipitous cliff, horribly begirt with its ragged rocks, and a boiling chasm of angry waves, that showed white even through the darkness, and flung on high wreaths of clotted foam. With such a mighty roar were the waves dashed upon that terrible Mull, that their voice could be heard above the wild tumult of the storm, even at so great a distance as the coast of Ayrshire. Plunging madly among the deep troughs of the waves, David Fisher could dimly discern the shadowy form of some vessel, driving before the tempest.

"The Lord help the puir folk on board!" said David: "'tis a fearsome nicht, indeed, for a sinner to be left to the mercy o' the hungry waves. And 'tis the vary nicht o' all the year when I tasted o' the Lord's mercy, and when He gave strength to Jamie Macmillan to lug me oot o' the sault water. May the Lord help them and make the light aboon to guide them safe."

He slid from the safe hold of the post and rail, and, almost lying upon the ground, allowed himself to roll and slide over the steep descent that led towards Glenbrecky, guiding himself with hands and feet, and gripping firmly in the tufts of grass to keep himself from being blown down by the fury of the blast. Then he got among heather, amid which he could stand and make speedier progress. Down in the glen he was somewhat sheltered from the full force of the wind, although the sleet whirled around him, and made him the more ardently long for the snug shelter of John Macallum's cottage, which, with five or six others, and a farm-house, formed the *clachan*, or village, of Glenbrecky. The twinkling lights from the small glazed loop-holes, that did duty for windows, were at length seen; and, crossing the burn by the slender stone bridge that spanned its waters—now swollen and peat-stained—David Fisher in a few minutes had given a particular tap at a particular window, and had been welcomed in a particular manner by a bonny Highland girl, who had at once opened the door, and had stolen out to his side. Her loving greeting was a full reward for the hard toil of his wild wintry walk; and as she caressed him with an "Ech, Davie! puir bodie! ye're hauf drowned!" he felt that he would willingly have gone through much

more to have been rewarded by half as much.

"It's daft Wattie wi' the pipes," explained Jean Macallum, as the silence of a delicious lover's pause was suddenly startled by a wild skirl of the bagpipes from within the cottage. "We'll hae mony a reel the nicht, and, aiblins, ye'll be my partner?" "Aiblins, I will!" rejoined Davie, with a kiss; "and soon for life, my lass." Then, after awhile, Jean protested that if they stayed longer out in the sleet and rain, and poor Davie already half drowned, that he would certainly become wholly rheumatic, and that, as she could never dance a reel "wi' a puir roomatiz mon," and most certainly would never be wedded "to siccan a bodie," it therefore behoved David Fisher, as he valued present pleasures and future delights, to come inside and dry his clothes by the peat-fire.

"Ye hae had enouch of coodlin; sae ye'll jest gae in, and get yer clathes dried," said Jean, with the authoritative air of a physician, who, having ordered a powerful tonic to be taken, has observed its treatment to be effectual, and then changes the regimen.

So they went inside, though not without some more last words and some more last kisses; and inside there was John Macallum with his wife, and their elder daughter, Helen, with her "young man," one Tam Neill by name, and two neighbours, James Hunter and Murdoch Cameron, and daft Wattie, who, under the mask of daftness concealed much shrewd wit and acute observation. David Fisher was warmly welcomed, as became not only the recognised lover of a daughter of the house, but also as one who had done a neighbourly deed in braving the winter night's storm and perils, in order that the Mull lighthouse might be amply provisioned, if the approach thereto were cut off by snowdrifts. The peat-fire blazed brightly and cheerily on the low hearth, lighting up the rafters of the pitched roof, that shone black with years of smoke. The old oak dresser flashed back the rays from every platter and can, the strings of herrings and dried fish flickered from the walls, and even the mysterious recesses of the box-beds were revealed in the fire-light. A kail-pot swung from a massive chain over the fire, and a compound within it, that gave out a strong odour that was appetising to the Celtish palate, simmered and bubbled to the

stirrings of Mrs. Macallum's ladle. As much of the smoke as could find its way out of the hole in the thatched roof that served for a chimney went into the outer air, to mingle with the rain and sleet; small snowy contributions of which occasionally drifted down the chimney, and sputtered in the peat-fire, to remind those that were sitting around it—if there were any need for such a reminder—that it was a wild winter night out of doors, and that they who were comfortably housed had better enjoy themselves while they had the opportunity.

David Fisher dried himself and his clothes, by warmth without and whisky within; and challenging daft Wattie to blow up his pipes, he and Jean, and Helen and Tam Neill, were soon reeling away to the tune of Tullochgorum; and before they had danced themselves into the required state of inspiration (not to say perspiration) they were joined by another pair of partners, Duncan Macfarlane and Girzie Ferguson, whose petticoat had been turned over her head to serve her for an umbrella. Then the earthen floor of the hut throbbed to the quick pulsations of the reel; and the black rafters rang to the shrill skirs of daft Wattie's bagpipes, as the dancers sprang into the air, spun round like whirling Dervishes, smacked their fingers defiantly, and gave short sharp cries of wild excitement; while the few spectators who had caught the enthusiasm of the dancers, with foot and hand beat time to the inspiring music of Wattie's pipes. That individual was not altogether so daft as not to be fully aware that he must reserve some of the breath in his body for the blowing up of other reels later in the evening; so he brought the present dance to an end by a sort of demoniacal scream, which caused the three couples to give an extra leap in the air and an aggravated yell and twirl before they sank, panting and exhausted, on the floor. Refreshment was then passed round in the shape of whisky; pipes were lighted, and Jean and Helen helped their mother to distribute the savoury contents of the kail-pot. David Fisher undoubtedly found it far more pleasant and cheery by the peat-fire in Glenbrecky than on the exposed headland of the Mull.

Then the women got to their spinning and knitting, and one or two of the men even took out their knitting, for Highland fingers are clever as well as busy, and, on

the winter nights, men as well as women will profitably employ their time in this occupation, or in net-weaving, the while they amuse each other and lighten the moments with story and song; and the powers of memory possessed by many of the illiterate West Highlanders is so extraordinary as almost to surpass belief. They will not only repeat hundreds, but even thousands of lines of poetry, without an error, and will declaim the Ossianic poems much in the same way that the Icelanders repeat their interminable Sagas. But the narrators of such stories are quickly dying off. Every day there are fewer and fewer left to sing the "battle chants of bard Oran and Ullin," and the tellers of *sgeu lachdan*, or popular stories, are rapidly becoming an extinct race, through the pressure of those new creations of the railway era that hunt them in their far-away nooks, and bring them within the realm of tourists, telegraphs, newspapers, and the English language and fashions.

But they who were gathered on that winter night round the peat-fire at Glenbrecky were Highlanders born and bred, Celtic to the backbone, and delighted in the recitation of their Ossianic legends and fairy tales; which gained greatly from being told in Gaelic, a language which possesses so much flexibility for the dramatic narrator, and frequently enables him to give the sense of a passage by the mere sound of the spoken words. John Macallum quoted their Cantire proverb, *A chiod sgeul air fear an taigh agus sgeul air muinn sgeoil air a Choigreach gu la*—"The first story on the man of the house, and story after story on the stranger till day." So, the man of the house, John Macallum, led off their winter night's tales with the legendary story—

#### HOW ALLAN-OF-THE-STRAW FOUNDED A FAMILY.

The great Macdonalds of Cantire were always at fightings with the Macleans of Duart. One of these Macleans had "a love-child," and, because the mother had given birth to him in a barn, they called the lad Allan-a-sop, which means "Allan-of-the-straw." Maclean afterwards married the lad's mother, who was a beautiful young woman of his own clan, and he took her to his castle of Torloisk. But

Allan-a-sop was neither taken into the house nor received any favour from the hands of his father, who only wished to leave his money to his lawfully-begotten sons. But none were born to him.

Maclean's wife used to see her lad by stealth, and only had him up to the castle when her lord was away from home. But one day he came back unawares, and found his wife baking a girdle-cake for her lad; whereupon Maclean called Allan-a-sop to him, and gave him the cake. But no sooner was the hot cake in the lad's hands, than his father pressed them tightly over the cake, and held them there until the lad had got his hands badly burned. Maclean laughed, and Allan went away in wrath, swearing to be revenged. He set off and joined himself to a Danish vessel, and became a pirate. As he grew older he became more daring and adventurous, and presently they made a captain of him, and gave him a vessel for himself; then he took other vessels captive, and made many prizes, and when he had got together a goodly fleet he set sail for Torloisk.

Allan-a-sop found his mother in her grave, but Maclean, his father, was alive and hearty, and received him with great honour, for he knew not what he might do with all those ships and fighting men. And Maclean invited him to settle down and be a laird, and no longer to live the life of a rover; and he told him that the next island was a very pretty spot, with every convenience ready to hand, and a fine castle to dwell in; and that Macquarrie, who owned it, was a feeble old man, with but few followers, so that Allan would have no difficulty in overpowering him and taking possession of his island, where he could be a laird for the rest of his days. Maclean had a double motive in offering this advice, for he not only wished to be rid of his son, but he also wanted to compass the death of Macquarrie, who had given him offence. The advice jumped with Allan-a-sop's ideas, and he sailed away with his ships and fighting men to Macquarrie's island, with the intent to do what his father had suggested. But old Macquarrie was as crafty as a fox, and was more than a match for his neighbour Maclean, and when he saw Allan's vessels and men he prepared a splendid feast, and invited them to partake of it. Allan had

no objection, so they sat down and enjoyed themselves, and Macquarrie behaved himself so well, that it went to Allan's heart to think that he must kill him when dinner was over.

"This is a feast that will cost you dear," he said.

"You are right welcome to it, dear or cheap," said Macquarrie.

"You do not see my meaning," said Allan-a-sop. "It will cost you your castle and lands; and, maybe, your life." For he was beginning to soften a little, and he thought that he might perhaps let the old laird go free instead of killing him.

"Now, who has been schooling you?" said Macquarrie. "It is not in you to break bread and then to break faith. Such baseness as that comes from Torloisk and not from Torloisk's son. Your father would keep you out of your own just possessions. He it is who has thus desired to give you the toil of the reaping, while he secures the harvest for himself. But Torloisk is a base, bad man. He was never your friend from the hour of your birth. Why are you Allan-a-sop instead of Maclean of Torloisk? Why are you a man of straw instead of a rightful son? Your father has ever treated you as an out-cast and not as his own flesh and blood, and he turned you from his doors, which he now fears that you will enter as his enemy. What sort of feast did your father ever make for you, Allan-a-sop? Did he ever give you more than a hot girdle-cake?"

"And I swore to be revenged!" cried Allan-of-the-straw, as he stretched out his open hands. "See here, the marks of his cruel burning."

"His conduct broke your poor mother's heart," continued Macquarrie; "and he would break yours if you would let him. Torloisk is a bad, base man. How glad should we all be to see you in his place, which is yours by right, and which will never be yours unless you take it from him by force! I am an old friend of your poor mother, Allan-a-sop—the mother whose heart was broken by his baseness; and I have your best interests at heart. I would give you my island with pleasure; but such a poor little place is not worth your acceptance; it would not feed beef enough for half your followers. Torloisk's island is as large again as mine, and has far finer pasturage. Your father has held it much longer than he de-



ALLAN-OF-THE-STRAW CROSSES OVER FROM TORLOISK TO MACQUARRIE.

served, after all his bad treatment of you and your poor mother. You might have come years ago, with your fine fleet, and taken it from him, if you had not such a soft heart. He deceived your mother, and he has deceived you. He brought your mother to the grave with his cruelty, and he will bring you there, too, Allan-a-sop. Look at your hands! You have carried about the marks of his cruelty all these years, and never made him pay the penalty. The women will cry shame on you, Allan-a-sop, and say that you are indeed made of straw. Be a man, Allan—show yourself made of steel—and go to Torloisk, and make him give you your own rights; and if he refuses to do so, you will then know how to deal with him. Think of your burnt hands and your poor mother's broken heart. Show yourself to be a man! Remember that you are a Maclean; and, that if you are to found a family, your proper place is at Torloisk, and not on this poor little island.

With such words as these, the crafty Macquarrie so worked on Allan-of-the-straw as altogether to divert him from the business that had brought him there, and to send him back with his ships and fighting men to his father's island. When Maclean saw the vessels on his shore, he went out with great glee to meet his son, imagining that Allan had carried out his purpose, and had ridden him of his enemy, Macquarrie. "Oh, my dear boy!" said he; "now you can have an island and a castle of your own; and can be a laird and found a family." "That can I," replied Allan-a-sop. "And see how easy it can be done," said Torloisk. "Easy indeed!" said Allan. "Just by taking your sword," said Torloisk, "and putting out of his misery a bad man, that had lived quite long enough to make his neighbours wish to get rid of him."

"The very thing," said Allan, "for the bad man who burnt his boy's hands, and broke his wife's heart. You have taken the trouble to teach me a lesson; now see how well I have learnt it!" And with that, he caught Torloisk by the throat. The man saw his danger, and craved mercy; but his son bade him remember how he had not shown mercy either to him or to his mother; and he smote Torloisk to the earth and slew him; and told his men to bury him there, and let him not come into his mother's grave. Then he took possession of the island; and he set-

tled there and married, and gave up his rover's life. And that was how Allan-of-the-straw founded a family.

John Macallum had given full dramatic point to his tale, and had told it amid the hushed attention of those who were sitting round his peat-fire, while the storm of sleet and rain drifted against the loop-hole windows, or sputtered down the opening in the roof. "It puts me in mind," said Murdoch Cameron, "of—

#### A STORY OF PAUL JONES, THE PIRATE,

That I have heard my father tell. Allan-a-sop went to be a rover and a pirate; and that was just the profession of Paul Jones. It was in the year 1778 that his well-known ship, flying the black flag, was seen under full sail, sweeping past Ailsa Craig, and bearing for Campbelton Harbour. The news spread quickly, and made a terrible consternation; for the very name of Paul Jones was sufficient to strike dread. The fishermen pulled into land, and, as well as they could, hauled up their boats and secured their nets and tackle. The few old cannon on Kilkerran Fort were double-shotted, to give the pirate a warm reception. House-doors were locked and barred; men got their guns and fire-arms; the cattle were collected and driven off to distant glens; some women hid themselves and their little ones in cellars and underground places, while others betook themselves to the shelter of caves among the hills. The pirate ship was anxiously watched as she stood in close to shore; but after awhile a breeze from the shore sprung up, and the ship sailed away, and to the great relief of all its black flag vanished in the distance.

But Paul Jones had not come into this neighbourhood merely to look at its scenery; and, when those who had watched him from the eastern coast were congratulating themselves that he had said good-bye to Cantire, he was rounding the Mull for the western coast, and preparing a bit of news for them. My father was at that time one of the hands on board the packet that plied between Tarbert and Islay. Islay, as ye all know, is a land of the Campbells, but there was a time when the Campbells had no foot in the island, and it was all to the Macdonalds. John Macallum has just told us of the feud

that was between the Macdonalds and Macleans; and it's now more than two hundred years since, when the Macdonalds of Islay, who had there been crowned kings of the isles by the Bishop of Argyll, brought to an end their quarrels with the Macleans of Mull, and the Campbells of Argyll stepped into the Macdonalds' place.

On the morrow of the day on which Paul Jones had frightened the folk on the eastern shore of Cantire, my father was aboard the packet on its way from Tarbert to Islay. They had a heavy freighting, for the Campbell was on board. He was a fighting gentleman, a major in the king's army, and he had been for many years in India fighting against the Papists. (It is to be noted that Murdoch Cameron was a staunch member of his Presbyterian Church, and classed all Turks, infidels, and heretics under the generic title of "Papists.") He had married a sweet young Scottish lass, and he was bringing her back to Islay, with all the jewels and spoils that he had taken in his fightings. The whole of his wealth was on board with him, and he was looking forward to end his days in Islay in peace and prosperity.

The packet had sailed down the West Loch, and had got past Ard Patrick and Carn-na-faire, on Gigha, where is the watch-cairn, from whence the Gigha people make a signal when they want the packet to stop; and they were speeding on to Islay, and Major Campbell was already in sight of home, when my father sighted a strange ship, bearing down upon them, under a crowd of canvas. Its course was in a line to intercept them, before they could reach Islay, and the captain of the Tarbert packet very soon made out that the strange ship was flying a black flag. He knew at once that it was Paul Jones, the pirate. It was but little that those on board could do in the way of self-defence, for it was but a packet vessel, and they were not provided with guns. All the captain could do was to alter his course and make for Port Ellen as best he could; for he knew that there was no good anchorage for him on the western coast of Gigha. So it became a race between him and the pirate; and yet not much of a race, for the pirate had twice his speed, besides having the best water.

A very brief time decided the matter. The pirate bore down on the Tarbert packet

and sent a shot across its bow; and then, when the captain of the packet still pressed on, a second shot, that sent some of the rigging and ring-bolts clattering on the deck. Then there came a voice through a speaking-trumpet—"Heave to, or I'll sink you!" and the captain hove to, although Major Campbell wished him to press on and fight it out to the last. The major had his cocked pistols in his hands and determined to protect his wife and property. She was below, poor thing, in her cabin, frightened nearly to death. But the captain begged the major to do nothing rash, and reminded him that it was his ship, and that the major, as a passenger, was bound to obey him.

Then the pirate ship came alongside the packet, and a boat-full of pirates put off from it and boarded the Tarbert packet. They were armed to the teeth, but Paul Jones told the captain that they would not hurt any one unless resistance was made; all they wanted was plunder. Well, there was but very little plunder except the rich spoil that Major Campbell had on board, to obtain which they were indebted to this visit from Paul Jones, who by some means had got wind of it. Major Campbell found that not only the life of himself, but also of his wife, would be endangered unless he submitted to Paul Jones, so he was forced to give up to him the whole of his valuable property, which he thus lost at the very moment when he seemed to be safe at his journey's end. Paul Jones took it all, and then drank to the health of Major and Mrs. Campbell, and in half-an-hour afterwards was flying across the Atlantic, and was never seen again on the Cantire coast. Major Campbell landed on Islay a penniless man, and despoiled of his hard-earned wealth; but as Paul Jones could not rob him of his land, he soon got together a second fortune, and he and his wife lived prosperously.

Daft Wattie, by way of interlude, played one of their favourite Highland airs, leading up to a certain tune to which Jean Macallum sang, "THE LEGEND OF THE WATER-KELPIE" (*Ech Uisque*). It was in Gaelic, and it narrated how the Water-Kelpie had beheld a beauteous maiden walking on the sea-shore, and had fallen in love with her.

He asked her to come and see his wondrous coral cave, and persuaded her to do so. He took her beneath the waves, and showed her his home, and asked her to be his wife. Her curiosity being now satisfied, she wished to get back to land, where she had a lover more to her taste; so she told the Kelpie that she could not live with him, unless she had got her spinning-wheel, but she would go and fetch it. So he trusted her, and let her go, and took her up through the waves and placed her safely on the sea-shore. There she was found by her lover, lying in a swoon. He took her to her home, and when she had recovered she told him what had happened. He would not at first believe that she had really seen a Water-Kelpie; but he afterwards believed it, for, when she was his wife, every morning they found three spotted trout placed just outside their door, ready for their breakfast. It was the gift of the Water-Kelpie, who had not forgotten his love for the maiden.

When Jean Macallum had ended her song, she called upon David Fisher for a story: and he, reminding those present that it was on that very night three years ago that he had been saved from shipwreck, said that he would tell them of that well-remembered event, and of

#### THE SHIPWRECKED CAT AND THE DERELICT VESSEL.

I was mate of the *St. Mungo*, of Glasgow, Captain Keir; we had sailed from the port of London, and were bound for Montreal. When we had got to latitude 46° N., longitude 34° W., we came upon a vessel in a sinking condition. She proved to be the barque *Rinaldo*, of 700 tons burden, which had sailed from Quebec for Antwerp, and had been abandoned by her crew. They had been picked up by a Prussian brig from New York, which had landed them at Queenstown, with the ship's papers and all the portable property. The *Rinaldo* had a valuable cargo of timber on board; and, although she had nine feet of water in the hold, I volunteered, with the help of four of the crew, to sail her across the Atlantic and pilot her into the Clyde. Captain Keir consented, and we five went on board the *Rinaldo*, and parted company with the *St. Mungo*.

The weather proved foul; and the leakage of the water-logged vessel was so great, that for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four we were kept working at the pumps. But we toiled on manfully for eighteen days, and at length sighted Cape Clear. I should have run in there to save the vessel, but the wind shifted, and the weather became more tempestuous, until a heavy gale sprung up which drove us out to sea, and obliged us again to work at the pumps. The *Rinaldo* was now running before the wind, with her canvas torn to ribbons; and in this state, drifted round the northern coast of Ireland, and entered the North Channel. For the two next days—one of them was the Sabbath—we were at the mercy of the wind and waves; and wearied out as we were, we could barely keep her above the water. Then we came towards the Mull, and it seemed as though we must be dashed to pieces on the rocks; but a sweep of the gale bore us away from the coast, and we rounded the Mull in safety.

As we drifted on to Sanda there came a lull in the gale; and, curiously enough, this calm probably proved to be our destruction; for, if the strong breeze had kept up, I think we should have weathered the rocks and have passed on safely into the sheltered waters of Kilbrannan Sound, or the Frith of Clyde. But as it was, the wind lulled, and the *Rinaldo*, being stripped of canvass, and having no anchors on board, was unable to withstand the landward current, and, becoming unmanageable in the tide-way, drifted into Corskoy Bay, and struck on the rocks between Corskoy and Glennanuilt. This was at six in the evening. She soon went on her beam ends, and it was impossible for us to launch the one small boat that we had on board. In two hours more the stern was driven in, and we took refuge in the mizen chains. At midnight the main and mizen masts were cut away; and by one o'clock in the morning she began to break-up, and we had to look for shelter forward in the vessel. During this time she had drifted nearer into shore, the gale having again sprung up with great violence. At half-past one, it seemed as if the sides of the vessel had parted from each other at the stern right along the keel; and the cargo of heavy timber burst forth from her

shattered sides. She was torn to pieces by the billows, and the fragments of her hull were tossed in thousands of splinters on the boiling surf. At two o'clock the foremast was completely under water, and I and my four mates were engulfed in a boiling mass of foam and wreck.

It was a misty night, but there was a moon, and not only had we been seen from the shore by those who had sent off to Campbelton for the life-boat, but we could indistinctly see the moving figures of those who sought in vain to help us. When we five went down together and rose together in the boiling surf, we did not then part company, but we helped each other on to one of the great floating logs. On this we had been tossed for some time among the fragments of the wreck, when I contrived to catch at the deck of the poop, which a wave floated close beside me, and to that I clung for the next five hours. My four poor messmates kept to their log, and had drifted within twenty yards of the shore when the tide caught them and swept them out to sea. They were never seen again, although the life-boat, when it came, made good search for them.

Six o'clock in the morning had come, and I had been clinging for five hours to the fragment of the wreck, battling with the waves, and imperilled by the masses of floating timber no less than by the rocks. During that time I had twice been dashed upon the shore, but had been washed off again before I could maintain a footing or seize the rope that had been flung to me. A third time I was flung upon the rocks, and was being sucked back into the sea by the reflux of the wave, when from exhaustion I lost my hold, and fell into a cleft of the rock. In another moment I should have been drowned, when I felt myself lifted up by a pair of strong arms and carried through the surf. By the Lord's will, Jamie Macmillan had saved me. When I came to myself I was lying on a bed in the shepherd's hut at Lephenstrath, safe and sound, though it was some weeks before I had recovered from the effects of my long exposure on that winter night, and my previous twenty-one days of terrible toil. The derelict vessel had gone to pieces, and the logs and battens were

drifted round the Mull, and driven up the western shore to Machrihanish Bay, and as high northwards as Barr. A steam-tug was sent from the Clyde to collect the wood, and much of it was saved and sold by auction.

Now, all the time that I had been on the derelict vessel and tossed in the waves on the night of the wreck, I had a companion of whom I have not yet spoken. This was a cat, which had been left on board when the *Rinaldo* was deserted. Probably, it had been purposely left there by the crew, because, if a ship is found, under certain circumstances, without a living creature on board, it is considered a derelict, and, according to certain conditions, a forfeiture to the Queen, lords of the Admiralty, and other interested parties. So it has often happened that, when a vessel has been abandoned by her crew, a live canary, hen, or cat has been found on board, which has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. Any way, there was poor pussy on board the *Rinaldo*, and I took good care of her during our troubled voyage across the Atlantic. On the night of the wreck, the cat seemed fully alive to the danger, and kept close to me, carefully watching my movements. When the hull smashed up, and I leapt upon the floating log, the cat sprang upon my neck, and there clung for life. During the five hours that I was battling with the waves, she kept her position; and when, for the third time, I was flung on the rocks, and sank exhausted, she then, probably, had leapt ashore. There was great confusion on shore at that moment, for the life-boat, which had been brought from Campbelton, was just being launched. My cat got away unnoticed, and I was afraid that I should never see her again. But the next day, when I was awaking from sleep, I felt something purring and rubbing round my face, and opening my eyes, there was my poor cat. In some way she had traced me to Lephenstrath. There she stayed three days, when I took her with me to Campbelton; and afterwards to Glasgow. Since then she went with me to Demerara, and at the present time she is in a snug fisherman's house, at Dalintober, waiting to be fondled by her new mistress, whose Christian name is Jean.



While David Fisher and Jean Macallum were having a little private talk, consequent upon the words with which he closed his narrative, Daft Wattie, after a preliminary flourish with his bagpipes—a kindly act that drowned the lovers' voices—said—"I'll tell ye the tale of—

#### THE BIG SMITH AND HECTOR THE PIPER.

In the town of Tarbert there lived for many years a man who was known as the Big Smith. He was a stout man, who could take a joke, and give one with a sharp edge, but as it came from a smiling countenance, it did not do any one much mischief. The Big Smith was fond of whisky, and might be seen many times in the day marching to the whisky shop, so that the road between it and his smithy was well tramped.

"Smith," a neighbour would say, "I should advise you to take your anvil with you and lay it on the table of the whisky shop. It would save you losing so much time by walking to and fro."

"*An ni nach boinn duit na boinn du,*" the smith would reply; "the thing that does not touch you, does not touch it."

There was a great affection between the Big Smith and Hector, the piper; and Hector would often be at the smithy. One day, the Big Smith said to him—"Hector, have you not a daughter at service in the Low Country?"

"Yes; she has been there the best part of two years."

"So I understand, for I have read all about her in the paper."

"The paper! What has my girl been doing, that they should make a publication of her?"

"I will read it to you." And he got him a paper and pretended to read many wonderful things out of it. It was all make-believe, but as Hector had no learning, he was not for seeing the trick that was put upon him.

"This young woman"—the smith pretended to take the words out of the paper—"is the most extraordinary woman as was ever to be viewed in all the Low Country. She is that strong that there is no man as can beat her at her work. She is the best shearer in the field, and she has gained a great prize at the reaping."

"Ech now, to think o' that!" cried Hector. "A prize for reaping, and she that were always so ailing! I must go home at once and tell this to the wife!"

And he went home and told his wife the extraordinary news; and he busied himself to go from house to house, telling it through the neighbourhood.

"Is it true?" said some.

"True!" the piper would reply, "of course it's true. Did not the honest man read it me out of the paper?"

Though Hector could not read he could play sweetly on the pipes, and he had a tune which he never would play to any one but as a great favour. It had been learned him by the fairies. Once, by West Loch Tarbert, he had been looking for elf-shots in the *sioth dhunan*—fairy hills—and he saw some of the little folks, dressed all in green, and making the sweetest music on the pipes. Hector caught the tune and played it as he went home, and before he died he learned it to me. This is it—

Whereupon daft Wattie made a succession of noises with his bagpipes, which may possibly have been fairy music, for it was certainly unearthly. Helen Macallum suggested that he should change the air to a reel, and daft Wattie, accepting the suggestion, blew out a tune that brought the young folks to their feet, and set them whirling and twirling with activity and glee. And thus, with dance and music, and mirth and work, and singing and tale-telling, they passed the winter night round the peat-fire at Glenbrecky.

It was now Angus's turn to sing a song or tell a tale, and clearing his throat, he said, "I'll tell ye about

#### THE DOWAGER DUCHESS; OR, DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

I daresay you all know Limecraig's House, between Campbelton and Kildalloig. A grand place it is, with its park and beautiful trees; and many of those trees were planted by a lady that once lived there, in great state, for more than twenty years during the early part of the last century. This was Elizabeth Tollemache, Duchess of Argyll, and mother of the great Duke John, Duke Archibald, and Lady Anne, who married the Earl of Bute. The duchess had Cantire for her jointure, and she passed her

widowed years at Limecraigs, which was known as the Duke of Argyll's house. She laid out the park avenues and planted the trees, and there is a large plantain tree, with a spring of water at its foot, that still bear the name of the duchess's tree and well. She kept a sort of court at Limecraigs, and surrounded herself with maidens of noble rank, but she would not allow them to demean themselves by marrying the Cantire lairds.

At that time there was but one church in Campbelton where there was service on the Sabbath, and this service was in Gaelic, so that Argyll's Covenanters and Lowlanders could not join in it. The Dowager Duchess

wished for an English service, but there was bad blood between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, and the Highlanders declared that they would have no English in their church. The duchess was accustomed to command and was determined to have her own way, so

on a certain Sabbath she went to church with her noble maidens and all her retinue. The landed proprietors were there to oppose her, and it is said that MacNeil, of Ugadale, came to the church door with his naked sword in his hand, and placed himself so as to prevent any one from entering the church. The duchess, like a woman of spirit, stepped boldly forward to the sword's point, and asked MacNeil whether he purposed to keep her out of the church. To which he made answer, as he lowered his sword, and allowed her to pass on, "No, your grace, but I will cut off your tail," meaning that he would cut off the tail of her followers. And MacNeil was as good

as his word, and prevented any of the Lowlanders from following the duchess into the church. After that, she built for her Lowlanders an English church in Kirk Street, and, when she died, I was told that her heart was buried beneath the door-step, while her body was laid in the graveyard at Kilkerran.

She was a grand woman, but she took it into her head that much property had been lost to her family, when Argyll had divided the Macdonalds' lands among the Campbells, and she thought that she had hit upon a plan that would place all the Cantire possessions of the Campbells in her own hands. And they tell the tale of her,



LIMECRAIGS HOUSE, CAMPBELTON, CANTIRE.

that she invited all the Campbells to come to Limecraigs and to bring with them their charters and title-deeds, in order that she might examine them. One of the Campbells held Kildalloig, with the land between Davar Island and Glenramskill Hill; and, as it was

a state visit, Kildalloig told his servant to accompany him to Limecraigs on horseback. It was not far to go, and when they set out, the man asked his master what might be the meaning of the visit. Kildalloig had reason to put great confidence in his servant, who had proved himself faithful to him in more than one trial. So he told him that the great duchess had summoned him and all the other Campbells to Limecraigs, where she was very kindly going to look over their title-deeds; and that, as she was well known to be a shrewd woman of business, he thought they might all get some good from the interview.

"Here," said he, as he showed his ser-

vant a small parcel that he was most carefully carrying, "here are all my writings; and, if I lost these, I should lose Kildalloig. It may be that the duchess will revise them, and make them more secure than before from falling into the grip of a Macdonald."

They rode on, and soon came in sight of the young plantations at Limecraigs. When Kildalloig drew rein at the door, he handed the packet of writings to his servant while he dismounted; but, no sooner had he set foot to the ground, than his servant galloped away down the avenue, with the packet in his grasp. Kildalloig stared in wonder; and then, when the man neither turned back nor checked his course, he rode after him. He followed him over the heights of Bengullion, and viewed him in the direction of Knockmahaw, and then lost sight of him among the glens and corries, and was compelled to give up the chase. So enraged was Kildalloig, that if his gun or pistols had been at hand, he would have put a brace of bullets through the man's skull with as little ceremony as he would have winged a blackcock. But he had not the chance to do this; and being afraid to show himself at Limecraigs without his writings, he returned to Kildalloig, sad at heart and sore displeased.

The night passed, and the servant did not return; though, in the morning, the horse that he had ridden was brought back by a lad, who disappeared before any questions could be put to him. Kildalloig fumed and fretted through another day, when he heard some news that made him change his opinion of his servant's strange behaviour; and the news was nothing more than this, that when the Dowager Duchess had got the Campbells before her and had received from them their title-deeds, she burnt all the documents in the fire, and defied the Campbells to prove their right to the possessions that had been taken from the Macdonalds by the MacCailein Mor.

When this was told to Kildalloig, he thought he saw a motive for his servant's conduct; so he rested content, until the man should reappear or communicate with him. In due time this was done. The man was in hiding in the caves on the Mull; and, when he deemed it safe, he came out of hiding and delivered the packet of writings to his master. The Kil-

dalloig family ever afterwards shewed great respect to that servant and his offspring. I was told this by old Matthew Sheddan and his sister, who were the grandchildren of that servant, and who were also supported in their old age by the Kildalloig family. They quite believed in that tale that I have now told you; and, if it be true, it shows the wisdom of our old Scotch proverb, "An ounce of Mother is worth a pound of Clergy;" for the servant's mother-wit outweighed all the learning that his master and the Dowager Duchess could have thrown into the scale.

#### HOW MACEACHERN'S DAUGHTER SAVED A BANNOCK AND LOST A LAIRD.

You have all heard of the MacEacherns, and perhaps you are acquainted with Duncan MacEachern, the blacksmith in the Long Row. Honest man; he is the last of his family, though the clan was once a proud one, and held up their heads with the very best in Cantire. Shall I tell you how it was that they came south and settled at Kilellan? It must have been at least eight hundred years ago, and MacEachern was then the laird of Craigneish. It was there, at the spot they call Barbreck, that the king of the Scots killed Olaf, the king of the Danes, in single combat, and they buried Olaf under the mound called Dunan Aula, near to Dail-nan-Ceann, "the field of heads," where the Danes that had fallen in battle were buried. The Campbells of Jura have held Craigneish since then, though not of late, and this is how it came about.

MacEachern, of Craigneish, was unmarried, but he had a niece who lived with him as his adopted daughter. A Campbell came to court her; she accepted him, and they were married. But as MacEachern did not care to part with her, he bargained that the young married folks should live with him at Craigneish. They agreed to this, and for some little time all went on well. But MacEachern soon found that, although it was his own house, he was looked upon as one too many in it, so he made up his mind to leave Craigneish. They did not oppose his wish, and the only stipulation he made with them was, that whenever he came to Craigneish he should sit at the head of the table, in

token that he was the laird. Then he packed up his goods in a couple of creels, which he slung across his horse's back, securing them with girths of "woodies" (bark-bands), and he determined within himself that he would continue his journey until the woodies broke, and that he would take up his abode at the place where they gave way. So he turned his back on Craigneish, and, keeping near to the coast and the Sound of Jura, went straight on, across where the Crinan canal now is, and then down through Knapdale, and so on to Tarbert, and still the woodies held firm. So on he came all through Cantire and reached Campbellton, and the woodies still held firm. So on he went towards the Mull, and began to think that he should find his resting-place in the sea, when, just as he had got to Kilellan, on the road to Southend, the woodies broke.

Well, MacEachern made himself so comfortable at Kilellan, that he never went back to Craigneish to take the head of the table, and his niece and her husband settled there and founded the clan of the Campbells of Craigneish. MacEachern himself got a wife to his taste, and he married and had a large family, and that was the rise of the MacEacherns, of Kilellan. Well, time passed on, and brought its ups and downs to the clan MacEachern, like it does to poorer folk; and I'm now going to tell you of some of the ups and downs it brought to a daughter of one of the MacEacherns. She was not only his only daughter, but she was his only child, and he looked to her to be making a fine marriage for herself.

It happened on a day that she was baking oat-meal bannocks. And there came to the door a tall, strong-limbed man, who had a gold ring on his finger and a gold chain on his neck, but who wore neither bonnet nor shoes. And when he asked MacEachern's daughter to give him a bannock, the girl made answer to him with the proverb, *Fáine mun mhearís gun snaiche mun toinn*, "A bare back and a ring on the finger is a paradox throughout the world."

The stranger would not be put off with a proverb, but again asked the girl to give him a bannock; and when she would not do so, he took one from her by force, and went out. The girl called out to her

father that there was a strange man who was taking away the bread, and MacEachern went after him and made him give up the bannock.

Some time after this, MacEachern saw a company of soldiers at his door, with their commander, demanding food and lodging. MacEachern made them a feast and provided beds for them, and gave up his own bed to the commander. In the morning, before they set out on their march, he gave them all a good breakfast. MacEachern's daughter had waited on them all, and seen to their wants, and she found the commander so polite that she quite fell in love with him, and she told her father that he was just the man whom she should like to marry. "We must first find out whether he is married already," said MacEachern. But after breakfast, when MacEachern's daughter had again waited on the commander, and shown him, as plainly as looks could speak, that she loved him, the commander said to MacEachern that he should like to have a word with him and his daughter in private. So she thought within herself that she knew very well what he was about to say, but in this she was mistaken; as you shall presently hear.

"Do you not know me?" said the commander.

"Neither I nor my daughter have ever seen you until last night," replied MacEachern.

"You may think so; but you are mistaken," said the commander. "Do you remember a man without bonnet or shoes, who came to your house and asked for a bannock; and when your daughter would only give him a proverb, the man seized the bannock, and she cried out, and you came and took the bannock away from the stranger. Perhaps your daughter will remember that, even if you don't."

"I remember it well," replied MacEachern. "Was that man a friend of yours?"

"The best friend that I have upon earth, for it was I, myself, and I never thought to be so treated by you; for we had been good friends up to that day."

"I had never seen you till that day," said MacEachern.

"But your factor had; for we have exchanged some land. And you might have known my ring. Every one knows the Macdonald."

When MacEachern knew that it was the great Macdonald he was very sorry not to have recognised him ; and he begged him to stay there on a visit, and promised that he and his daughter would do all they could to make him comfortable. And she, too, urged him to stay, and looked at him with loving eyes.

"It is too late," said Macdonald. "These soldiers are my Irish friends, who have come with me from Ireland to fight for me, and I must go with them. Your daughter would not give me a bannock for my bare head, though she might have done it for this gold ring on my finger. It will never go on to her finger now. She saved her bannock, but she has lost Macdonald." And with that he went away, and MacEachern's daughter had to look elsewhere for a husband.

"If daft Wattie," said Fergus, "will blow up his pipes to the tune of the 'Braes o' Glenorchy,' I'll give you a song about a friend o' mine." Daft Wattie did as he was bid; and Fergus sang the promised song.

#### WEE DONALD BHAN.

O wha hasna heard tell o' wee Donald Bhan,  
The drollest bit cratur on Torrisdale lan',  
At fishing, or shooting, or rowing nane can  
E'er seek to compare wi' that wee Donald Bhan.  
His hair's just as yellow 's the broom on the knowe,  
And a thing like a fir-tap stuck firm on his powe,  
Frae the neck to the knee he just measures a  
span—

O a pocket edition is wee Donald Bhan.

He whiles carries a gun for the killin' o' game,  
To mak' soups and pies for the braw folks at hame.  
When he fires at a maukin its last race is ran,  
Sic a deadly sure marker is wee Donald Bhan.

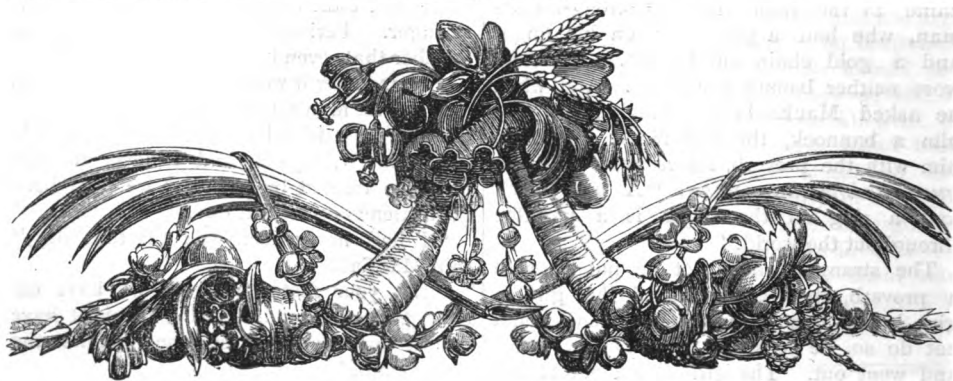
Whene'er he appears wi' his gun in the fields,  
Helter-skelter the rabbits a' tak' tae their heels,  
And the magpies, and pigeons, and pheasants sae  
gran'  
A' cut the acquaintance o' wee Donald Bhan.

He's aye courtin' the lassies, yet ne'er can agree ;  
He can tak' a bit dram and can tell a big lee ;  
And at playin' the bagpipes there ne'er was a man  
Could e'er haud the candle to wee Donald Bhan.  
Wi' his pipes and red coat, as he struts through the  
clachan,  
Some fa' to the dancin' and some to the lachin',  
And at Embro', lang syne, when his drone he  
began,  
The Queen took special notice o' wee Donald  
Bhan.

He has a' sorts o' knowledge—Gude kens how he  
got it—  
How peacocks are proud, an' how flounders are  
spotted,  
And whar Gaelic language at first was began,  
Can a' be expounded by wee Donald Bhan.  
And a' ticklish questions, either guid or profane,  
Are referred aye to Donald, wha sure mak's them  
plain ;  
And if whiles the precentor should be na' at han',  
Wha's stuck 'neath the poopit but wee Donald  
Bhan ?

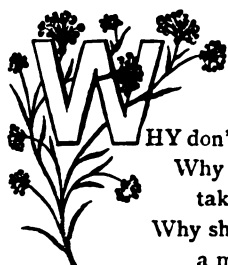
O wae's me when death comes and tak's him awa' !  
We'll hae grief in the cottage and grief in the ha',  
Ilk heart will grow saft, and ilk face will grow wan,  
For we'll ne'er see another like wee Donald Bhan.  
Then lasses, O pray that he lang may be spared,  
Tae skirl his bagpipes and pay you regard ;  
Shew him kindness ye billies on Torrisdale lan',  
For a great curiosity is wee Donald Bhan.

The skirl, with which daft Wattie brought  
the music of the song to a conclusion al-  
most drowned the applause that rewarded  
the singer.



# WHY DON'T I MARRY MARY ANNE?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY," &c.



WHY don't I marry Mary Anne?

Why not for worse or better  
take her?

Why shrink from acting like  
a man?

And why, oh why do I forsake her?

'Tis not that she's a gay coquette,  
A giddy, thoughtless thing of fashion,  
Prone every moment to forget  
Her choice in more absorbing passion.

'Tis not because, if she were mine,  
She'd rule the roast and keep me under;  
Take out from me my wonted shine,  
And snap the bond of peace asunder.

For though her days would all be spent  
From shop to shop in visits ambling,  
Whereby she'd swallow up the rent,  
And I perhaps should take to gambling;

And though an opera-box, of course,  
She'd have, and drive a pony-carriage;  
While there would be a saddle-horse  
For me to purchase after marriage;

And though the volumes she'd peruse  
Would be *Le Follet*, and romances;  
And though she would her lord abuse,  
Because he neither sings nor dances;

And though to flaunting lady's-maids  
My very house I should surrender,  
A prey to the devouring raids  
Of brigands of the gentle gender;

And though our babes (if babes we had)  
She'd leave to chance and dear papa,  
While she'd endow with ardour mad  
The babes in Borriboolagha!

'Tis not, ah me, for this I fly!  
'Tis not for this my fears began,  
I could forgive her all!—then why—  
Why don't I marry Mary Anne?

The cruel fates frustrate my plan,  
And all my yearning hopes bewilder!  
I cannot marry Mary Anne,  
Because I'm married to Matilda!

And, ah! another cause I scan,  
Enough my ardent flame to smother:  
I cannot marry Mary Anne,  
Because she's married to another!



## A STRANGE LEGEND OF THE CITY OF OLD WOMEN.

By CHARLES H. ROSS.



HERE has always been some doubt about the latitude, but the longitude has long ago been satisfactorily settled.

† † † †

When, with infinite labour, Wolf Gilbert had clambered up the rocks, he looked down into the valley below, where, sure enough, the city he had been in search of, lay basking in the mid-day sun. Yes, there it lay, spread out before him, like a toy town on a dining-room-table, and looked just as lifeless and unreal. Was it a deserted city or a city of the dead?

No! In one of the streets something was moving very slowly. A large dog perhaps? No, not a dog, something with clothes on. A child? No; about a child's height, apparently, but not a child—too bulky for a child. Two children, perhaps, carrying a bundle? No. Somebody crawling on all fours? No. An old woman, bent double, hobbling along with the aid of crutches.

It had been the work of seven hours to get thus far. And now his labours seemed only about to begin. There was not the faintest semblance of a pathway upon the other side of the rocks, and the giddy height made his blood turn cold, when he peeped over the edge. Yet some time or other there must have been some means of communicating between this walled-in valley and the world without. Perhaps the rocks through which the road had once existed had fallen away.

The full account of Wolf Gilbert's perilous descent, with certain particulars relating to his discoveries—zoological and botanical, may be found in another place—or ought to be.

\* \* \* \* \*

When he reached the city gates he knocked loudly, and called louder, without however attracting the attention of those within. He was almost giving the thing up as a bad job, when he noticed a bell pull. He tugged at this with all his might, and found the wire broken. Then he began to knock again and to shout louder than ever.

At last, when he had lost all patience and was leaning despairingly with his back against the gate, the gate opened suddenly behind him and he fell in and over.

After he had picked himself up, and rubbed the back of his head, which he had bumped not a little, he asked indignantly why he had been served such a trick. No one made any reply, and looking round he found he was making inquiries of the empty air.

While, however, he was wondering at this, he saw what seemed to be the sole of a human foot, with a much-darned grey-worsted stocking on it, sticking out from round the open door, and following up this clue, discovered a surprisingly old woman, flattened out as it appeared by the violence of the collision; for the gate flying open so suddenly had knocked her off her venerable legs.

He stooped and picked this old person up, and asked her if she were hurt. She said she was hard of hearing, and her sight was not as good as it used to be once on a time (he learnt subsequently she meant two score of years ago).

Wolf Gilbert tried to explain, but there were two drawbacks to his doing so. First, he could not speak loud enough. Secondly, he could not talk in the only language the old woman understood. But presently the old woman left off listening, and stepped back a pace to have a better look at him; then screamed out, and clapped her hands and laughed, and capered in a way which he would have thought quite funny, had she not capered on to his toes.

"You old beldame!" he cried; "what are you laughing at?"

"A man! a man! It's a man!" cried the old lady; only Wolf Gilbert did not know she had said so until some time afterwards, for at the time of her making the observation he was simply lost in amazement.

She was a surprisingly active old person for her time of life (150 or thereabouts), and after performing many fantastic evolutions, she skipped out from under the archway and raised shrill cries. Responsive to the same, from out various doorways in the street beyond came a number of old hags mouthing and mumbling, who shaded their blinking eyes, and took a long look of silent wonder at the new arrival.

But before long the silence was broken by a mighty cackle; it was of one hundred and twenty-seven old women laughing in chorus.

Wolf Gilbert was at first astonished, then felt frightened almost. Some of these ancient females were a libel on the monkey race in the matter of looks. He plucked up courage, though, and spoke up.

They all seemed rather hard of hearing, but crowded round and shaped their skinny paws trumpetwise to catch his words. They were all rather weak of vision, and were obliged to stare at him closely. One knocked her nose against his.

It was not very pleasant to be hemmed in thus, and jostled by a crowd of mouthing and mumbling, deaf and half blind, old creatures; who, after staring their hardest, began presently to pull him to and fro, just as though they had been children at play, and he had been an unprotected kitten.

But this was not the worst of it. The shrill cries of astonishment emitted by these antique hoydens, and their boisterous laughter, brought to the spot some other more ancient members of this strange community, numbering perhaps fifty or sixty—a wondrous gathering of crooked old ladies some tottering on crutches, some quite blind and led by dogs.

These new arrivals, lacking the strength and energies of the younger folk, were jostled into the background, and were heard expostulating indignantly, and insisting on being allowed a view of the surprising traveller.

But presently a very stout and perfectly bald old woman, who seemed to be what among man-governed kingdoms would be

called a lord mayor, or perhaps a parish beadle, cleared a passage through the noisy throng; and, taking Wolf Gilbert into custody by the cuff of the coat, led him through the streets until they reached what appeared to be the town hall or justice chamber, where he was placed at the bar, and asked for particulars.

From out the crowd was summoned a remarkably bright and active person, of five or six score, who had acquired a knowledge of barbarous tongues by much book reading, and who translated the substance of Wolf Gilbert's statement to the assembled company.

It appeared, then, from Wolf Gilbert's testimony, that the male race was not yet totally extinct, and beyond the mountains (England and elsewhere) there still existed countries where they formed some small portion of the population.

Cross-examined very strictly, he admitted that in personal appearance the male was generally allowed to be inferior to the female, although he was himself a somewhat over the average good-looking specimen. With respect to intellect and general usefulness, he was compelled to say that the ladies were in the ascendancy, that they invariably had their own way about everything, talked most, and did all the work.

In continuation, he stated that in his own country he had heard there was a city somewhere, on the other side of the mountains, where the men had been done away with, and that he had taken a great deal of trouble to find it out, and had risked his life in coming to it, and that he hoped he did not intrude.

They gave him a patient hearing, and asked him several other scientific and psychological questions of no moment to this narrative, and told him that he must consider himself in custody until the Queen's pleasure was known with regard to him; and then he was put into a cell with several large windows in it, at each of which some hundreds of old ladies in succession took front places, each staring harder than the others.

Later on, the person who had acted as his interpreter made a brief relation of the circumstances that led to the extinction of the male tribe in this city. The facts are these—



A good long time ago it had been agreed upon by three hundred elderly married couples, who had lived happily together without being either blessed or cursed by young families, to form a colony in some out-of-the-way place, difficult of access, and as much as possible independent of other places, owing to its own natural productions.

A place answering to these requirements being found, the city was built and the settlement established, and for more than twenty years no communication whatever took place between the inhabitants of the town and the outer world beyond the mountains.

At the expiration of that time two mountebank persons, one male, the other female, familiar with tight-rope walking and other exceptional gymnastic exercises, made their way across the rocks, in spite of the road-way having long since been destroyed, and arrived at the city gates. In an evil moment they were let in, and from that hour the happiness of the hitherto happy community was at an end.

Hitherto, the feeling of jealousy had been unknown. The ladies of this turtle-dovey had long ago concluded that the tranquil and contented felicity of mature married life was preferable to the feverish passion of early love. The gentlemen, of course, agreed with them; but they, every man Jack, right off at first sight, fell head over heels in love with the dancing girl.



And what they saw in the little tawdry painted creature none of the ladies could

possibly imagine; but what do men see in women, and *vice versa*?

And how happily things had gone on before! Quite elderly ladies (by comparison) had not been thought unworthy of the attention of the widowers. Some frisky things of fourscore, or thereabouts, had got the reputation of being really sad flirts—in a small way.

And now everybody was snuffed out by this dancing girl—a mere chit, I give you my word of honour, of eighteen summers at the very most.

The result of this outrageous proceeding was, that every married lady, taking the law into her own hands, determined to kill the dancing girl. As however, fortunately for her, she could only die once, she died at the first killing. The surplus vengeance on hand was therefore transferred from her to her hoary-headed admirers, and at one fell swoop the male sex was abolished. The mountebank fellow ran away again and climbed over the mountains.



This had occurred a matter of fifty years previous to Wolf Gilbert's arrival, and it was by this time generally allowed by the ladies, that they got on much more comfortably without the husbands they had done away with; and there was no doubt they did.

An hour before nightfall, Wolf Gilbert was taken to the palace, where the Queen awaited his arrival. He found her sumptuously attired, and wearing jewels and lace of evident antiquity. She also wore golden tresses in extreme abundance. She was most artistically enamelled, and possessed a grace of contour which nothing but youth—or cotton wool—could have imparted.

She had, in addition, one brilliant eye of a deep clear blue colour—in glass; over the other, which had been brown in its time, she wore a patch.

The ladies of the court hobbled forward with easy elegance, and led Wolf Gilbert to the throne. He was permitted to kiss the hand of royalty. He was then questioned at length regarding the cause of his visit, the nature of the journey, and the manners and customs of the country from which he had come. A consultation then took place among the ladies, and, after a prolonged discussion, Wolf Gilbert was informed that it had been arranged that he should settle and marry in the new colony, and that during the course of the next day he should be told who was to be his bride.

He was upon this taken back to his cell, and supplied with a sumptuous supper. In the middle of the following day the news was brought to him, that the Queen had condescended to marry him herself.

The happy day was to be the next one, and he was now trusted out on parole.

Up to this time Wolf Gilbert had always been looked upon as a man of honour—until now his word had been his bond.

It had taken Wolf Gilbert twelve hours to cross the mountain; he made the journey back in four hours and a half. When he found himself in a place of safety and free from pursuit, he thanked Providence and took a few hours' rest. After that he went on travelling.



There is no more known of this strange city. Other travellers have not cared to venture there since they have heard the particulars above related.

† † † † † † †

## CHRISTMAS CHARADES.

1.

My *whole* was sad, and cold, and dreary.

What time my *second* sought my *first*,  
He perished there—and lone and weary,  
My grief can never be dispersed.

Season.

2.

The face of the stockbroker flushes with joy,  
When consols have reached or exceeded  
my *first*.

My *second* is always—and must be—a boy;  
My *whole* of the learned profession's the  
worst.

Parson.

3.

When sitting with his *second* at his dinner,  
My uncle spreads my *whole* upon his  
knees;  
He takes my *first*—the sybaritic sinner!  
When he has finished quite his nuts and  
cheese.

Napkin.

4.

My *first* is a substance as black as the night,  
That sailors and boatmen oft use.  
My *second* should come from the oak-tree  
by right,  
And is used in the making of shoes.  
My *whole* is a fabric, both gaudy and light,  
For their garments the Scotch often choose.

Tartan.

# HOW I SLEW BLUEBEARD.

BY GEORGE HALSE, AUTHOR OF "SIR GUY DE GUY."



WILL any one suspect me of extreme sensibility and a mawkish mind, when I confess that the ancient story of Bluebeard has always had a horrible interest for me, it having been so sedulously and effectually planted in my infant mind by my nursery-governess? who in her wisdom selected that astounding and appalling history for my first study in the art of reading, and who, being an insatiable devourer of the choice mental food issuing from the Minerva Press of the day, so garnished and fortified the original story with blood and thunder, dwelt with such rapt unction upon the ensanguined key; the mouldering bones; the ghastly corpses all of a row; the death doom; the ten minutes' interval granted for preparation and prayer; the crisis; the up-raised scimeter, and the opportune intervention of retributive justice—that all the details were driven into my susceptible mind by a kind of hydraulic power—tears being the hydragogic medium, so to speak—and remain to this day bedded in my inner consciousness, like piles rammed into quicksand. Doubtless, my nursery-governess had a profound moral purpose when she taught me to mourn with Fatima, and to weep with sister Ann. Her beneficent design was, perhaps, to educate me for the performance of heroic deeds of knight-errantry, and gallant passages of arms in defence of fair ladies or injured damozelle, of which she read so insatiably. Unhappily I have never yet found myself in a position to succour disconsolate beauty, beyond helping an old woman over a crossing, and rescuing my virgin aunt from the assaults of an infuriated horse-stinger, so I cannot tell whether the early teaching of my nursery-governess has fructified according to her good

intentions; but this I know, that, thanks to her tuition, the story of Blue-beard has a horrible fascination for me to this day.

Whether the strong regimen upon which my nursery-governess developed my intellect included the stagey device of swearing undying hatred or everlasting devotion, as the case might be, I cannot quite remember; but I have a faint notion that I was a small Roscius at seven, and was wont to strut about the premises, reciting the pathetic story of Cock Robin and other domestic tragedies, varying them at intervals, under her guidance, with bursts of dramatic fervour, ejaculating "Never!" or "For ever!" shaking a clenched fist in the direction of the stars, and grinding my teeth. It is therefore reasonable to suppose that I registered a vow to the effect that, if ever a second Bluebeard disgraced humanity, I would, supposing he existed in my neighbourhood, seek him out, attack him with the sturdy arm of manly vengeance, and sweep him from the face of the earth! Little did I imagine, even in my wildest rhapsodies, that it was my destiny to realise and execute this grand conception to the letter, and to slay a second Bluebeard!

It was thus the catastrophe came about.

In the year eighteen hundred and something one (I like precision as to dates), I went to eat my Christmas pudding with my old schoolfellow and dear friend, Will Percy, at his mountain home in North Wales, where he might justly be styled lord of himself and everything within three miles, for he was that distance removed from the nearest neighbour. Will, as a boy at Harrow, had won my admiration and love, as the nearest embodiment of those manly qualities which my nursery-governess so graphically depicted in her daily declamations. He was big, handsome, brave, and had an incipient moustache, which last qualification my nursery-governess always insisted upon in a hero, just as she deemed long raven tresses, streaming dishevelled down a heroine's back, a *sine quâ non*. And Will took kindly to me, just as a big dog will

sometimes patronise a little dog, not in consequence of reciprocity of tastes or similarity of physique, but rather by sheer force of contrast. We supplied some of each other's deficiencies. For instance, I constructed Greek trees for Will; Will climbed fruit trees for me. He was my mentor in the battle-field; I was his mentor at class; and the friendship planted—a frail sapling in those days, had taken good root, and will now stand any amount of rough weather the world can bring to bear against it.

We can't always be schoolboys, though we may be always learning lessons; and so in the fulness of time we left Harrow and drifted each his way. I lapsed into a quiet groove and found my billet in a peaceful calling; Will, with his redundant energies, bounded from the rut in life prepared for him, and, finding nothing expansive enough for his latent forces except the wide world, became a traveller. One day, years after, as I sat with my nose buried in a book, a sharp slap upon that region of rheumatism, my left shoulder, and this hearty salutation, "Bob, my boy, how are you?" electrified me with the pleasing proof of my old friend's presence. He always called me "Bob" while everybody knows my name is Alexander Plantagenet. "Bob" was certainly shorter, and suited my personal dimensions much better than the appellation my godfathers and godmothers had, with such modesty and good taste, bestowed upon me. Imagine how grateful to my ear was that familiar pseudonym! After running once the usual gamut of preliminary chat, I learned that what he fitly called his vagabond instincts had lured him from his professional studies in Thavies Inn to the wilds of central Australia. From Club dietary he turned to roasted monkeys and damper, and the transition from roasted monkeys in the bush to *paté de foie gras* in Paris had been just as easy. Will spun such an extraordinary yarn about his adventures and experiences, that I was half disposed at first to believe that he hadn't stirred from the respectable office of his ancestors in Thavies Inn, but had been given over to romancing and a reprobate mind. But a big scar on his head gave ocular proof that he had been, as he said, well-nigh murdered by bushrangers for the sake of his nuggets, and left without a shilling, an assertion which, on the other

hand, his personal appearance did not seem to justify.

But Will Percy always courted disaster, and fell on his feet, when at school, and the same feline characteristic has attended him through life. It would serve no purpose necessary to the momentous event, I am about to describe, to dwell long on my friend's antecedents. It is sufficient to say, that he conceived original ideas, and never rested until he had carried them out. He delighted in transitions. From a wealthy digger he became a breaker of stones on a Melbourne highway at a shilling a day, and his rations. After mastering this recondite science he engaged himself as an usher in a school. Thence he shifted into the exciting business of a stock-driver. He next worked his way to England as a super-cargo, and turned his attention, as every one does once in his life, to photography. Then he tried the trade of a poet, and indited sonnets to the eyebrows of an heiress in Tyburnia. He serenaded her, he photographed her, he laid siege to her, and in a pliant hour he asked her to say "Yes," and of course he had his way. She said "Yes," and he married her. "Now, Bob," shouted he in his old emphatic way, which admitted of no negation, "you must eat your Christmas pudding with us up among the hills. When will you come—to-morrow? Agreed. What an amiable fellow you are!" There was no arguing with him. Will was wilful; so I went. I have since reflected that the Fates must have had something to do with it; for had I not visited the principality at that particular time I don't see how I could have accomplished the tragic work which I was destined to do. And here I will hope, parenthetically, that if these pages come under the eye of my nursery-governess, she will shed upon them a tear of pride and satisfaction in the disciple whom she used in despair to aver would never emulate Alonzo the Brave.

The situation of Will Percy's house was in Merionethshire, not very distant from Llanfachreth. Right among the hills, miles from a highway, and buried in the bosom of a plantation of firs, stood a pretty cottage. The house itself was neither rich nor rare, but, like the fly in amber, the question which would present itself to the mind of any one who had so far lost his bearings as to find himself near it, is

—How did it get there? Probably, like Topsy, it "grewed" there, or perhaps it had been shot thither by some convulsion of nature; and during my short sojourn there I could hardly divest my mind of the notion that wild convulsions of nature still prevailed there, for as soon as I had strolled a little distance from home, and turned a corner, I lost myself, and usually wandered for hours before I could find my way back again to the house, which usually reappeared when I least expected to see it, and in quite a new situation. I am told that this is a phenomenon frequently experienced by pedestrians who walk up and down hills, and round about, with their eyes in the clouds, and their minds at the antipodes, as mine usually were on these occasions. I cannot pretend to offer a solution but commend it to the consideration of the savans of the British Association.

On the day before Christmas I succeeded in finding my way home at luncheon time, having started before breakfast for a ten minutes' walk to conjure up an appetite. My friends received my habit of losing myself as an eccentricity, which I cultivated as a fine art, and therefore felt little solicitude concerning me; but Will sometimes insisted upon teaching me how to extemporise a shake down of twigs and leaves, and how to make damper, and skin and roast a monkey, or whatever else I might catch, in case I got lost for days.

In spite of my long ramble, my hosts remarked with sorrow that I sat at the table and hardly touched a thing. "Try this devilled drumstick, old boy!" exclaimed Will, trying to rally me.

"Thank you; I have done."

"Done! You will be done effectually, and very soon, if you go on feeding upon fancies, instead of wholesome beef and mutton! Sam, fill Mr. Rattlebrain's glass!"

Sam, the boy in buttons, poured out sauterne, which I drank. The draught cheered me somewhat. I apologised to my hostess for my lack of that robustious spirit which characterised Will, and inadvertently pleaded an incident of the morning as my excuse.

"An incident! out with it!" cried Will, who was always ready to enter into anything *con amore*; "let's have it!"

I hesitated.

"Do please, Mr. Rattlebrain," urged my

fair hostess; "it would be such a charity to Willie, if it is at all exciting."

"It is not in the least exciting, believe me," I remonstrated; "at least, only so to me."

"Out with it then, old chap!" commanded Percy with the decision of ancient days; "if it concerns you in particular, it will interest me all the more! Sam, fill Mr. Rattlebrain's glass!"

There was no escape; my old submission came upon me. I drained the glass.

I turned abruptly to my hostess. "Dear madam," I began, clearing my throat, "did you, in your early childhood imbibe, as far as you know, any ideas which seem to start into renewed existence now, and to rule you irresistibly with their old influences for good or ill?"

My hostess looked alarmed at the earnestness of my physiognomy, and no doubt imagined that I was labouring under the effect of various potations upon an empty stomach. She confessed she was posed at the question. She couldn't recollect anything in particular.

"Well, unhappily, I do," I replied; "my young mind was, I may say, impregnated with—"

"Go on, old boy!" cried Will, who already entered into my feelings, "go on."

"With Bluebeard!"

"Bluebeard!"

"Yes, thanks to a judicious and highly-cultivated nursery-governess."

"But what has that to do with your want of appetite to-day?" demanded my friend, with a puzzled look.

"I will tell you. I wandered a considerable distance this morning, as you may judge, since I have been from home five hours, when I intended to be out only five minutes; and being somewhat fagged, and despairing of seeing this house again, until some gentle convulsion of nature shifted it to the spot where I then was, I threw myself down on some hay in a cow-shed to rest. While I lay there, a rustic entered in quest of some implement, and presently a second, passing by, stopped and chatted with him. 'Which way did you come, Owen?' asked the first. 'By Tyddyndu!' 'Ah, and what's the news at Tyddyndu?' 'I heard nothing; but who do you think I met as I came along?'

"'Who?' 'Guess.' 'I can't for the

life of me.' 'I met old Bluebeard!' 'Old Bluebeard?' 'Yes, and by Saint David, he gave me a wide berth, I can tell ye!' 'The rascal!' ejaculated the first rustic, catching up a stout staff; 'which way was he going?' 'He seemed to be going home to Cwm Eisen.' 'Then I'll be after him. I'll see if I can't hurry his pace a bit, and if I do catch the villain he won't soon forget it! I'll teach him to come hanging about my premises and frightening my girls with his ugly face!' So saying, the first rustic rushed out, and was quickly followed by the second man." Here I paused a moment.

"Sam, fill Mr. Rattlebrain's glass." I drained it as before, and my spirits revived. I continued to relate that I was too horror-stricken and spellbound by this short colloquy to find my head, still less my legs; and when at length I was sufficiently recovered to pursue, I took the wrong turning as usual, and saw no more of the Welshmen. Still I walked on, my brain spinning with excitement, and hadn't the least notion where I was, when your house arose before my eyes, exactly in the last place where I should have expected to see it." Will and his wife looked at one another in evident doubt as to the stability of my reason.

"Well," said my friend, "what was there to agitate you so in all this?"

"Do you ask such a question?" I retorted; "then your nursery-governess did not inoculate you with that astounding history to which I have alluded. Can it be possible that a second embodiment of that abhorrent polygamist exists in these days, and in the very heart of this romantic country? Had I made the discovery in Bagdad, the thing would not have astonished me so much; but all the latent fire of my nature burns indignantly when I reflect that such a man lives here—here in your very midst, within the sanctuary of these primeval hills." I paused for breath. Sam judiciously replenished my glass.

"Upon my word," ejaculated Will, rubbing his eyes, "this is a singular discovery for you to have made; while I who live here have never heard of the old sinner. Who can it be? Ah, wait," he continued, after a moment's cogitation; "why, it must be old David Morris! He has had three or four wives, I'm told, and is ugly enough to frighten them to death without the use

of a scimeter. Then there's Owen Owen; he has had ever so many—perhaps it is he?"

"He has had only two, dear Willie," interposed my hostess reprovingly; "only two that we know of, but these Taffies are no better than they should be, and don't confess to half their sins; so we'll credit Owen Owen with five wives. No doubt it is he."

We indulged in various speculations at the expense of the Cymreigs, until the subject dropped, and by means of Sam's libations I recovered my wonted spirits and lost appetite.

"Let us see," said my friend presently; "what is to be the programme for to-day? How shall we kill the time? Shall we go into the billiard-room?"

Not feeling disposed for billiards, I demurred.

"Shall we go up the Cader?"

"Thank you, I have had walking enough!"

"Shall we put the mare in and trot over to the quarry? or shall we take the dogs and—hallo! who's this long chap coming up the drive?"

We all went to the window, and saw an individual in black, with a tall beaver on his head, solemnly advancing towards the house.

"I guess it is the parson from the Bethesda at Llanfachreth," ventured Will, scanning the visitor. "If it is he, he doesn't come to see me, but the women in the kitchen. These noisy shakers and spouters have wonderful instincts, and know where the flesh-pots live. Go to the door, Sam, and tell him this isn't the kitchen entrance.

Sam answered the bell; we listened.

"Yr wyf fi yn dymunio gwelyd gwr y ty," said the man.

"Wonderful language this!" exclaimed I, turning to my friends. "Talking must make their teeth ache, I should think."

"Do you know," replied Will, "that I have a recipe for Welsh? I can tell you how to produce any quantity."

"How?" I enquired.

"Why, take a page of a polyglot dictionary, pick out half the vowels, throw in a handful of l's and w's, sprinkle y's freely, add some more l's, stir the ingredients well, mix in a few more l's, then spread out, and cut it into lengths at discretion.

That's Welsh. Well, Sam, what does he say?"

"I fetched Rebecca, sir, and she says he says, says he, "I want to see the master of the house."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Will. "Then show him in."

The individual was ushered in, and took root in the middle of the room, looking intently at his boots. Rebecca was fetched to act as interpreter.

"What does this person want with me, Rebecca?" asked Percy.

"He has come to make a complaint, sir."

"A complaint! Anything wrong in the kitchen?" he enquired, archly.

Here Rebecca conferred with the man in their vernacular; presently she burst out laughing.

"What on earth are you laughing at? I thought from his solemn, long-drawn face that it was about some serious matter."

"He's come to complain of our Billy, sir," and Rebecca again burst into laughter.

"Our Billy! the goat which got loose and escaped six months ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"What about him?"

"He says Billy has taken up his abode on the Rhobell, near this man's patch of cab-bages, and he complains that he can't keep a thing—Billy is such a thief."

"Why doesn't he put a hedge round?"

"He has a hedge. Billy gets through it."

"Put a fence round."

"Billy gets under it."

"Put a wall round."

"Billy would leap over it."

"Then let him catch Billy and hang him. 'Tis no business of mine," added my friend, growing impatient.

"He says, may he have the goat if he can catch him?" asked the servant.

"By all means, and he may eat him afterwards, if he likes, and the lord help his digestion. Stay," and Will turned to me, "we were speculating just now as to what we should do to-day."

"Yes, we were."

"Let us go and capture Billy, eh?"

"Capture him! as easily capture an antelope, or put salt on a swift's tail," I replied.

"But there is an easy way of doing it."

"How?"

"A bullet would fetch him down, I reckon."

My megrims had quite forsaken me under the magic virtues of Will's good fare, and I cordially assented to the proposition; we would stalk the goat. Thereupon the man was dismissed with permission to catch, keep, and hold possession of Billy to-morrow, if he could find him, and to do with him as seemed to him best.

The spot indicated by the man as the habitat of Billy was the south side of the Rhobell, a wild and precipitous region, inaccessible by any conveyance on wheels, save and beyond a walking distance; so we had to take a conveyance on legs, and ordered the horses. Will had a quiet hack, which he delicately made over to me. The other was a cart-horse, which with characteristic good-nature he preferred. Will slung his rifle over his shoulder, and off we started.

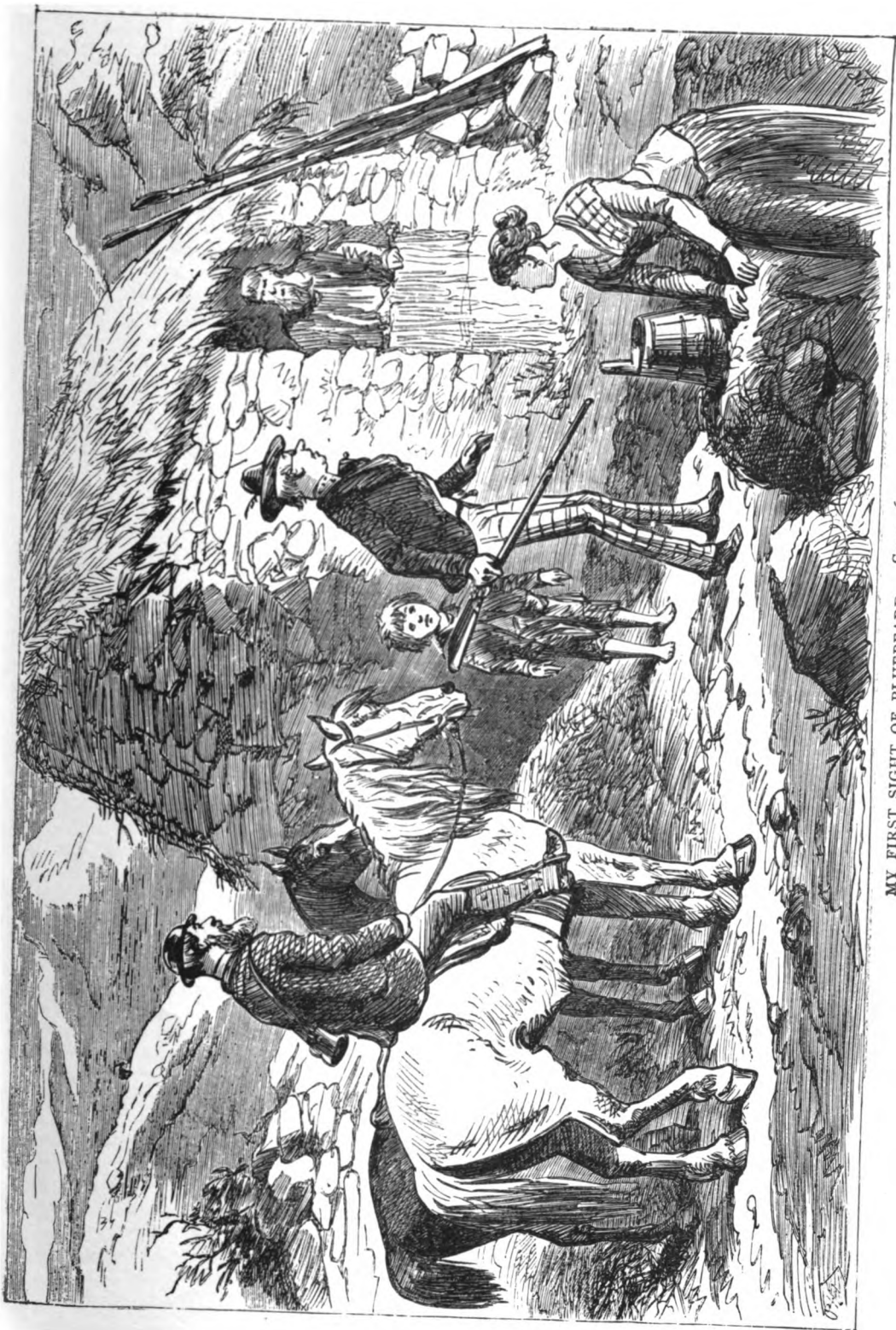
Nothing particular marked our journey thither, beyond the usual ascents and descents at an angle of forty-five degrees; slides down avalanches of slate *débris*; leaps over streams; scrambles through stone walls, and dead locks in peat bogs; these incidents rendered our ride the reverse of monotonous, and in the course of time we reached our hunting ground and reconnoitered. Not a trace of the Billygoat could we see. Presently my companion spied a hut toward which we turned our horses. Near the hut stood a lad gaping at us in wonderment as we advanced. Rejoiced at the discovery of something human to which we could apply for information, we urged on our steeds until a stone wall, too thick for our cart-horse to make a breach in, impeded our progress, when I dismounted and, giving my bridle to Will, took his rifle, cleared the wall and gaily made for the boy. As I reached him, an object scattered to the winds all my bounding spirits, and gave me a shock which affected the very roots of my hair. From the hut emerged a man as I reached it, an aged man with a beard—a blue beard! I recoiled in horror back to my friend.

"What on earth is the matter with you now, Bob?" demanded he, in no slight perplexity. "Is it a sudden return of this morning's complaint? Here, take a pull at my flask."

"No, Will, it's worse than this morning."

"How?"





MY FIRST SIGHT OF BLUEBEARD.—See p. 64.





"This morning I only heard the rustics speak of him, and now I've seen him!"

"Seen who?"

"Bluebeard! See, there goes the monster! He descends a slope—he turns a point—he is gone!"

Will viewed the forbidding form as it receded from our sight, without being more able than I myself to decide upon a course of action; at length he said, "Let him go now—we shall know him again. He shan't long elude the grip of offended justice. Our business just now is with Billy. Here, take a draught of my Glenlivet, and when you've quite recovered your composure, ask the boy where the goat is?"

The Glenlivet had the required effect, and I hailed the boy and made the enquiry.

The boy did not understand English any better than I understood Welsh, so my interrogatory was vain. But Will was always a fellow of infinite resources, and always found a way to gain his ends. "Here, hand me that bit of slate and a stone."

I handed him the articles indicated, and Will in his masterly way sketched a goat's head. "Show that to the boy."

I did so, and he understood me at once. "Geifr!"

I pointed in the direction of the Rhobell. He cried, "Geifr gwyllt arn y bryn," which I have since learnt means, "Wild goats up on the hill."

At this moment Will, who had been scanning the hillside with his pocket telescope, exclaimed with delight, "There's old Billy yonder, sure enough!" handing me the glass. He was about a mile off, peacefully browsing. With the stealthiness of deerstalkers we made for the conspicuous goat, followed by the boy, and got within three hundred yards. Here we gave our horses to the boy, and Will unlimbered. My friend was a born sportsman, and had penetrated into the Australian bush merely for the pleasure of shooting. To kill a wild boar had been the dream of his boyhood, and wild boars innumerable he killed accordingly. Soon after the incident I am relating he conceived the idea of shooting a bear. To shoot a bear was thenceforth to his happiness the one thing needful. Without it, his life would be a blank. To kill a bear would be to crown the edifice of his achievements. Nothing could shake him—he must put a ball into Bruin. In vain his friends remonstrated ;

in vain his wife expostulated and entreated ; in vain I offered to send him a bear from town by rail ; he must and would fulfil his destiny—he must shoot a bear in his native wilds. In furtherance of this solemn duty, Will is at this present moment somewhere in the backwoods of Canada, in a log shanty, with his accomplished wife and fair daughter, furnished with a tremendous engine of destruction and preparing to fulfil his destiny as above described.

Will raised the rifle and brought the sight to bear upon Bill's shoulder.

"Allow for windage!" I whispered.

"All right," and Will pulled the trigger.

Bill sprang into the air, pirouetted, and then trotted off; he was unhurt, but uncommonly frightened.

"Dash it!" cried Percy with vexation ; "I forgot to adjust the sight, and sent the ball twenty yards beneath him!"

I own I felt relieved at the misdirected aim ; I am a humane man and fond of animals, and felt a tenderness for poor Billy.

"Now it's your turn, old boy," said Will, dropping another conical into the chamber, and he gave me the rifle.

I always abominated firearms, and hardly knew how to use them, much less to hit anything smaller than a barn. But Will handed me the rifle, and submission to him was, as I have said, second nature. I found consolation, however, in the reflection that there wasn't the remotest danger of my doing any mischief beyond bruising my own shoulder, and inhaling a whiff of the villainous saltpetre ; so I took the rifle and we followed in pursuit.

Turning a point, we suddenly found ourselves at two hundred yards' distance from the animal, who was ambling along a path.

"Now's your time, Rattlebrain ; have at him! Be careful to sight your rifle!"

I was careful, and sighted for a thousand yards. Bill stood still a moment, and I raised the rifle. In an instant it fell from my hand, and I dropped on to my knees in the greatest agitation. Near the goat there suddenly appeared a human head—the head! It was the man we had seen at the hut, an hour before, with a blue beard. In a moment he vanished.

Will Percy saw the cause of my unexpected emotion, and was hardly less moved than myself, for, with all his bluff habit, he was a most sympathising friend.

"Strange!" said he; "very strange that you should be so haunted by that old sinner!—but 'tis only a coincidence. Don't let it affect you, Bob."

This was judiciously followed by a thimbleful of Glenlivet, which afforded me immediate comfort and relief; and, picking up the rifle, we again advanced in pursuit of the goat.

Getting within range, Will told me to "let fly." I felt I had no choice but to obey and go through the ridiculous farce of trying to hit something; so, raising the gun to the left shoulder (which, I am told, was not quite in accordance with the habit of sportsmen), I aimed, as I thought, at Capricornus in the heavens, instead of the mundane one, closed both eyes, and—fired. Billy sprang into the air as before, but did not trot away as before, for he rolled down the steep mountain side, a dead carcase.

The humane reader will imagine my astonishment and sorrow on finding that I had unwittingly done the very deed I tried most to avoid. I had gone wrong, as usual.

"Bravo!" cried Will, in ecstasies. "Bravissimo! As masterly a fluke as ever I saw. You have not forgot your ancient cunning, old boy!"

I believe the word "fluke" is synonymous with skill, precision, and excellence; I therefore acknowledged the compliment with becoming modesty, and handed the weapon back to my friend, who reloaded.

"Gwllwg!" shouted the boy. (I will ask the Saxon reader to pronounce this innocent-looking word; he can begin at either end, according to his taste; I'm told it means "Look!") and he pointed to a spot not thirty yards from where Billy had fallen. There stood another goat. In a moment Percy's rifle was up and the hammer at full cock. His finger was on the trigger, when I struck the weapon aside.

He turned upon me with the fierceness of a sportsman frustrated at the moment of success. "Bob, what an ass you are! What's the matter now? By Jove, I begin to wish I had left you in your garret in Harley Street!"

"My dear Will," I replied, meekly, subduing his anger, as in the old days, by not opposing it, "you are too true a sportsman wantonly to destroy a mother."

"A mother?"

"Yes, or to make an orphan. Do you not see the wee thing trotting beside the dam?"

There was in fact a kid which Will had not observed.

"Bob, you are right, and I thank you for displaying such prompt energy; had you hesitated a moment, she would have kept company with old Billy yonder: I had spotted her under the left wing. But it is a thousand pities to lose her."

"Do you wish to have her?"

"I do, considerably."

"Well, I fancy I can manage it for you."

"Good, my dear Bob!" said my friend, passing me the rifle with a chuckle; "I thought your pretty sentiment was too good to be genuine. Give it her in the shoulder."

"I have another way of bringing her down," I replied, "and quite as effectually as your bullet."

So saying, I sprang forward and bounded up the hill like a chamois hunter, and before the goat could quite make up her mind which way to fly, I had caught the little kid and held it in my arms, and conveyed it tenderly, as I fancy I should carry my firstborn if I ever had one, till I stood panting and joyous beside my astonished friend. The dam followed me, bleating piteously and licking her young one.

"Bob," cried Will, with enthusiasm, "you're the most original character I ever came across!"

"Da iawn!" \* cried the boy, clapping his hands: he meant to imply "Well done!"

"My dear Bob," continued Will, "this is capital sport; but what are we to do with our game?"

"Take them home."

"What, are you going to carry that animal seven miles?"

"No; it isn't necessary. We can tether it to your stirrup, and walk it. The dam will follow."

"Good; but how about Billy? I don't like to leave an old friend stiff and cold on the Rhobell."

"Lay him across your Bucephalus in the orthodox way."

The suggestion was too felicitous for Will to hesitate a moment in its adoption. We hoisted poor Bill into the saddle, tied his feet together underneath, tethered the

\* There are some vowels here which must be a mistake on the part of the boy.

kid to the same locomotive, and started on our march, the dam obeying her maternal instincts, as I anticipated, and bringing up the rear. We tossed a shilling to the boy and dismissed him.

The picturesque but rather funereal procession was slightly marred by Billy's persistence in canting over and hanging underneath Bucephalus's belly, with his legs in the air. But my friend rightly observed that Billy's last wishes ought to be respected; and as Landseer, to the best of our belief, was not sketching in the neighbourhood, and as no one saw us except an occasional rustic, who avoided us, muttering, "Dan Seisin gwyll" (two mad Englishmen), which, as we didn't understand it, gave us no concern, Billy should ride in his own fashion.

So the cavalcade marched home, to the extreme distress of my hostess, who met us on the road, and, not at first perceiving me, mistook Billy's corpus for mine.

A fitting *répas de chasseur* was ready for us, and we made sufficient havoc amongst the viands placed before us; while I was loud in my asseverations that, despite the varying emotions to which accident had that day subjected me, I had enjoyed my morning's adventures immensely.

"Bravo! old boy!" cried Will; "I like those sentiments coming from a recluse like you! Sam, fill the glasses!"

Sam gave us bumpers all round, and Will paid me tribute as the Nimrod of the day.

I blushed; I rose to my legs; I sat down again; I rose on one leg; I stammered the profoundest appreciation of the compliment; and averred that the present moment was, without exception, the very happiest, the most supremely enjoyable—

There was a loud knock at the front door.

For me to drop into my chair, to drop my glass, and to drop my jaw, were but slight evidences of the undefinable terror which seized me in an instant, in that happiest moment of my life.

My hostess turned pale, very pale; and even Will, who, according to his own account, had withstood the charge of three hundred buffaloes without moving a muscle, and kept the herd at bay, as Horatius Cocles kept the Tuscan army, even he was startled.

"Who on earth can that be?" growled he.

A second loud, solemn rap, with a heavy stick.

"Some one who has lost his way, no doubt. Sam, go to the door," and Will glanced at the corner where his fowling-piece stood.

Sam unbolted and unbarred the door, and, re-entering the dining-room, announced that somebody wished to see Mr. Percy.

"Who is it, Sam?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What is he like?"

"A kind of a sort of a species of a gentleman."

"Ah, that's a novelty in these parts. What's his name?"

"Griffith Llewellyn of Wyn-y-Tyn," replied buttons.

"Show in Griffith Llewellyn of Win-the-Tin. These Welsh have a wonderful instinct for winning 'tin,'" added he. "I daresay this fellow has come in search of that article."

Sam ushered in a gaunt, beetle-browed man of respectable bearing and attire.

"Well, Mr. Griffith Llewellyn, to what happy cause are we indebted for the honour of a visit from you on Christmas Eve?"

The man looked at Will, then at me, then at Will again.

"I reckon you are Mr. Percy?" said he in good English.

"I answer to that name," said my friend, inclining his head.

"You have been shooting to-day?"

"We have."

"Ah, you admit that?"

"Of course; why should I not?"

"On the Rhobell?"

"Yes, on the Rhobell."

"Humph; I'm not mistaken, then."

"What do you mean, sir?" demanded Will, flushing with rising impatience.

"They said it was you; but there were two of ye?"

"Yes, two. What of that?"

"The witness said there were two. This was the other gentleman, eh?" pointing to me.

"Confound you, sir, what do you mean?" and Will rose from his chair and advanced to Griffith Llewellyn. I expected to see him knock him down.

"I mean just what I say. Whoever did it will have to answer for it, that's all."

Will flushed to a deeper red, and clenched his fist. The man took no notice of his visible wrath.

"You acknowledge that you have been shooting on the Rhobell this morning. I'll make a note of that," and the man took a note-book from his pocket, and made an entry therein.

"Zounds, sir!" roared Will in the last degree of indignation, "do you come here to insult me in my own house?"

"Pray, be calm, Mr. Percy," replied the Welshman. "I am Mr. Griffith Llewellyn, and a local magistrate."

"What's that to me, sir?"

"You have been shooting on the Rhobell."

"Well?"

"And killed——"

"Go on!"

"Bluebeard!"

As that dire name escaped his lips, a spasm of horror shot through my head and heart. I staggered to a seat, and groaned in agony of mind. I comprehended the disaster instantly. The appalling truth smote me like an electric flash. I saw it all at a glance. I knew at once that in shooting Billy the fatal ball had glanced aside, and, turning a corner, had slain the bad man whose ill-omened head had appeared a moment before peering round a corner. I glanced at my host and hostess. They, too, were paralysed and dumb. The man stood immovable as a statue of justice. I tried to be calm under the blow, and wrestled with my own emotions. It was vain. I groaned; I wept; I wrung my hands; I rolled on the ground. Will rushed to my assistance. His wife wiped the cold dew from my temples, and drenched me with ammonia. Sam had run away and concealed himself in the hen-house. My accuser alone remained unmoved. He stood frowning upon us half in anger, half in sorrow, and the remainder in pity.

"Bear up, old boy!" whispered Will tenderly, as he held me in his strong arms.

"Rattlebrain a murderer!" I muttered.

"Tut, tut, my friend; at the worst, it's only homicide by misadventure, you know. It wasn't done with malice prepense; they can't hang you?"

"Dear sir," remonstrated my hostess, with tears in her eyes, "I entreat you to compose yourself."

"Madam!" I gasped spasmodically,

"how *can* I be calm in view of such a fearful catastrophe! To think that I—I—your friend—your guest, should bring this ineffaceable stain upon your happy home. That I—I, who so abhor the very thought of blood, and who never injured a mouse until to-day, should be henceforth branded an assassin! I—I—an assassin!" and I tore my hair wildly.

What would my nursery-governess have thought of me, could she have beheld me at this moment.

"But, my dear boy, it was purely an accident," argued my kind friend.

"That makes no difference—the man is no more; slain—slain! Oh, that my malignant star should have led me into these beauteous scenes to make my deed the more ghastly!"

"Be calm, be calm!" again urged Will; "the law will take a merciful view, I'm sure. Besides, it is some little consolation to reflect that you have rid the world of a wicked monster."

"That makes no difference," I persisted. "Bad as he was, still Bluebeard was a fellow-man! Sir," I continued, bursting from Will's embraces, and advancing to my accuser, "sir, I surrender. I don't deny it. I did it. My friend wasn't even an accessory!"

"Then you take upon yourself the entire responsibility?"

"Assuredly. I am prepared to accompany you. Have you the handcuffs?"

The man was touched. He hesitated to perform his duty.

"Oh, tell me where was he hit?"

"The ball passed through his skull."

"Horror! Oh, that he should be sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head!"

"Where is the body, sir?" demanded my friend.

"You ought to know," replied my accuser, sternly.

"How?"

"Why, the witness declares you carried it away."

"Monstrous allegation!" vociferated Will.

"All I know is, that the witness declares he saw you put the body across a horse, and lead it away."

"Stop!" cried Will. "That wasn't a man we were taking away, but our goat, Billy."

"It was my Bluebeard, sir, I tell you. Your Billy is at the present moment on the Rhobell."

"Ah!" I shrieked, as a new view of the case dawned upon me. "Then I didn't shoot Bluebeard after all?"

"Yes, you did."

"I mean, the man so called."

"There's only one Bluebeard in Wales, and that's my poor old goat. Everybody knows him."

In a burst of rapture at this extraordinary discovery I threw my arms round Griffith Llewellyn's neck; then round Will's neck; and then round the neck of my fair hostess, upon whose cheeks, in my abstraction, I imprinted so many kisses that she turned quite red, while Will rubbed his eyes to assure himself that they did not deceive him.

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The honest Welshman took a chair at the table, and Sam was prevailed to come out of the hen-house and fill the decanters.

A doubt still lingered in my mind. "Pray, who, then, was the man with a blue beard?" I enquired.

"There's no one that I ever heard of with a beard of that colour," answered our guest.

"I mean the man we saw at the shed."

"Why, that was my venerable father. His beard is white as driven snow."

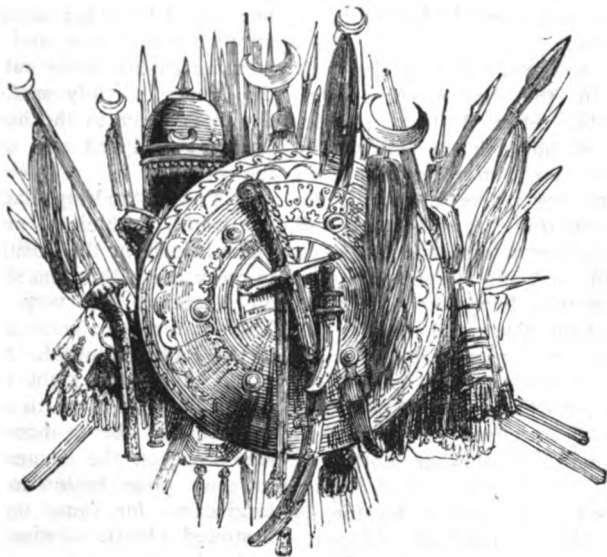
"How can that be?" I demurred. "The individual I saw had a blue one, undoubtedly."

My hostess came to my help, and found a solution to this last problem—it was my blue spectacles which gave that hue to the good man's beard!

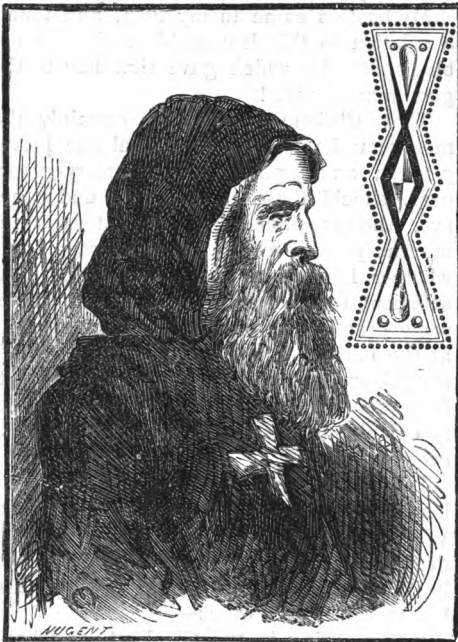
That Christmas Eve was certainly the most remarkable and sensational one I ever passed; and I put it to my nursery-governess, should these pages come under her eye, whether, after all, I may not yet emulate the prowess of Alonzo the Brave; and whether I did not, on this occasion, bear sufficient testimony to the wise and wholesome practice of imbuig the infant mind at the earliest moment with a good, sound, sanguinary horror which, by inspiring its first dreams, and haunting it through life, is calculated to create heroes, and make everybody happy.

I left the table while Will was having his revenge and astonishing the honest Welshman with some of his yarns. I grew drowsy after a bit, and the *manes* of Bluebeard being appeased, I fell asleep. The last words I heard were:—

"Sam, bring in the Glenlivet, and hand round the Oranges and Lemons!"



## A NIGHT IN STANDRING HALL.



It was Christmas time. And although there was no snow upon the ground, as there should have been if the artists engaged on the illustrated papers know anything at all about the signs of the seasons, the lake in the park was frozen over, and every preparation was made in Standing Hall to carry out the festivities of the merry Yule-tide in the good old traditional style.

Standing Hall was just the house in which anybody, with a properly-constituted mind, would like to pass his Christmas holidays. It was modern enough to be comfortable, and old enough to be romantic. The dark passages, winding stairs, and gloomy chambers which connected the modern portion of the building with the famous old library in the west wing, were redolent of family histories, of long-forgotten stories of love and war, of ghosts and apparitions. And when the wind was in a particular quarter (the south-east, I think it was), there were few of the servants who cared, after nightfall, to hear

it howling dismally down the cowed chimneys of the deserted chambers, or to listen to the hooting of the owls, who would insist upon searching in the ivy for the bats, and mice, and small birds who made their homes therein.

Once seated, however, either at the well-spread table in the dining room, with numerous lights, reflected for an indefinite number of times in the lofty pier-glasses over the large fireplaces at each end of the room, or before a blazing fire in the cozy, comfortable drawing-room, all thoughts of mediæval romance vanished from the mind, and the fortunate visitor gave himself up to a happy contemplation of the luxuries of the nineteenth century.

The people, too, were as nice as the place. Sir Thomas Standing himself, a man of about sixty-two or -three years of age, was a hale and hearty specimen of the English country gentleman. Somewhat obstinate, impetuous, and self-willed he was, it is true, but generous and kindly, both to his friends and to his dependents. Fond of field sports of all kinds, and not much given to politics, he was at the same time a man of high

culture and very extensive reading. Indeed, it was said that a passionate fondness for books had been hereditary in the Standing family for centuries, and the assertion was to some extent borne out by the fact that the library, already spoken of, was by far the finest room in the house, while its contents far eclipsed any other collection in the county.

If Lady Standing had any ambition in the world, I think it must have been to place herself in the position of benefactress to every one with whom she came in contact, and certainly she very nearly succeeded. There never was a more agreeable specimen of the Lady Bountiful. She always seemed to be doing the right thing at the right moment, and to do it in such a manner that you fancied for a moment that, whether she proposed the excursion you had been puzzling your brains to arrange, pleaded forgiveness for some unlucky poacher, or bestowed a bottle of wine, a basin of soup, and a blanket, on some bedridden old pensioner, she was receiving, not conferring, a

favour. It always appeared, in some curious manner, that no one ever felt grateful to Lady Standing, but without exactly knowing why, everybody loved her, and this suited the dear old lady much better.

This worthy couple had two children, Frank and Lucy, of whom I will only say at present, that Frank had been my school-fellow at Eton, my closest friend at Oxford, and that when I received an invitation from him to spend my Christmas holidays at the Hall, no small part of my pleasure in accepting arose from the anticipated delight of once more seeing his sister.

Of myself, it will be sufficient to say that I had, at the time my story opens, been some few months called to the bar, and thanks to a considerable amount of family influence, had every prospect of a sufficient number of briefs to start with. Whether my good fortune lasted would, of course, depend upon myself; but it is not every young man who has an opportunity of showing what stuff he is made of, and I meant to make the most of my good fortune.

Accordingly, I had been working very hard, and it was therefore with a keen sense of enjoyment that I sprang out of bed at about seven o'clock in the morning of the 23rd of December, 1858, and proceeded hastily to pack a small portmanteau with the changes of raiment necessary for my personal adornment during my stay in far-off Devon.

Having posted an announcement on my door that I was "out of town, and should return next week," I hastened out, portmanteau in hand, thinking that Old Square itself looked quite cheerful and festive under the combined influences of a sharp frost and a wintry sun, which was struggling to rise, but seemingly with far less alacrity than I had already displayed myself. A long and cold railway journey, made endurable by rugs, "Christmas numbers," and newspapers, with some little assistance from a pipe and a pocket-pistol, brought me to Standing St. Mary, at which pretty little station Frank was awaiting me with a dogcart. A hearty shake of the hand, an exchange of seasonable compliments, and a hurried enquiry after mutual friends, and we mounted the dogcart and started rapidly on our six miles' drive to the Hall, which

we reached as the shades of night were falling on the scene.

"Now, old boy," said Frank, as we entered, "off to your room and tittivate, and by the time you are ready to come down dinner will be ready also."

But I need say nothing about the dinner, or the kindly welcome I received from the family of my old friend. Suffice it to say, I soon found myself quite at home, and when we assembled later in the evening in the library, I felt like one of the family. I have already spoken of the size of this room; it is necessary to say a little more about it. It was a large irregular place, of no describable shape, with nooks and corners as large as the noble reception rooms of a desirable villa residence, with windows on three sides of it. It was lighted by means of a large chandelier, with numerous branches for wax candles, which left many of the recesses spoken of in very deep shadow. All around it were massive book-cases of black oak grotesquely carved, and the chairs and tables were all of the same wood, the only relief to the sombre character of the furniture springing from the bright bindings of some of the books, and from some half-dozen statues occupying niches in various parts of the chamber.

It need hardly be said that this was not the room usually selected by the family to pass their evenings in; but on this particular occasion, Miss Standing herself had insisted on our proceeding there, to witness and advise upon the finishing touches to the Christmas decorations she had been devising in preparation for a ball which was to be given on the succeeding evening. The adornments in question consisted entirely of holly, misletoe, ivy, and laurel; and by the exercise of a very correct taste Lucy Standing had contrived, by the aid of her evergreens, to heighten the quaint, sombre, and even weird, character of the apartment. The grotesque heads and impossible animals carved on the book-cases and wainscot, all surrounded or surmounted by wreaths of evergreens, looked in the flickering light more grotesque and more impossible than ever. So when, after admiring, criticising, and complimenting Miss Lucy's work, we gathered round one of the three large fireplaces, I could not help exclaiming—

"The very place for a ghost story." Surely



some one should invent some spectral tradition to fit this place of fantastic lights and shadows."

I spoke thoughtlessly, and certainly there was nothing in the remark to call for any particular comment, but to my surprise I noticed that Lady Standring turned a shade paler than before, while her husband "pished" uneasily, as though he wished I had not started the subject.

"No need to invent the tradition, Herbert, my boy!" exclaimed Frank, with a light laugh. "We have got as respectable a ghost of our own as any old family could desire, and this very room is the scene of his nocturnal rambles."

"Really?" I enquired.

"Fact, I assure you. I can't say I have ever seen his ghostship myself."

"And I trust you never will," interrupted his mother, almost anxiously.

"I have a notion," Frank went on, "that both my respected parents have a sort of dim faith in his existence."

"Nonsense, Frank," said the old baronet, laughing; but the laugh sounded somewhat forced.

"And I am sure," continued the son, "that the majority of the servants would rather leave the Hall, without warning or wages, than come into the library alone in the dark."

"What is the character of the gentleman?" I enquired.

"Oh! his character is as bad as bad can be, because his appearance is always supposed to forbode death or misfortune to some member of our house; and, curiously enough, *after* anything of the sort has occurred, it generally turns out that he was seen the night before."

"Then I suppose there is a history connected with him?"

"A most exciting one, I promise you."

"I should like to hear it much, if I am not venturing on forbidden ground in asking for it."

"It is an absurd business altogether," said Sir Thomas, hastily; "only endurable on account of its antiquity, but certainly not worth listening to as a story. However, if you want to hear it, and can persuade Lucy to tell it to you, you cannot possibly have more appropriate surroundings."

A very little pressing sufficed, and Lucy proceeded to relate the story, which I am

about to repeat in as nearly as possible her own words.

"A casual glance at the walls of this library would be sufficient to convince you that the Standrings are a race of bibliomaniacs, and I must add, that we ourselves fondly cherish a belief that our ancestors shared this weakness at a time when, excepting in the Church, it was rare to find a man who could even read and write. Be this as it may, tradition asserts that one of the most energetic collectors of manuscripts and illuminated missals our family has produced was a certain Sir Hugh de Standring, who, after having passed his youth in fighting in the Holy Land and in France, under Richard Cœur de Lion, retired to his home on his king's death, and devoted the rest of his life to books. By all accounts, save for the one event I am about to relate, he was a man of whom his descendants may well be proud. A just lord, when injustice was the rule—a protector of the weak against the strong, at a time when the parasites of King John and his son Henry oppressed all over whom they had power—he was known far and wide as the good Sir Hugh. But a black cloud was to obscure the brightness of his fame, and to bring disgrace and misfortune on his house, and in this wise it happened.

One dark and stormy night in winter, long after the hour when in those primitive times doors were closed, and when all but the warders and the studious lord of the Hall himself had retired to rest, a belated monk, on his way from an abbey in Cornwall to Rome, whither he was bound on a pilgrimage, craved hospitality and shelter. Of course, both were immediately at his service, and he was ushered into this very room, where Sir Hugh, as usual, was poring over his manuscripts.

After a hearty supper the monk drew up to the fire, and the host and guest, soon discovering they were of kindred tastes, a long conversation ensued between them, and the pilgrim was shown all the treasures of the library. After some time the monk, wishing probably to make some return for the hospitality he had received, drew from the folds of his frock a parcel enveloped in many coverings, which he proceeded to remove, explaining meanwhile that he held the work of his life, on which

no human eye had looked but his Abbott's and his own.

The treasure produced proved to be a missal, so exquisitely illuminated, that Sir Hugh confessed he had never seen anything at all fit to be compared with it.

For a time he was contented with examining and admiring the choice work, but soon the desire of possession sprung up, and he expressed a wish to purchase it. But it was of no use. Although he offered, first, large sums of money to the monk himself, then to add rich endowments to his monastery, and, finally, even to build and endow a new abbey at Standring, all his offers were refused. The worthy man was going to Rome, there to lay his life's work as an offering at the feet of the holy father himself, and not for all the broad acres of Standring would he deviate from his intention. Finding all his efforts to purchase the book fruitless, Sir Hugh at last desisted, and soon afterwards the monk retired, first securing his book once more in his robe. Left alone, Sir Hugh could think of nothing but the rich prize so near him, and yet so far beyond his grasp; and to those who like myself have witnessed the deadly feuds and bitter animosities which often spring up between rival collectors, over a black letter pamphlet, or an *editio princeps*, it will hardly seem surprising that he began to hate the unfortunate monk with a deadly hatred, and to feel an uncontrollable desire to possess his book.

Hours passed before his madness, for such it must have been, could prompt him to an act of treachery towards his guest, but at last he persuaded himself, that he but wished to see the book once more, and there could be no harm in abstracting it from the person of its sleeping owner for a few hours. Stifling all the whisperings of his conscience, he proceeded stealthily to the monk's chamber. He was sleeping soundly, and clutching his treasure to his breast, but Sir Hugh easily released the hold of the fingers, and, obtaining possession of his coveted prize, hurriedly left the chamber and returned to the library.

Eagerly he began to examine and re-examine the book, and as he gazed, and wondered, and admired the patience and the skill which had been lavished upon its brilliant pages, the feeling of ownership grew strong upon him, and he was vowing

inwardly that only with life would he part with it, when suddenly the door opened, and looking up guiltily he saw the monk in his robe, and with his cowl drawn on to his head, gazing eagerly at his missal, with outstretched hand and pointing finger; and as he rose to confront him, his victim, rushing towards the table, shrieked out—

“My book, my book, give me my book!”

What happened next no man knows, but certain it was that no one saw the monk leave Standring Hall, and certain, too, it was, that from that night forth Sir Hugh was an altered man. All his old cheerfulness deserted him, he became morose and shunned all companionship, he seemed to shudder at the embraces of his wife and children, and at length even the servants who had once loved him so deeply dreaded to encounter him; and strange stories were current of his midnight vigils, of his constant walks to and fro, from the library to the room in which the monk had slept, and of his mysterious mutterings when he thought none were near.

So years went on. At length a day arrived when Standring Hall was the scene of mirth and festivity, for young Alaric, Sir Hugh's eldest son, had taken to wife the lovely Emmeline, heiress of his neighbour, the great Lord of Otteries. For once Sir Hugh threw off his gloom and appeared again the gay and cheerful companion his old friends could remember twenty years before. For a time all went well, and towards evening Sir Hugh invited the Bishop of Exeter, who had married the young couple, and some other churchmen and learned men, to inspect the treasures of his library, which in those days was a greater wonder than it is now. Many were the manuscripts that were pored over, many the illuminations that were admired, till, the bishop, taking a handsomely-bound volume from yonder shelf, was asking some question as to its character, when Sir Hugh started suddenly forward, and exclaiming—“Pardon me, my lord bishop, that is private,” snatched it from his hand before he had had time even to open it.

At that moment the apartment was lighted up by a dazzling vivid flash of lightning, followed by a crashing peal of thunder that shook the hall to its foundations; and as all were looking at each other in astonishment, a press which stood in that corner (and

Lucy pointed towards the opposite end of the room), burst open with a loud crash, and disclosed the figure of a monk habited in robe and cowl, with a face of ghastly whiteness, and a broad red streak upon his breast, who, stretching out his hand and pointing his finger at Sir Hugh, shrieked wildly—

"My book! my book! Give me my book!"

Amazement and terror were seated on every face, and one of the churchmen, bolder than the rest, was commencing *Exorciso te*, when he was stopped by the voice of Sir Hugh shouting—

"Never! never with my life! I defy you!"

And with the words came a second flash, a second crash, and then Sir Hugh was seen lying prone upon the floor, and the doors of the press closed as suddenly as they had opened.

All rushed to Sir Hugh to raise him, but he was dead, and the storm passed away.

The press was opened, and in it was discovered the skeleton of a man clothed in the dress of a monk, and through the breast of his robe was a rent, such as might have been made by a sword, and below it a broad red stain.

Sir Hugh was buried with his fathers, and masses were said for his soul, and his son Alaric founded the monastery of Standing St. Mary's, and endowed it with broad pieces and broader lands; but from that time to this, whenever misfortune has hovered over the house of Standing, the monk has appeared to demand his book, but as yet without success, in proof of which examine it for yourself."

And as she spoke Lucy Standing rose from her seat, and taking a volume from a shelf threw it on the table beside me.

I confess I started. This was really in a sort of way being brought into actual contact with a ghost. Quickly recovering myself, however, I thanked Miss Standing for her story, and began to examine the book from which all these events had sprung. It was undoubtedly very beautiful, and when I remembered how in our own times men of the highest positions, and of the most unblemished characters in every other respect, had actually allowed their mania for collecting to tempt them into the crime of stealing books from museums and public libraries, I could

easily understand that, six or seven hundred years ago, an irresponsible lord of the soil, with the same passion, might have been tempted to commit murder to obtain so thoroughly unique a specimen of work. I said something to this effect.

"That is all very well," said Sir Thomas, "but it is only fair to tell you that the greatest authority on these matters in England, or indeed in the world, assures me most positively that the book in your hand was the work of a Frenchman in the fifteenth century, which rather militates against the story."

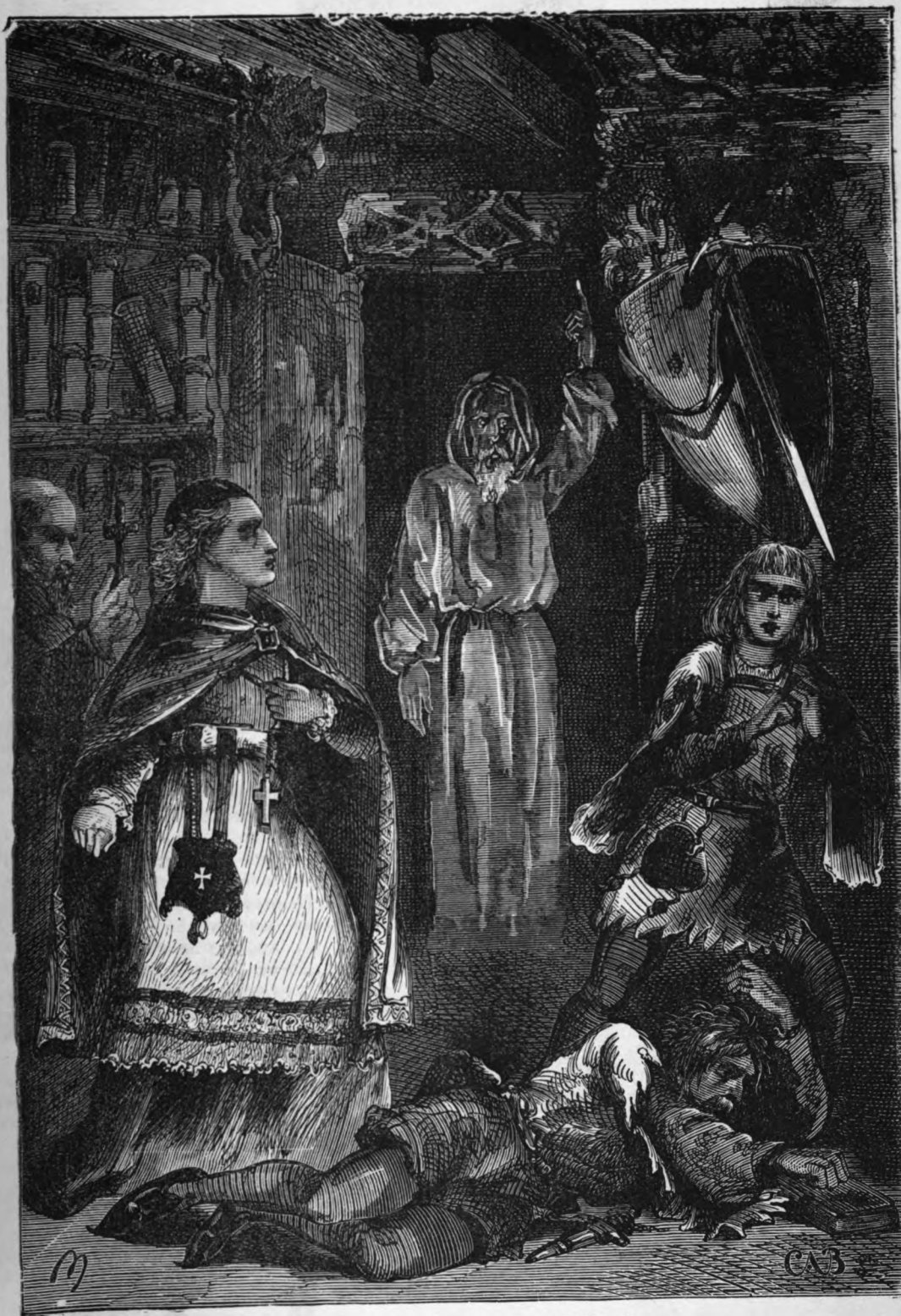
"In such a case," I replied, "I think I should be inclined, when the facts contradicted the story, to quote 'so much the worse for the facts.'"

"I, for one, do not mean to have my story upset by any of your nasty old bookworms, papa, dear," said Lucy; "besides, there is no doubt about the fact, that Sir Alaric did build Standing St. Mary's, and that he did it in consequence of his father's crime."

"Yes. I believe this much of the story," put in Frank; "I think it is likely that good Sir Hugh killed a monk, that the monk deserved it, that some other monks found it out, and persuaded his son that to build them an abbey was the proper thing to do. It is even possible that Sir Hugh was killed by lightning, but the book, and the press, and the apparition are additions of a later date."

Much more was said on the subject, which would be uninteresting to repeat, and then by a natural transition we glided into a discussion upon ghosts and apparitions in general, and thence to spiritualism and other kindred matters; and I remembered afterwards, though I hardly noticed it then, that for the first time in my life I felt inclined to admit that there might be more foundation for the wonderful events constantly being made public, than was to be derived from the imagination of believers, and that indeed "there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

After the family had separated for the night, and Frank and myself were indulging ourselves with a pipe and glass of brandy-and-water by way of nightcap, I still harped upon the same string, until my companion stopped me with one of



TERRIBLE APPARITION OF THE MONK!—See p. 74.



his gay laughs, which were always ready to turn everything into food for jest.

The fact was, as I have already said, I had been very hard at work in London, my brain had been kept at the highest point of tension for weeks, almost months, and now that the strings were suddenly relaxed, I was mentally in a weak and nervous state of excitement, ready to receive any and every external impression, however absurd, on the slightest provocation, and without the slightest examination.

However, Frank's laugh did me good, and our conversation turned into a fresh groove; and an hour passed rapidly and pleasantly away in recalling memories of schoolfellows we had never met since we left Eton, and of later companions, whose paths in life still, to some extent, travelled with our own.

Thus, when we rose to seek our respective bedrooms, I had quite forgotten all about ghosts and apparitions, monks, missals, and family traditions.

I am thus particular in recalling these trivial circumstances, in order that the reader may the more easily understand what is to follow.

After leaving the library, each with a chamber candlestick in his hands, Frank and myself traversed a long passage, ascended a shortflight of stairs, and then found ourselves in a corridor out of which several doors opened, and cross passages issued. Stopping at the first of these intersections, Frank said—

"My room lies this way; yours is the last one the other side of this corridor. Can you find it by yourself?"

"Certainly I can; do not come any further," I replied.

"All right; then good night, and pleasant dreams to you."

"Good night, old boy," I answered, and Frank immediately turned off, and I, too, went on my way. A moment later I heard his door close, and at the same instant, probably by a gust of wind from a window inadvertently left open, my candle was extinguished. With a lighted candle in my hand, I had confidently expressed my ability to find my bed-room, but in the dark it was quite another affair. There were several doors in the corridor, but I did not know how many, so that I could not count my way along. Moreover, I had

never been to the end of the passage, so that it might end with a staircase, a window, or a blank wall for anything I knew to the contrary. Then, again, although I knew the direction in which Frank had gone, I was by no means certain as to where I could find him.

This was a pleasant position, truly! In a strange house, full of mysterious passages and unexpected staircases, at one o'clock in the morning, without a light. I stood for a moment anathematising all thoughtless servants, who neglected to add lucifer matches to chamber candlesticks. Then a brilliant idea flashed across my mind—almost brilliant enough, indeed, to have lighted the candle itself, but, unfortunately, not quite. Acting upon my idea I felt in my pocket and found my fusee case. Alas! I had smoked all the way from London, and so had my fellow-passengers, one or two of whom were short of lights, so I had but one vesuvian left, and that one, when I struck it, fizzed splendidly, and would have lighted pipe or cigar beautifully, for any one who had learned the way to do it, by studying the directions on each box, but it would not flame, and consequently would not light a candle.

By this time, what with the awkwardness of my position, my ignorance of what might be about the house in the shape of watchdogs or watchmen, who would put an end to me first, and inquire into my business afterwards, and the mysterious, nerve-rendering noises which one always hears when in the dark in a strange place, I was getting into a frame of mind that was anything but enviable.

I now remembered, however, that although the lights in the library had all been extinguished by Frank before we left, a box of vestas had been placed upon the table for our cigars; besides, even if I could not find this, there must surely be flame enough left in the fireplace to light a piece of paper. Reflecting thus, I began to retrace my steps. Gropping my way carefully, starting at every sound I made, I found the staircase, descended it, nearly shook the breath out of my body by missing the last step, recovered myself, found my way along the passage, opened the library door, and—

"Great heaven!—the monk himself—by all that's horrible!"

And so saying, in my amazement, I

dropped the candlestick, which clattered on the stone-flooring of the passage with a din which in my ears at that moment sounded horrible; and at the same time the half-opened door, which was provided with a spring hinge, closed of its own accord.

Yes! there was no mistake about it. This was no trick of the imagination. I would have sworn to what I had seen in any court of justice in the kingdom.

Standing close to the table on which we had left the fatal missal, *there was the monk*, with his flowing robe, his cowl drawn half over his face, the ghastly whiteness of which was startlingly revealed by the rays of the moon which fell full upon it, and with outstretched hand, as white as the face, he was pointing directly at his cherished volume—close to which, I remembered with a shudder, were the vestas I was seeking.

It is all very well for the intrepid reader, who has no belief in the supernatural, to laugh at my weakness, but I honestly confess that I was thoroughly frightened. And, by the way, let me observe in parenthesis, that I have always remarked that those good people, who are so fond of saying that they have no fear of spirits, have never had the good fortune to see any.

For a few moments I stood outside that door bereft of motion, almost of sense, not daring to re-enter, ashamed to retreat. By degrees I recovered some little presence of mind, and then began to persuade myself that I had been deceived by some imaginary shadow. But no, it was too real, too palpable, I could swear to that.

Then it struck me that it was a trick of Frank's. But I dismissed the notion at once. In the first place, he was not given to practical jokes; in the second, he had no notion that I should return to the library.

It has often surprised me since, considering how terribly frightened I undoubtedly was, that I could stand and reason so calmly as I did. But so it was. I only record a fact. I do not attempt to explain this psychological mystery.

This, however, is a digression; but so short a one may, I hope, be pardoned.

Still certain that I had not been misled by imagination, but still unwilling to admit any supernatural agency, I next lighted on

what seemed a more feasible explanation of the mystery.

"It is possible," I thought, "that some professional thief, or some dishonest servant, knowing the value of some of the books in the library, and having heard this tradition, has come on a burglarious expedition, and assumed this disguise as his surest safeguard in case of surprise."

This thought restored all my courage, and I advanced boldly to the door, and again opened it widely.

But, horror of horrors! there still stood the monk, on the same spot, in the same attitude; and certainly that ghastly face could not belong to living man. Now, too, I saw upon the dark breast a bright streak, the colour of which I, of course, could not discern, but which it required but little imagination to picture as the broad red stain of blood.

I waited for no more. I turned and fled precipitately, along the passage, up the stairs (how, I know not), down the turning to the left, which Frank had taken on leaving me, until I was arrested by a light shining through a keyhole.

I knocked loudly at the door.

"Hallo! Who's there? What's the matter?" Thank heaven, it was Frank's voice.

"'Tis I, Herbert Walton; open the door. Quick!"

He did so, and I hastily entered the room, and, utterly exhausted by the fierce mental emotion I had passed through, almost fell into a chair.

Frank looked astonished, as well he might.

"For heaven's sake, Herbert!" he exclaimed, "tell me what's the matter? Are you ill? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Hush!" I said, rising excitedly from my chair. "I have—the monk—the monk!"

Loud and long sounded out Frank's clear laugh, until I, myself, under the combined influence of light and companionship, almost felt inclined to doubt the evidence of my senses.

At last he said—

"Why, Herbert, old boy, you have had a nightmare!" and again he laughed.

"I have not even been to bed."

"But where did you see this most mysterious gentlemen?" he asked.

I told him the whole story. When I had finished, for once in his life he looked grave.

"This must be enquired into," he said; "there must be some motive in getting up a scheme of this sort, for of course the ghost-theory is all nonsense, and equally of course you were not the intended victim of the plot, whatever it is. I must watch, and if I cannot find it out to-night, I will continue to watch until I do. Will you join me in the task?"

"With all my heart, and all my head," I answered promptly.

"'Tis well. Now, tell me, have you had enough of it for one night, or will you come back to the library with me now? Don't go unless you like, old fellow; I would just as soon go alone."

"I will go with you certainly."

"All right, then, come along. Oh, have some brandy first; I have some here, and by Jove you need it, after your experiences."

He was quite right, I did need it, and was right glad to have it.

"One thing more," he added; "if we do not unravel this mystery to-night, not a word to a soul. You know the tradition about the monk's appearance, and, in spite of herself, the story might worry my mother."

"I will be silent, depend upon it."

During this short conversation, Frank had taken from a drawer a revolver, and carefully examined it.

"Six chambers, all loaded," he remarked quietly; "there is nothing like being prepared. Now, you bring the light and come along."

He went first, and from his greater familiarity with the way, his impatience easily enabled him to outstrip me, so that I was only just entering the long passage, so often spoken of, when he was at the library door.

He opened it quickly, and the next second I was more horror-stricken than surprised, when he let it again swing to, and, turning to me, exclaimed—

"By Jove! you're right; he's there still."

By this time I was by his side, and though he was evidently more startled than he cared to admit, he said determinedly—

"However, ghost or man, I mean to know all about it."

So saying, he again threw the door open to its full width, and rushed across the room at full speed, I following more slowly.

As he reached the spot, the light I carried fell full upon the spectre, and he stopped suddenly, and once more burst into a loud and uncontrollable fit of most hilarious laughter.

I, too, looked to see what caused his mirth, and must confess I never felt a more perfect fool in all my life.

As I realised to myself how completely I had laid myself open to all Frank's most powerful batteries of "chaff" for weeks to come, I would have given much to have recalled my visit to his room.

I would rather have believed all my life that I had seen a real ghost.

But I had really seen nothing of the sort.

The mystery is very simple, and a very few words will explain it.

While Lucy Standring was engaged on her Christmas decorations she wished to give the gardeners some directions as to what she wanted, and before going out into the grounds had put on a large travelling cloak. On her return, taking it off in the library, she threw it carelessly on to a life size statue of her grandfather, Sir John Standring, who was a knight of the shire for his native county, and was "taken" in the act of addressing the "House." The hood of the cloak had fallen into its natural place on his head, and so, what with the red tassels, the marble face, and outstretched hand, with the aid of the moon's rays, my mistake was easily accounted for.

At breakfast-time next morning Frank cheerfully related my adventures, with many additions and ornamentations of his own, and I got unmercifully quizzed; but I had my compensations even then.

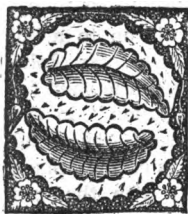
I have, however, never been allowed to forget my first night at Standring Hall; and only yesterday I heard my eldest son, a sturdy young urchin of eight summers, listening breathlessly to his Uncle Frank's story of "PAPA'S GHOST."





## SLEDDING STANZAS.

---o---



NOW before to-morrow!"

Tom and Harry cry,  
Gazing from the window  
At the leaden sky.  
All above is hazy,  
All below is still;  
Faintly smiles the noon-day

Sun upon the hill.

"Plucking geese in cloudland!"

Now the children cry,  
As the feathery snow flakes  
Downward floating hie,  
Covering all around deep,  
Softly pure and white:  
New-born scenic splendours  
Wait the coming night.

Adown, adown, unceasingly  
Falls the feathery snow.

So merrily, so merrily,  
Sledding we will go.

All above is hazy,  
All below is still;  
Fainter smiles the e'entide  
Sun upon the hill.

Laura, May, Andrina,  
Charlie, Fred, and Dunne!  
Let us get the sled out,  
We will have a run.  
Away! away! so merrily  
O'er the crispy snow;  
So merrily, so merrily,  
Sledding we will go.

Murky-gray enwrappèd,  
Blood red sets the sun,  
Night stalks in on twilight  
Ere well day has done;  
And the hazy cloudland  
Yields to deepest blue,  
Save where the horizon  
Banks the leaden hue,  
And the pale stars brighten  
In the azure heaven—  
Million ether diamonds,  
Brilliant lights of Heaven!  
Borealis, sickly  
'Bedded in the gloom,  
Zenithward, pale-yellow,  
Mocks the rounded moon—

Thronèd, icy, queenlike,  
Guardian of the night !  
'Mid the spangled azure  
Sovereign in her might,  
Earthward, blandly beaming  
Floods of crystal light.

Come ! make haste, young ladies,  
Muffle well—we'll go ;  
Furs and fleecy Shetland,  
Just the things for snow.  
Open wide the coach-door,  
Drag the old sled forth ;  
Lend a hand, my gallants,  
King Frost's in the North.  
Shod with tempered Swedish,  
Built of seasoned oak,  
Quickly, there, you fellows,  
Afric ! Sable ! yoke.  
Jet-black both the horses,  
Better never drew ;  
White-enamelled harness,  
Picked with red and blue.  
Lamps athwart the head-board  
Ruby-colour gleam,  
Glinting o'er the snow track  
Bars of purple beam.  
Silver bells are hanging  
Round each horse's neck ;  
Rusty are the runners  
Yet we nothing reck,  
For the irons polish  
As we onward go,  
While the sweet bells jingle  
O'er the glistening snow.  
Away ! away ! right merrily  
O'er the glistening snow ;  
Jingle, jingle, silver bells,  
Onward as we go.

Down the stilly woodland,  
Up the river-shore,  
Speed we through the city  
Ere the bustle's o'er ;  
While the blazing gas-lights  
Flare upon the snow,  
And the sweet bells jingle,  
Onward as we go.  
Crowds along the foot-way  
Enviously view  
White-enamelled harness,  
Picked with red and blue,  
Jet-black Afric, Sable,  
Sledding party too.  
While the bells, the bells, jingle,  
jingle,  
Onward as we go—  
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,  
O'er the glistening snow.  
"Steady there !" the horses  
Fret and paw the ground ;  
"Gerald ! let's to Croydon !"—  
Whirls the old sled round,  
Sweeping swiftly forward,  
We are homeward bound.  
Flashing, dashing, homeward  
Speed the jetty pair,  
Waking joyous echoes  
Through the frosty air ;  
While the crystal moonbeams  
Play upon the snow,  
And the sweet bells jingle,  
Homeward as we go.  
Jingle, jingle, sweetly jingle  
O'er the glistening snow ;  
Sweetly jingle, jingle, jingle,  
Homeward as we go—  
Jingle, jingle, jingle, jingle,  
Homeward as we go.

GERALDINE.



## MISS TWINN'S HUSBAND.

A Tale of Love and Marriage.

BY THE EDITOR OF "ONCE-A-WEEK."

## CHAPTER I.



RS. O'FLANAGAN was | a | washer wó | màn || Mrs. O'Flanagan wa-as | a-washerwoman ||. Mrs. O'Flanagan was | a | washer wó | man ||. Mrs. O'Flanagan—wa-as | a-washerwoman ||."

These words, simple enough in themselves, but peculiar when set to the tune of a well-known chant, were very plainly audible in the parlour of Aurora Villa, Camberwell, where the Twinn family were seated at tea. The sounds proceeded from the stentorian lungs of Uncle Peter, who, though commonly to the fore at meal times, on this occasion still lingered in the cool shades of the back garden. It was about half-past five of the clock, and as the Twinn had dined fully four hours before, and were now taking their tea, the reader will at once observe that they were not a very fashionable family. Mr. Septimus Twinn was, as his Christian name imported, the seventh son of his father; he had, after a few years spent in acquiring the rudiments of a polite education, devoted his attention to Groceries; and although he devoted as much attention to this object as any other of his brother grocers, Groceries did not return his attentions kindly—in a word, Mr. Septimus Twinn was on the verge of bankruptcy, when a much-respected first

cousin of Mrs. Twinn's died, and left her husband sole executor, and herself sole devisee, heiress, and residuary legatee. Mr. Twinn was in his way something of a philosopher. He had waited calmly for "circumstances"; at length "circumstances" came, and not before they were wanted, for Mr. Septimus's stock-in-trade had got very low indeed, and consisted largely of dummies. Dummy coffee canisters, and dummy tea ditto, dummy casks of sugar, dummy cans of treacle, dummy boxes of starch—in a word, dummy everything. He received the news of the legacy late one Saturday afternoon: he was a man of action, and equal to any occasion; accordingly he retired at once to the little sitting-room over the shop, and in one breath announced to his interesting family the lucky legacy and his retirement from Groceries. An old and penurious spinster dropped in and bought his last five pounds of sun-baked, faded tea, which had occupied a conspicuous position in his shop window for some months, a great bargain, at one shilling per pound! She returned at

daybreak on the following Monday morning with the whole of her bargain, wrapped up in a copy of the *Times* newspaper, and at first demanded, and at last begged, Mr. Twinn to exchange it, on pain of never dealing at his shop again.

"Ma'am," said Mr. Septimus, *qua* the executor and man of means, clearing his thick throat in a commanding manner, and placing one foot on an empty butter-tub as a mark of independence, "ma'am, your custom has been of the—the—ha—most trumpery character, and, ma'am, in a word, those shutters, ma'am, will never come down again whilst the name of Twinn remains over the door. I am—that is—at least Mrs. Twinn is a—a Man of Fortune."

Within a few weeks of this pardonable effort of self-assertion, Mr. Septimus Twinn and his family quitted Hackney for ever, leaving only the initial H behind them, and settled in a villa residence at Camberwell, which, for the purpose of dis-





THE TWINN FAMILY AT HOME.—See p. 81.

tinguishing it from seven other villas in the same row, and also to give it an aristocratic air, Mrs. Twinn decided, after much consideration and consultation with the various members of her family, upon calling *Aurora Villa*.

Here, then, the family were taking their tea on the July evening on which our story opens. In addition to the usual accompaniment of the Chinese herb—to wit, bread-and-butter and muffins, shrimps and watercresses graced their board. Ever since the lucky day of the legacy, the Twinns had developed the most luxurious tastes, Uncle Peter frequently having occasion to rebuke his sister, Mrs. T., upon her apparent determination to “go it, regardless of expense,” as the careful bachelor expressed it. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Twinn, arrayed literally in purple and fine linen, for her gown, a silk, was of a brilliant violet hue, and her habit-shirt, collar, and sleeves, simply defy description. Around her massive neck was coiled a chain, reputed to be of fabulous weight and value, and envied accordingly by all the ladies in the row. Her collar was fastened by a magnificent brooch, containing, on a ground of blue enamel, her deceased cousin's hair, arranged in an allegorical design, composed chiefly of a cornucopia and wheatsheaves, with little suns, moons, and stars all around. She wore three bracelets on one arm, and two on the other, and her fat fingers were bedizened with countless rings.

Mr. Twinn, senior, who sat opposite, was very plainly attired in black cloth, with a vest of black satin, and his plainness served as an admirable foil for his lady's splendour; indeed, except that he wore a gold watch-chain, with a conspicuous seal, he might have been taken for quite an ordinary man.

His two daughters and his only son, Mr. Septimus Augustus Twinn, together with Uncle Peter's vacant chair, completed the family party. As Uncle Peter walked up the garden path his melody sounded louder and louder. Mrs. O'Flanagan was still the burden of his song, but the air was changed. The washerwoman now moved to a Gregorian tune, thus, “Mrs. O'Flanagan was a washer-woo-má-àn.” Uncle Peter's song, like Caleb Plummer's, consisted of many verses but the words of all were the same.

“Uncle Peter again!” cried one young lady.

“That horrid Mrs. O'Flanagan for the ten hundred thousandth time,” said the other sister.

Uncle Peter went to a very High Church, and suffered much from comic songs set to solemn tunes.

“I declare,” said the younger Miss Twinn, “I think poor uncle's noise will drive me mad.”

“Such a name too!” said her sister; “Peter quite bad enough — so decidedly plebeian—but when joined to Piper too, as I have said scores of times, just like the man in the book one read of in one's infant days.”

“My maiden name was Piper,” Mrs. Twinn remarked with some severity of manner.

“But you changed it, Ma,” replied her daughter Charlotte.

“I was *induced* to do so,” said her mother, glancing at Mr. Twinn, senior, with a slightly softened demeanour. “If I had not, your name would have been Piper, both Lotty and Euphemia.”

“Oh! really, Ma, don't select every possible occasion for giving way to stuff and nonsense,” said Miss Lotty; “of course if you had not changed your name, neither Euphemia nor I should have drawn breath at all.”

“Well done, Lotty,” said Mr. Twinn; “you ain't been to boarding school for nothing, gal—he! he! he!”

“*Girl*, papa, if you please; *gal* is 'ackneyish,” replied his daughter.

“Gurl then!” repeated her father, suppressing his ill-timed chuckle; “anything for peace and quietness.”

We have hitherto only introduced Uncle Peter's voice; we will now present Mr. Peter Piper *in propria personâ*. A tall, spare man, in loose clothes and a billycock hat, carrying a bunch of radishes in one hand and a lettuce in the other, entered and quietly took his seat at the table, carefully placing his hat under his chair. He still hummed “Mrs. O'Flanagan” in an absent manner, as he placed his radishes and his lettuce on the plate before him.

“Are you aware, Uncle Piper,” said Miss Lotty Twinn with solemnity, “are you aware that you are a member of a Christian family, and that that family are at TEA?” Miss

Lotty brought her knuckles down with emphasis at the last word of her question.

Mr. Peter Piper, who was very subject to fits of mental abstraction, heard not her words.

"Uncle Peter," continued the lady, her gaze fixed upon Mr. Piper's face as directly as his own was upon the ceiling, "now don't pretend you do not hear, and play at being Galileo, or Frederick the Great, or some other distinguished and abstracted personage. That *rôle* of yours has now lost its effectiveness. Again I remark that music, together *with* an instrumental accompaniment, will be very agreeable presently. We are now at TEA."

"Assembled round the festive board and so forth," interposed Mr. Septimus Augustus, meaning fun.

Slowly awaking from his slumber, Uncle Peter made the remark—

"Radishes! yes, extremely beneficial—cooling—a very mild aperient. I have often been ordered radishes and other green food."

"Don't provoke me, Uncle Piper," said his elder niece, who had a very pleasing habit of calling her family to order. "You are perfectly well acquainted with the tenour of my observations."

"Tenour," said her brother Augustus, who was the only member of the family circle who did not stand in awe of Miss Lotty; "such insinuations are base."

"Septimus Augustus, I pray—" she began.

"It's very warm, Piper," remarked Mr. Twinn, senior, vigorously helping himself to a fresh supply of watercresses, and cherishing a spray in his mouth as he spoke, thus endeavouring adroitly to change the conversation, and so avoid a storm. "You must have found it very warm in the garden?"

"It was warm," said Uncle Peter.

"I declare I've been baked alive for the last fortnight," said Mrs. Twinn, "and go to the sea-side I will, I'm resolved, even if I go alone. Nothing but the sea will do me any good, of that I am very well assured."

"Certainly, Ma, the sea!" said Miss Euphemia.

"I long for the salt and briny ocean," cried Miss Lotty, with enthusiasm. "Delightful! 'Rushing to the embrace of one's

foaming lover!' as some poet or other person remarks."

"Foaming, or not, certainly your first," said Augustus, in an undertone.

"It *is* hot, my dear, even in Camberwell," said Mr. Twinn, with candour. "I'm sure when I was in 'the yard' to-day" (Mr. Twinn had invested the legacy in a judiciously selected partnership in a coal and coke enterprise), "I thought I should have dropped with the heat. I never was in such a perspiration in all my life."

"*Perspiration*, Pa!" said Miss Lotty.

"Very well, my dear, *perspiration* then, though I never had any boarding-school education, but made my way in life without it," replied her father, with all the conscious pride of a man who has succeeded through his own exertions.

"Ah!" said Uncle Peter, "the young have great advantages, Twinn, which we never enjoyed."

Mr. Septimus Augustus—"No very enjoyable recollections of school in my mind."

Miss Lotty—"Augustus, you were always rather stupid. Plebeian references to antecedents, made by Pa and Uncle Piper, I abhor."

"Will you make up your mind to go, Pa?" asked Mrs. Twinn, in persuasive tones.

"I don't know, dear," her spouse responded; "trade *is not* good at present."

"Pa!" said Miss Euphemia.

"Vulgarity!" cried Miss Lotty.

"The sea-side is very expensive for a large party," said Mr. Twinn.

"Ah! think of that," said Uncle Piper.

"Do go, Pa!" exclaimed both young ladies.

"Where should *you* propose, my love?" Mr. Twinn demanded of his spouse.

"Margate!" replied that lady promptly.

"Oh, Ma! Ramsgate, at least," said her daughter Euphemia.

"Or the Isle of Wight," suggested Miss Lotty.

"Scarborough—there's lots of life," said Augustus.

"The Isle of Man—it's cheap," said Uncle Piper.

"And nasty," added his nephew.

"I've been before," continued the uncle.

"You might have stopped, Uncle Piper," said the affectionate Lotty. "I'm sure we should have spared you without regret."

"You never spare him now," said her brother.

"Septimus Augustus, I hate puns," replied his sister, tartly. "The 'Habits of Good Society' lays them down as low in the extreme. I'm sure in such company half the pleasure will be gone before we start."

"Tut-tut-tut!" said their father, always anxious to prevent a breach of the peace by timely measures. "Order there!"

"We are not in a public-house, sir," said his son.

"If we go, I'm sure we shall all enjoy ourselves to perfection," Mr. Twinn added.

"And benefit greatly by the change," said Mrs. Twinn.

"And meet some nice people, I feel sure," said Miss Lotty.

"Spend a deal of money," remarked Uncle Peter.

Mrs. Twinn—"I shall sit on the pier during the time of the fashionable promenade."

Mr. Twinn—"I shall stroll about and enjoy myself."

Uncle Piper—"I shall look for valuable pebbles and choice sea-weeds."

Augustus—"I shall play billiards."

Both the young ladies, joined by their Mamma—"We shall all want new dresses of course."

At this new prospect of expense, Mr. Twinn, senior, pulled a very long face.

As the family left the tea-room, Uncle Peter hummed them out with the Dead March from Saul.

## CHAPTER II.



**BRIGHTON** was the fashionable watering-place to which Mr. Adolphus Beauchamp, and his friend, Mr. Frederic Smythe, gave the encour-

agement and support of their aristocratic patronage. To Brighton, also, after a warm discussion of the merits of every sea-

side locality, practicable and impracticable, which a theoretical

acquaintance with their various charms suggested, the Twinn family ultimately turned their steps. Was it at all remarkable, then, that the Twinns met Mr. A. Beauchamp, and Mr. F. Smythe? But if in a place of the size of Brighton two parties of such distinction, staying only for a fortnight, might possibly have failed to notice each other, when they met in their rambles on the beach, or lounges on the pier, such a possibility was destroyed in the cases before us

—both parties lodged in the same house. This Miss Lotty declared was "quite a coincidence," and with her usual assumption of a lofty spirit of prophecy said, "It was what she always expected;" meaning, of course, that whatever roof was fated to cover her charms would also shelter two very dashing, aristocratic, and apparently eligible young men, from whom she might select the richer and better-looking for her spouse, and relegate the rejected to the love of her sister Euphemia. However, happily for us all, every scheme that is hatched in the minds of ladies like Miss Lotty Twinn is not destined to arrive at a successful issue.

Now, it happened that on the second day after the arrival of the Twinns at Brighton, the following notice appeared in the local papers:—"Mr. and Mrs. Septimus Twinn, the Misses Charlotte and Euphemia Twinn, Mr. S. A. Twinn, and Mr. Peter Piper, are staying at No. 148, Nautical Parade." This advertisement of the grandeur of the family, Mr. S. A. Twinn before-mentioned had carefully written out for insertion in the *Argus*, in his own clerky hand. And a warm discussion had arisen as to whether this notice to the world of fashion should contain the name of Mr. Piper at all; and also whether it was more advisable that Augustus should put him



down in the list simply as *Mr. Piper* or as *Mr. Peter Piper*. The latter was considered grander and more sonorous by all except Miss Lotty, who appealed to her uncle on the point in dispute. Uncle Peter, with his usual modesty and sense, pooh-poohed the notice altogether, which instantly restored unanimity to the family circle by turning everybody against Mr. Piper. The discussion, however, went on for some time longer, on the question of putting in or leaving out the *Peter*. The party being equally divided, Miss Lotty settled the matter by—in right of her general mental superiority—taking to herself a second or casting vote, and with some little inconsistency, plumping for the *Peter*. The notice having been written out and placed in the hands of the landlady to give to the reporter when he called, it naturally appeared the next day in the columns of the *Argus*, and immediately following it appeared the names of Mr. Adolphus Beauchamp and his friend, Mr. Frederic Smythe, which the worthy woman had thought proper to insert on her own account. Of course at Brighton everybody who is in the least degree fashionable takes the *Argus* with his coffee and rolls every morning during his stay, and Mr. Frederic Smythe, who was an earlier riser than his friend and companion, Mr. Beauchamp, saluted the latter, when he made his appearance in their sitting-room, arrayed in a gorgeous Indian dressing-gown, wearing on his head a Turkish smoking cap, and scattering Arabian perfumes about his path—with “Morning, Adolphus. How d’ye feel, old boy—leetle shaky on your legs? Gurls’ names, down below—Twinn—Charlotte, Euphemia—a—Twinn ugly but uncommon—a—I’ll bet you sixpence the one you met on the staircase is—a—Euphemia.”

“Mighty nice girl!” ejaculated Mr. Beauchamp. “Thought of her directly I awoke. I wonder if it *is* Euphemia?” he added, pensively chipping an egg. While Mr. Smythe and his friend were talking of the Twinns, that lively family were speculating upon the rank and position of their neighbours overhead.

“Really, most aristocratic names!” said Miss Lotty, looking up from the *Argus*.

“What do you say they are again?” demanded her father.

Miss Lotty re-read the paragraph.

“I don’t catch ‘em,” said Mr. Twinn.

“You might if you tried, Pa.”

“Might I!” replied the old gentleman, taking the paper. “Well, I daresay I might; though not educated at an expensive boarding school, Lotty, S. Twinn has brains—nobody will deny that.”

“Considerable cerebral development, I believe, sir,” remarked Mr. Augustus.

“Smythe—grand for Smith, I suppose,” continued Mr. Twinn, senior, reading; “and Bow—Bowchamp, that’s aristocratic and no mistake.”

“*Beecham*, Pa, *Beecham* if you please,” cried Miss Lotty and Miss Euphemia in the same breath.

“*Beecham*, then, and peace and quietness,” said their father resignedly. “As I’ve often said, my girls, I had not the——”

“If you are about to allude to boarding-school educations, Pa, pray save yourself the trouble; we have had that so very often before,” said Miss Lotty, interrupting him.

“What are *you* going to do, Ma?” enquired Mr. Twinn, adroitly turning the conversation into another and more pleasing channel.

“I mean to put on my violet silk and my new bonnet, and take a stroll on the sands,” replied his spouse. “You and the girls will come with me.”

“Certainly, my dear,” said Mr. Twinn, swallowing his bread-and-butter; “the pleasure of inhaling the sea air in such company will be beyond anything.”

“We can walk a little in advance of Pa and Ma,” said Miss Euphemia to her sister.

“We certainly are not about to make public spectacles of ourselves, by marching like soldiers four abreast, Euphemia.”

“I hate to seem tied to people’s apron strings, it looks so childish,” responded that young lady.

“Besides, Pa is sure to commit himself in some absurd way, and bawl out as if we were all as deaf as so many posts.”

“Ma’s violet is rather conspicuous, too,” said her sister.

“Of course to ask Augustus to walk with his sisters is out of the question,” remarked Lotty, glancing across the table at her brother. “Uncle Peter, pray don’t hum till we are gone out.”

“I hope we shall meet some one worth seeing,” said Miss Euphemia.

“Do you mean the people above?” enquired her brother.

"Certainly not, Augustus," replied Miss Euphemia.

"I hope we are not altogether strangers to propriety," Miss Lotty remarked with some severity; "though I must say," she added, "I am prepossessed in their favour. No doubt they are both gentlemen, Augustus, and know how to behave with politeness, even to sisters."

"If they have any," said Uncle Peter, from the window. "For my part, I am going for a walk of some distance up the beach. Carnelians are found at Brighton—white *and* red."

Breakfast being over, and the ladies dressed, the family left the house together in the following order. The two young ladies, then Mr. and Mrs. Twinn, next Mr. Augustus solus. Mr. Peter Piper brought up the rear.

They turned their steps towards the Pavilion.

Mr. Twinn's attention was attracted by a coal-cart, with the prices of that indispensable commodity legibly painted in white letters on the sides.

"Ah!" said he, meditatively. "Best Wallsend, seven-and-twenty shillings a ton—our price is twenty-three."

"I always told you Brighton was a dear place," said Mr. Piper; "but you would come. Eggs twopence-halfpenny apiece no doubt, and everything else at famine prices. Now the Isle of Man—cheap! cheap!"

By this time they had reached the corner of the street.

"Ma!" bawled Mr. Twinn, addressing his wife, who had joined her daughters, "Ma, look!" pointing at the offending cart; "best Wallsend, seven-and-twenty."

At this instant Mr. Frederic Smythe and his friend, Mr. Beauchamp, turned the corner, and came full upon the Twinns.

"Oh, Pa!" groaned Miss Lotty, "and at such a moment."

"I declare you would provoke a saint," said his daughter Euphemia.

"What an impression it will create."

"Impression! what do you mean?"

"Didn't you see? Mr. Adolphus Beauchamp and Mr. Frederic Smythe!"

During the first three days of their visit the weather was delightfully fine, and enabled the Twinns to spend their time almost

entirely out of doors. Mrs. Twinn had the opportunity she desired of walking at the most fashionable hours, in her new silks, with her daughters at her side. Mr. Twinn, in his glossy satin waistcoat and massive watch chain, supported the character of the wealthy British merchant to perfection. Mr. Augustus played at billiards in the evening, and smoked cigars during the day, with great spirit and persistency. Mr. Peter Piper devoted his entire attention to economy and carnelians, though, in the latter case, without any very encouraging pecuniary results; the local lapidaries and Uncle Peter differing widely in their opinions of the value of the pebbles he from time to time picked up, and presented for their inspection. So things might have gone smoothly on until it was time for them to return to Camberwell, had not a plentiful downpouring of rain come to their relief on the fourth day.

"This is a pretty look out!" said Mr. Twinn, senior, gazing after breakfast into the empty street, and watching the drops of rain splashing on the opposite pavement.

"Enough to wet a duck through," his wife remarked from the other window.

"Desperately provoking," said Miss Lotty—"what one might have expected though. Of course we let all the fine weather go by before we thought of coming to the sea-side."

"What *are* we to do?" enquired her sister, plaintively.

"My mind is at rest," said Uncle Peter, with the greatest composure. "I never did dislike wet. I shall put on my mackintosh and thick boots, and have the beach all to myself. The rain will wash the pebbles, and make it all the more easy to find the carnelians."

"You have not found many yet, Piper, have you?" said Mr. Twinn.

"I beg your pardon," returned that gentleman, "I have found a considerable number. They may call them flints if they like, I say they are carnelians," and the persevering Mr. Piper, having put on his waterproof, umbrella in hand, started on his excursion, intoning "Mrs. O'Flanagan" as he descended the stairs.

Mr. Twinn, senior, devoted himself assiduously to his newspaper. Mr. Twinn, junior, having remained with his sisters till he was thoroughly bored, lighted his cigar and strolled off to the nearest billiard-room.

When he got to the "Blue Boar" it was so very wet that there was nobody there to play with but the dirty little boy who acted as marker. Playing at billiards with the marker for sixpence a game was not precisely the form of billiard playing most affected by Mr. Augustus Twinn, who prided himself in no small degree upon his skill; but even this was wild dissipation compared with staying at home in the stuffy parlour and hearing his sisters talk; so he entered upon his games with good grace, and beat the pigmy professional four times out of five. The five games occupied one hour and three-quarters; during this time no incidents worth recording occurred; suffice it to say that at the end of each successful game Mr. Augustus, with a princely liberality, refused to take the sixpence from his opponent; and at the conclusion of his unsuccessful essay he handed over that sum to the dirty little boy, who spit on it for luck, and put it very deep down in his trousers' pocket, where he carried a short clay pipe, two little knobs of chalk, a key, a bad shilling, and some coppers. Mr. Augustus was just wishing some one would come in, and revolving in his mind the propriety of 'toddling,' as he termed it, in the event of nobody putting in an appearance in the course of the next ten minutes, when the door opened, and in walked Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Smythe.

"Ha—table—a—engaged, youth?" said the latter gentleman, addressing the dirty boy.

Having been answered in the negative, the two friends played a game or two together, in the course of which Mr. Augustus Twinn twice betted Mr. Beauchamp a shilling that his friend beat him. This served as an introduction among the three gentlemen, and they played sundry games at pool, and drank more than one glass of the justly celebrated Brighton "Tipper" together. An acquaintance having thus been happily established between them,

they for several days afterwards spoke to each other when they met on the stairs and elsewhere, played together at the "Blue Boar," tumbled into the briny together, and generally made themselves agreeable. One evening, it being after "public" hours, Mr. Beauchamp took the liberty of requesting the favour of a small wine glass of brandy of Mr. Augustus Twinn, as his stomach was slightly out of order, and knowing his family had quite a cellar with them. This put both the young ladies into a great flutter.

On the following evening Mr. Twinn, senior, went upstairs in person to Mr. Beauchamp's rooms to ask the loan of a pack of cards, having been informed by the landlady that the gentlemen above had several packs in their possession.

This put the young ladies into a still greater flutter.

Friendly interchanges of civility of this kind having gone on for several days, Mr. Twinn, in the character of the hospitable British merchant (at the sea-side), felt it to be a duty incumbent upon him to ask his two neighbours to join his own family at supper; on which occasion Mr. Beauchamp and Mr. Smythe made themselves so very agreeable to all the party, that the invitation was repeated in still more pressing language on the following evening, and duly accepted by the gentlemen so honoured. This event led to the following council of war.

"Smythe, we ought to do something; you know, return—the Twinn's!"

"Ha—to be sure, my dear boy, we ought—to—a—give a spread of—a—some sort."

"Dinner we can't do here," said Mr. Beauchamp, pointing downstairs with his finger, "her cooking is simply vile."

"What do you say to a—ha—ha—pic-nic?"

"Capital, the very thing! Clarences, all the family, old woman and old gentleman, Mr. Peter Piper, everybody."

So a pic-nic was decided upon.



## CHAPTER III.



HORSES and carriages—two of each—were drawn up in imposing array a day or two after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, in front of No. 148, Nautical Parade.

Considerable excitement prevailed in that establishment, various journeys up and down stairs and out to the carriages at the door being made by the landlady and the landlady's servant-of-all-work, under the command of Messrs. Beauchamp, Smythe, and Augustus Twinn. At last all was ready, and the ladies were handed with great gallantry into the clarences. In the first carriage sat Mrs. Twinn, arrayed in gorgeous attire appropriate to the occasion, and the character of a sort of modern Queen of Sheba starting for a pic-nic; by her side sat Mr. Smythe; the opposite seat was graced by Miss Euphemia and her brother. The second clarence conveyed Mr. Twinn in the character of the honest merchant (coal), Miss Lotty Twinn, and Mr. Beauchamp, in a white hat and lemon-coloured gloves. Uncle Peter signalled himself by taking his seat on the box, by the side of the driver (in white cotton gloves), thinking, probably, if it was not yet arranged who was to pay, that if the livery stable keeper charged so much per head, the box seat would come in at a reduction from advertised prices. As the noble cavalcade moved off at a steady trot towards its destination—a well-known and favourite spot for such excursions, some six miles from Brighton—Mrs. Twinn's only regret was that all her neighbours at Camberwell were deprived of the pleasure of seeing her thus, as it were, in state.

During the whole of that delightful day, a day which everybody present, except Mr. Peter Piper, whose search for valuable ferns was unsuccessful, declared they "never, never *could* forget," Miss Lotty made herself most agreeable to Mr. Beauchamp: as they strolled about the country

lanes, or sat down side by side upon the verdant moss (to luncheon), she poured forth her innocent soul in the most ravishing manner, uttering the most delicately attentive trifles, and, with electric glances from her eyes, bidding Mr. A. Beauchamp lay the "flattering unction to his soul."

Miss Euphemia's attention was monopolised by Mr. Smythe, but it was observed that every now and then her looks strayed in the direction of her sister's gallant. There was, too, something absent in her manner, but this she might have inherited from her maternal uncle. Luncheon passed off unmarked by any incident of note, and altogether might be considered a success, although the forks were unfortunately forgotten, and they had to send one of the drivers two miles for a jug of water.

The champagne was presented by Mr. Beauchamp, who remarked with some show of reason that a pic-nic was nothing without "fizz." Old Mr. Twinn, whose figure was not calculated for outdoor repasts, at which the convenience of a chair is commonly dispensed with, came to the ground rather hurriedly, and in his fall crushed a champagne glass; this might have been an unfortunate mishap in more ways than one; as it was, there being only seven wine glasses, when it came to Mr. Peter Piper's turn to be helped to champagne, he kindly took it out of a pint pewter, remarking, with an expression of feature worthy of a martyr in a better cause, he "could put up with that," at the same time emptying the contents of the bottle into it.

The most charming of days will end at about the same time *cæteris paribus* as the most disagreeable; accordingly, at the usual hour, the shades of evening warned our friends that it was time to think of returning. Some little change took place in the arrangement of seats on the return journey. Hunting for ferns had made Mr. Piper feel rather giddy, and it was not thought desirable that he should run the risk of a fall from the box on his way home. This opinion having been generally expressed, he reluctantly allowed himself to be placed on a seat inside the vehicle, remarking that he "did not feel quiwell," and that it was "one and one" and therefore he could not be charged

more than "one and a half;" probably meaning that his ride out was only chargeable at half the usual rates, if he was unwillingly, but unavoidably, liable to the full fare for the return journey. He seemed incapable of understanding that as he was the guest of Mr. Beauchamp and his friend he would not have to pay at all. Another noteworthy change was, that Mr. Beauchamp managed to sit next Miss Euphemia on the way back, and this lady and gentleman carried on a long and apparently engrossingly interesting conversation, in an almost inaudible tone.

The green-eyed monster sat heavy on the soul of Miss Charlotte Twinn. She was very sarcastic and defiant in her answers to the pleasant nothings addressed to her by Mr. Smythe.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Twinn were too sleepy to care much for the pleasures of conversation.

"I hope you have spent a pleasant day, ma'am?" said Mr. Beauchamp to the matron on their return.

"'Eavenly," was Mrs. Twinn's reply.

"What *is* your friend?" Augustus Twinn asked of Frederic Smythe next day. "I declare my sisters seem both quite captivated by his charms."

"He—a—" replied Mr. Smythe, "he is—a—a broker."

"Hum—hoo-oom," remarked Mr. Augustus, with an air of meditation.

"I hope I don't seem rude," he continued, after a pause, "but—haw—you see

the family my father—haw—such marked attention." Then turning abruptly upon Mr. Smythe, he said, "*What* broker?"

"A—a—a Liverpool broker."

"Cotton," thought the prudent brother—"rich very likely."

Mr. Smythe seemed to appreciate the tone of his reflections, for he said—

"Uncommonly—a—well off, I assure you, and though as his oldest friend, I say it, a hanged—a—good—a—sort of fellow."

"A sort of fellow you would like——"

"For a brother-in-law!" replied Smythe, promptly.

"No, I—I don't, at least didn't exactly mean," Augustus began, in a hesitating manner.

"Don't say one word," said Mr. Smythe, patting his back gently but decidedly as they do children when troubled with a cough—"not one word between friends. *Friends* I may indeed say. Adolphus—Adolphus Beauchamp, Esquire, proposed to your—a charming—a—and—a—enchanting sister, Miss Euphemia, last evening."

"And was——" enquired Augustus, in breathless trepidation.

"Accepted," replied Mr. Smythe; "that is—a—conditionally—of—a—course."

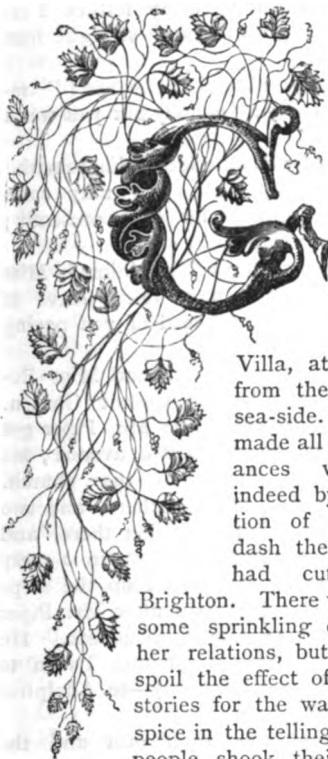
"Goodness gracious!" said Augustus in rather stronger terms. "Sharp work—sea air, I suppose. Would to heaven it had been——"

"Otherwise?" asked Mr. Smythe, nervously.

"No. Lotty."



## CHAPTER IV.



GRANDER than ever was the demeanour of the whole family of the Twinn's, on their return to Aurora

Villa, at Camberwell, from their visit to the sea-side. Mrs. Twinn made all her acquaintances very envious indeed by her description of the splendid dash the whole party had cut down at

Brighton. There was a wholesome sprinkling of veracity in her relations, but she did not spoil the effect of any of her stories for the want of a little spice in the telling. Ill-natured people shook their heads, and

said privately and confidentially one to another that "that sort of thing could not go on for ever," and Mr. Twinn's looks on certain occasions supported this view; he often said the coal and coke speculation had not turned out just as he had expected it would, and more than once hinted that his partner (the firm was, Peppercorn and Twinn) was "too sharp for him." The effects of the visit to Brighton operated differently upon different members of the family. Mr. Twinn, as we have said, was gloomy and reserved, and quite unlike his old self, as the British merchant. Mrs. Twinn's manner was grander, and more commanding than ever, and her fondness for show increased to a terrible extent. Miss Lotty was extremely tart, sarcastic, and out of temper, as became one who had been crossed in love. Miss Euphemia's demeanour was mild and abstracted even to the extreme, and she prudently kept her engagement to Mr. Beauchamp a profound secret from all the members of her family, except her

brother Augustus; indeed she can hardly be blamed for the knowledge he possessed of her secret.

Uncle Peter was much as usual, except that he devoted considerable time daily to the study of a book on "Precious Stones." Some three months or so had elapsed since the memorable visit of the family to Brighton, when one day Mr. Twinn, senior, did not arrive as usual at the common tea hour. He was fifteen minutes late. This was extraordinary in such a punctual man.

"I—I've had a visitor," he said, taking his seat, and exhibiting symptoms of nervous excitement.

"On business?" inquired Mrs. Twinn.

"On private, and personal, and very important business," was her husband's response.

"Private—*very* important business!" cried all the family together—that is, excepting only Miss Euphemia, who, had her relatives not been too much occupied to observe her at all, they might have seen wore rather a guilty look.

"Yes," replied Mr. Twinn, "*very* important business."

"Why, what on earth is it?" asked his wife.

"Something about Peppercorn?" enquired Augustus.

"Somebody dead?" suggested Uncle Peter, "or *very* dangerously ill?"

Mr. Twinn preserved an ominous silence in the midst of all these questions.

"Now, Pa," said Miss Lotty, assuming the manner of an inquisitor-general, "don't be absurdly provoking. If you have a remark to make, or news to discover, make and discover it, and let us have it over. I declare we might be a parcel of children, playing at 'Guesses and Forfeits,' sitting here like wax figures, or mechanical automata, with nothing better to do than to stare at you."

"I have had," remarked Mr. Twinn, more calmly, "a visitor."

"Well, you got as far as that before, sir," said Augustus.

"I did," replied his father.

"Then, for mercy's sake, go on, and tell us who the visitor was!" exclaimed Miss Lotty.

"Mr. Beauchamp," answered her father.

"Oh, Mis—ter Beau—champ," said Miss Lotty; "he is a person I dislike *extremely*. What did he want—coal?"

"No—not—coal," replied her father, with a pause between each word; "*your sister, Euphemia.*"

There was a short and painful silence. Euphemia blushed most becomingly, and hid her face in her handkerchief. Her sister, looking very pale, rose majestically from her chair, and said—

"Those banns I forbid!—Euphemia shall never connect herself with that *per—son.*"

"Why do you always read the *Morning Advertiser*, Uncle Peter?" asked Miss Euphemia of Mr. Piper one day, when they were alone at the breakfast table.

"Because I like it, my dear," replied her uncle, without looking up.

After a pause, his niece said—

"Could you take the *Times* instead for a few days—say for a week—to oblige *me*, Uncle Peter?"

"I could, my dear," said her uncle.

"Could you? Then do"—said Miss Euphemia, placing her hand caressingly upon her uncle's shoulder—"do, and you are a dear."

"Then consider me a dear, Euphemia. Why do you wish me to take the *Times*?"

"I want to see something in it, uncle."

"What, my dear—news?"

"No, uncle, an advertisement."

"Of a death, Euphemia?"

"No, uncle, something more like a marriage."

"Oh! oh!" said Uncle Peter, and he chuckled for some minutes.

Accordingly the *Times* was left every day for Mr. Piper instead of the *Advertiser*. One day, shortly after the above conversation, both Miss Euphemia Twinn and Mr. Peter Piper paid particular regard to a singular advertisement which appeared in what is called the "agony column" of the leading journal. It ran thus:—

*"Oranges and Lemons. A.B. To-morrow—ten—waiting—St. Covent G—Paul's. Come."*

"I'm off to Covent Garden after breakfast, Twinn," said Mr. Piper. "Is it possible they call this thing a lettuce?" he

added, holding up an attenuated specimen of that vegetable for general inspection. "In future I will have every lettuce I eat that I do not grow myself straight from Covent Garden."

"Ridiculously absurd nonsense!" remarked Miss Lotty; "nobody but you wants lettuces at all."

Uncle Peter took no notice of this remark.

"Euphemia, my dear, you may come with me if you like," he said, presently; "we will go in a cab."

"Uncle Peter Piper," exclaimed Miss Lotty, "I think you have taken leave of *your* senses. I never heard of you paying for a cab before."

Nevertheless, Uncle Peter and Miss Euphemia went together to Covent Garden. At the corner of the square Mr. Piper got out and strolled up the centre avenue; his niece proceeded alone—to the church. There was another carriage there, and two gentlemen and a lady met her there, and she took the gentleman's arm in a very natural manner as she walked up the steps into the church. A minute after Mr. Piper reappeared with two large bouquets. He then conducted Miss Euphemia Twinn to the altar and gave her away—to Adolphus Beauchamp, Esquire.

The ceremony was soon over and the register duly signed, when, just as the party were leaving the church, two persons hurriedly entered. Miss Lotty and her father had come! An exciting scene ensued.

"Are we too late?—tell me—are we too late?" asked Miss Lotty of people in general.

"You are," replied Mr. Smythe, who had been playing the part of best man.

"Oh, dear! too late to prevent the degradation of the whole family."

"What do you mean?" asked the bridegroom, looking very angry.

Miss Lotty Twinn did not deign to pay any attention to his question.

"Euphemia," said Miss Lotty, addressing the bride, who looked very much confused by the turn events had taken, and who was leaning for support and consolation upon Uncle Peter, "I expected as much of you at some time, you never were a woman of spirit. You have ruined us all—we are undone—we can never hold up our heads with propriety again."

"Why insult me, Lotty? I am not

ashamed of the step I have taken," said the bride.

"Then you ought to be. Have you no regard for us? Are our feelings nothing of consequence? Papa, command your daughter—if daughter you still think her—to enter our vehicle. Do not let her be taken away by that——" and Miss Lotty scowled horribly at her new brother-in-law.

Mr. Beauchamp had no notion of losing his bride so soon, and an angry parley ensued; but ultimately, after a little whispering apart with Mrs. Beauchamp and Uncle Peter, he agreed to give her into her father's care, and to follow himself to Camberwell in the other cab.

"Mr. Pe—ter Pi—per!" said Miss Lotty, making a profound curtsy to her uncle, "we thank you so *very* much!" With this remark she entered the cab.

"Lotty," said Mrs. Beauchamp, as soon as they were seated, "I can tell by your manner, you have something very unpleasant to say."

"I have, Euphemia, I am happy to say, something very unpleasant to communicate."

"It is about my—my husband?"

"It is!" was the reply.

"He is married already?"

"Worse!"

"Done something dreadful?"

"Worse!"

"Some penniless adventurer?"

"Much worse!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake terminate my suspense, Lotty! Say he is *not* a broker at once!"

"I wish I could for our sakes—not for yours, Euphemia."

"He is——?" ejaculated the unhappy bride.

"A Pawnbroker!" replied her sister, with a flush of pleasure at the crushing blow she dealt.

• • • • •

One among many "sweet uses of adversity" is the reconciliation it often effects, when nothing else can. When Mr. Peppercorn bolted with all the cash he could lay his hands on, and ruin stared Mr. Twinn in the face, he forgave his daughter, and accepted a handsome sum of money from her husband. The family reside again at Hackney, where Mr. Twinn has a tolerably flourishing coal business, but no partner.

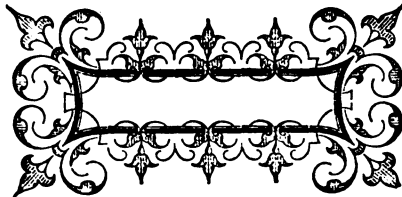
Mrs. Twinn's maternal instincts overcame her pride, when her daughter, acting up to the spirit of her maiden name, presented Mr. Beauchamp with two sweet children on the same day.

Mr. Augustus, although he has never mentioned his brother-in-law's name in the select society he moves in, has often borrowed a few pounds of him.

Miss Lotty is on friendly terms with nobody but herself. Being single still, she looks upon marriage as the highest possible offence a lady can commit. She will not probably ever be asked to change her opinion.

Mr. Peter Piper resides in Liverpool with Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp. He is very fond indeed of the twins, and he is often seen nursing the little boy in his arms, while he rocks the cradle that contains the little girl, at the same time, singing them off to sleep with "Mrs. O'Flanagan" set to a very soothing Gregorian tune.

On the day of the christening, Uncle Peter presented his little grand-nephew with a silver mug, appropriately engraved; but he placed in the tiny hands of his grand-niece a necklace formed entirely of his own carnelians.





## MY FIRST PATRON.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.



ANDIDLY, now, it is not many years since, in obedience to what I felt to be a strong impulse, I determined to select art as a profession, and to render the decided bias of my inclination an honourable means of livelihood.

Seated one day in my studio, engaged in putting the finishing touches to a small landscape, of which a summer trip into Shropshire had furnished me with a preliminary sketch, I was wondering when the love for the profession I had chosen, and the time and labour bestowed upon it, would begin to bring back some substantial return in the form of patronage and commissions, when I was startled from my reverie by a hasty tap at my door, and a cheery voice, asking—

"Are you at home? Oh, all right!"

It was a fellow artist and particular chum of my own, who, entering very unceremoniously, and somewhat out of breath, plumped himself into the only vacant chair, and at once proceeded with—

"I've brought you good news, my boy! I'm going to make your fortune!"

Being considerably interested, I begged him to explain, and, only taking sufficient time to fill his little brown pipe, he at once assented, commencing with the enquiry—

"Have you had any visitor here yet?"

"No," I replied. "You are the first."

"That's all right," he said; "I wished to be the first to tell you. Well, then, last evening I had a call from a gentleman—see, here's his card—'Mr. Francis J. Bouverie,' who appears to be acting as an agent to the Marquis of —, in collecting for that nobleman a small gallery

of works by native artists, being evidently a connoisseur in such things; and Lord — is, as you know, a capital patron of our noble profession of the canvas. He has selected one or two of my things, and expressing a desire for something in the small landscape way, I didn't forget you, and shall be very happy if I've brought you your first patron."

I thanked my friend very heartily for his good nature, and began to fancy my pet pictures already disposed of.

"He evidently means business," he went on to say; "for he assured me his lordship is not particular as to the price. But we shall have to send our pictures to be approved of at an address in Wimpole Street, which he has left with me. Show him the best you have and confirm the good character I've given of you. Don't be afraid of putting a good figure on the pictures; in fact, you may take a lesson in that particular, if in no other, from little Tom Farncombe. The little cad was with me when this party called, and Tom didn't forget to advertise his own works most energetically. 'I want one or two nice little bits of landscape,' says this Mr. Bouverie to me. 'I have a sweet little thing at home, close by!' cries Tom, running his fingers through his whitey-brown hair, and without more ado, he started off to fetch it. In the meantime I mentioned you to him, and you may expect him, I take it, any minute.

"Hallo, Brother Daubs, what's the news?" at that moment came from an ugly face, with a red stubby beard and moustache, and ochreish-looking hair, carried behind the ears, peeping in at the door. "I was just passing—looked in, you know! Done business with your friend, Charley?" addressing my companion. "Hallo! old fellow, your foliage is rather heavy, ain't it?" to me. "By-the-bye, I showed him—the agent to Lord —, I mean—that little thing I spoke of. Delighted with it, sir—de-lighted! Shall send it up to Wimpole Street at once. I suppose he hasn't called on you, has he?" he added, turn-

ing to me. "By the way, I don't like that sky, there's no weather in it. He told me Lord —, wanted paintings by men of note only, and so—"

"He applied to you, Tom, eh?" asked Charley.

"Exactly!" replied the other, apparently unconscious of the tone of sarcasm accompanying the question. "Remember the subject of mine? Figures—children—fishing—village pool—sweet effect in middle distance!"

"Ah!" says Charley. "A copy, isn't it?"

"Copy! Are you a copy? No! sketched it last spring. A sweet thing, mind me, no two mistakes about that!"

"Well," says Charley, seeing I was becoming bored, "Frank wants to finish, so come along, Tom, and send your sweet thing to Wimpole Street as soon as possible, or he may change his mind."

"Not much fear of that!" replies Tom; and after a few more suggestions to me, as to the tone of the sky and the handling of the foliage, my two friends withdrew.

In the course of the day the servant announced a visitor, and looking at the card she presented, I recognised the name mentioned by Charley. A slight figure, and gentleman-like appearance, a frank and easy address, and the general demeanour of a polite man of business. I was more than ever disposed to be pleased with my new patron.

"I have waited on you," he commenced, in a singularly soft and pleasing voice, "as agent of the Marquis of —, in selecting a small gallery of works by native artists. His lordship, as you are aware, is an enthusiast in such matters, and possesses no small degree of ability himself as an amateur. He is particularly favourable to the smaller-sized paintings like that on your easel there, and if you are at liberty to dispose of any that may suit him, perhaps we can come to terms."

I hastened to assure him I should only be too happy, and very gladly called his attention to some of my best efforts.

"Ah," he said, stepping back and scrutinising each as I placed it in the most favourable position, with his eyes partly closed, and his head on one side, and speaking slowly, "that's the sort of thing. That's about his lordship's mark, I fancy.

A *little* cold, perhaps, but very nice. Ah, that's a better one to my view. Do you think, now, you could manage—say, four of these, and send them at once to this address? I expect the marquis in town the day after to-morrow, or it may be later; he will then inspect the collection I have made, and make his own selections. Write name and price on back of each, and suppose you favour me with a call—well" (referring to a pocket diary and making a note therein), this day week, the 24th, eh—will that be convenient?"

I assured him nothing could be better, and having seen my pleasant visitor to the door, returned in high spirits to the completion of my work.

Taking what I thought my best pictures in a four-wheeler the next day to the address in Wimpole Street, I found several brother artists already assembled there, evidently on the same errand as myself. Among them my friend Charley and little Tom Farncombe. The latter was, as usual, the most noisy, being engaged in an argument respecting the hanging of the "sweet thing;" the light was bad, or the position unfavourable; but the uniform urbanity of his lordship's agent smoothed all difficulties, and calmed the ruffled temper of our friend. Whether it was professional envy on my part, or a deficiency of appreciative power, I am free to confess I could not see the great merit of Tom's painting, although the impetuous little artist continued to insist on its having the most favourable place in the room.

"Don't you see, my very dear sir," he argued, "unless you get the light in that direction you miss that charming effect in the middle distance?"

I fancied once or twice I saw a sly smile lurk at the corners of the mouth, or twinkle in the eyes, as with unwavering good temper and politeness, Mr Bouverie replied—

"Very true, very true indeed!"

Having deposited my precious load, I was about to retire, when, following me to the door he said—

"Don't forget this day week, the 24th. Don't be later, as I shall be glad to make an end of this—settle all claims, and return to his lordship's to superintend the hanging of the pictures. Good day, my dear sir; I think I may congratulate *you* beforehand on the sale of *all* your pictures."

Sanguine with the hope which these parting words raised, I returned to my studio, more enthusiastic than ever, and more grateful, if possible, to my good friend Charley, who had afforded me the opportunity of establishing such a valuable connection.

The time seemed to pass slowly until the appointed day, and being pretty well left to myself—except for a visit or two from Tom Farncombe, who called, apparently, for the purpose of finding faults with my works, and extolling his own—had plenty of opportunities for indulging in those delightful dreams of future fame and competence, which the farewell words of my new friend had so materially encouraged.

I had had one or two misgivings as to the price I had affixed to each picture. Had I asked enough? Did the paintings really possess more merit than I had modestly believed? The Marquis of — was a staunch patron of the arts I had always heard, and was very rich. On the other hand, I thought I had erred perhaps on the right side, and my moderate demands might all the more firmly secure a patron, when he found works of ability or promise valued at a reasonable sum by the artist.

Yes, altogether I had acted wisely I concluded, and I busied myself with laying in for other landscapes from the sketches beside me.

On the 24th I determined to walk quietly up to Wimpole Street, in the early part of the day, so that I might be beforehand with the rest of my brother artists, obtain the settlement, as proposed by Mr. Bouverie, for the accepted pictures, and in case of any being rejected, return with them quietly to my studio.

I was surprised, therefore, on arriving at the address to find that the others had acted apparently on the same impulse as myself, for I found the door open and the hall full. But I was still more amazed when I found that they were engaged in

a furious altercation with the landlady of the house. Loudest among them I could distinguish Tom Farncombe's violent and persistent demand.

"But where is Mr. Bouverie? I insist on seeing Mr. Bouverie!"

"Good gracious, gentlemen!" cried the landlady, "what on earth is the good of asking *me*? How should I know? He took my ground floor front for a week; said he was a picture dealer; and left for Liverpool four days ago, taking all the pictures with him."

"Then, by Jove!" cried Charley, as a new light suddenly flashed upon us, "the fellow's a swindler, and we have been done!"

"And the scoundrel, by this time," exclaims another, "is on his way to America, and all the paintings with him!"

"But did he leave nothing behind him—a letter, or a paper, or anything we could trace him by?" joined in a third, as the recollection of hours of anxious and unremunerated labour probably recurred to him.

"He left nothing but a picture," replied the landlady.

"A picture!" we all seemed to say at once.

"Yes, sir; and a pleasanter and more honourable gentleman I never knew; for he not only paid the full week in advance, but at parting made me a present of the painting to please the children."

"Where is it?" we all thundered out.

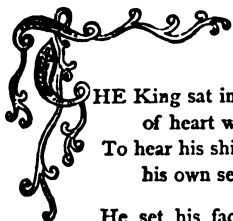
"In the parlour; please, gentlemen, to step in and look at it."

And there, hanging alone on an otherwise bare wall, was a small landscape—children, figures, fishing, village pool.

"Gentlemen," says Charley, gravely, "I am very sorry for all of us—we've been shamefully sold. But, Tom," he adds, turning to the little man who was standing perfectly aghast, "I am most sorry for you. That sweet thing of yours isn't good enough even to be—stolen!"



## MICHAEL SCOTT



HE King sat in his chamber, and wroth  
of heart was he  
To hear his ships were taken, sailing on  
his own sea.

He set his face in anger, a full great  
oath he sware;  
"Our cousin of France shall rue it, let him hence-  
forth beware!"

He called to him his council—grave men were they,  
and wise.

"Oh, tell me who is there most worthy this  
emprise,

To bear unto our cousin—false cousin he, I wis—  
Our message of defiance for this foul wrong of  
his."

"My liege, there is a scholar whom Michael  
Scott they call,

A man of cunning learning, him deem I best  
of all;

He knows the mighty secrets that lie in magic  
lore,

No man so wise or wondrous hath ever lived  
before."

The King hath written a letter, and sealed it with  
his seal;

"Now, out of all my frigates choose thou the  
swiftest keel,

And from my trusty sailors take thou the stoutest  
crew,

And choose thou men of valour to be thy  
retinue.

I'll give thee robe of velvet, a collar all of gold,  
What treasure thou demandest unto thee shall be  
told,

That so, in state and honour, thou may'st to  
France away,

Our just complaint and challenge before the  
King to lay."

Then Michael went to his chamber; none knew  
what he did there,

But he took a coal-black courser, was never foaled  
of mare.

He took nor ship nor treasure, he took nor train  
nor crew,  
He took nor cloak nor collar, to make a goodly  
show.

"Now mount, now mount, my courser, now mount  
thee and away!

For I must be in Paris before the dawn of day.

The night is dark and murky, the sky-set stars  
are blind,

The moon is yet unrisen—up, up, and ride the  
wind!"

The tempest-driven sailors looked out upon the  
night,

And crossed themselves in terror at that unhallowed  
sight.

A pirate, who was swooping upon his helpless  
prey,

Turned back in abject terror—turned back and fled  
away.

The gale blows from the eastward, behind him  
streams his hair,

The ride is swift and silent, for they ride upon  
the air.

He fastened his weird courser hard by the palace  
gate;

They brought him to the chamber where the King  
did sit in state.

Then he pulled forth the letter, and bent down on  
his knee,

And he hath told his message; but the King, loud  
laughed he—

He laughed loud in his anger, and threw the letter  
down—

"The words are proud and haughty to come from  
such a clown!"

But Michael stood before him, erect and proud  
stood he—

"O King, your words are scornful, and spoken  
hastily;

Be not too rash in answer, restrain your scorn  
until

My steed three stamps hath given, then answer as  
you will."

A mystic sign made Michael, the steed stamped on  
the ground,  
So that the bells all clamoured within the city's  
bound ;

They clanged, and clashed, and clattered, the  
steeple bent and swayed,  
The people ran amazed and the King was sore  
afraid.

A second signal made he, the black steed stampèd  
well,  
With a noise like crashing thunder the great tower  
rocked and fell.

The walls were rent and fissured, the doors did  
open swing,  
The roof-tree groaned and trembled in the chamber  
of the King.

He raised his hand a third time—"Now hold—now  
hold thy hand !  
I see thy mighty power—I grant thee thy de-  
mand.

Return unto thy monarch, as he asks so shall it  
be,  
And God henceforth defend me from heralds  
like to thee."

He gave him costly presents, such gifts as kings  
bestow,  
He feasted him at banquets, and bade the red wine  
flow ;

A gallant ship he gave him, to sail across the main,  
So home returnèd Michael, great glory was his  
gain,  
But the steed of magic power was never seen  
again.















